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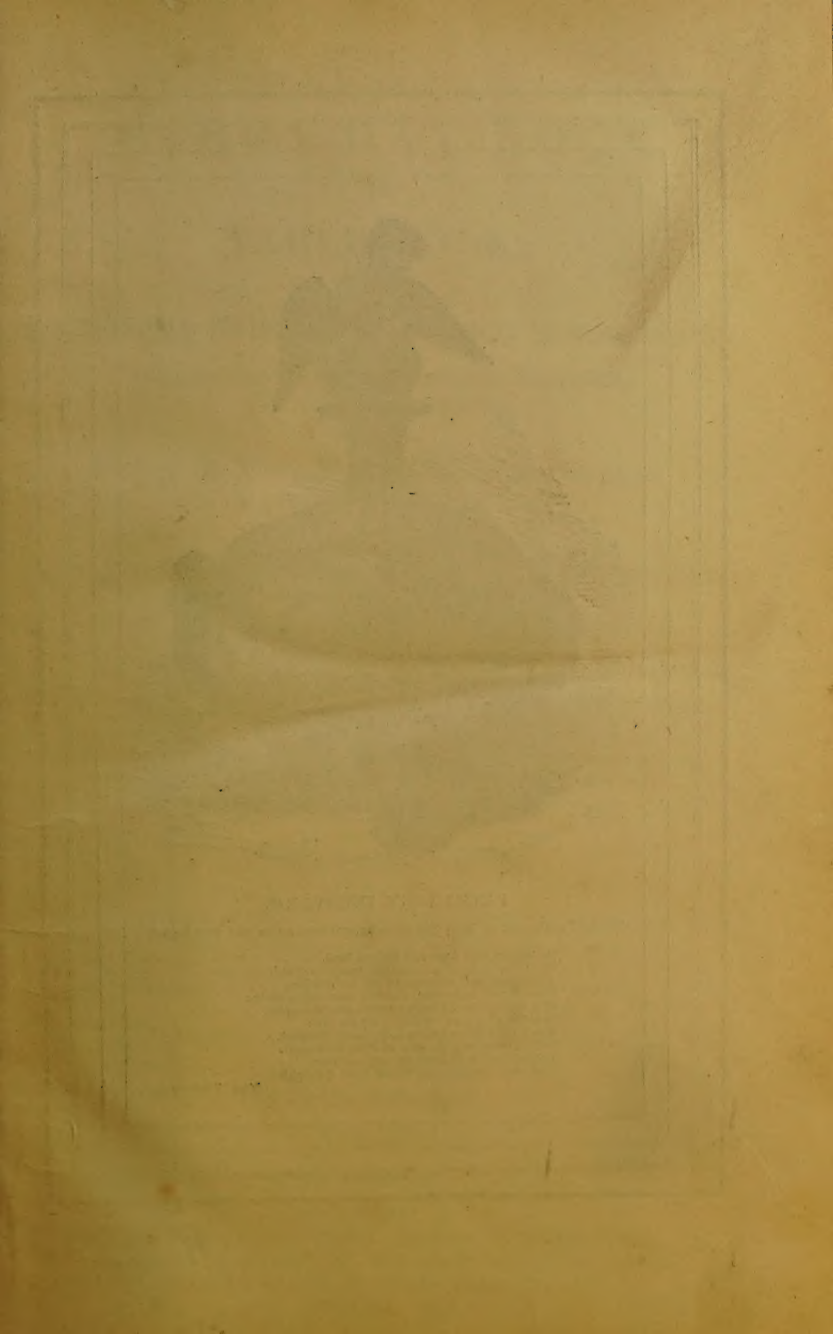

PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

IN THE POSSESSION OF MISS EDGEWORTH, PRESENTED TO HER BY A LADY.

By beauty won from soft Italia's land,
Here Cupid, Petrarch's Cupid, takes his stand.
Arch suppliant, welcome to thy fav'rite isle,
Close thy spread wings, and rest thee here awhile;
Still the true heart with kindred strains inspire,
Breathe all a poet's softness, all his fire;
But if the perjured knight approach this font,
Forbid the words to come as they were wont,
Forbid the ink to flow, the pen to write,
And send the false one baffled from thy sight.

Miss Edgeworth.

THE

EVERY-DAY BOOK

AND

TABLE BOOK;

OR,

Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements,

SPORTS, PASTIMES, CEREMONIES, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND EVENTS,

INCIDENT TO

Each of the Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days,

IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES;

FORMING A

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE YEAR, MONTHS, AND SEASONS

AND A

PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANAC;

INCLUDING

ACCOUNTS OF THE WEATHER, RULES FOR HEALTH AND CONDUCT, REMARKABLE AND IMPORTANT ANECDOTES, FACTS, AND NOTICES, IN CHRONOLOGY, ANTIQUITIES, TOPOGRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, ART, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE; DERIVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES, AND VALUABLE ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, WITH POETICAL ELUCIDATIONS,

For Daily Use and Diversion.

BY WILLIAM HONE.

I tell of festivals, and fairs, and plays,
Of merriment, and mirth, and bonfire blaze;
I tell of Christmas mummings, new year's day,
Of twelfth-night king and queen, and children's play;
I tell of Valentines, and true-love's-knots,
Of omens, cunning-men, and drawing lots——

I tell of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
I tell of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes;
I tell of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy-king.

Herrick

WITH FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG AND SON, 73, CHEAPSIDE;
R. GRIFFIN AND CO., GLASGOW; T. T. AND H. TEGG, DUBLIN:
ALSO, J. AND S. A. TEGG, SIDNEY AND HOBART TOWN.
1838.

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PREFACE.

On the close of the Every-Day Book, which commenced on New Year's Day, 1825, and ended in the last week of 1826, I began this work.

The only prospectus of the Table Book was the eight versified lines on the title-page. They appeared on New Year's Day, prefixed to the first number; which, with the successive sheets, to the present date, constitute the volume now in the reader's hands, and the entire of my endeavours during the half year.

So long as I am enabled, and the public continue to be pleased, the Table Book will be continued. The kind reception of the weekly numbers, and the monthly parts, encourages me to hope that like favour will be extended to the half-yearly volume. Its multifarious contents and the illustrative engravings, with the help of the copious index, realize my wish, "to please the young, and help divert the wise." Perhaps, if the good old window-seats had not gone out of fashion, it might be called a parlour-window book—a good name for a volume of agreeable reading selected from the book-case, and left lying about, for the constant recreation of the family, and the casual amusement of visitors.

W. HONE.

Midsummer, 1827.

THE FRONTISPIECE.

PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

Miss Edgeworth's lines express her estimation of the gem she has the happiness to own. That lady allowed a few casts from it in bronze, and a gentleman who possesses one, and who favours the "*Table Book*" with his approbation, permits its use for a frontispiece to this volume. The engraving will not be questioned as a decoration, and it has some claim to be regarded as an elegant illustration of a miscellany which draws largely on art and literature, and on nature itself, towards its supply.

"I delight," says Petrarch, "in my pictures. I take great pleasure also in images; they come in show more near unto nature than pictures, for they do but appear; but these are felt to be substantial, and their bodies are more durable. Amongst the Grecians the art of painting was esteemed above all handycrafts, and the chief of all the liberal arts. How great the dignity hath been of statues; and how fervently the study and desire of men have reposed in such pleasures, emperors and kings, and other noble personages, nay, even persons of inferior degree, have shown, in their industrious keeping of them when obtained." Insisting on the golden mean, as a rule of happiness, he says, "I possess an amazing collection of books, for attaining this, and every virtue: great is my delight in beholding such a treasure." He slights persons who collect books "for the pleasure of boasting they have them; who furnish their chambers with what was invented to furnish their minds; and use them no otherwise than they do their Corinthian tables, or their painted tables and images, to look at." He contemns others who esteem not the true value of books, but the price at which they may sell them—"a new practice" (observe it is Petrarch that speaks) "crept in among the rich, whereby they may attain one art more of unruly desire." He repeats, with rivetting force, "I have great plenty of books: where such scarcity has been lamented, this is no small possession: I have an inestimable many of books!" He was a diligent collector, and a liberal imparter of these treasures. He corresponded with Richard de Bury, an illustrious prelate of our own country, eminent for his love of learning and learned men, and sent many precious volumes to England to enrich the bishop's magnificent library. He vividly remarks, "I delight passionately in my books;" and yet he who had accumulated them largely, estimated them rightly: he has a saying of books worthy of himself—"a wise man seeketh not quantity but sufficiency."

Petrarch loved the quiet scenes of nature, and these can scarcely be observed from a carriage or while riding, and are never enjoyed but on foot; and to me—on whom that discovery was imposed, and who am sometimes restrained from country walks, by necessity — it was no small pleasure, when I read a passage in his "View of Human Nature," which persuaded me of his fondness for the exercise: "A journey on foot hath most pleasant commodities; a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labour, the labour of nature—to go."

In "The Indicator" there is a paper of peculiar beauty, by Mr. Leigh Hunt, "on receiving a sprig of myrtle from Vaucluse," with a paragraph suitable to this occasion: "We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the fourteenth century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it every where, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the metropolis of the world, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio the father of Italian prose; and lastly, that his

greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connection was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of all her modesty she did not show an insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times; and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world."

At Vaucluse, or Valchiusa, "a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue," Petrarch resided for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems.

The following is a translation by sir William Jones, of

AN ODE, BY PETRARCH,

To the Fountain of Valchiusa

Ye clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;
Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown yon vernal bowers,
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.
If Heav'n has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death
Ah! grant this slight request,—
That here my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and soothe
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower
Haply, the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When love on this fair border bade me stray:
There, sorrowing, shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true, but hapless lover's lowly bier;
Too late her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear
O! well-remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
"Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."
I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, said—
"The groves of Eden gave this angel birth,"
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all Heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glittering scene?
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear,
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear

It is within probability to imagine, that the original of this "ode" may have been impressed on the paper, by Petrarch's pen, from the inkstand of the frontispiece.

THE TABLE BOOK.

FORMERLY, a "Table Book" was a memorandum book, on which any thing was graved or written without ink. It is mentioned by Shakspeare. Polonius, on disclosing Ophelia's affection for Hamlet to the king, inquires

> "When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
> ——————— what might you,
> Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
> If I had play'd the desk, or table-book?"

Dr. Henry More, a divine, and moralist, of the succeeding century, observes, that "Nature makes clean the *table-book* first, and then portrays upon it what she pleaseth." In this sense, it might have been used instead of a *tabula rasa*, or sheet of blank writing paper, adopted by Locke as an illustration of the human mind in its incipiency. It is figuratively introduced to nearly the same purpose by Swift: he tells us that

> "Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
> We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
> Stale memorandums of the schools."

Dryden says, "Put into your *Table-Book* whatsoever you judge worthy."*

I hope I shall not unworthily err, if, in the commencement of a work under this title, I show what a *Table Book* was

Table books, or tablets, of wood, existed before the time of Homer, and among the Jews before the Christian æra. The table books of the Romans were nearly like ours, which will be described presently; except that the leaves, which were two, three, or more in number, were of wood surfaced with wax. They wrote on them with a style, one end of which was pointed for that purpose, and the other end rounded or flattened, for effacing or scraping out. Styles were made of nearly all the metals, as well as of bone and ivory; they were differently formed, and resembled ornamented skewers; the common style was iron. More anciently, the leaves of the table book were without wax, and marks were made by the iron style on the bare wood. The Anglo-Saxon style was very handsome. Dr. Pegge was of opinion that the well-known jewel of Alfred, preserved in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford, was the head of the style sent by that king with Gregory's Pastoral to Athelney.†

A gentleman, whose profound knowledge of domestic antiquities surpasses that of preceding antiquaries, and remains unrivalled by his contemporaries, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," notices Hamlet's expression, "My *tables*,—meet it is I set it down." On that passage he observes, that the Roman practice of writing on wax tablets with a style was continued through the middle ages; and that specimens of wooden tables, filled with wax, and constructed in the fourteenth century, were preserved in several of the monastic libraries in France. Some of these consisted of as many as twenty pages, formed into a book by means of parchment bands glued to the backs of the leaves. He says that in the middle ages there were table books of ivory, and sometimes, of late, in the form of a small portable book with leaves and clasps; and he transfers a figure of one of the latter from an old work* to his own: it resembles the common "slate-books" still sold in the stationers' shops. He presumes that to such a table book the archbishop of York alludes in the second part of King Henry IV.,

> "And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
> And keep no tell tale to his memory."

As in the middle ages there were table-books with ivory leaves, this gentleman remarks that, in Chaucer's "Sompnour's Tale," one of the friars is provided with

> "A pair of tables all of *ivory*,
> And a pointel ypolished fetishly,
> And wrote alway the names, as he stood,
> Of alle folk that yave hem any good."

He instances it as remarkable, that neither public nor private museums furnished specimens of the table books, common in Shakspeare's time. Fortunately, this observation is no longer applicable.

A correspondent, understood to be Mr. Douce, in Dr. Aikin's "Athenæum," subsequently says, "I happen to possess a table-book of Shakspeare's time. It is a little book, nearly square, being three inches wide and something less than four in length, bound stoutly in calf, and fastening with four strings of broad, strong, brown tape. The title as follows: 'Writing Tables, with a Kalender for xxiiii yeeres, with sundrie necessarie rules. The Tables made by Robert Triple. London, Imprinted for the Company of Stationers.' The tables are inserted immediately after the almanack. At first sight they appear like what we call asses-skin, the colour being precisely

* Johnson.
† Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.

* Gesner De rerum fossilium figuris, &c. Tigur. 1565. 12mo.

the same, but the leaves are thicker: whatever smell they may have had is lost, and there is no gloss upon them. It might be supposed that the gloss has been worn off; but this is not the case, for most of the tables have never been written on. Some of the edges being a little worn, show that the middle of the leaf consists of paper; the composition is laid on with great nicety. A silver style was used, which is sheathed in one of the covers, and which produces an impression as distinct, and as easily obliterated as a black-lead pencil. The tables are interleaved with common paper."

In July, 1808, the date of the preceding communication, I, too, possessed a table book, and silver style, of an age as ancient, and similar to that described; except that it had not "a Kalender." Mine was brought to me by a poor person, who found it in Covent-garden on a market day. There were a few ill-spelt memoranda respecting vegetable matters formed on its leaves with the style. It had two antique slender brass clasps, which were loose; the ancient binding had ceased from long wear to do its office, and I confided it to Mr. Wills, the almanack publisher in Stationers'-court, for a better cover and a silver clasp. Each being ignorant of what it was, we spoiled "a *table-book* of Shakspeare's time."

The most affecting circumstance relating to a table book is in the life of the beautiful and unhappy "Lady Jane Grey." "Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her: she gave him her *table-book*, wherein she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's body; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but the divine mercy would be favourable to his soul; and that, if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse, and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour."*

Having shown what the ancient table book was, it may be expected that I should say something about

My
TABLE BOOK.

The title is to be received in a larger sense than the obsolete signification: the old table books were for private use—mine is for the public; and the more the public desire it, the more I shall be gratified. I have not the folly to suppose it will pass from *my* table to *every* table, but I think that not a single sheet can appear on the table of *any* family without communicating some information, or affording some diversion.

On the title-page there are a few lines which briefly, yet adequately, describe the collections in my *Table Book*: and, as regards my own "sayings and doings," the prevailing disposition of my mind is perhaps sufficiently made known through the *Every-Day Book*. In the latter publication, I was inconveniently limited as to room; and the labour I had there prescribed to myself, of commemorating *every* day, frequently prevented me from topics that would have been more agreeable to my readers than the "two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff," which I often consumed my time and spirits in endeavouring to discover—and did not always find.

In my *Table Book*, which I hope will never be out of "season," I take the liberty to "annihilate both time and space," to the extent of a few lines or days, and lease, and talk, when and where I can, according to my humour. Sometimes I present an offering of "all sorts," simpled from out-of-the-way and in-the-way books; and, at other times, gossip to the public, as to an old friend, diffusely or briefly, as I chance to be more or less in the giving "vein," about a passing event, a work just read, a print in my hand, the thing I last thought of, or saw, or heard, or, to be plain, about "whatever comes uppermost." In short, my collections and recollections come forth just as I happen to suppose they may be most agreeable or serviceable to those whom I esteem, or care for, and by whom I desire to be respected.

MY TABLE BOOK is enriched and diversified by the contributions of my friends; the teemings of time, and the press, give it novelty; and what I know of works of art, with something of imagination, and the assistance of artists, enable me to add pictorial embellishment. My object is to blend information with amusement, and utility with diversion.

MY TABLE BOOK, therefore, is a series of continually shifting scenes—a kind of literary kaleidoscope, combining popular forms with singular appearances—by which youth and age of all ranks may be amused; and to which, I respectfully trust, many will gladly add something, to improve its views.

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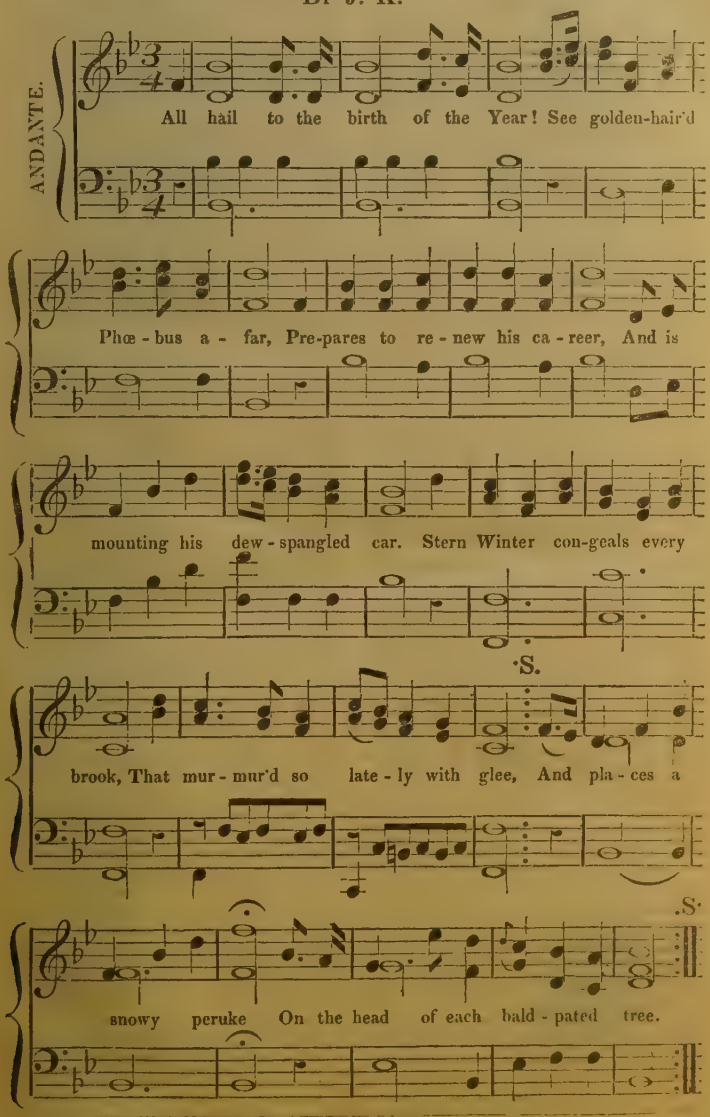
* Glossary by Mr. Archd. Nares.

Ode to the New Year.

From the *Every Day Book*; set to Music for the *Table Book*,

By J. K.


ANDANTE.
All hail to the birth of the Year! See golden-hair'd
Phœ - bus a - far, Pre-pares to re - new his ca - reer, And is
mounting his dew - spangled car. Stern Winter con-geals every
S.
brook, That mur - mur'd so late - ly with glee, And pla - ces a
S.
snowy peruke On the head of each bald - pated tree.

*** For the remaining verses see the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 26.

The New Year.

HAGMAN-HEIGH.

Anciently on new year's day the Romans were accustomed to carry small presents, as new year's gifts, to the senators, under whose protection they were severally placed. In the reigns of the emperors, they flocked in such numbers with valuable ones, that various decrees were made to abolish the custom; though it always continued among that people. The Romans who settled in Britain, or the families connected with them by marriage, introduced these new year's gifts among our forefathers, who got the habit of making presents, even to the magistrates. Some of the fathers of the church wrote against them, as fraught with the greatest abuses, and the magistrates were forced to relinquish them. Besides the well-known anecdote of sir Thomas More, when lord chancellor,* many instances might be adduced from old records, of giving a pair of gloves, some with "linings," and others without. Probably from thence has been derived the fashion of giving a pair of gloves upon particular occasions, as at marriages, funerals, &c. New year's gifts continue to be received and given by all ranks of people, to commemorate the sun's return, and the prospect of spring, when the gifts of nature are shared by all. Friends present some small tokens of esteem to each other—husbands to their wives, and parents to their children. The custom keeps up a cheerful and friendly intercourse among acquaintance, and leads to that good-humour and mirth so necessary to the spirits in this dreary season. Chandlers send as presents to their customers large mould candles; grocers give raisins, to make a Christmas pudding, or a pack of cards, to assist in spending agreeably the long evenings. In barbers' shops "thrift-box," as it is called, is put by the apprentice boys against the wall, and every customer, according to his inclination, puts something in. Poor children, and old infirm persons, beg, at the doors of the charitable, a small pittance, which, though collected in small sums, yet, when put together, forms to them a little treasure; so that every heart, in all situations of life, beats with joy at the nativity of his Saviour.

The *Hagman Heigh* is an old custom observed in Yorkshire on new year's eve, as appertaining to the season. The keeper of the pinfold goes round the town, attended by a rabble at his heels, and knocking at certain doors, sings a barbarous song, beginning with—

"To-night it is the new year's night, to-morrow is the day;
We are come about for our right and for our ray,
As we us'd to do in old king Henry's day:
Sing, fellows, sing, *Hagman Heigh*," &c.

The song always concludes with "wishing a merry Christmas and a happy new year." When wood was chiefly used as fuel, in heating ovens at Christmas, this was the most appropriate season for the *hagman*, or wood-cutter, to remind his customers of his services, and to solicit alms. The word *hag* is still used in Yorkshire, to signify a wood. The "hagg" opposite to Easby formerly belonged to the abbey, to supply them with fuel. Hagman may be a name compounded from it. Some derive it from the Greek Αγιαμηνη, the holy month, when the festivals of the church for our Saviour's birth were celebrated. Formerly, on the last day of the year, the monks and friars used to make a plentiful harvest, by begging from door to door, and reciting a kind of carol, at the end of every stave of which they introduced the words "agia mene," alluding to the birth of Christ. A very different interpretation, however, was given to it by one John Dixon, a Scotch presbyterian minister, when holding forth against this custom in one of his sermons at Kelso. "Sirs, do you know what the *hagman* signifies? It is the devil to be in the house; that is the meaning of its Hebrew original."*

* Every-Day Book, i. 9.

* Clarkson's History of Richmond, cited by a correspondent, A. B.

SONNET

ON THE NEW YEAR.

When we look back on hours long past away,
And every circumstance of joy, or woe
That goes to make this strange beguiling show,
Call'd life, as though it were of yesterday,
We start to learn our quickness of decay.
Still flies unwearied Time;—on still we go
And whither?—Unto endless weal or woe,
As we have wrought our parts in this brief play.
Yet many have I seen whose thin blanched locks
But ill became a head where Folly dwelt.
Who having past this storm with all its shocks,
Had nothing learnt from what they saw or felt.
Brave spirits! that can look, with heedless eye,
On doom unchangeable, and fixt eternity.

Antiquities.

Westminster Abbey.

The following letter, written by Horace Walpole, in relation to the tombs, is curious. Dr. ——, whom he derides, was Dr. Zachary Pearce, dean of Westminster, and editor of Longinus, &c.

Strawberry-hill, 1761.

I heard lately, that Dr. ———, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked set of people as his lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the abbey should be removed; and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's;—observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Westminster;—that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a learned author, should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason,—as having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's funeral—that the chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again: the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of queen Elizabeth, &c. to draw visits and money from the mob.

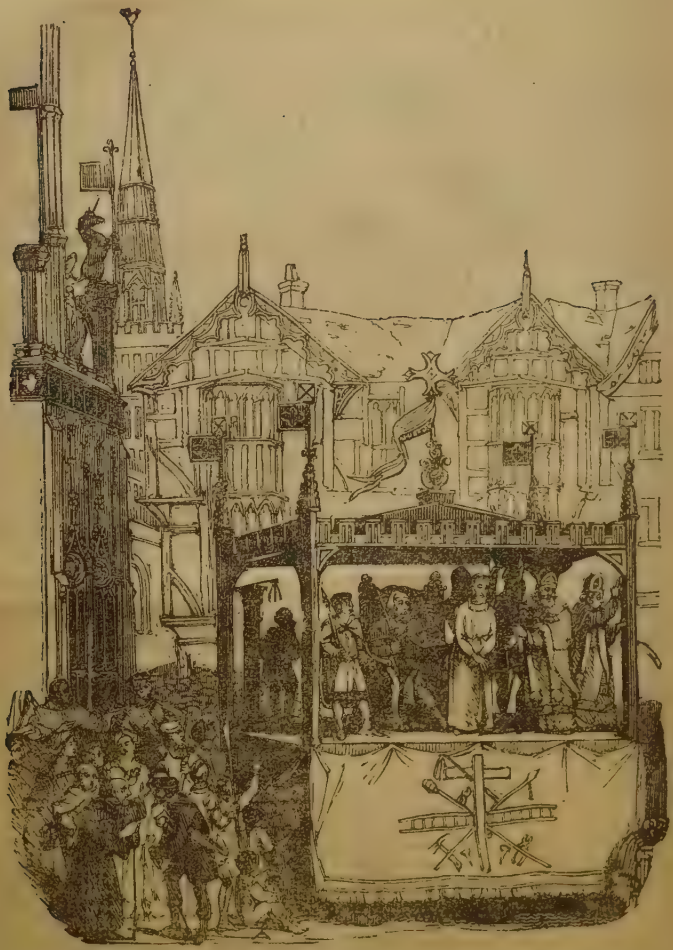
Biographical Memoranda.

Cometary Influence.

Brantome relates, that the duchess of Angoulême, in the sixteenth century, being awakened during the night, she was surprised at an extraordinary brightness which illuminated her chamber; apprehending it to be the fire, she reprimanded her women for having made so large a one; but they assured her it was caused by the moon. The duchess ordered her curtains to be undrawn, and discovered that it was a comet which produced this unusual light. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "this is a phenomenon which appears not to persons of common condition. Shut the window, it is a comet, which announces my departure; I must prepare for death." The following morning she sent for her confessor, in the certainty of an approaching dissolution. The physicians assured her that her apprehensions were ill founded and premature. "If I had not," replied she, "seen the signal for death, I could believe it, for I do not feel myself exhausted or peculiarly ill." On the third day after this event she expired, the victim of terror. Long after this period all appearances of the celestial bodies, not perfectly comprehended by the multitude, were supposed to indicate the deaths of sovereigns, or revolutions in their governments.

Two Painters.

When the duke d'Aremberg was confined at Antwerp, a person was brought in as a spy, and imprisoned in the same place. The duke observed some slight sketches by his fellow prisoner on the wall, and, conceiving they indicated talent, desired Rubens, with whom he was intimate, and by whom he was visited, to bring with him a pallet and pencils for the painter, who was in custody with him. The materials requisite for painting were given to the artist, who took for his subject a group of soldiers playing at cards in the corner of a prison. When Rubens saw the picture, he cried out that it was done by Brouwer, whose works he had often seen, and as often admired. Rubens offered six hundred guineas for it; the duke would by no means part with it, but presented the painter with a larger sum. Rubens exerted his interest, and obtained the liberty of Brouwer, by becoming his surety, received him into his house, clothed as well as maintained him, and took pains to make the world acquainted with his merit. But the levity of Brouwer's temper would not suffer him long to consider his situation any better than a state of confinement; he therefore quitted Rubens, and died shortly afterwards, in consequence of a dissolute course of life



Representation of a Pageant Vehicle and Play.

The state, and reverence, and show,
Were so attractive, folks would go
From all parts, ev'ry year, to see
These pageant-plays at Coventry.

This engraving is from a very curious print in Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries, anciently performed at Coventry."

Coventry is distinguished in the history of the drama, because, under the title of "Ludus *Coventriæ*," there exists a manuscript volume of most curious early plays, not yet printed, nor likely to be, unless there are sixty persons, at this time sufficiently concerned for our ancient literature and manners, to encourage a spirited gentleman to print a limited number of copies. If by any accident the manuscript should be destroyed, these plays, the constant theme of literary antiquaries from Dugdale to the present period, will only be known through the partial extracts of writers, who have sometimes inaccurately transcribed from the originals in the British Museum.*

Mr. Sharp's taste and attainments qualifying him for the task, and his residence at Coventry affording him facility of research among the muniments of the corporation, he has achieved the real labour of drawing from these and other unexplored sources, a body of highly interesting facts, respecting the vehicles, characters, and dresses of the actors in the pageants or dramatic mysteries anciently performed by the trading companies of that city; which, together with accounts of municipal entertainments of a public nature, form his meritorious volume.

Very little has been known respecting the stage "properties," before the rise of the regular drama, and therefore the abundant matter of that nature, adduced by this gentleman, is peculiarly valuable. With "The Taylors' and Shearemens' Pagant," complete from the original manuscript, he gives the songs and the *original music*, engraved on three plates, which is eminently remarkable, because it is, perhaps, the only existing specimen of the melodies in the old Mysteries. There are ten other plates in the work; one of them represents the club, or maul, of Pilate, a character in the pageant of the Cappers' company. "By a variety of entries it appears he had a club or maul, stuffed with wool; and that the exterior was formed of leather, is authenticated by the actual existence of such a club or maul, discovered by the writer of this Dissertation, in an antique chest within the Cappers' chapel, (together with an iron cresset, and some fragments of armour,) where it had probably remained ever since the breaking up of the pageant." The subject of the Cappers' pageant was usually the trial and crucifixion of Christ, and the descent into hell.

The pageant vehicles were high scaffolds with two rooms, a higher and a lower, constructed upon four or six wheels; in the lower room the performers dressed, and in the higher room they played. This higher room, or rather, as it may be called, the "stage," was all open on the top, that the beholders might hear and see. On the day of performance the vehicles were wheeled, by men, from place to place, throughout the city; the floor was strewed with rushes; and to conceal the lower room, wherein the performers dressed, cloths were hung round the vehicle: there is reason to believe that, on these cloths, the subject of the performance was painted or worked in tapestry. The higher room of the Drapers' vehicle was embattled, and ornamented with carved work, and a crest; the Smiths' had vanes, burnished and painted, with streamers flying.

In an engraving which is royal quarto, the size of the work, Mr. Sharp has laudably endeavoured to convey a clear idea of the appearance of a pageant vehicle, and of the architectural appearance of the houses in Coventry, at the time of performing the Mysteries. So much of that engraving as represents the vehicle is before the reader on the preceding page. The vehicle, supposed to be of the Smiths' company, is stationed near the Cross in the Cross-cheaping, and the time of action chosen is the period when Pilate, on the charges of Caiphas and Annas, is compelled to give up Christ for execution. Pilate is represented on a throne, or chair of state; beside him stands his son with a sceptre and poll-axe, and beyond the Saviour are the two high priests; the two armed figures behind are knights. The pageant cloth bears the symbols of the passion.

Besides the Coventry Mysteries and other matters, Mr. Sharp notices those of Chester, and treats largely on the ancient setting of the watch on Midsummer and St. John's Eve, the corporation giants, morris dancers, minstrels, and waites.

I could not resist the very fitting opportunity on the opening of the new year, and of the *Table Book* together, to introduce a memorandum, that so important an accession has accrued to our curious litera-

* By a notice in Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation," he proposes to publish the "Coventry Mysteries," with notes and illustrations, in two vols. octavo: 100 copies on royal paper, at three guineas; and 25, on imperial paper, at five guineas. Notwithstanding he limits the entire impression to these 125 copies, and will commence to print as soon as the *names* of sixty subscribers are sent to his publishers, it appears that this small number is not yet complete. The fact is mentioned here, because it will be a reproach to the age if such an overture is not embraced.

ture, as Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries."

"The Thing to a T."

A young man, brought up in the city of London to the business of an undertaker, went to Jamaica to better his condition. Business flourished, and he wrote to his father in Bishopsgate-street to send him, with a quantity of black and grey cloth, twenty gross of black *Tacks*. Unfortunately he had omitted the top to his T, and the order stood twenty gross of black *Jacks*. His correspondent, on receiving the letter, recollected a man, near Fleet-market, who made quart and pint tin pots, ornamented with painting, and which were called *black Jacks*, and to him he gave the order for the twenty gross of *black Jacks*. The maker, surprised, said, he had not so many ready, but would endeavour to complete the order; this was done, and the articles were shipped. The undertaker received them with other consignments, and was astonished at the mistake. A friend, fond of speculation, offered consolation, by proposing to purchase the whole at the invoice price. The undertaker, glad to get rid of an article he considered useless in that part of the world, took the offer. His friend immediately advertised for sale a number of fashionable punch vases just arrived from England, and sold the jacks, gaining 200 per cent.!

The young undertaker afterwards discoursing upon his father's blunder, was told by his friend, in a jocose strain, to order a gross of warming-pans, and see whether the well-informed correspondents in London would have the sagacity to consider such articles necessary in the latitude of nine degrees north. The young man laughed at the suggestion, but really put in practice the joke. He desired his father in his next letter to send a gross of warming-pans, which actually, and to the great surprise of the son, reached the island of Jamaica. What to do with this cargo he knew not. His friend again became a purchaser at prime cost, and having knocked off the covers, informed the planters, that he had just imported a number of newly-constructed sugar ladles. The article under that name sold rapidly, and returned a large profit. The parties returned to England with fortunes, and often told the story of the black jacks and warming-pans over the bottle, adding, that "Nothing is lost in a good market."

Books.

——————————— Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place, that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge. Fletcher.

Imagination.

Imagination enriches every thing. A great library contains not only books, but "the assembled souls of all that men held wise." The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of its dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and association can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history, and its literature; its towers, and rivers; its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth; its multitude of human beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of its many chariots, heard, at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Actors.

Madame Rollan, who died in 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, was a principal dancer on Covent-garden stage in

1731, and followed her profession, by private teaching, to the last year of her life. She had so much celebrity in her day, that having one evening sprained her ancle, no less an actor than Quin was ordered by the manager to make an apology to the audience for her not appearing in the dance. Quin, who looked upon all dancers as "the mere garnish of the stage," at first demurred; but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came forward, and in his coarse way thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed, on account of mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ancle: I wish it had been her neck."

In Quin's time Hippesley was the Roscius of low comedy; he had a large scar on his cheek, occasioned by being dropped into the fire, by a careless nurse, when an infant, which gave a very whimsical cast to his features. Conversing with Quin concerning his son, he told him, he had some thoughts of bringing him on the stage. "Oh," replied the cynic, "if that is your intention, I think it is high time you should burn his face."

On one of the first nights of the opera of Cymon at Drury-lane theatre, when the late Mr. Vernon began the last air in the fourth act, which runs,

"Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?"

a dissatisfied musical critic immediately answered the actor's interrogation in the following words, and to the great astonishment of the audience, in the exact tune of the air,

"Why towards Long-acre, towards Long-acre."

This unexpected circumstance naturally embarrassed poor Vernon, but in a moment recovering himself, he sung in rejoinder, the following words, instead of the author's:

"Ho, ho, did they so,
Then I'll soon overtake her,
I'll soon overtake her."

Vernon then precipitately made his exit amidst the plaudits of the whole house.

Home Department.

Potatoes.

If potatoes, how much soever frosted, be only carefully excluded from the atmospheric air, and the pit not opened until some time after the frost has entirely subsided, they will be found not to have sustained the slightest injury. This is on account of their not having been exposed to a sudden change, and thawing gradually.

A person inspecting his potato heap, which had been covered with turf, found them so frozen, that, on being moved, they rattled like stones: he deemed them irrecoverably lost, and, replacing the turf, left them, as he thought, to their fate. He was not less surprised than pleased, a considerable time afterwards, when he discovered that his potatoes, which he had given up for lost, had not suffered the least detriment, but were, in all respects, remarkably fine, except a few near the spot which had been uncovered. If farmers keep their heaps covered till the frost entirely disappears, they will find their patience amply rewarded.

London.

Lost Children.

The Gresham committee having humanely provided a means of leading to the discovery of lost or strayed children, the following is a copy of the bill, issued in consequence of their regulation:—

To the Public.

London.

If persons who may have lost a child, or found one, in the streets, will go with a written notice to the Royal Exchange, they will find boards fixed up near the medicine shop, for the purpose of posting up such notices, (*free of expense.*) By fixing their notice at this place, it is probable the child will be restored to its afflicted parents on the same day it may have been missed. The children, of course, are to be taken care of in the parish where they are found, until their homes are discovered.

From the success which has, within a short time, been found to result from the *immediate* posting up notices of this sort, there can be little doubt, when the knowledge of the above-mentioned boards is general, but that *many* children will be *speedily* restored. It is recommended that a bellman be sent round the neighbourhood, as heretofore has been usually done.

Persons on receiving this paper are requested to fix it up in their shop-window, or other conspicuous place.

The managers of Spa-fields chapel improving upon the above hint, caused

a board to be placed in front of their chapel for the same purpose, and printed bills which can be very soon filled up, describing the child lost or found, in the following forms:—

CHILD LOST.		CHILD FOUND.	
Sex	Age	Sex	Age
Name		Name	
Residence		May be heard of at	
Further particulars		Further particulars	

The severe affliction many parents suffer by the loss of young children, should induce parish officers, and others, in populous neighbourhoods, to adopt a plan so well devised to facilitate the restoration of strayed children.

Ticket Porters.

By an Act of common council of the city of London, Heygate, mayor, 1823, the ticket porters are not to exceed five hundred.

A ticket porter, when plying or working, is to wear his ticket so as to be plainly seen, under a penalty of 2*s.* 6*d.* for each offence.

No ticket porter is to apply for hire in any place but on the stand, appointed by the acts of common council, or within six yards thereof, under a penalty of 5*s.*

FARES OF TICKET-PORTERS.

	Qr. Mile.	Half Mile.	One Mile.	1½ Mile.	Two Miles.	For every half mile farther.
	s. d.	*s. d.*	*s. d.*	*s. d.*	*s. d.*	*s. d.*
For any Package, Letter, &c. not exceeding 56 lbs	0 4	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 6	0 6
Above 56 lbs. and not exceeding 112 lbs.	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 6	2 0	0 9
Above 112 lbs. and not exceeding 168 lbs.	0 8	1 0	1 6	2 0	2 6	1 0

For every parcel above 14 lbs. which they may have to bring back, they are allowed half the above fares.

A ticket porter not to take more than one ob at a time, penalty 2*s.* 6*d.*

Seven, or more, rulers of the society, to constitute a court.

The governor of the society, with the court of rulers, to make regulations, and annex reasonable penalties for the breach thereof, not exceeding 20*s.* for each offence, or three months' suspension. They may discharge porters who persist in breach of their orders.

The court of rulers to hear and determine complaints in absence of the governor.

Any porter charging more than his regular fare, finable on conviction to the extent of 20*s.*, by the governor, or the court of rulers.

Persons employing any one within the city, except their own servants or ticket porters, are liable to be prosecuted.

Manners.

Oliver Cromwell.

The following is an extract from one of Richard Symons's Pocket-books, preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 991. "At the marriage of his daughter to Rich, in Nov. 1657, the lord protector threw about sack-posset among all the ladyes to soyle their rich cloaths, which they tooke as a favour, and also wett sweetmeats; and daubed all the stooles where they were to sit with wett sweetmeats; and pulled off Rich his peruque, and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not, yet he sate upon it."

Old Women.

De Foe remarks in his "Protestant Monastery," that "If any whimsical or ridiculous story is told, 'tis of an *Old Woman*. If any person is awkward at his business or any thing else, he is called an *Old Woman* forsooth, Those were brave days for young people, when they could swear the old ones out of their lives, and get a woman hanged or burnt only for being a little too old—and, as a warning to all ancient persons, who should dare to live longer than the young ones think convenient."

Duel with a Bag.

Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard, and the other a German, who were recom-

mended, by their birth and services, to the emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfequinn, in marriage. This prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular encounter between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Ehberhard, baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day.

Such is the story, as gravely told by M. de St. Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in a duel may be, on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a bullet through the *thorax*, of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as elated, and more consoled, on having put is adversary "into a *bag?*"

"A New Matrimonial Plan."

This is the title of a bill printed and distributed four or five years ago, and now before me, advertising "an establishment where persons of all classes, who are anxious to sweeten life, by repairing to the *altar of Hymen*, have an opportunity of meeting with proper partners." The "plan" says, "their personal attendance is not absolutely necessary, a statement of facts is all that is required at first." The method is simply this, for the parties to become *subscribers*, the amount to be regulated according to circumstances, and that they should be arranged in classes in the following order, viz.

"*Ladies.*

"1st Class. I am twenty years of age, heiress to an estate in the county of Essex of the value of 30,000*l.*, well edueated, and of domestic habits; of an agreeable, lively disposition and genteel figure. Religion that of my future husband.

"2d Class. I am thirty years of age, a widow, in the grocery line in London—have children; of middle stature, full made, fair complexion and hair, temper agreeable, worth 3,000*l.*

"3d Class. I am tall and thin, a little lame in the hip, of a lively disposition, conversable, twenty years of age, live with my father, who, if I marry with his consent, will give me 1,000*l.*

"4th Class. I am twenty years of age; mild disposition and manners; allowed to be personable.

"5th Class. I am sixty years of age; income limited; active, and rather agreeable.

"*Gentlemen.*

"1st Class. A young gentleman with dark eyes and hair; stout made; well educated; have an estate of 500*l.* per annum in the county of Kent; besides 10,000*l.* in the three per cent. consolidated annuities; am of an affable disposition, and very affectionate.

"2d Class. I am forty years of age, tall and slender, fair complexion and hair, well tempered and of sober habits, have a situation in the Excise of 300*l.* per annum, and a small estate in Wales of the annual value of 150*l.*

"3d Class. A tradesman in the city of Bristol, in a ready-money business, turning 150*l.* per week, at a profit of 10*l.* per cent., pretty well tempered, lively, and fond of home.

"4th Class. I am fifty-eight years of age; a widower, without incumbrance; retired from business upon a small income; healthy constitution; and of domestic habits.

"5th Class. I am twenty-five years of age; a mechanic, of sober habits; industrious, and of respectable connections.

"It is presumed that the public will not find any difficulty in describing themselves; if they should, they will have the assistance of the managers, who will be in attendance at the office, No. 5, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate-street, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between the hours of eleven and three o'clock.—Please to inquire for Mr. Jameson, up one pair of stairs. All letters to be post paid.

"The subscribers are to be furnished

with a list of descriptions, and when one occurs likely to suit, the parties may correspond; and if mutually approved, the interview may be afterwards arranged. Further particulars may be had as above."

Such a strange device in our own time, for catching would-be lovers, seems incredible, and yet here is the printed plan, with the name and address of the match-making gentleman you are to inquire for "up one pair of stairs."

Topographical Memoranda.

Clerical Longevity.

The following is an authentic account, from the "Antiquarian Repertory," of the incumbents of a vicarage near Bridgenorth in Shropshire. Its annual revenue, till the death of the last incumbent here mentioned, was not more than about seventy pounds per annum, although it is a very large and populous parish, containing at least twenty hamlets or townships, and is scarcely any where less than four or five miles in diameter. By a peculiar idiom in that country, the inhabitants of this large district are said to live "in Worfield-home:" and the adjacent, or not far distant, parishes (each of them containing, in like manner, many townships, or hamlets) are called Claverly, or Clarely-home, Tatnall-home, Womburn-home, or, as the terminating word is every where pronounced in that neighbourhood, "whome."

"A list of the vicars of Worfield in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, and in the county of Salop, from 1564 to 1763, viz.

"Demerick, vicar, last popish priest, conformed during the six first years of Elizabeth. He died 1564.

Barney, vicar	44 years;	died 1608.
Barney, vicar	56 years;	died 1664.
Hancocks, vicar	42 years;	died 1707.
Adamson, vicar	56 years:	died 1763.

Only 4 vicars in 199 years."

Spelling for a Wake.

Proclamation was made a few years ago, at Tewkesbury, from a written paper, of which the following is a copy:—

"Hobnail's Wake—This his to give notis on Tusday next—a Hat to be playd at bac sord fore. Two Belts to be tuseld fore. A plum cack to be gump in bags fowr. A pond of backer to be bold for, and a showl to danc lot by wimen."

The Beauties of Somerset.

A Ballad.

I'm a Zummerzetzhire man,
Zhew me better if you can,
In the North, Zouth, East, or West;
I waz born in Taunton Dean,
Of all places ever seen
The richest and the best. Old Ballad

Tune, *Alley Croker.*

That Britain's like a precious gem
Set in the silver ocean,
Our Shakspeare sung, and none condemn
Whilst most approve the notion,—
But various parts, we now declare,
Shine forth in various splendour,
And those bright beams that shine most fair,
The western portions render;—
O the counties, the matchless western counties,
But far the best,
Of all the rest,
Is Somerset for ever.

For come with me, and we'll survey
Our hills and vallies over,
Our vales, where clear brooks bubbling stray
Through meads of blooming clover;
Our hills, that rise in giant pride,
With hollow dells between them,
Whose sable forests, spreading wide,
Enrapture all who 've seen them;
O the counties, &c.

How could I here forgetful be
Of all your scenes romantic,
Our rugged rocks, our swelling sea,
Where foams the wild Atlantic!
There's not an Eden known to men
That claims such admiration,
As lovely Culbone's peaceful glen,
The Tempe of the nation;
O the counties, &c.

To name each beauty in my rhyme
Would prove a vain endeavour,
I'll therefore sing that cloudless clime
Where *Summer sets* for ever;
Where ever dwells the Age of Gold
In fertile vales and sunny,
Which, like the promis'd land of old,
O'erflows with milk and honey;
O the counties, &c.

But O! to crown my county's worth,
What all the rest surpasses,
There's not a spot in all the earth
Can boast such lovely lasses;
There's not a spot beneath the sun
Where hearts are open'd wider,
Then let us toast them every one,
In bowls of native cider;
O the counties, &c.

Weather.

A new Hygrometer.

A new instrument to measure the degrees of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, was invented by M. Baptist Lendi, of St. Gall:

In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal, about the size of a hazle nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass; and it undergoes several changes, till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather, this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow, it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and to put in the same quantity of fresh. For the first few days it must not be shaken.

Omniana.

Calico Company.

A red kitten was sent to the house of a linen-draper in the city; and, on departing from the maternal basket, the following lines were written:—

The Red Kitten.

O the red red kitten is sent away,
No more on parlour hearth to play;
He must live in the draper's house,
And chase the rat, and catch the mouse,
And all day long in silence go
Through bales of cotton and calico.

After the king of England fam'd,
The red red kitten was Rufus nam'd.
And as king Rufus sported through
Thicket and brake of the Forest New,
The red red kitten Rufus so
Shall jump about the calico.

But as king Rufus chas'd the deer,
And hunted the forest far and near,
Until as he watch'd the jumpy squirrel,
He was shot by Walter Tyrrel;
So, if Fate shall his death ordain,
Shall kitten Rufus by dogs be slain,
And end his thrice three lives of woe
Among the cotton and calico.

Twelfth-Day

SONNET

TO A PRETTY GIRL IN A PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP.

Sweet Maid, for thou art *maid* of many *sweets*,
Behind thy counter, lo! I see thee standing,
Gaz'd at by wanton wand'rers in the streets,
While *cakes*, to *cakes*, thy *pretty fist* is handing

Light as a *puff* appears thy every motion,
Yet thy replies I've heard are sometimes *tart*;
I deem thee a *preserve*, yet I've a notion
That warm as *brandied cherries* is thy heart.

Then be not to thy lover like an *ice*,
Nor sour as *raspberry vinegar* to one
Who owns thee for a *sugar-plum* so nice,
Nicer than *comfit*, *syllabub*, or *bun*.

I love thee more than all the girls so natty,
I do, indeed, my *sweet*, my *savoury* Patty.

"Holly Night" at Brough.

For the Table Book.

The ancient custom of carrying the "holly tree" on Twelfth Night, at Brough in Westmoreland, is represented in the accompanying engraving.

Formerly the "Holly-tree" at Brough was really "holly," but ash being abundant, the latter is now substituted. There are two head inns in the town, which provide for the ceremony alternately, though the good townspeople mostly lend their assistance in preparing the tree, to every branch of which they fasten a torch. About eight o'clock in the evening, it is taken to a convenient part of the town, where the torches are lighted, the town band accompanying and playing till all is completed, when it is removed to the lower end of the town; and, after divers salutes and huzzas from the spectators, is carried up and down the town, in stately procession, usually by a person of renowned strength, named Joseph Ling. The band march behind it, playing their instruments, and stopping every time they reach the town bridge, and the cross, where the "holly" is again greeted with shouts of applause. Many of the inhabitants carry lighted branches and flambeaus; and rockets, squibs, &c. are discharged on the joyful occasion. After the tree is thus carried, and the torches are sufficiently burnt, it is placed in the middle of the town, when it is again cheered by the surrounding populace, and is afterwards thrown among them. They eagerly watch for this opportunity; and, clinging to each end of the tree, endeavour to carry it away to the inn they are contending for, where they are allowed their usual quantum of

Carrying the "Holly Tree" at Brough, Westmoreland.

To every branch a torch they tie,
To every torch a light apply;
At each new light send forth huzzas
Till all the tree is in a blaze;
And then bear it flaming through the to[illegible]
With minstrelsy, and rockets thrown.

ale and spirits, and pass a "*merry night*," which seldom breaks up before two in the morning.

Although the origin of this usage is lost, and no tradition exists by which it can be traced, yet it may not be a strained surmise to derive it from the church ceremony of the day when branches of trees were carried in procession to decorate the altars, in commemoration of the offerings of the Magi, whose names are handed down to us as Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar, the patrons of travellers. In catholic countries, flambeaus and torches always abound in their ceremonies; and persons residing in the streets through which they pass, testify their zeal and piety by providing flambeaus at their own expense, and bringing them lighted to the doors of their houses.

W. H. H.

Note.

Communications for the *Table Book* addressed to *me*, in a parcel, or under cover, to the care of the publishers, will be gladly received.

Notices to Correspondents will appear on the wrappers of the monthly parts *only*.

The Table Book, therefore, after the present sheet, will be printed continuously, without matter of this kind, or the intervention of temporary titles, unpleasant to the eye, when the work comes to be bound in volumes.

Lastly, because this is the last opportunity of the kind in my power, I beg to add that some valuable papers which could not be included in the *Every-Day Book*, will appear in the *Table Book*.

Moreover Lastly, I earnestly solicit the immediate activity of my friends, to oblige and serve me, in sending *any* thing, and *every* thing they can collect or recollect, which they may suppose at all likely to render my *Table Book* instructive, or diverting.

W. Hone.

Emigration of the Deer from Cranbourn Chase, 182.

The genial years increase the timid herd
Till wood and pasture yield a scant supply;
Then troop the deer, as at a signal word,
And in long lines o'er barren downs they hie,
In search what food far vallies may afford—
Less fearing man, their ancient enemy,
Than in their native chase to starve and die.

The deer of Cranbourn chase usually average about ten thousand in number. In the winter of 1826, they were presumed to amount to from twelve to fifteen thousand. This increase is ascribed to the unusual mildness of recent winters, and the consequent absence of injuries which the animals are subject to from severe weather.

In the month of November, a great number of deer from the woods and pastures of the Chase, between Gunvile and Ashmore, crossed the narrow downs on the western side, and descended into the adjacent parts of the vale of Blackmore in quest of subsistence. There was a large increase in the number about twelve years preceding, till the continued deficiency of food occasioned a mortality. Very soon afterwards, however, they again increased and emigrated for food to the vallies, as in the present instance. At the former period, the greater part were not allowed or were unable to return.

The tendency of deer to breed beyond the means of support, afforded by parks and other places wherein they are kept, has been usually regulated by converting them into venison. This is clearly more humane than suffering the herds so to enlarge, that there is scarcely for "every one a mouthfull, and no one a bellyfull." It is also better to pay a good price for good venison in season, than to have poor and cheap venison from the surplus of starving animals "killed off" in mercy to the remainder, or in compliance with the wishes of landholders whose grounds they invade in their extremity.

The emigration of the deer from Cranbourn Chase suggests, that as such cases arise in winter, their venison may be bestowed with advantage on labourers, who abound more in children than in the means of providing for them; and thus the surplus of the forest-breed be applied to the support and comfort of impoverished human beings.

Cranbourn.

Cranbourn is a market town and parish in the hundred of Cranbourn, Dorsetshire, about 12 miles south-west from Salisbury, and 93 from London. According to the last census, it contains 367 houses and 1823 inhabitants, of whom 104 are returned as being employed in trade. The parish includes a circuit of 40 miles, and the town is pleasantly situated in a fine champaign country at the north-east extremity of the county, near Cranbourn Chase, which extends almost to Salisbury. Its market is on a Thursday, it has a cattle market in the spring, and its fairs are on St. Bartholomew's and St. Nicholas' days. It is the capital of the hundred to which it gives its name, and is a vicarage valued in the king's books at £6. 13*s.* 4*d.* It is a place of high antiquity, famous in the Saxon and Norman times for its monastery, its chase, and its lords. The monastery belonged to the Benedictines, of which the church at the west end of the town was the priory.*

Affray in the Chase.

On the night of the 16th of December, 1780, a severe battle was fought between the keepers and deer-stealers on Chettle Common, in Bursey-stool Walk. The deer-stealers had assembled at Pimperne, and were headed by one Blandford, a sergeant of dragoons, a native of Pimperne, then quartered at Blandford. They came in the night in disguise, armed with deadly offensive weapons called swindgels, resembling flails to thresh corn. They attacked the keepers, who were nearly equal in number, but had no weapons but sticks and short hangers. The first blow was struck by the leader of the gang, it broke a knee-cap of the stoutest man in the chase, which disabled him from joining in the combat, and lamed him for ever. Another keeper, from a blow with a swindgel, which broke three ribs, died some time after. The remaining keepers closed in upon their opponents with their hangers, and one of the dragoon's hands was severed from the arm, just above the wrist, and fell on the ground; the others were also dreadfully cut and wounded, and obliged to surrender. Blandford's arm was tightly bound with a list garter to prevent its bleeding, and he was carried to the lodge. The Rev. William Chafin, the author of "Anecdotes respecting Cranbourn Chase," says, "I saw him there the next day, and his hand in the window: as soon as he was well enough to be removed, he was committed, with his companions, to Dorchester gaol. The hand was buried in Pimperne churchyard, and, as reported, with the honours of war. Several of these offenders were labourers, daily employed by Mr. Beckford, and had, the preceding day dined in his servants' hall, and from thence went to join a confederacy to rob their master." They were all tried, found guilty and condemned to be transported for seven years; but, in consideration of their great

* Hutchins's Dorset. Capper.

suffering from their wounds in prison, the humane judge, sir Richard Perryn, commuted the punishment to confinement for an indefinite term. The soldier was not dismissed from his majesty's service, but suffered to retire upon half-pay, or pension; and set up a shop in London, which he denoted a game-factor's. He dispersed hand-bills in the public places, in order to get customers, and put one into Mr. Chafin's hand in the arch-way leading into Lincoln's-inn-square. "I immediately recognised him," says Mr. Chafin, "as he did me; and he said, that if I would deal with him, he would use me well, for he had, in times past, had many hares and pheasants of mine; and he had the assurance to ask me, if I did not think it a good breeding-season for game!"

Buck-hunting.

Buck-hunting, in former times, was much more followed, and held in much greater repute, than now. From letters in Mr. Chafin's possession, dated in June and July 1681, he infers, that the summers then were much hotter than in the greater part of the last century. The time of meeting at Cranbourn Chase in those days seems invariably to have been at four o'clock in the evening; it was the custom of the sportsmen to take a slight repast at two o'clock, and to dine at the most fashionable hours of the present day. Mr. Chafin deemed hunting in an evening well-judged, and advantageous every way. The deer were at that time upon their legs, and more easily found; they were empty, and more able to run, and to show sport; and as the evening advanced, and the dew fell, the scent gradually improved, and the cool air enabled the horses and the hounds to recover their wind, and go through their work without injury; whereas just the reverse of this would be the hunting late in a morning. What has been mentioned is peculiar to Buck-hunting only.

Stag-hunting is in some measure a summer amusement also; but that chase is generally much too long to be ventured on in an evening. It would carry the sportsman too far distant from their homes. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, in pursuing the stag, to have the whole day before them.

It was customary, in the last century, for sportsmen addicted to the sport of Buck-hunting, and who regularly followed it, to meet every season on the 29th day of May, king Charles's restoration, with oak-boughs in their hats or caps, to show their loyalty, (velvet caps were chiefly worn in those days, even by the ladies,) and to hunt young male deer, in order to enter the young hounds, and to stoop them to their right game, and to get the older ones in wind and exercise, preparatory to the commencement of the buck-killing season.

This practice was termed "blooding the hounds;" and the young deer killed were called "blooding-deer," and their venison was deemed fit for an epicure. It was reported, that an hind quarter of this sort of venison, which had been thoroughly hunted, was once placed on the table before the celebrated Mr. Quin, at Bath, who declared it to be the greatest luxury he ever met with, and ate very heartily of it. But this taste seems not to have been peculiar to Mr. Quin; for persons of high rank joined in the opinion: and even judges, when on their circuits, indulged in the same luxury.

The following is an extract from a steward's old accompt-book, found in the noble old mansion of Orchard Portman, near Taunton, in Somersetshire:

"10th August
1680.
Delivered Sr William, in the higher Orial, going a hunting with the Judges £2. 0s. 0d."

From hence, therefore, it appears, that in those days buck-hunting, for there could be no other kind of hunting meant, was in so much repute, and so much delighted in, that even the judges could not refrain from partaking in it when on their circuits; and it seems that they chose to hunt their own venison, which they annually received from Orchard park at the time of the assizes. "I cannot but deem them good judges," says Mr. Chafin, "for preferring hunted venison to that which had been shot."

Other Sports of Cranbourn Chase.

Besides buck-hunting, which certainly was the principal one, the chase afforded other rural amusements to our ancestors in former days. "I am well aware," Mr. Chafin says, in preparing some notices of them, "that there are many young persons who are very indifferent and care little about what was practised by their ancestors, or how they amused themselves; they are looking forward, and do not choose to look back: but there may be some not so indifferent, and to whom a relation of the sports of the field in the last century may not be displeasing." These sports, in addition

to hunting, were hawking, falconry, and cocking.

Packs of hounds were always kept in the neighbourhood of the chase, and hunted there in the proper seasons. There were three sorts of animals of chase besides deer, viz. foxes, hares, and mertincats: the race of the latter are nearly extinct; their skins were too valuable for them to be suffered to exist. At that time no hounds were kept and used for any particular sort of game except the buck-hounds, but they hunted casually the first that came in their way.

First Pack of Fox-hounds.

The first real steady pack of fox-hounds established in the western part of England was by Thomas Fownes, Esq. of Stepleton, in Dorsetshire, about 1730. They were as handsome, and fully as complete in every respect, as any of the most celebrated packs of the present day. The owner was obliged to dispose of them, and they were sold to Mr. Bowes, in Yorkshire, the father of the late lady Strathmore, at an immense price. They were taken into Yorkshire by their own attendants, and, after having been viewed and much admired in their kennel, a day was fixed for making trial of them in the field, to meet at a famous hare-cover near. When the huntsman came with his hounds in the morning, he discovered a great number of sportsmen, who were riding in the cover, and whipping the furzes as for a hare; he therefore halted, and informed Mr. Bowes that he was unwilling to throw off his hounds until the gentlemen had retired, and ceased the slapping of whips, to which his hounds were not accustomed, and he would engage to find a fox in a few minutes if there was one there. The gentlemen sportsmen having obeyed the orders given by Mr. Bowes, the huntsman, taking the wind of the cover, threw off his hounds, which immediately began to feather, and soon got upon a drag into the cover, and up to the fox's kennel, which went off close before them, and, after a severe burst over a fine country, was killed, to the great satisfaction of the whole party. They then returned to the same cover, not one half of it having been drawn, and very soon found a second fox, exactly in the same manner as before, which broke cover immediately over the same fine country: but the chase was much longer; and in the course of it, the fox made its way to a nobleman's park. It had been customary to stop hounds before they could enter it, but the best-mounted sportsmen attempted to stay the Dorsetshire hounds in vain. The dogs topped the highest fences, dashed through herds of deer and a number of hares, without taking the least notice of them; and ran in to their fox, and killed him some miles beyond the park. It was the unanimous opinion of the whole hunt, that it was the finest run ever known in that country. A collection of field-money was made for the huntsman, much beyond his expectations; and he returned to Stepleton in better spirits than he left it.

Before this pack was raised in Dorsetshire, the hounds that hunted Cranbourn Chase, hunted all the animals promiscuously, except the deer, from which they were necessarily kept steady, otherwise they would not have been suffered to hunt in the chase at all.

Origin of Cranbourn Chase.

This royal chase, always called "The King's Chase," in the lapse of ages came into possession of an earl of Salisbury. It is certain that after one of its eight distinct walks, called Fernditch Walk, was sold to the earl of Pembroke, the entire remainder of the chase was alienated to lord Ashley, afterwards earl of Shaftesbury. Alderholt Walk was the largest and most extensive in the whole Chase; it lies in the three counties of Hants, Wilts, and Dorset; but the lodge and its appurtenances is in the parish of Cranbourn, and all the Chase courts are held at the manor-house there, where was also a prison for offenders against the Chase laws. Lord Shaftesbury deputed rangers in the different walks in the year 1670, and afterwards dismembering it, (though according to old records, it appears to have been dismembered long before,) by destroying Alderholt Walk; he sold the remainder to Mr. Freke, of Shroton, in Dorsetshire, from whom it lineally descended to the present possessor, lord Rivers.

Accounts of Cranbourn Chase can be traced to the æra when king John, or some other royal personage, had a hunting-seat at Tollard Royal, in the county of Wilts. Hence the name of "royal" to that parish was certainly derived. There are vestiges in and about the old palace, which clearly evince that it was once a royal habitation; and it still bears the name of "King John's House." There are large cypress trees growing before the house, the relics of grand terraces may be easily traced, and

the remains of a park to which some of them lead. A gate at the end of the park at the entrance of the Royal Chase, now called "Alarm Gate," was the place probably where the horn was blown to call the keepers to their duty in attending their lord in his sports. There is also a venerable old wych-elm tree, on the Chase side of the "Alarm Gate," under which lord Arundel, the possessor of Tollard Royal, holds a court annually, on the first Monday in the month of September. A view of the mansion in its present state, is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September 1811.

Barley-break.

Mr. Strutt, the indefatigable historian of the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," says of *Barley-break:* "The excellency of this sport seems to have consisted in running well, but I know not its properties." Beyond this Mr. Strutt merely cites Dr. Johnson's quotation of two lines from sir Philip Sidney, as an authority for the word. Johnson, limited to a mere dictionary explanation, calls it "a kind of rural play; a trial of swiftness."

Sidney, in his description of the rural courtship of Urania by Strephon, conveys a sufficient idea of "Barley-break." The shepherd seeks the society of his mistress wherever he thinks it likely to find her.

Nay ev'n unto her home he oft would go,
Where bold and hurtless many play he tries;
Her parents liking well it should be so,
For simple goodness shined in his eyes:
Then did he make her laugh in spite of woe
So as good thoughts of him in all arise;
While into none doubt of his love did sink,
For not himself to be in love did think.

This "sad shepherd" held himself towards Urania according to the usual custom and manner of lovers in such cases.

For glad desire, his late embosom'd guest,
Yet but a babe, with milk of sight he nurst:
Desire the more he suckt, more sought the breast
Like dropsy-folk, still drink to be athirst;
Till one fair ev'n an hour ere sun did rest,
Who then in Lion's cave did enter first,
By neighbors pray'd, she went abroad thereby
At *Barley-break* her sweet swift foot to try.

Never the earth on his round shoulders bare
A maid train'd up from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with respect, few words with courtesie,
A careless comeliness with comely care,
Self-guard with mildness, sport with majesty
Which made her yield to deck this shepherd's band:
And still, believe me, Strephon was at hand.

Then couples three be straight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two do fly;
The two that in mid-place, Hell,* called were,
Must strive with waiting foot, and watching eye,
To catch of them, and them to Hell to bear.
That they, as well as they, Hell may supply
Like some which seek to salve their blotted name
With other's blot, till all do taste of shame.

There you may see, soon as the middle two
Do coupled towards either couple make,
They false and fearful do their hands undo,
Brother his brother, friend doth his friend forsake,
Heeding himself, cares not how fellow do,
But of a stranger mutual help doth take:
As perjured cowards in adversity,
With sight of fear, from friends to fremb'd† doth fly,

The game being played out with divers adventurers

All to second *Barley-break* again are bent.

During the second game, Strephon was chased by Urania.

Strephon so chased did seem in milk to swim;
He ran, but ran with eye o'er shoulder cast,
More marking her, than how himself did go,
Like Numid's lions by the hunters chased,
Though they do fly, yet backwardly do glow
With proud aspect, disdaining greater haste:
What rage in them, that love in him did show;
But God gives them instinct the man to shun,
And he by law of *Barley-break* must run.

Urania caught Strephon, and he was sent by the rules of the sport to the condemned place, with a shepherdess, named Nous, who affirmed

——it was no right, for his default,
Who would be caught, that she should go—
But so she must. And now the third assault
Of *Barley-break.*——

Strephon, in this third game, pursues Urania; Klaius, his rival suitor, suddenly interposed.

For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,
He met her full, but full of warefulness,
With in-bow'd bosom well for her prepared,
When Strephon cursing his own backwardness
Came to her back, and so, with double ward,
Imprison'd her, who both them did possess
As heart-bound slaves.——

* It may be doubted whether in the rude simplicity of ancient times, this word in the game of Barley-break was applied in the same manner that it would be in ours.

† *Fremeb*, (obsolete,) strange, foreign. *Ash.* Corrupted from *fremd*, which, in Saxon and Gothic, signified a stranger, or an enemy. *Nares.*

Her race did not her beauty's beams augment,
For they were ever in the best degree,
But yet a setting forth it some way lent,
As rubies lustre when they rubbed be:
The dainty dew on face and body went,
As on sweet flowers, when morning's drops we see:
Her breath then short, seem'd loth from home to pass,
Which more it moved, the more it sweeter was.

Happy, O happy! if they so might bide
To see their eyes, with how true humbleness,
They looked down to triumph over pride;
With how sweet blame she chid their sauciness—
Till she brake from their arms———
And farewelling the flock, did homeward wend,
And so, that even, the *Barley-break* did end.

This game is mentioned by Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," as one of our rural sports, and by several of the poets, with more or less of description, though by none so fully as Sidney, in the first eclogue of the "Arcadia," from whence the preceding passages are taken.

The late Mr. Gifford, in a note on Massinger, chiefly from the "Arcadia," describes Barley-break thus: "It was played by six people, (three of each sex,) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places: in this *catching*, however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple were said to be in *hell*, and the game ended."

Within memory, a game called Barley-break has been played among stacks of corn, in Yorkshire, with some variation from the Scottish game mentioned presently. In Yorkshire, also, there was another form of it, more resembling that in the "Arcadia," which was played in open ground. The childish game of "Tag" seems derived from it. There was a "tig," or "tag," whose touch made a prisoner, in the Yorkshire game.

Barla-breikis.

In Scotland there is a game nearly the same in denomination as "Barley-break," though differently played. It is termed "Barla-breikis," or "Barley-bracks." Dr. Jamieson says it is generally played by young people, in a corn-yard about the stacks; and hence called *Barla-bracks*, "One stack is fixed as the *dule* or goal; and one person is appointed to catch the rest of the company, who run out from the *dule*. He does not leave it till they are all out of his sight. Then he sets out to catch them. Any one who is taken, cannot run out again with his former associates, being accounted a prisoner, but is obliged to assist his captor in pursuing the rest. When all are taken, the game is finished; and he who is first taken, is bound to act as catcher in the next game. This innocent sport seems to be almost entirely forgotten in the south of Scotland. It is also falling into desuetude in the north."*

Scraps.

Plate Tax.

An order was made in the house of lords in May, 1776, "that the commissioners of his majesty's excise do write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have *plate*, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same." In consequence of this order, the accountant-general for household plate sent to the celebrated John Wesley a copy of the order. John's answer was laconic:—

"Sir,

"I have *two* silver tea-spoons in London, and *two* at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"John Wesley."

The Dial.

This shadow on the dial's face,
That steals, from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away
This shadow, which in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;
What is it?—Mortal man!
It is the scythe of Time.
—A shadow only to the eye.
It levels all beneath the sky.

* Mr. Archdeacon Nares's Glossary.

Mock Funeral of a Bath Chairman.

A chairman late 's a chairman dead,
And to his grave, by chairman sped,
They wake him, as they march him through
The streets of Bath, to public view.

To the Editor.

Bath.

Sir,—I beg leave to transmit for your use the following attempt at description of an old and singular custom, performed by the chairman of this my native city, which perhaps you are not altogether a stranger to, and which is still kept up among them as often as an opportunity permits for its performance. Its origin I have not been able to trace, but its authenticity you may rely on, as it is too often seen to be forgotten by your Bath readers. I have also accompanied it with the above imperfect sketch, as a further illustration of their manner of burying the "dead," alias, exposing a drunkard of their fraternity. The following is the manner in which the "obsequies" to the intoxicated are performed

If a chairman, known to have been "dead" drunk over night, does not appear on his station before ten o'clock on the succeeding morning, the "undertaker," *Anglice*, his partner, proceeds, with such a number of attendants as will suffice for the ceremony, to the house of the *late* unfortunate. If he is found in bed, as is usually the case, from the effects of his sacrifice to the "jolly God," they pull him out of his nest, hardly permitting him to dress, and place him on the "bier,"—a chairman's horse,—and, throwing a coat over him,

which they designate a "pall," they perambulate the circuit of his station in the following order:—

1. *The sexton*—a man tolling a small hand-bell.

2. *Two mutes*—each with a black stocking on a stick.

3. *The torch bearer*—a man carrying a lighted lantern.

4. *The "corpse"* borne on the "hearse," carried by two chairmen, covered with the aforesaid pall.

The procession is closed by the "mourners" following after, two and two; as many joining as choose, from the station to which the drunkard belongs.

After exposing him in this manner to the gaze of the admiring crowd that throng about, they proceed to the public-house he has been in the habit of using, where his "wake" is celebrated in joviality and mirth, with a gallon of ale at his expense. It often happens that each will contribute a trifle towards a further prolongation of the carousal, to entrap others into the same deadly snare; and the day is spent in baiting for the chances of the next morning, as none are exempt who are not at their post before the prescribed hour.

I am, &c.
W. G.

William Gifford, Esq.

On Sunday morning, the 31st of December, 1826, at twenty minutes before one o'clock, died, "at his house in James-street, Buckingham-gate, in the seventy-first year of his age, William Gifford, Esq., author of the 'Baviad and Mæviad,' translator of 'Juvenal and Persius,' and editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' from its commencement down to the beginning of the year just past. To the translation of 'Juvenal' is prefixed a memoir of himself, which is perhaps as modest and pleasant a piece of autobiography as ever was written."—*The Times*, January 1, 1827.

INTERESTING

Memoir of Mr. Gifford.

BY HIMSELF—VERBATIM.

I am about to enter on a very uninteresting subject: but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following work; and I can only do it by adverting to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

I know but little of my family and that little is not very precise: My great-grandfather (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halsbury, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them, too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.*

My grandfather was on ill terms with him: I believe, not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know; but I am inclined to think, that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a considerable part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was reclaimed from this situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.† He was now probably given up; for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,‡ (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton,) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself; which he did, with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years, he thoughtlessly engaged in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea: this was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the Lyon, a large armed transport in the service of government: while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1756.

* The matter is of no consequence—no, not even myself. From my family I derived nothing but a name which is more, perhaps, than I shall leave: but (to check the sneers of rude vulgarity) that family was among the most ancient and respectable of this part of the country, and, not more than three generations from the present, was counted among the wealthiest.—Base, over!

† He had gone with Bamfylde Moor Carew, then an old man.

‡ Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father christian name was Edward.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness;* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the freeschool, (kept by Hugh Smerdon,) to learn to read, and write and cipher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's-people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with him; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, although he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into his business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left: most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened, my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left, was seized by a person of the name of Carlile, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection: and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had amply repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months Carlile sickened at the expense; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him; but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is,) Carlile next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from

* This consisted of several houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered unless by an expensive litigation.

whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured, man; at least, not to me: and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go further, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "shipboy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot: yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) intangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holydays there; and he therefore made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connection with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect; but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to encounter: he therefore determined to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

After the holydays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my

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* Of my brother here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally,

The child of misery baptized in tears;

and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so; and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at Cork.

ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles: a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty; (so, indeed, he had;) he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature!—He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputacious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance, called Parismus and Parismenus, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. With the Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not however quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it, to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry: indeed I scarcely knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never "lisp'd in numbers." I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse: I liked it; but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I made the experiment, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the 1st of January, 1772.

me with a fresh subject: and thus I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever so deplorable: such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going further; but in truth I was afraid, as my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine: I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch, by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, and my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another severer still; a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of coporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances whom compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question, put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word; and the gratitude I felt for it was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me: I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured, for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence: that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of peculiar discouragement, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome; I had eighteen months yet to serve; my handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man; he procured a few of my

poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart: it ran thus, "A Subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in Writing and English Grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-six-pence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship,* and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and to continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight,) and not a few at the desire of my friends.† When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics; and indeed I scarcely know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, JUVENAL engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holyday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself,) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him; and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and, I think, the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector,) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter: I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated,) when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a scheme for increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires: the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design; it was very generally approved of by my friends; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents; neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance: I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them: but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taste and

* The sum my master received was six pounds.

† As I have republished one of our old poets, it may be allowable to mention that my predilection for the drama began at an early period. Before I left school, I had written two tragedies, the Oracle and the Italian. My qualifications for this branch of the art may be easily appreciated; and, indeed, I cannot think of them without a smile.—These rhapsodies were placed by my indulgent friend, who thought well of them, in the hands of two respectable gentlemen, who undertook to convey them to the manager of ———: I am ignorant of their fate. The death of Mr. Cookesley broke every link of my connection with the majority of my subscribers, and when subsequent events enabled me to renew them, I was ashamed to inquire after what was most probably unworthy of concern.

judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine, unopened, in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support: the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected; and it was to be feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case: the desertion, however, was not general; and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out, with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed.† To obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect the name of Mr. Cookesley with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end: and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages: by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils: this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college: it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears even the most distant resemblance to talents; for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names; but alas, what a mortification! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend, had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, perhaps, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the volume. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly,) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan; nevertheless he promised, in a letter, which now lies before me, to comply with it; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I should present them with the Work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete,) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I imagined that this might be done in two years: perhaps I was not too sanguine: the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened, which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in covers, and sent to Lord Grosvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship,

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* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801: twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness; I yet cherish his memory with filial respect; and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.

† Many of these papers were distributed; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these: "The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes,) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next.

"The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave it to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire that he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town: to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words, of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!*

In his lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years; years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace; my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether; but the ever-recurring idea that there were people of the description already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbad the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the public.

——— majora canamus.

End of the Memoir.

* I have a melancholy satisfaction in recording that this revered friend and patron lived to witness my grateful acknowledgment of his kindness. He survived the appearance of the translation but a very few days, and I paid the last sad duty to his memory, by attending his remains to the grave. To me—this laborious work has not been happy: the same disastrous event that marked its commencement, has embittered its conclusion; and frequently forced upon my recollection the calamity of the rebuilder of Jericho, "He laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub." 1806.

Mr. Gifford.

Having attained an university education by private benevolence, and arrived at noble and powerful patronage by a circumstance purely accidental Mr. Gifford possessed advantages which few in humble life dare hope, and fewer aspire to achieve. He improved his learned leisure and patrician aid, till, in 1802, he published his translation of Juvenal, with a dedication to earl Grosvenor, and the preceding memoir. In 1806, the work arrived to a second edition, and in 1817 to a third; to the latter he annexed a translation of the Satires of Persius, which he likewise dedicated to earl Grosvenor, with "admiration of his talents and virtues." He had previously distinguished himself by the "Baviad and Mæviad," a satire unsparingly severe on certain fashionable poetry and characters of the day; and which may perhaps be referred to as the best specimen of his powers and inclination. He edited the plays of Massinger, and the works of Ben Jonson, whom he ably and successfully defended from charges of illiberal disposition towards Shakspeare, and calumnies of a personal nature, which had been repeated and increased by successive commentators. He lived to see his edition of Ford's works through the press, and Shirley's works were nearly completed by the printer before he died.

When the "Quarterly Review" was projected, Mr. Gifford was selected as best qualified to conduct the new journal, and he remained its editor till within two years preceding his death. Besides the private emoluments of his pen, Mr. Gifford had six hundred pounds a year as a comptroller of the lottery, and a salary of three hundred pounds as paymaster of the band of gentlemen-pensioners.

To his friend, Dr. Ireland, the dean of Westminster, who was the depositary of Mr. Gifford's wishes in his last moments, he addressed, during their early career, the

following imitation of the "Otium Divos Rogat" of Horace.—"I transcribe it," says Mr. Gifford, "for the press, with mingled sensations of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of circumstances which we have both experienced since it was written."

Wolfe rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,
Paulet crept slowly to the tomb;
Here breath, there fame was given:
And that wise Power who weighs our lives,
By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives
To keep the balance even.

To thee she gave two piercing eyes,
A body, just of Tydeus' size,
A judgment sound, and clear;
A mind with various science fraught,
A liberal soul, a threadbare coat,
And forty pounds a year.

To me, one eye, not over good;
Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood
A ten years' hectic cough;
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills
That swell the dev'lish doctors' bills,
And sweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine; a soul
That spurns the crowd's malign controul;
A fix'd contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's pow'r,
And skill to charm the lonely hour
With no inglorious song.

Omniana.

Advertisement.

The following is a literal copy of an English card, circulated by the master of an hotel, at Ghent:—

"Mr. Dewit, in the Golden Apple, out of the Bruges Gate at Ghent, has the honour to prevent the Persons who would come at his house, that they shall find there always good and spacious Lodging, a Table served at their taste, Wine of any quality, ect. Besides he hires Horses and Chaises, which shall be of a great conveniency for the Travellers; the Bark of Bruges depart and arrives every day before his door. He dares flatter himself that they shall be satisfied, as well with the cheapness of the price, as with the cares such an establishment requires."

Capital for Banking.

A nobleman's footman in Hampshire, to whom two years' wages were due, demanded the sum from his master, and gave notice that he would quit his place. The master inquired the reason of the man's precipitancy, who told his lordship, "that he and a fellow-servant were about to set up a *country bank*, and they wanted the wages for a *capital!*"

March of Intellect.

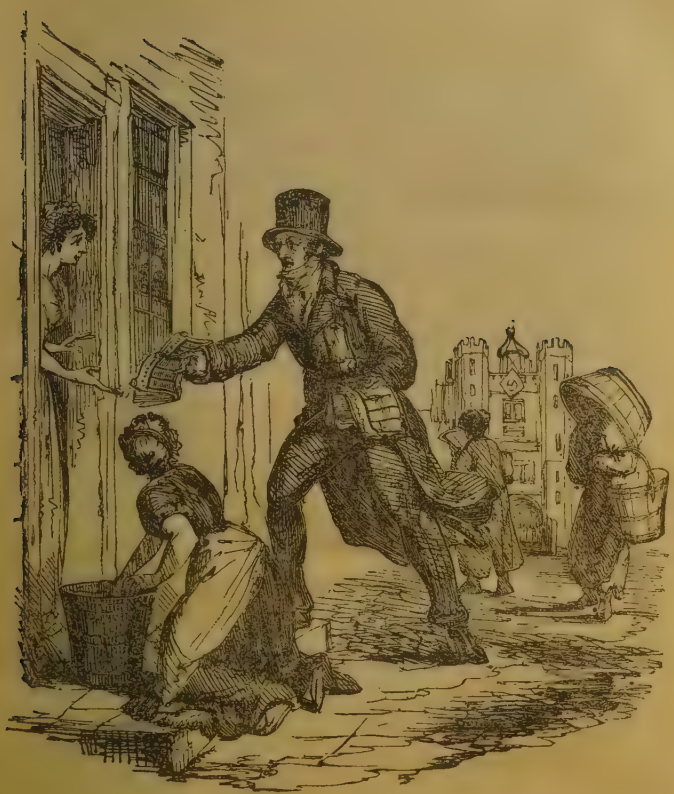
In "The Times," a few days since, appeared the following advertisement:—"To School Assistants.—Wanted, a respectable gentleman of good character, capable of teaching the classics as far as Homer, and Virgil. Apply, &c. &c. A day or two after the above had appeared, the gentleman to whom application was to be made received a letter as follows:—"Sir—With reference to an advertisement which *were* inserted in *The Times* newspaper a few days since, respecting a school assistant, I beg to state that I should be happy to fill that situation; but as most of my *frends* reside in London, and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil *is* from town, I beg to state that I should not like to engage to teach the *classics* farther than *Hammersmith* or *Turnham Green*, or at the very utmost distance, farther than *Brentford*, *Wating* your reply, I am, Sir, &c. &c.

"John Sparks."

The schoolmaster, judging of the classical abilities of this "youth of promise," by the wisdom displayed in his letter, considered him too dull a *spark* for the situation, and his letter remained unanswered. (This puts us in mind of a person who once advertised for a "*strong coal heaver*," and a poor man calling upon him the day after, saying, "he had not got such a thing as a '*strong coal heaver*,' but he had brought a '*strong coal scuttle*,' made of the best iron; and if that would answer the purpose, he should have it a bargain.")—*Times*, 1*st January*, 1827

Missing a Style.

Soon after the publication of Miss Burney's novel, called "Cecilia," a young lady was found reading it. After the general topics of praise were exhausted, she was asked whether she did not greatly admire the style? Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style?—Oh! sir, I am not come to that yet!"



The Newsman.

"I, that do *bring* the news."

Shakspeare.

Our calling, however the vulgar may deem,
Was of old, both on high and below, in esteem;
E'en the gods were to much curiosity given,
For Hermes was only the Newsman of heaven.

Hence with wings to his cap, and his staff, and his heels,
He depictured appears, which our myst'ry reveals,
That *news* flies like wind, to raise sorrow or laughter,
While leaning on Time, *Truth* comes heavily after.

Newsmen's Verses, 1747.

The newsman is a "lone person." His business, and he, are distinct from all other occupations, and people.

All the year round, and every day in the year, the newsman must rise soon after four o'clock, and be at the newspaper offices to

procure a few of the first morning papers allotted to him, at extra charges, for particular orders, and despatch them by the "early coaches." Afterwards, he has to wait for his share of the "regular" publication of each paper, and he allots these as well as he can among some of the most urgent of his town orders. The *next* publication at a later hour is devoted to his remaining customers; and he sends off his boys with different portions according to the supply he successively receives. Notices frequently and necessarily printed in different papers, of the hour of final publication the preceding day, guard the interests of the newspaper proprietors from the sluggishness of the indolent, and quicken the diligent newsman. Yet, however skilful his arrangements may be, they are subject to unlooked for accidents. The late arrival of foreign journals, a parliamentary debate unexpectedly protracted, or an article of importance in one paper exclusively, retard the printing and defer the newsman. His patience, well-worn before he gets his "*last* papers," must be continued during the whole period he is occupied in delivering them. The sheet is sometimes half snatched before he can draw it from his wrapper; he is often chid for delay when he should have been praised for speed; his excuse, "*All* the papers were *late* this morning," is better heard than admitted, for neither giver nor receiver has time to parley; and before he gets home to dinner, he hears at one house that "Master has waited for the paper these two hours;" at another, "Master's gone out, and says if you can't bring the paper earlier, he won't have it all;" and some ill-conditioned "master," perchance, leaves positive orders, "Don't take it in, but tell the man to bring the bill; and I'll pay it and have done with him."

Besides buyers, every newsman has readers at so much each paper per hour. One class stipulates for a journal always at breakfast; another, that it is to be delivered exactly at such a time; a third, at any time, so that it is left the full hour; and among all of these there are malecontents, who permit nothing of "time or circumstance" to interfere with their personal convenience. Though the newsman delivers, and allows the use of his paper, and fetches it, for a stipend not half equal to the lowest paid porter's price for letter-carrying in London, yet he finds some, with whom he covenanted, objecting, when it is called for, —"I've not had my breakfast,"—"The paper did not come at the proper time,"—"I've not had leisure to look at it yet,"—"It has not been left an hour,"—or any other pretence equally futile or untrue, which, were he to allow, would prevent him from serving his readers in rotation, or at all. If he can get all his morning papers from these customers by four o'clock, he is a happy man.

Soon after three in the afternoon, the newsman and some of his boys must be at the offices of the evening papers; but before he can obtain his requisite numbers, he must wait till the newsmen of the Royal Exchange have received theirs, for the use of the merchants on 'Change. Some of the first he gets are hurried off to coffee-house and tavern keepers. When he has procured his full quantity, he supplies the remainder of his town customers. These disposed of, then comes the hasty folding and directing of his reserves for the country, and the forwarding of them to the post-office in Lombard-street, or in parcels for the mails, and to other coach-offices. The Gazette nights, every Tuesday and Friday, add to his labours,—the publication of second and third editions of the evening papers is a super-addition. On what he calls a "regular day," he is fortunate if he find himself settled within his own door by seven o'clock, after fifteen hours of running to and fro. It is now only that he can review the business of the day, enter his fresh orders, ascertain how many of each paper he will require on the morrow, arrange his accounts, provide for the money he may have occasion for, eat the only quiet meal he could reckon upon since that of the evening before, and "steal a few hours from the night" for needful rest, before he rises the next morning to a day of the like incessant occupation: and thus from Monday to Saturday he labours every day.

The newsman desires no work but his own to prove "Sunday no Sabbath;" for on him and his brethren devolves the circulation of upwards of fifty thousand Sunday papers in the course of the forenoon. His Sunday dinner is the only meal he can ensure with his family, and the short remainder of the day the only time he can enjoy in their society with certainty, or extract something from, for more serious duties or social converse.

The newsman's is an out-of-door business at all seasons, and his life is measured out to unceasing toil. In all weathers, hail, rain, wind, and snow, he is daily constrained to the way and the fare of a wayfaringman. He walks, or rather runs, to distribute information concerning all sorts

circumstances and persons, except his own. He is unable to allow himself, or others, time for intimacy, and therefore, unless he had formed friendships before he took to his servitude, he has not the chance of cultivating them, save with persons of the same calling. He may be said to have been divorced, and to live "separate and apart" from society in general; for, though he mixes with every body, it is only for a few hurried moments, and as strangers do in a crowd.

Cowper's familiar description of a newspaper, with its multiform intelligence, and the pleasure of reading it in the country, never tires, and in this place is to the purpose.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break,
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages——————
————————The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh——————————
Cat'ract of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair an end
At his own wonders, wand'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus, at ease,
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts us from them all.

This is an agreeable and true picture, and, with like felicity, the poet paints the bearer of the newspaper.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.

Methinks, as I have always thought, that Cowper here missed the expression of a kind feeling, and rather tends to raise an ungenerous sentiment towards this poor fellow. As the bearer of intelligence, of which he is ignorant, why should it be

"To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy?"

If "cold, and yet cheerful," he has attained to the "practical philosophy" of bearing ills with patience. He is a frozen creature that "whistles," and therefore called "light-hearted wretch." The poet refrains to "look with a gentle eye upon this *wretch*," but, having obtained the newspaper, determines to enjoy himself, and cries

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

This done, and the bard surrounded with means of enjoyment, he directs his sole attention to the newspaper, nor spares a thought in behalf of the wayworn messenger, nor bids him "God speed!" on his further forlorn journey through the wintry blast.

In London scarcely any one knows the newsman but a newsman. His customers know him least of all. Some of them seem almost ignorant that he has like "senses, affections, passions," with themselves, or is "subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer." They are indifferent to him in exact ratio to their attachment to what he "serves" them with. Their regard is for the newspaper, and not the newsman. Should he succeed in his occupation, they do not hear of it: if he fail, they do not care for it. If he dies, the servant receives the paper from his successor, and says, when she carries it up stairs, "If you please, the newsman's dead:" they scarcely ask where he lived, or his fall occasions a pun—"We always said he *was*, and now we have

proof that he *is*, the *late* newsman." They are almost as unconcerned as if he had been the postman.

Once a year, a printed "copy of verses" reminds every newspaper reader that the hand that bore it is open to a small boon. "The Newsman's Address to his Customers, 1826," deploringly adverts to the general distress, patriotically predicts better times, and seasonably intimates, that in the height of annual festivities he, too, has a heart capable of joy.

——— "although the muse complains
And sings of woes in melancholy strains,
Yet Hope, at last, strikes up her trembling wires,
And bids Despair forsake your glowing fires.
While, as in olden time, Heaven's gifts you share,
And Englishmen enjoy their Christmas fare;
While at the social board friend joins with friend,
And smiles and jokes and salutations blend;
Your Newsman wishes to be social too,
And would enjoy the opening year with you:
Grant him your annual gift, he will not fail
To drink your health once more with Christmas ale:
Long may you live to share your Christmas cheer,
And he still wish you many a happy year!"

The losses and crosses to which newsmen are subject, and the minutiæ of their laborious life, would form an instructive volume. As a class of able men of business, their importance is established by excellent regulations, adapted to their interests and well-being; and their numerous society includes many individuals of high intelligence, integrity, and opulence.

The Drama.

License for enacting a Play.

To the Editor.

Sir,—As many of your readers may not have had an opportunity of knowing the form and manner in which dramatic representations were permitted, by the Master of the Revels, upon the restoration of the Stuarts, I submit a transcript of a licence in my possession. It refers to a drama, called "Noah's Flood," apparently not recorded in any dramatic history. It is true, Isaac Reed, in the "Biographia Dramatica," 1782, vol. ii. p. 255, cites "Noah's Flood, or the Destruction of the World, an opera, 1679, 4to.," and ascribes it to "Edward Ecclestone," but it is questionable whether this was the "play" for which the license below was obtained, as Reed, or perhaps George Steevens, the commentator, who assisted the former considerably in the compilation of that work, as it appeared in 1782, expressly entitles it "an opera."

Reed states his inability to furnish any particulars of Ecclestone, and his continuator, Mr. Stephen Jones, has not added a single word. Ecclestone was a comedian, though I cannot immediately cite my authority. His opera of "Noah's Flood," which is excessively scarce, is said, by Reed, to be "of the same nature with Dryden's 'State of Innocence,' but falls infinitely short of the merit of that poem." This may be readily believed; for we are informed that the unhappy bookseller, to prevent the whole impression rotting on his shelves, again obtruded it for public patronage, with a new title, "The Cataclasm, or General Deluge of the World," 1684, 4to.; and again as "The Deluge, or Destruction of the World," 1691, 4to., with the addition of sculptures. These attempts probably exhausted the stock on hand, as some years afterwards, it was reprinted in 12mo., with the title of "Noah's Flood, or the History of the General Deluge," 1714. Many plays were reprinted by Meares, Feales, and others, at the commencement of the last century, as stock-plays; and Reed's assertion, that this was an imposition, is correct, so far as it came forth as a new production, the preface stating that the author was unknown.

The license alluded to is on a square piece of parchment, eleven inches high, by thirteen wide. The office seal, red wax, covered by a piece of white paper, is engraved in one of the volumes of George Chalmers's "Apology for the Believers of the Shakspeare Papers."

The License.

"To all Mayors Sherriffs Justices of the Peace Bayliffs Constables Headboroughs, and all other his Maties. Officers, true Leigmen & loueing Subiects, & to euery of them greeting. Know yee that wheras George Bayley of London Musitioner desires of me a Placard to make Shew of a Play called Noah's fflood wth other Seuerall Scenes. These are therfore by vertue of his Maties. Lettrs. Pattents made ouer vnto me vnder the great Seale of England to licence & allow the said George Bayley wth eight Servants wch are of his Company to make shew of the said Play called Noah's flood wth other Scenes requireing you and euery of you in his Maties Name to pmitt & Suffer the said Persons to shew the said Play called Noah's flood, and to be aiding & assisting them & euery of them

if any wrong or iniury be offered vnto him or any of them Provided that he and they doe not act any thing offensiue against ye lawes of God or of the Land, and that he & they doe make shew of the said Noah's flood at lawfull times wth Exception of the Lords Day or any other Day in the time of Devine Service, or on any other day prohibited by Proclamation or other lawfull Authority. And this Licence to continue for a year and noe longre from the day of the date hearof and to Serue throughout the Kingdome of England Scotland & Ireland & all other his Maties. Territories & Dominions the said Geo. Bayly haueing giuen me security for his good behauiour that hee doe not intrench vpon the lawes of the land. Giuen at his Maties. Office of the Revills vnder my hand & Seale of the said Office the fowerteenth day of Aprill one thousand six hundred sixty and two & in the fowerteenth year of the raigne of o'r Soueraigne Lord Charles ye Second by the grace of God of England Scotland ffrance and Ireland King Defender of the faith &c.

J. Poyntz.

A marginal memorandum, below the seal, contains a direction to the persons named in this license, thus :—

"You are to allow him either Town hall Guild hall Schoole house or some other convenient place for his use & to continue in any one place for ye space of fforty Daies."

The above transcript is literal in every respect: and trusting that it may be deemed worthy insertion,

I am, Sir, &c.

Will o' the Whisp.

The identical seal of the office of the Revels, mentioned in the preceding letter, was engraven on wood, and is now in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq. F. S. A.

THOMAS AIRAY,

The Grassington Manager and his Theatrical Company, Craven, Yorkshire.

For the Table Book.

"Nothing like this in *London!*"

John Reeve in Peregrine Proteus.

At this season, every thing appears dull and lifeless in the neighbourhood of my favourite mountain village. In my younger days it was otherwise. Christmas was then a festival, enlivened by a round of innocent amusements, which the present enlightened age has pronounced superstitious or trifling. Formerly we had a theatre, at this season, and perhaps a few particulars relating to it may not be uninteresting.

Gentle reader! should you ever visit Skipton-in-Craven, go on the market-day, and stand opposite to the vicarage-house in the High-street; there you will see a cart with this inscription, "Thomas Airay, Grassington and Skipton carrier." Keep your eye on that cart, and about the hour of three in the afternoon you will behold approach the owner, a little, fat, old man, with reddish whiskers and a jolly face, that Liston or John Reeve would not be ashamed to possess. In that countenance a mere tyro in physiognomy may discover a roguish slyness, a latent archness, a hidden mine of fun and good humour. Then when Airay walks, mark his stately gait, and tell me if it does not proclaim that he has worn the sock and buskin, and trod the Thespian floor: he was the manager of the Grassington theatre—the "Delawang" of Craven.

I fancy some rigid moralist bestowing a cold glance on poor Tom, and saying to himself, "Ah, old man, this comes of acting; had you, in your youth, followed some industrious pursuit, nor joined an idle strolling company, instead of now being a country carrier, you might have been blessed with a comfortable independence!" Think not so harshly of Airay; though not the manager of a patent theatre, nor of one "by royal authority," he never was a stroller, nor an associate with vagabonds, nor did he ever, during his theatrical career, quake under the terrors of magisterial harshness, or fear the vagrant act.

No idle, worthless, wandering man was he,
But in the dales, of honest parents bred,
Train'd to a life of honest industry,
He with the lark in summer left his bed,
Thro' the sweet calm, by morning twilight shed,
Walking to labour by that cheerful song,
And, making a pure pleasure of a tread,
When winter came with nights so dark and long,
'Twas his, with mimic art, to amuse a village throng!

Tom Airay's sole theatre was at Grassington; and that was only "open for the season"—for a few weeks in the depth of winter, when the inclemency of the weather, which in these mountainous parts is very severe, rendered the agricultural occupations of himself and companions impossible to be pursued. They chose rather to earn a scanty pittance by acting, than to trouble their neighbours for eleemosynary support.

The *corps dramatique* of Tom Airay consisted chiefly of young men, (they had no actresses,) who moved in the same line of life as the manager, and whose characters were equally respectable with his, which was always unassailable; for, setting aside our hero's occasionally getting tipsy at some of the neighbouring feasts, nothing can be said against him. He is a worthy member of society, has brought up a large family respectably, and, if report speak truth, has realized about a thousand pounds.

Few of Tom Airay's company are living, and the names of many have escaped me. There was honest Peter W——, whose face peeped from behind the green curtain like the full moon. He was accounted a bit of a wag: ever foremost in mischief, he, more than once, almost blew up the stage by gunpowder, half suffocated the audience by assafœtida, and was wont to put hot cinders in the boots of his associates. He has "left the mimic scene to die indeed," and sleeps peacefully under the beautiful lime-trees of Kirby Malhamdale churchyard, undisturbed by the murmur of that mountain stream, which, rippling over its pebbly channel, hymns, as it were, his requiem. Then there was Isaac G——, the fiddler and comic singer: *he* exists no longer. There was Waddilove, and Frankland of Hetton, and Bill Cliff, the Skipton poet and bailiff—all dead! There were, also, the Hetheringtons, and Jack Solomon the besom maker, and Tommy Summersgill the barber and clock maker, and Jack L—— the politician of Threshfield, who regarded John Wilkes as his tutelary saint, and settled in the Illinois, from whence he occasionally sends a letter to his old friends, informing them what a paltry country England is, what a paradise the new world is, and how superior the American rivers are to those

> "That through our vallies run
> Singing and dancing in the gleams
> Of summer's cloudless sun."

Besides these, there were fifteen or sixteen others from Arncliffe, Litton, Coniston, Kilnsay, and the other romantic villages that enliven our heath-clad hills.

The "Grassington theatre," or rather "playhouse," for it never received a loftier appellation, where (to borrow the phraseology of the Coburg) our worthies received their "nightly acclamations of applause," has been pulled down, but I will endeavour to describe it. It was an old limestone "lathe,' the Craven word for barn, with huge folding-doors, one containing a smaller one, through which the audience was admitted to the pit and gallery, for there were no boxes. Yet on particular occasions, such as when the duke of Devonshire or earl of Thanet good-naturedly deigned to patronise the performances, a "box" was fitted up, by railing off a part of the pit, and covering it, by way of distinction, with brown paper, painted to represent drapery. The prices were, pit sixpence, and gallery threepence. I believe they had no half price. The stage was lighted by five or six halfpenny candles, and the decorations, considering the poverty of the company, were tolerable. The scenery was respectable; and though sometimes, by sad mishap, the sun or moon would take fire, and expose the tallow candle behind it, was very well managed—frequently better than at houses of loftier pretension. The dresses, as far as material went, were good; though not always in character. An outlaw of the forest of Arden sometimes appeared in the guise of a Craven waggoner, and the holy friar, "whose vesper bell is the bowl, ding dong," would wear a bob wig, cocked hat, and the surplice of a modern church dignitary. These slight discrepancies passed unregarded by the audience; the majority did not observe them, and the few who did were silent; there were no prying editors to criticise and report. The audience was always numerous, (no empty benches *there*) and respectable people often formed a portion. I have known the village lawyer, the parson of the parish, and the doctor comfortably seated together, laughing heartily at Tom Airay strutting as Lady Randolph, his huge Yorkshire clogs peeping from beneath a gown too short to conceal his corduroy breeches, and murdering his words in a manner that might have provoked Fenning and Bailey from their graves, to break the manager's head with their weighty publications. All the actors had a bad pronunciation. Cicero was called *Kikkero*, (which, by the by, is probably the correct one;) Africa was called *Afryka*, fatigued was *futtygewed*, and pageantry was always called *paggyantry*. Well do I remember Airay exclaiming, "What *pump*, what *paggyantry* is there here!" and, on another occasion, saying, "*Ye damons o' deeth come sattle my swurd!*" The company would have spoken better, had they not, on meeting with a "dictionary word," applied for information to an old schoolmaster, who constantly misled them, and taught them to pronounce in the most barbarous mode he could devise; yet such was the awe wherewith they were accustomed to regard this dogmatical personage, and the profound

respect they paid to his abilities, that they received his deceiving tricks with thankfulness. One of them is too good to be omitted: Airay, in some play or farce, happened to meet with this stage direction, "they sit down and play a game at piquet;" the manager did not understand the term "piquet," and the whole of the *corps dramatique* were equally ignorant—as a *dernier ressort*, application was made to their old friend, the knight of the birch, who instructed them that "piquet" was the French word for *pie-cut*, and what they had to do was to make a large pie, and sit round a table and eat it; and this, on the performance of the piece, they actually did, to the great amusement of the few who were acquainted with the joke. When Tom was informed of the trick, he wittily denominated it a *substantial* one.

The plays usually performed at Grassington were of the regular drama, the productions of Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, or Lillo. George Barnwell has many a time caused the Craven maids to forget "Turpin," and "Nevison," and bloody squires, and weep at the shocking catastrophe of the grocer's apprentice. Melodramas were unknown to them, and happy had it been for the dramatic talent of this country if they had remained unknown elsewhere; for since these innovations, mastiff dogs, monkeys, and polichinellos have followed in rapid succession, and what *monstrum horrendum* will next be introduced, is difficult to conceive. We may say,

"Alas, for the drama, its day has gone by."

At the time of Airay's glory, had the word melodrama been whispered in his ear, he would probably have inquired what sort of a beast it was, what country it came from, and whether one was in the tower?—Grassington being too poor to support a printer, the play-bills were written, and by way of making the performances better known, the parish bellman was daily employed to cry the play in a couplet composed by the manager. I only remember one.

Guy in his youth, our play we call,
At six to the hay-mow* hie ye all!

This not only apprized the inhabitants of the play for the evening, but frequently the novelty of the mode induced a passing stranger to honour the house with his presence. It was also preferable to printing, for that was an expense the proceeds of the house could not afford.

While thus hastily sketching the peculiarities of Airay and his associates, it would be unjust not to state in conclusion, that their performances were always of a moral character; if any indelicate sentiment or expression occurred in their plays, it was omitted; nothing was uttered that could raise a blush on the female cheek. Nor were the audiences less moral than the manager: not an instance can be recorded of riot or indecency. In these respects, Tom Airay's theatre might serve as a model to the patent houses in town, wherein it is to be feared the original intent of the stage, that of improving the mind by inculcating morality, is perverted. Whenever Airay takes a retrospective glance at his theatrical management, he can do it with pleasure; for never did he pander to a depraved appetite, or render his barn a spot wherein the vicious would covet to congregate.

T. Q. M.

* In Craven, the hay is not stacked as in the south, but housed in barns, which from this custom are called hay-mows.

Literary Novelty.

"The Sybil's Leaves, *or a Peep into Futurity*, published by Ackermann, Strand, and Lupton Relfe, Cornhill," consist of sixty lithographic verses on as many cards, in a case bearing an engraved representation of a party in high humour consulting the cards. Thirty of them are designed for ladies, and as many for gentlemen: a lady is to hold the gentleman's pack, and *vice versa*. From these packs, each lady or gentleman wishing to have "the *most important* points *infallibly* predicted" is to draw a card.

The idea of telling fortunes at home is very pleasant; and the variety of "the Sybil's Leaves" assists to as frequent opportunities of re-consultation as the most inveterate craver can desire. A lady condemned by one of the leaves to "wither on the virgin thorn," on turning over a new leaf may chance to be assured of a delightful reverse; and by a like easy process, a "disappointed gentleman" become, at last, a "happy man."

The ancient River Fleet at Clerkenwell.

Lo! hither Fleet-*brook* came, in former times call'd the Fleet-*river*,
Which navies once rode on, in present times hidden for ever,
Save where water-cresses and sedge mark its oozing and creeping,
In yonder old meadows, from whence it lags slowly—as weeping
Its present misgivings, and obsolete use, and renown—
And bearing its burdens of shame and abuse into town,
On meeting the buildings sinks into the earth, nor aspires
To decent-eyed people, till forced to the Thames at Blackfri'rs.

In 1825, this was the first open view nearest London of the ancient River Fleet: it was taken during the building of the high-arched walls connected with the House of Correction, Cold-bath-fields, close to which prison the river ran, as here seen. At that time, the newly-erected walls communicated a peculiarly picturesque effect to the stream flowing within their confines. It arrived thither from Bagnigge-wells, on its way to a covered channel, whereby it passes between Turnmill-street, and again emerging, crosses Chick-lane, now called West-street, near Field-lane, at the back of which it runs on, and continues under Holborn-bridge, Fleet-market, and Bridge-street, till it reaches the Thames, close to the stairs on the west side of Blackfriars-bridge. The bridge, whereby boys cross the stream in the engraving, is a large iron pipe for conveying water from the New River Company's works, to supply the houses in Grays-inn-lane. A few years ago, the New River water was conducted across this valley through wooden pipes. Since the drawing was made, the Fleet has been diverted from the old bed represented in the print, through a large barrel drain, into the course just mentioned, near Turnmill-street. This notice of the deviation, and especially the last appearance of the river in its immemorial channel, may be of interest, because the Fleet is the only ancient stream running

into London which is not yet wholly lost to sight.

The River Fleet at its source, in a field on the London side of the Hampstead ponds, is merely a sedgy ditchling, scarcely half a step across, and "winds its sinuosities along," with little increase of width or depth, to the road from the Mother Red Cap to Kentish Town, beneath which road it passes through the pastures to Camden Town; and in one of these pastures, the canal, running through the Tunnel at Pentonville to the City-road, is conveyed over it by an arch. From this place its width increases, till it reaches towards the west side of the road leading from Pancras Workhouse to Kentish Town. In the rear of the houses on that side of the road, it becomes a brook, washing the edge of the garden in front of the premises late the stereotype-foundery and printing-offices of Mr. Andrew Wilson, which stand back from the road; and, cascading down behind the lower road-side houses, it reaches the Elephant and Castle, in front of which it tunnels to Battle-bridge, and there levels out to the eye, and runs sluggishly to Bagnigge-wells, where it is at its greatest width, which is about twelve feet across; from thence it narrows to the House of Correction, and widens again near Turnmill-street, and goes to the Thames, as above described.

In a parliament held at Carlile, in 35 Edward I., 1307, Henry Lacy earl of Lincoln complained that, in former times, the course of water running under Holborn-bridge and Fleet-bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships at once, "navies with merchandise," were wont to come to Fleet-bridge, and some of them to Holborn-bridge; yet that, by filth of the tanners and others, and by raising of wharfs, and especially by a diversion of the water in the first year of king John, 1200, by them of the New Temple, for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used. On the prayer of the earl, the constable of the Tower, with the mayor and sheriffs of London, were directed to take with them honest and discreet men to inquire into the former state of the river, to leave nothing that might hurt or stop it, and to restore it to its wonted condition. Upon this, the river was cleansed, the mills were removed, and other means taken for the preservation of the course; but it was not brought to its old depth and breadth, and therefore it was no longer termed a river, but a brook, called Turne-mill or Tremill Brook, because mills were erected on it.

After this, it was cleansed several times; and particularly in 1502, the whole course of Fleet Dike, as it was then called, was scoured down to the Thames, so that boats with fish and fuel were rowed to Fleet-bridge and Holborn-bridge.

In 1589, by authority of the common council of London, a thousand marks were collected to draw several of the springs at Hampstead-heath into one head, for the service of the City with fresh water where wanted, and in order that by such "a follower," as it was termed, the channel of the brook should be scoured into the Thames. After much money spent, the effect was not obtained, and in Stow's time, by means of continual encroachments on the banks, and the throwing of soil into the stream, it became worse clogged than ever.*

After the Fire of London, the channel was made navigable for barges to come up, by the assistance of the tide from the Thames, as far as Holborn-bridge, where the Fleet, otherwise Turnmill-brook, fell into this, the wider channel; which had sides built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, running under the street, and used for the laying in of coals, and other commodities. This channel had five feet water, at the lowest tide, at Holborn-bridge, the wharfs on each side the channel were thirty feet broad, and rails of oak were placed along the sides of the ditch to prevent people from falling into it at night. There were four bridges of Portland stone over it; namely, at Bridewell, Fleet-street, Fleet-lane, and Holborn.

When the citizens proposed to erect a mansion-house for their lord mayor, they fixed on Stocks-market, where the Mansion-house now stands, for its site, and proposed to arch the Fleet-ditch, from Holborn to Fleet-street, and to remove that market to the ground they would gain by that measure. In 1733, therefore, they represented to the House of Commons, that although after the Fire of London the channel of the Fleet had been made navigable from the Thames to Holborn-bridge, yet the profits from the navigation had not answered the charge; that the part from Fleet-bridge to Holborn-bridge, instead of being useful to trade, had become choked with mud, and was therefore a nuisance, and that several persons had lost their lives

* Stow's Survey.

by falling into it. For these and other causes assigned, an act passed, vesting the fee simple of the site referred to in the corporation for ever, on condition that drains should be made through the channel, and that no buildings on it should exceed fifteen feet in height. The ditch was accordingly arched over from Holborn to Fleet-bridge, where the present obelisk in Bridge-street now stands, and Fleet-market was erected on the arched ground, and opened with the business of Stocks-market, on the 30th of September, 1737.

In 1765, the building of Blackfriars-bridge rendered it requisite to arch over the remainder, from Fleet-bridge to the Thames; yet a small part remained an open dock for a considerable time, owing to the obstinate persistence of a private proprietor.*

Previous to the first arching of the Fleet, Pope, in "The Dunciad," imagined the votaries of Dulness diving and sporting in Fleet-ditch, which he then called

> The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

"I recollect," says Pennant, "the present noble approach to Blackfriars-bridge, the well-built opening of Chatham-place, a muddy and genuine ditch." It has of late been rendered a convenient and capacious sewer.

During the digging of Fleet-ditch, in 1676, with a view to its improvement after the Fire of London, between the Fleet-prison and Holborn-bridge, at the depth of fifteen feet, several Roman utensils were discovered; and, a little lower, a great quantity of Roman coins, of silver, copper, brass, and various other metals, but none of gold; and at Holborn-bridge, two brass lares, or household gods, of the Romans, about four inches in length, were dug out; one a Ceres, and the other a Bacchus. The great quantity of coins, induces a presumption that they were thrown into this river by the Roman inhabitants of the city, on the entry of Boadicea, with her army of enraged Britons, who slaughtered their conquerors, without distinction of age or sex. Here also were found arrow-heads, spur-rowels of a hand's breadth, keys, daggers, scales, seals with the proprietors' names in Saxon characters, ship counters with Saxon characters, and a considerable number of medals, crosses, and crucifixes, of a more recent age.†

* Noorthouck.
† Maitland. Pennant.

Sometime before the year 1714, Mr. John Conyers, an apothecary in Fleet-street, who made it his chief business to collect antiquities, which about that time were daily found in and about London, as he was digging in a field near the Fleet not far from Battle-bridge, discovered the body of an elephant, conjectured to have been killed there, by the Britons, in fight with the Romans; for, not far from the spot, was found an ancient British spear, the head of flint fastened into a shaft of good length.* From this elephant, the public-house near the spot where it was discovered, called the Elephant and Castle, derives its sign.

There are no memorials of the extent to which the river Fleet was anciently navigable, though, according to tradition, an anchor was found in it as high up as the Elephant and Castle, which is immediately opposite Pancras workhouse, and at the corner of the road leading from thence to Kentish-town. Until within these few years, it gave motion to flour and flatting mills at the back of Field-lane, near Holborn.†

That the Fleet was once a very serviceable stream there can be no doubt, from what Stow relates. The level of the ground is favourable to the presumption, that its current widened and deepened for navigable purposes to a considerable extent in the valley between the Bagnigge-wells-road and Gray's-inn, and that it might have had accessions to its waters from other sources, besides that in the vicinity of Hampstead. Stow speaks of it under the name of the "*River of Wels*, in the west part of the citie, and *of old* so called of the *Wels*;" and he tells of its running from the moor near the north corner of the wall of Cripplegate postern. This assertion, which relates to the reign of William the Conqueror, is controverted by Maitland, who imagines "great inattention" on the part of the old chronicler. It is rather to be apprehended, that Maitland was less an antiquary than an inconsiderate compiler. The drainage of the city has effaced proofs of many appearances which Stow relates as existing in his own time, but which there is abundant testimony of a different nature to corroborate; and, notwithstanding Maitland's objection, there is sufficient reason to apprehend that the river of Wells and the Fleet river united and flowed, in the same channel, to the Thames.

* Letter from Bagford to Hearne.
† Nelson's History of Islington.

January.

If you are *ill* at this season, there is no occasion to send for the doctor—only *stop eating*. Indeed, upon general principles, it seems to me to be a mistake for people, every time there is any little thing the matter with them, to be running in such haste for the "doctor;" because, if you are going to die, a doctor can't help you; and if you are not—there is no occasion for him.*

Angling in January.

Dark is the ever-flowing stream,
And snow falls on the lake;
For now the noontide sunny beam
Scarce pierces bower and brake;
And flood, or envious frost, destroys
A portion of the angler's joys.

Yet still we'll talk of sports gone by,
Of triumphs we have won,
Of waters we again shall try,
When sparkling in the sun;
Of favourite haunts, by mead or dell,
Haunts which the fisher loves so well.

Of stately Thames, of gentle Lea,
The merry monarch's seat;
Of Ditton's stream, of Avon's brae,
Or Mitcham's mild retreat;
Of waters by the meer or mill,
And all that tries the angler's skill.

Annals of Sporting.

Plough Monday.

The first Monday after Twelfth-day is so denominated, and it is the ploughman's holyday.

Of late years at this season, in the islands of Scilly, the young people exercise a sort of gallantry called "goose-dancing." The maidens are dressed up for young men, and the young men for maidens; and, thus disguised, they visit their neighbours in companies, where they dance, and make jokes upon what has happened in the island; and every one is humorously "told their own," without offence being taken. By this sort of sport, according to yearly custom and toleration, there is a spirit of wit and drollery kept up among the people. The music and dancing done, they are treated with liquor, and then they go to the next house of entertainment.†

* Monthly Magazine, January, 1827.
† Strutt's Sports, 307.

Topography.

Willy-Howe, Yorkshire.

For the Table Book.

There is an artificial mount, by the side of the road leading from North Burton to Wold Newton, near Bridlington, in Yorkshire, called "Willy-howe," much exceeding in size the generality of our "hows." of which I have often heard the most preposterous stories related. A cavity or division on the summit is pointed out as owing its origin to the following circumstance:—

A person having intimation of a large chest of gold being buried therein, dug away the earth until it appeared in sight; he then had a train of horses, extending upwards of a quarter of a mile, attached to it by strong iron traces; by these means he was just on the point of accomplishing his purpose, when he exclaimed—

"Hop Perry, prow Mark,
Whether God's will or not, we'll have this ark."

He, however, had no sooner pronounced this awful blasphemy, than all the traces broke, and the chest sunk still deeper in the hill, where it yet remains, all his future efforts to obtain it being in vain.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood also speak of the place being peopled with fairies, and tell of the many extraordinary feats which this diminutive race has performed. A fairy once told a man, to whom it appears she was particularly attached, if he went to the top of "Willy-howe" every morning, he would find a guinea; this information, however, was given under the injunction that he should not make the circumstance known to any other person. For some time he continued his visit, and always successfully; but at length, like our first parents, he broke the great commandment, and, by taking with him another person, not merely suffered the loss of the usual guinea, but met with a severe punishment from the fairies for his presumption. Many more are the tales which abound here, and which almost seem to have made this a consecrated spot; but how they could at first originate, is somewhat singular.

That "Hows," "Carnedds," and "Barrows," are sepulchral, we can scarcely entertain a doubt, since in all that have been examined, human bones, rings, and other remains have been discovered. From the coins and urns found in some of them, they have been supposed the burial-places of Roman generals. "But as hydrotaphia, or urn-burial, was the custom among the Romans, and interment the practice of the

Britons, it is reasonable to conjecture, where such insignia are discovered, the tumuli are the sepulchres of some British chieftains, who fell in the Roman service." The size of each tumulus was in proportion to the rank and respect of the deceased; and the labour requisite to its formation was considerably lessened by the number employed, each inferior soldier being obliged to contribute a certain quantum to the general heap. That the one of which we are speaking is the resting-place of a great personage may be easily inferred, from its magnitude; its name also indicates the same thing, "WILLY-HOWE," being *the hill of many*, or *the hill made by many*: for in Gibson's Camden we find "*Willy* and *Vili* among the English Saxons, as *Viele* at this day among the Germans, signified *many*. So *Willielmus*, the defender of many. *Wilfred*, peace to many." Supposing then a distinguished British chieftain, who fell in the imperial service, to have been here interred, we may readily imagine that the Romans and Britons would endeavour to stimulate their own party by making his merits appear as conspicuous as possible; and to impress an awe and a dread on the feelings of their enemies, they would not hesitate to practise what we may call a pardonable fraud, in a pretension that the fairies were his friends, and continued to work miracles at his tomb. At the first glance, this idea may seem to require a stretch of fancy, but we can more readily reconcile it when we consider how firm was the belief that was placed in miracles; how prevalent the love that existed, in those dark ages of ignorance and superstition, to whatever bore that character; and how ready the Romans, with their superior sagacity, would be to avail themselves of it. The Saxons, when they became possessed of the country, would hear many strange tales, which a species of bigoted or unaccountable attachment to the marvellous would cause to be handed down from generation to generation, each magnifying the first wonder, until they reached the climax, whence they are now so fast descending. Thus may probably have arisen the principal feature in the history of their origin.

This mode of sepulture appears to be very ancient, and that it was very general is sufficiently demonstrated by the hills yet remaining in distant parts of the world. Dr. Clarke, who noticed their existence in Siberia and Russian-Tartary, thinks the practice is alluded to in the Old Testament in these passages: "They raised a great heap of stones on Achan;" "and raised a great heap of stones on the king of Ai;" "they laid a heap of stones on Absalom." In the interior of South Africa, the Rev. J. Campbell "found a large heap of small stones, which had been raised by each passenger adding a stone to the heap; it was intended as a monument of respect to the memory of a king, from a remote nation, who was killed in the vicinity, and whose head and hands were interred in that spot."

The number of these mounds in our own country is very considerable; and I trust they will remain the everlasting monuments of their own existence. Their greatest enemy is an idle curiosity, that cannot be satisfied with what antiquaries relate concerning such as have been examined, but, with a vain arrogance, assumes the power of digging though them at pleasure. For my own part, I must confess, I should like to be a witness of what they contain, yet I would hold them sacred, so far as not to have them touched with the rude hand of Ignorance. Whenever I approach these venerable relics, my mind is carried back to the time when they were young; since then, I consider what years have rolled over years, what generations have followed generations, and feel an interest peculiarly and delicately solemn, in the fate of those whose dust is here mingled with its kindred dust.

T. C

Bridlington.

HORN CHURCH IN ESSEX.

For the Table Book.

In reply to the inquiry by Ignotus, in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 1650, respecting the origin of affixing horns to a church in Essex, I find much ambiguity on the subject, and beg leave to refer to that excellent work, "Newcourt's Repertorium," vol. ii. p. 336, who observes, on the authority of Weaver, "The inhabitants here say, by tradition, that this church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was built by a female convert, to expiate for her former sins, and that it was called Hore-church at first, till by a certain king, but by whom they are uncertain, who rode that way, it was called Horned-church, who caused those horns to be put out at the east end of it."

The vane, on the top of the spire, is also in the form of an ox's head, with the horns. "The hospital had neither college nor common seal."

M.

Customs.

The present Boar's Head Carol.

For the Table Book.

Mr. Editor,—In reading your account of the "Boar's Head Carol," in your *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 1619, I find the *old* carol, but not the words of the carol as sung *at present* in Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas-day. As I think it possible you may never have seen them, I now send you a copy as they were sung, or, more properly, chanted, in the hall of Queen's, on Christmas-day, 1810, at which time I was a member of the college, and assisted at the chant.

A boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.—
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land;
And when bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.—
Caput apri, &c.

Our steward hath provided this,
In honour of the King of bliss:
Which on this day to be served is
In regimensi atrio.—
Caput apri, &c.

I am, &c.

A quondam Queensman.

Beating the Lapstone.

For the Table Book.

There is a custom of "beating the lapstone," the day after Christmas, at Nettleton, near Burton. The shoemakers beat the lapstone at the houses of all water-drinkers, in consequence of a neighbour, Thomas Stickler, who had not tasted malt liquor for twenty years, having been made tipsy by drinking only a *half pint of ale* at his shoemaker's, at Christmas. When he got home, he tottered into his house, and his good dame said, "John, where have you been?—why, you are in liquor?"—"No, I am not," hiccuped John, "I've only *fell over the lapstone*, and that has *beaten my leg*, so as I can't walk quite right." Hence the annual practical joke—"beating the lapstone."

P.

Manners.

Gambling-houses a Century ago.

From "The London Mercury" of January 13, 1721-2.

There are, it seems, in the parish of Covent-garden, twenty-two such houses, some of which clear sometimes 100*l.*, and seldom less than 40*l.* a night. They have their proper officers, both civil and military, with salaries proportionable to their respective degrees, and the importance they are of in the service, viz.

A commissioner, or commis, who is always a proprietor of the gaming-house: he looks in once a night, and the week's account is audited by him and two others of the proprietors.

A director, who superintends the room.

The operator, the dealer at faro.

Croupees two, who watch the card, and gather the money for the bank.

A puff, one who has money given him to play, in order to decoy others.

A clerk, who is a check upon the puff, to see that he sinks none of that money.—A *squib* is a puff of a lower rank, and has half the salary of a puff.

A flasher, one who sits by to swear how often he has seen the bank stript.

A dunner, waiters.

An attorney, or solicitor.

A captain, one who is to fight any man that is peevish or out of humour at the loss of his money.

An usher, who takes care that the porter, or grenadier at the door, suffers none to come in but those he knows.

A porter, who, at most of the gaming-ouses, is a soldier hired for that purpose.

A runner, to get intelligence of all the meetings of the justices of the peace, and when the constables go upon the search.

Any link-boy, coachman, chairman, drawer, or other person, who gives notice of the constables being upon the search, has half a guinea.

Omniana.

Taste.

Taste is the discriminating talisman, enabling its owner to see at once the real merits of persons and things, to ascertain at a glance the true from the false, and to decide rightly on the value of individuals.

Nothing escapes him who walks the world with his eyes touched by this ointment; they are open to all around him—to admire,

or to condemn—to gaze with rapture, or to turn away with disgust, where another shall pass and see nothing to excite the slightest emotion. The fair creation of nature, and the works of man afford *him* a wide field of continual gratification. The brook, brawling over its bed of rocks or pebbles, half concealed by the overhanging bushes that fringe its banks—or the great river flowing, in unperturbed majesty, through a wide vale of peace and plenty, or forcing its passage through a lofty range of opposing hills—the gentle knoll, and the towering mountain—the rocky dell, and the awful precipice—the young plantation, and the venerable forest, are alike to him objects of interest and of admiration.

So in the works of man, a foot-bridge, thrown across a torrent, may be in it as gratifying to the man of taste as the finest arch, or most wonderful chain-bridge in the world; and a cottage of the humblest order may be so beautifully situated, so neatly kept, and so tastefully adorned with woodbine and jessamine, as to call forth his admiration equally with the princely residence of the British landholder, in all its pride of position, and splendour of architecture.

In short, this faculty is applicable to every object; and he who finds any thing too lofty or too humble for his admiration, does not possess it. It is exercised in the every-day affairs of life as much as in the higher arts and sciences.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Two Ravens, abroad.

On the quay at Nimeguen, in the United Provinces, *two ravens* are kept at the public expense; they live in a roomy apartment, with a large wooden cage before it, which serves them for a *balcony*. These birds are feasted every day with the choicest fowls, with as much exactness as if they were for a gentleman's table. The privileges of the city were granted originally upon the observance of this strange custom, which is continued to this day.

Two Ravens, at home.

In a MS. of the late Rev. Mr. Gough, of Shrewsbury, it is related, that one Thomas Elkes, of Middle, in Shropshire, being guardian to his eldest brother's child, who was young, and stood in his way to a considerable estate, hired a poor boy to entice him into a corn field to gather flowers, and meeting them, sent the poor boy home, took his nephew in his arms, and carried him to a pond at the other end of the field, into which he put the child, and there left him. The child being missed, and inquiry made after him, Elkes fled, and took the road to London; the neighbours sent two horsemen in pursuit of him, who passing along the road near South Mims, in Hertfordshire, saw *two ravens* sitting on a cock of hay making an unusual noise, and pulling the hay about with their beaks, on which they went to the place, and found Elkes asleep under the hay. He said, that these two ravens had followed him from the time he did the fact. He was brought to Shrewsbury, tried, condemned, and hung in chains on Knockinheath.

The last Tree of the Forest.

Whisper, thou tree, thou lonely tree,
One, where a thousand stood!
Well might proud tales be told by thee,
Last of the solemn wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,
With leaves yet darkly green?
Stillness is round, and noontide glows—
Tell us what thou hast seen!

"I have seen the forest-shadows lie
Where now men reap the corn;
I have seen the kingly chase rush by,
Through the deep glades at morn.

"With the glance of many a gallant spear,
And the wave of many a plume,
And the bounding of a hundred deer
It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

"I have seen the knight and his train ride past,
With his banner borne on high;
O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast
From his gleamy panoply.

"The pilgrim at my feet hath laid
His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,
And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,
Kneeling at vesper-hours.

"And the merry men of wild and glen,
In the green array they wore,
Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,
And the hunter-songs of yore.

"And the minstrel, resting in my shade,
Hath made the forest ring
With the lordly tales of the high crusade,
Once loved by chief and king.

"But now the noble forms are gone,
That walk'd the earth of old;
The soft wind hath a mournful tone,
The sunny light looks cold.

"There is no glory left us now
Like the glory with the dead:—
I would that where they slumber low,
My latest leaves were shed."

Oh! thou dark tree, thou lonely tree,
That mournest for the past!
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound
Of laughter meets mine ear;
For the poor man's children sport around
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall
A happy summer-glow,
And the open door stands free to all,
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village-bells are on the breeze
That stirs thy leaf, dark tree!—
—How can I mourn, amidst things like these,
For the stormy past with thee?

F H. *New Monthly Magazine.*

Miss Polly Baker.

Towards the end of 1777, the abbé Raynal calling on Dr. Franklin found, in company with the doctor, their common friend, Silas Deane. "Ah! monsieur l'abbé," said Deane, "we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?" The abbé resisted this attack with some warmth; and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of "Polly Baker," on which the abbé had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. "Now here," says Deane, "is a tale in which there is not one word of truth." Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed, "My dear abbé," said he, "shall I tell you the truth? When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper; and, as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality—now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions."

Bread Seals.

The new conundrum of "bread pats," as the ladies call the epigrammatic impressors that their work-boxes are always full of now, pleases me mightily. Nothing could be more stupid than the old style of *affiche*—an initial—carefully engraved in a hand always perfectly unintelligible; or a crest—necessarily out of its place, nine times in ten, in female correspondence—because nothing could be more un-"germane" than a "bloody dagger" alarming every body it met, on the outside of an order for minikin pins! or a "fiery dragon," threatening a French mantuamaker for some undue degree of tightness in the fitting of the sleeve! and then the same emblem, recurring through the whole letter-writing of a life, became tedious. But now every lady has a selection of axioms (in flower and water) always by her, suited to different occasions. As, "Though lost to *sight*, to memory dear!"—when she writes to a friend who has lately had his eye poked out. "Though absent, unforgotten!"—to a female correspondent, whom she has not written to for perhaps the three last (twopenny) posts; or, "*Vous le meritez!*" with the figure of a "rose"—emblematic of every thing beautiful!—when she writes to a lover. It was receiving a note with this last seal to it that put the subject of seals into my mind; and I have some notion of getting one engraved with the same motto, "Vous le meritez," only with the personification of a *horsewhip* under it, instead of a "rose"—for peculiar occasions. And perhaps a second would no do amiss, with the same emblem, only with the motto, "*Tu l'auras!*" as a sort of corollary upon the first, in cases of emergency! At all events, I patronise the system of a variety of "posies;" because where the inside of a letter is likely to be stupid, it gives you the chance of a joke upon the out.—*Monthly Magazine*

Bleeding for our Country.

It is related of a Lord Radnor in Chesterfield's time, that, with many good qualities, and no inconsiderable share of learning, he had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield knew his foible, and on a particular occasion, wanting his vote, came to him, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the headach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. Lord Radnor immediately advised

him to lose blood. Chesterfield complimented his lordship on his chirurgical skill, and begged him to try his lancet upon him. "A propos," said lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day?" Lord Radnor answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you, that have considered it, which side will you be of?"—The wily earl easily directed his judgment, carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. Lord Chesterfield used to say, that none of his friends had been as patriotic as himself, for he had "*lost his blood for the good of his country.*"

Social Happiness.

A Village New Year.

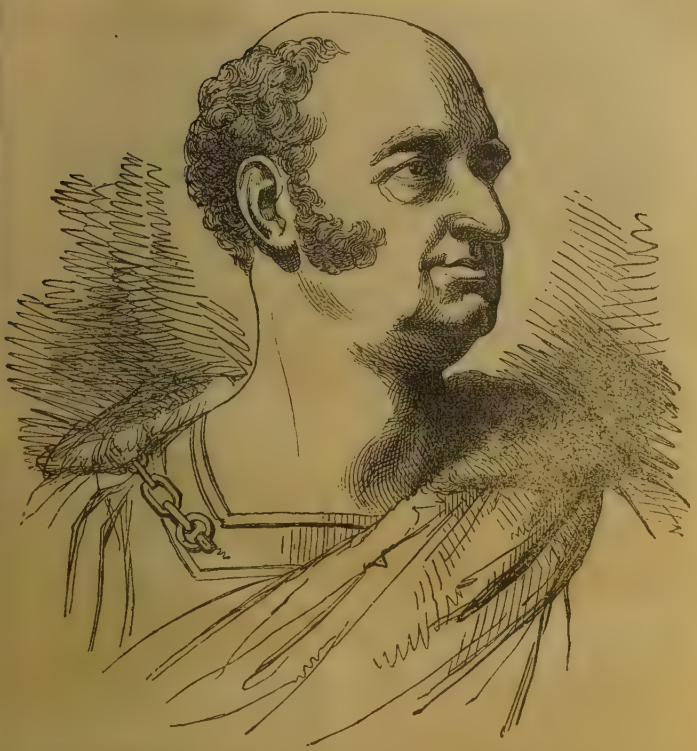
For the Table Book.

"Almack's" may be charming,—an assembly at the "Crown and Anchor," and a hop of country quality at the annual "Race Ball," or a more popular "set to" at a fashionable watering-place, may delight—but a lady of city or town cannot conceive the emotions enjoyed by a party collected in the village to see the "old year" out and the "new year" in. At this time, the "country dance" is of the first importance to the young and old, yet not till the week has been occupied by abundant provisions of meat, fruit tarts, and mince pies, which, with made wines, ales, and spirits, are, like the blocks for fuel, piled in store for all partakers, gentle and simple. Extra best beds, stabling, and hay, are made ready,—fine celery dug,—the china service and pewter plates examined,—in short, want and wish are anticipated, nothing is omitted, but every effort used to give proofs of genuine hospitality. This year, if there is to be war in Portugal, many widowed hearts and orphan spirits may be diverted from, not to, a scene which is witnessed in places where peace and plenty abound. However, I will not be at war by conjecture, but suppose much of the milk of human kindness to be shared with those who look at the sunny side of things.

After tea, at which the civilities of the most gallant of the young assist to lighten the task of the hostess, the fiddler is announced, the "country dance" begins, and the lasses are all alive; their eyes seem lustrous and their animal spirits rise to the zero of harmonious and beautiful attraction. The choosing of partners and tunes with favourite figures is highly considered. Old folks who have a leg left and are desirous of repeating the step (though not so light) of fifty years back, join the dance; and the floor, whether of stone or wood, is swept to notes till feet are tired. This is pursued till suppertime at ten o'clock. Meantime, the "band" (called "waits" in London) is playing before the doors of the great neighbours, and regaled with beer, and chine, and pies; the village "college youths" are tuning the handbells, and the admirers of the "steeple chase" loiter about the churchyard to hear the clock strike twelve, and startle the air by high mettle sounds. Methodist and Moravian dissenters assemble at their places of worship to watch out the old year, and continue to "watch" till four or five in the new year's morning. Villagers, otherwise disposed, follow the church plan, and commemorate the vigils in the old unreformed way. After a sumptuous supper,—at which some maiden's heart is endangered by the roguish eye, or the salute and squeeze by stealth, dancing is resumed, and, according to custom, a change of partners takes place, often to the joy and disappointment of love and lovers. At every rest—the fiddler makes a squeaking of the strings—this is called *kiss 'em!* a practice well understood by the *tulip* fanciers. The pipes, tobacco, and substantials are on the *qui vive*, by the elders in another part of the house, and the pint goes often to the cellar.

As the clock strikes a quarter to twelve, a bumper is given to the "old friend," standing, with three farewells! and while the church bells strike out the departure of his existence, another bumper is pledged to the "new infant," with three standing hip, hip, hip—huzzas! It is further customary for the dance to continue all this time, that the union of the years should be cemented by friendly intercourse. Feasting and merriment are carried on until four or five o'clock, when, as the works of the kitchen have not been relaxed, a pile of sugar toast is prepared, and every guest must partake of its sweetness, and praise it too, before separation. Headaches, lassitude, and paleness, are thought little of, pleasure suppresses the sigh, and the spirit of joy keeps the undulations of care in proper subjection—Happy times these!—Joyful opportunities borrowed out of youth to be repaid by ripened memory!—snatched, as it were, from the wings of Time to be written on his brow with wrinkles hereafter.

R. P.



The last Likeness of the Duke of York.

(NOW FIRST ENGRAVED)

FROM THE BUST BY BEHNES, EXECUTED FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN 1826.

In the rude block aspiring talent sees
Its patron's face, and hews it out with ease;
Ere fail'd the royal breath, the marble breath'd,
And lives to be by gratitude enwreath'd.

Towards the close of the year 1825, the duke of York commenced to sit for this bust at his late residence in the Stable-yard, St. James's; and, in the summer of 1826, continued to give sittings, till its final completion, at the artist's house, in Dean-street, Soho. The marble was then removed, for exhibition, to the Royal Academy, and from thence sent home to his royal highness, at Rutland-house. The duke and his royal sister, the princess Sophia, were equally delighted with the true and spirited likeness, and gratified by its possession, as a work of art.

The duke of York, on giving his orders to Mr. Behnes, left entirely to him the arrangement of the figure: With great judgment, and in reference to his royal highness's distinguished station, the artist has placed armour on the body, and thrown

a military cloak over the shoulders. This judicious combination of costume imparts simplicity and breadth to the bust, and assists the manly dignity of the head. The duke's fine open features bear the frank and good-natured expression they constantly wore in life: the resemblance being minutely faithful, is as just to his royal highness's exalted and benevolent character, as it is creditable to Mr. Behnes's execution. The present engraving is a hasty sketch of its general appearance. His royal highness kindly permitted Mr. Behnes to take casts from the sculpture. Of the many, therefore, who experienced the duke of York's friendship or favour, any one who desires to hold his royal highness's person in remembrance, has an opportunity of obtaining a fac-simile of the original bust, which is as large as life.

Mr. Behnes was the last artist to whom the duke sat, and, consequently, this is his last likeness. The marble was in the possession of his royal highness during his long illness, and to the moment of his death, in Arlington-street. Its final destination will be appropriated by those to whom he was most attached, and on whom the disposition of such a memorial necessarily devolves.

To the ample accounts of the duke of York in the different journals, the *Table Book* brings together a few particulars omitted to be collected, preceded by a few notices respecting his royal highness's title, a correct list of all the dukes of York from their origin, and, first, with an interesting paper by a gentleman who favoured the *Every-Day Book* with some valuable genealogical communications.

SHAKSPEARE'S DUKES OF YORK, &c.

For the Table Book.

The elastic buoyancy of spirits, joined with the rare affability of disposition, which prominently marked the character of the prince whose recent loss we deplore, rendered him the enthusiastic admirer and steady supporter of the English stage. I hope I shall not be taken to task for alluding to a trifling coincidence, on recalling to recollection how largely the mighty master of this department, our immortal Shakspeare, has drawn upon his royal highness's illustrious predecessors in title, in those unrivalled dramatic sketches which unite the force of genius with the simplicity of nature, whilst they impart to the strictly accurate annals of our national history some of the most vivid illuminations which blaze through the records of our national eloquence.

The touches of a master-hand giving vent to the emanations of a mighty mind are, perhaps, no where more palpably traced, than throughout those scenes of the historical play of Richard II., where Edmund of Langley, duke of York, (son of king Edward III.,) struggles mentally between sentiments of allegiance to his weak and misguided sovereign on the one hand, and, on the other hand, his sense of his other nephew Bolingbroke's grievous wrongs, and the injuries inflicted on his country by a system of favouritism, profusion, and oppression.

Equal skill and feeling are displayed in the delineation of his son Rutland's devoted attachment to his dethroned benefactor, and the adroit detection, at a critical moment, of the conspiracy, into which he had entered for Richard's restoration.

In the subsequent play of Henry V., (perhaps the most heart-stirring of this interesting series,) we learn how nobly this very Rutland (who had succeeded his father, Edmund of Langley, as duke of York) repaid Henry IV.'s generous and unconditional pardon, by his heroic conduct in the glorious field of Agincourt, where he sealed his devotion to his king and country with his blood.

Shakspeare has rendered familiar to us the intricate plans of deep-laid policy, and the stormy scenes of domestic desolation, through which his nephew and successor, Richard, the next duke of York, obtained a glimpse of that throne, to which, according to strictness, he was legitimately entitled just before

"York overlook'd the town of York."

The licentious indulgence, the hard-hearted selfishness, the reckless cruelty, which history indelibly stamps as the characteristics of his son and successor, Edward, who shortly afterwards seated himself firmly on the throne, are presented to us in colours equally vivid and authentic. The interestingly pathetic detail of the premature extinction in infancy of his second son, prince Richard, whom he had invested with the title of York, is brought before our eyes in the tragedy of Richard III., with a forcible skill and a plaintive energy, which set the proudest efforts of preceding or following dramatic writers at defiance.

To "bluff king Hal," (who, during the lifetime of his elder brother, Arthur, prince

of Wales, had next borne this exclusively royal title of duke of York,) ample justice is rendered, in every point of view, in that production, as eminent for its gorgeous pageantry as for its subdued interest, in which most of our elder readers must have been sufficiently fortunate to witness the transcendant merits of Mrs. Siddons, as Queen Catherine, surpassing even her own accustomed excellence.

Had, contrary to the wonted career of the triumph of human intellect, a Shakspeare enraptured and adorned the next generation, what studies would not the characters and fates of the martyred Charles I., and his misguided son, James II., have afforded to his contemplation. Both these sovereigns, during the lives of their respective elder brothers, bore the title of duke of York.

The counties of York and Lancaster are the only two in England from which the titles conferred have been exclusively enjoyed by princes of the blood royal. It may be safely asserted, that neither of these designations has ever illustrated an individual, who was not either son, brother, grandson, or nephew of the sovereign of this realm.

Richard, duke of York, killed at the battle of Wakefield, may, at first sight, strike the reader as an exception to this assertion, he being only cousin to Henry VI.; but we ought to bear in mind, that this Richard was himself entitled to that throne, of which his eldest son shortly afterwards obtained possession, under the title of Edward IV.

By the treaty of Westphalia, concluded at Munster, in 1648, which put an end to the memorable war that desolated the fairest portion of the civilized world during thirty years, it was stipulated that the bishopric of Osnaburgh, then secularized, should be alternately possessed by a prince of the catholic house of Bavaria, and the protestant house of Brunswick Lunenburgh. It is somewhat remarkable, on the score of dates, that the Bavarian family enjoyed but one presentation between the death of Ernest Augustus, duke of York, in 1728, and the presentation of his great, great, great nephew, the lamented prince whose loss, in 1827, is so deeply and justly deplored.

W. P.

OTHO, EARL OF YORK.

More than five centuries before a prince of the house of Brunswick sat on the British throne, there is a name in the genealogy of the Guelphs connected with the title of York.

Until the time of Gibbon, the learned were inclined to ascribe to Azo, the great patriarch of the house of Este, a direct male descent from Charlemagne: the brilliant result of this able investigator's researches prove, in Azo's behalf, four certain lineal ascents, and two others, highly probable,

"—— from the pure well of *Italian* undefiled."

Azo, marquis or lord of Tuscany, married Cunegunda, a daughter of a Guelph, who was also sister of a Guelph, and heiress of the last Guelph. The issue of this alliance was Guelph I., who, at a time before titles were well settled, was either duke or count of Altdorff. He was succeeded by his son, Henry the Black, who married Wolfhildis, heiress of Lunenburgh, and other possessions on the Elbe, which descended to their son, Henry the Proud, who wedded Gertrude, the heiress of Saxony, Brunswick, and Hanover. These large domains centered in their eldest son, Henry the Lion, who married Maud, daughter of Henry II., king of England, and, in the conflicts of the times, lost all his possessions, except his allodial territories of Lunenburgh, Brunswick, and Hanover. The youngest son of this marriage was William of Winchester, or Longsword, from whom descended the dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, in Germany, progenitors to the house of Hanover. His elder brother, Otho, is said to have borne the title of York.

This Otho, duke of Saxony, the eldest son of Henry the Lion, and Maud, was afterwards emperor of Germany; but previous to attaining the imperial dignity, he was created earl of York by Richard I., king of England, who, according to some authorities, subsequently exchanged with Otho, and gave him the earldom of Poictou for that of York. Otho's relation to this kingdom, as earl of York, and grandson of Henry II., is as interesting as his fortunes were remarkable.

The emperor, Henry VI., having died, and left his son, Frederick, an infant three months old, to the care of his brother Philip, duke of Suabia; the minority of Frederick tempted pope Innocent to divest the house of Suabia of the imperial crown, and he prevailed on certain princes to elect Otho, of Saxony, emperor: other princes reelected the infant Frederick. The contention continued between the rival candi-

dates, with repeated elections. Otho, by flattering the clergy, obtained himself to be crowned at Rome, and assumed the title of Otho IV.; but some of his followers having been killed by the Roman citizens he meditated revenge, and instead of returning to Germany, reconquered certain possessions usurped from the empire by the pope. For this violence Otho was excommunicated by the holy father, who turned his influence in behalf of the youthful Frederick, and procured him to be elected emperor instead. Otho had a quarrel with Philip Augustus, king of France, respecting an old wager between them. Philip, neither believing nor wishing that Otho could attain the imperial dignity, had wagered the best city in his kingdom against whichever he should select of Otho's baggage horses, if he carried his point. After Otho had achieved it, he seriously demanded the city of Paris from Philip, who quite as seriously refused to deliver up his capital. War ensued, and in the decisive battle of Bovines, called the "battle of the spurs," from the number of knights who perished, Philip defeated Otho at the head of two hundred thousand Germans. The imperial dragon, which the Germans, in their wars, were accustomed to plant on a great armed chariot with a guard chosen from the flower of the army, fell into the hands of the victors, and the emperor himself barely escaped at the hazard of his life. This battle was fought in August, 1215; and Otho, completely vanquished, retreated upon his devotions, and died in 1218, without issue.*

The wager, in its consequences so disastrous to the Germans, and so illustrious to the French arms, was made with Philip while Otho was passing through France on his way from the court of England. Collectors of "engraved British portraits," and the portraits of persons who "come into England," should look to this. How many illustrated "Grangers" are there with a portrait of Otho IV., earl of York?

THE DUKES OF YORK.

I.

Edmund Plantagenet, surnamed De Langley, from his birth-place, fifth son of king Edward III., was first created earl of Cambridge by his father, and afterwards created duke of York by his nephew, Richard II. He was much influenced by his brother, the duke of Gloucester; and an historian of the period calls him "a soft prince." It is certain that he had few stirring qualities, and that passive virtues were not valued in an age when they were of little service to contending parties. In 1402, three years after the accession of Henry IV., he died at his manor of Langley, and was interred in the priory there.

II.

Edward Plantagenet, *second* duke of York, was son of the first duke, grandson to Edward III., and great uncle to Henry V., by whose side he valiantly fought and perished, in the field of Agincourt, October 25, 1415.

III.

Richard Plantagenet, *third* duke of York, nephew of the second duke, and son of Richard earl of Cambridge, who was executed for treason against Henry V., was restored to his paternal honours by Henry VI., and allowed to succeed to his uncle's inheritance. As he was one of the most illustrious by descent, so he became one of the most powerful subjects through his dignities and alliances. After the death of the duke of Bedford, the celebrated regent of France, he was appointed to succeed him, and with the assistance of the valorous lord Talbot, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury, maintained a footing in the French territories upwards of five years. The incapacity of Henry VI. incited him to urge his claim to the crown of England in right of his mother, through whom he descended from Philippa, only daughter of the duke of Clarence, *second* son to Edward III.; whereas the king descended from the duke of Lancaster, *third* son of that monarch. The duke's superiority of descent, his valour and mildness in various high employments, and his immense possessions, derived through numerous successions, gave him influence with the nobility, and procured him formidable connections. He levied war against the king, and without material loss slew about five thousand of the royal forces at St. Alban's, on the 22d of May, 1452. This was the first blood spilt in the fierce and fatal quarrel between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, which lasted thirty years, was signalized by twelve pitched battles, cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost annihilated the ancient nobility of England. After this battle, the duke's irresolution, and the heroism of Margaret, queen of Henry VI., caused a suspension of hostilities.

* Hist. of House of Austria. Rapin. Favine.

The leaders on both sides assented to meet in London, and be solemnly reconciled. The duke of York led the queen in solemn procession to St. Paul's, and the chiefs of one party marched hand in hand with the chiefs of the other. It was a public demonstration of peace, with secret mutual distrust; and an accident aroused the slumbering strife. One of the king's retinue insulted one of the earl of Warwick's; their companions fought, and both parties in every county flew to arms. The battle of Bloreheath, in Staffordshire, 23d September, 1459, was won by the Lancastrians. At the battle of Northampton, 10th July, 1560, the Yorkists had the victory, and the king was taken prisoner. A parliament, summoned in the king's name, met at Westminster, which the duke of York attended; and, had he then seated himself on the throne in the House of Lords, the deadly feud might have been ended by his being proclaimed king; but his coolness and moderation intimidated his friends, and encouraged his enemies. His personal courage was undoubted, but he was deficient in political courage. The parliament deliberated, and though they declared the duke's title indefeasible, yet they decided that Henry should retain the crown during life. They provided, however, that till the king's decease the government should be administered by the duke, as the true and lawful heir of the monarchy; and in this arrangement Richard acquiesced. Meanwhile, queen Margaret, with her infant son, appealed to the barons of the north against the settlement in the south, and collected an army with astonishing celerity. The duke of York hastened with five thousand troops to quell what he imagined to be the beginning of an insurrection, and found, near Wakefield, a force of twenty thousand men. He threw himself into Sandal castle, but with characteristic bravery, imagining he should be disgraced by remaining between walls in fear of a female, he descended into the plain of Wakefield on the 24th of December, and gave battle to the queen, who largely outnumbering his little army, defeated and slew him; and his son, the earl of Rutland, an innocent youth of seventeen, having been taken prisoner, was murdered in cold blood by the lord de Clifford. Margaret caused the duke's head to be cut off, and fixed on the gates of the city of York, with a paper crown on it in derision of his claim. He perished in the fiftieth year of his age, worthy of a better fate.

IV.

Edward Plantagenet, *fourth* duke of York, eldest son of the last, prosecuted his father's pretensions, and defeated the earl of Pembroke, half brother to Henry VI., at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire. Shortly afterwards, queen Margaret advanced upon London, and gained a victory over the Yorkists under the earl of Warwick, at the second battle of St. Alban's, and, at the same time, regained possession of the person of her weak husband. Pressed by the Yorkists, she retreated to the north and the youthful duke, remarkable for beauty of person, bravery, affability, and every popular quality, entered the capital amidst the acclamations of the citizens. Elated by his success, he resolved to openly insist on his claim, and treat his adversaries as rebels and traitors. On the 3d of March, 1460, he caused his army to muster in St. John's Fields, Clerkenwell; and after an harangue to the multitude surrounding his soldiery, the tumultuary crowd were asked whether they would have Henry of Lancaster, or Edward, eldest son of the late duke of York, for king. Their "sweet voices" were for the latter; and this show of popular election was ratified by a great number of bishops, lords, magistrates, and other persons of distinction, assembled for that purpose at Baynard's Castle. On the morrow, the duke went to St. Paul's and offered, and had Te Deum sung, and was with great royalty conveyed to Westminster, and there in the great hall sat in the king's seat, with St. Edward's sceptre in his hand. On the 29th of March, 1461, he fought the fierce and bloody battle of Touton, wherein he issued orders to give no quarter, and there were above thirty-six thousand slain. This slaughter confirmed him king of England, and he reigned upwards of twenty years under the title of Edward IV., defiling his fame and power by effeminacy and cruelty. The title of York merged in the royal dignity.

V.

Richard Plantagenet, of Shrewsbury, *fifth* duke of York, son of Edward IV., was murdered in the tower while young, with his elder brother, Edward V., by order of their uncle, the duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

VI.

Henry Tudor, *sixth* duke of York, was so created by his father Henry VII., whom he succeeded as king, under the title of Henry VIII., and stained our annals with heartless crimes.

VII.

Charles Stuart, *seventh* duke of York, was second son of James I., by whom he was created to that title in 1604, and whom he succeeded in the throne as Charles I.

VIII.

James Stuart, a younger son of Charles I., was the *eighth* duke of York. While bearing this title during the reign of his brother Charles II., he manifested great personal courage as a naval commander, in several actions with the Dutch. Under the title of James II., he incompetently filled the throne and weakly abdicated it.

IX.

Ernest Augustus Guelph, *ninth* duke of York, duke of Albany, earl of Ulster, and bishop of Osnaburgh, was brother to George Lewis Guelph, elector of Hanover, and king of England as George I., by letters from whom, in 1716, he was dignified as above, and died in 1728, unmarried.

X.

Edward Augustus, *tenth* duke of York, duke of Albany, and earl of Ulster, was second son of Frederick prince of Wales, and brother to king George III., by whom he was created to those titles. He died at Monaco, in Italy, September 17, 1767, unmarried.

XI.

THE LATE DUKE OF YORK.

Frederick, *eleventh* Duke of York, was brother of His Majesty King George IV., and second son of his late Majesty King George III., by whom he was advanced to the dignities of Duke of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and of Earl of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the titles of Duke of York and of Albany in Great Britain, and of Earl of Ulster in Ireland, and presented to the Bishopric of Osnaburgh. His Royal Highness was Commander-in-Chief of all the Land Forces of the United Kingdom, Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, Colonel-in-chief of the 60th Regiment of Infantry, Officiating Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, High Steward of New Windsor, Warden and Keeper of the New Forest Hampshire, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost in France, of the Black Eagle in Russia, the Red Eagle in Prussia, of St. Maria Theresa in Austria, of Charles III. in Spain, Doctor of Civil Law, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

The late duke of York was born on the 16th of August, 1763; he died on the 5th of January, 1827. A few miscellaneous memoranda are extracted from journals of the dates they refer to.

The duke of York was sent to Germany to finish his education. On the 1st of August, 1787, his royal highness, after having been only five days on the road from Hanover to Calais, embarked at that port, on board a common packet-boat, for England, and arrived at Dover the same afternoon. He was at St. James's-palace the following day by half-past twelve o'clock; and, on the arrival of the prince of Wales at Carlton-house, he was visited by the duke, after an absence of four years, which, far from cooling, had increased the affection of the royal brothers.

On the 20th of December, in the same year, a grand masonic lodge was held at the Star and Garter in Pall-mall. The duke of Cumberland as grand-master, the prince of Wales, and the duke of York, were in the new uniform of the Britannic-lodge, and the duke of York received another degree in masonry; he had some time before been initiated in the first mysteries of the brotherhood.

On the 5th of February, 1788, the duke of York appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and was sworn to give evidence before the grand jury of Middlesex, on an indictment for fraud, in sending a letter to his royal highness, purporting to be a letter from captain Morris, requesting the loan of forty pounds. The grand jury found the indictment, and the prisoner, whose name does not appear, was brought into court by the keeper of Tothill-fields Bridewell, and pleaded not guilty, whereupon he was remanded, and the indictment appointed to be tried in the sittings after the following term; but there is no account of the trial having been had.

In December of the same year, the duke ordered two hundred and sixty sacks of coals to be distributed among the families of the married men of his regiment, and the same to be continued during the severity of the weather.

In 1788, pending the great question of the regency, it was contended on that side of the House of Commons from whence

extension of royal prerogative was least expected, that from the moment parliament was made acquainted with the king's incapacity, a *right* attached to the prince of Wales to exercise the regal functions, in the name of his father. On the 15th of December, the duke of York rose in the House of Lords, and a profound silence ensued. His royal highness said, that though perfectly unused as he was to speak in a public assembly, yet he could not refrain from offering his sentiments to their lordships on a subject in which the dearest interests of the country were involved. He said, he entirely agreed with the noble lords who had expressed their wishes to avoid any question which tended to induce a discussion on the rights of the prince. The fact was plain, that no such claim of right had been made on the part of the prince; and he was confident that his royal highness understood too well the sacred principles which seated the house of Brunswick on the throne of Great Britain, ever to assume or exercise any power, *be his claim what it might*, not derived from the will of the people, expressed by their representatives and their lordships in parliament assembled. On this ground his royal highness said, that he must be permitted to hope that the wisdom and moderation of all considerate men, at a moment when temper and unanimity were so peculiarly necessary, on account of the dreadful calamity which every description of persons must in common lament, but which he more particularly felt, would make them wish to avoid pressing a decision, which certainly was not *necessary* to the great object expected from parliament, and which must be most painful in the discussion to a family already sufficiently agitated and afflicted. His royal highness concluded with saying, that these were the sentiments of an honest heart, equally influenced by duty and affection to his royal father, and attachment to the constitutional rights of his subjects; and that he was confident, if his royal brother were to address them in his place as a peer of the realm, that these were the sentiments which he would distinctly avow.

His majesty in council having declared his consent, under the great seal, to a contract of matrimony between his royal highness the duke of York and her royal highness the princess Frederique Charlotte Ulrique Catherine of Prussia, eldest daughter of the king of Prussia, on the 29th of September, 1791, the marriage ceremony was performed at Berlin. About six o'clock in the afternoon, all the persons of the blood royal assembled in gala, in the apartments of the dowager queen, where the diamond crown was put on the head of princess Frederica. The generals, ministers, ambassadors, and the high nobility, assembled in the white hall. At seven o'clock, the duke of York, preceded by the gentlemen of the chamber, and the court officers of state, led the princess his spouse, whose train was carried by four ladies of the court, through all the parade apartments; after them went the king, with the queen dowager, prince Lewis of Prussia, with the reigning queen, and others of the royal family to the white hall, where a canopy was erected of crimson velvet, and also a crimson velvet sofa for the marriage ceremony. The royal couple placed themselves under the canopy, before the sofa, the royal family stood round them, and the upper counsellor of the consistory, Mr. Sack, made a speech in German. This being over, rings were exchanged; and the illustrious couple, kneeling on the sofa, were married according to the rites of the reformed church. The whole ended with a prayer. Twelve guns, placed in the garden, fired three rounds, and the benediction was given. The new-married couple then received the congratulations of the royal family, and returned in the same manner to the apartments, where the royal family, and all persons present, sat down to card-tables; after which, the whole court, the high nobility, and the ambassadors, sat down to supper, at six tables. The first was placed under a canopy of crimson velvet, and the victuals served in gold dishes and plates. The other five tables, at which sat the generals, ministers, ambassadors, all the officers of the court, and the high nobility, were served in other apartments.

During supper, music continued playing in the galleries of the first hall, which immediately began when the company entered the hall. At the dessert, the royal table was served with a beautiful set of china, made in the Berlin manufactory. Supper being over, the whole assembly repaired to the white hall, where the trumpet, timbrel, and other music were playing; and the *flambeau* dance was begun, at which the ministers of state carried the torches. With this ended the festivity. The ceremony of the re-marriage of the duke and duchess of York took place at the Queen's Palace, London, on the 23d of November.

The duchess of York died on the 6th of August, 1820.

The Dance of Torches.

As a note of illustration on this dance at the Prussian nuptials of the duke and duchess of York, reference may be had to a slight mention of the same observance on the marriage of the prince royal of Prussia with the princess of Bavaria, in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 1551. Since that article, I find more descriptive particulars of it in a letter from baron Bielfeld, giving an account of the marriage of the prince of Prussia with the princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, at Berlin, in 1742. The baron was present at the ceremonial.

"As soon as their majesties rose from table, the whole company returned into the white hall; from whence the altar was removed, and the room was illuminated with fresh wax lights. The musicians were placed on a stage of solid silver. Six lieutenant generals, and six ministers of state, stood, each with a white wax torch in his hand, ready to be lighted, in conformity to a ceremony used in the German courts on these occasions, which is called '*the dance of torches,*' in allusion to the torch of Hymen. This dance was opened by the new married prince and princess, who made the tour of the hall, saluting the king and the company. Before them went the ministers and the generals, two and two, with their lighted torches. The princess then gave her hand to the king, and the prince to the queen; the king gave his hand to the queen mother, and the reigning queen to prince Henry; and in this manner all the princes and princesses that were present, one after the other, and according to their rank, led up the dance, making the tour of the hall, almost in the step of the Polognese. The novelty of this performance, and the sublime quality of the performers, made it in some degree agreeable. Otherwise the extreme gravity of the dance itself, with the continual round and formal pace of the dancers, the frequent going out of the torches, and the clangour of the trumpets that rent the ear, all these I say made it too much resemble the dance of the Sarmates, those ancient inhabitants of the prodigious woods of this country."

On the 7th of June, 1794, about four o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out at the duke of York's palace at Oatlands. It began in the kitchen, and was occasioned by a beam which projected into the chimney, and communicated to the roof. His royal highness's armoury was in that wing of the building where the fire commenced, in which forty pounds of gunpowder being deposited, a number of most curious warlike instruments, which his royal highness had collected on the continent, were destroyed. Many of the guns and other weapons were presented from the king of Prussia, and German officers of distinction, and to each piece was attached its history. By the seasonable exertions of the neighbourhood, the flames were prevented from spreading to the main part of the building. The duchess was at Oatlands at the time, and beheld the conflagration from her sleeping apartment, in the centre of the mansion, from which the flames were prevented communicating by destroying a gateway, over the wing that adjoined to the house. Her royal highness gave her orders with perfect composure, directed abundant refreshment to the people who were extinguishing the flames, and then retired to the rooms of the servants at the stables, which are considerably detached from the palace. His majesty rode over from Windsor-castle to visit her royal highness, and staid with her a considerable time.

On the 8th of April, 1808, whilst the duke of York was riding for an airing along the King's-road towards Fulham, a drover's dog crossed, and barked in front of the horse. The animal, suddenly rearing, fell backwards, with the duke under him; and the horse rising, with the duke's foot in the stirrup, dragged him along, and did him further injury. When extricated, the duke, with great cheerfulness, denied he was much hurt, yet two of his ribs were broken, the back of his head and face contused, and one of his legs and arms much bruised. A gentleman in a back chaise immediately alighted, and the duke was conveyed in it to York-house, Piccadilly, where his royal highness was put to bed, and in due time recovered to the performance of his active duties.

On the 6th of August, 1815, the duke of York, on coming out of a shower-bath, at Oatlands, fell, from the slippery state of the oilcloth, and broke the large bone of his left arm, half way between the shoulder and the elbow-joint. His royal highness's excellent constitution at that time assisted the surgeons, and in a fortnight he again attended to business.

On the 11th of October, in the same year, his royal highness's library, at his

office in the Horse-guards consisting of the best military authors, and a very extensive collection of maps, were removed to his new library (late her majesty's) in the Green-park. The assemblage is the most perfect collection of works on military affairs in the kingdom.

It appears, from the report of the commissioners of woods, forests, and land revenues, in 1816, that the duke of York purchased of the commissioners the following estates: 1. The manor of Byfleet and Weybridge, with Byfleet or Weybridge-park, and a capital messuage and offices, and other messuages and buildings there. 2. The manor of Walton Leigh, and divers messuages and lands therein. 3. A capital messuage called Brooklands, with offices, gardens, and several parcels of land, situated at Weybridge. 4. A farm-house, and divers lands, called Brooklands-farm, at Weybridge. 5. A messuage and lands, called Childs, near Weybridge. 6. Two rabbit-warrens within the manor of Byfleet and Weybridge. To this property was to be added all lands and premises allotted to the preceding by virtue of any act of enclosure. The sale was made to his royal highness in May, 1809, at the price of £74,459. 3*s.*; but the money was permitted to remain at the interest of 3½ per cent. till the 10th of June, 1815, when the principal and interest (amounting, after the deduction of property-tax, and of the rents, which, during the interval, had been paid to the crown, to £85,135. 5*s.* 9*d.*) were paid into the Bank of England, to the account of the commissioners for the new street. His royal highness also purchased about twenty acres of land in Walton, at the price of £1294. 2*s.* 3*d.*

While the duke was in his last illness, members on both sides of the House of Commons bore spontaneous testimony to his royal highness's impartial administration of his high office as commander-in-chief; and united in one general expression, that no political distinction ever interfered to prevent the promotion of a deserving officer.

A statement in bishop Watson's Memoirs, is a tribute to his royal highness's reputation.

"On the marriage of my son in August, 1805, I wrote," says the bishop, "to the duke of York, requesting his royal highness to give him his protection. I felt a consciousness of having, through life, cherished a warm attachment to the house of Brunswick, and to those principles which had placed it on the throne, and of having on all occasions acted an independent and honourable part towards the government of the country, and I therefore thought myself justified in concluding my letter in the following terms:—'I know not in what estimation your royal highness may hold my repeated endeavours, in moments of danger, to support the religion and the constitution of the country; but if I am fortunate enough to have any merit with you on that score, I earnestly request your protection for my son. I am a bad courtier, and know little of the manner of soliciting favours through the intervention of others, but I feel that I shall never know how to forget them, when done to myself; and, under that consciousness, I beg leave to submit myself

'Your Royal Highness's
'Most grateful servant,
'R. LANDAFF.'

"I received a very obliging answer by the return of the post, and in about two months my son was promoted, without purchase, from a majority to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Third Dragoon Guards. After having experienced, for above twenty-four years, the neglect of his majesty's ministers, I received great satisfaction from this attention of his son, and shall carry with me to my grave a most grateful memory of his goodness. I could not at the time forbear expressing my acknowledgment in the following letter, nor can I now forbear inserting it in these anecdotes. The whole transaction will do his royal highness no discredit with posterity, and I shall ever consider it as an honourable testimony of his approbation of my public conduct.

'*Calgarth Park, Nov.* 9, 1805.'

——'Do, my lord of Canterbury,
But one good turn, and he's your friend for ever.'

'Thus Shakspeare makes Henry VIII. speak of Cranmer; and from the bottom of my heart, I humbly entreat your royal highness to believe, that the sentiment is as applicable to the bishop of Landaff as it was to Cranmer.

'The *bis dat qui cito dat* has been most kindly thought of in this promotion of my son; and I know not which is most dear to my feelings, the matter of the obligation, or the noble manner of its being conferred. I sincerely hope your royal highness will pardon this my intrusion, in thus expressing my most grateful acknowledgments for them both

'R. LANDAFF.'"

Mr. Charles Lamb.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

It is not unknown to you, that about sixteen years since I published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare." For the scarcer Plays I had recourse to the Collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Garrick. But my time was but short, and my subsequent leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every production in the shape of a Play that has appeared in print, from the time of the old Mysteries and Moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me, who, above every other form of Poetry, have ever preferred the Dramatic, of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montagu House, which I predict will not speedily be followed by a handsomer, and culling at will the flower of some thousand Dramas. It is like having the range of a Nobleman's Library, with the Librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the Gentleman who has the chief direction of the Reading Rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume, before it is laid before you. If the occasional Extracts, which I have been tempted to bring away, may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly at your service. By those who remember the "Specimens," these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

C. Lamb.

January, 27, 1827.

Garrick Plays.

No. I.

[From "King John and Matilda," a Tragedy by Robert Davenport, acted in 1651.]

John, not being able to bring Matilda, the chaste daughter of the old Baron Fitzwater, to compliance with his wishes, causes her to be poisoned in a nunnery.

Scene. *John. The Barons:* they being as yet ignorant of the murder, and having just come to composition with the King after tedious wars. Matilda' hearse is brought in by Hubert.

John. Hubert, interpret this apparition.
Hubert. Behold, sir,
A sad-writ Tragedy, so feelingly
Languaged, and cast; with such a crafty cruelty
Contrived, and acted; that wild savages
Would weep to lay their ears to, and (admiring
To see themselves outdone) they would conceive
Their wildness mildness to this deed, and call
Men more than savage, themselves rational.
And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy *name*,*
And turn the *Son of Tears*. Oh, forget
That Cupid ever spent a dart upon thee;
That Hymen ever coupled thee; or that ever
The hasty, happy, willing messenger
Told thee thou had'st a daughter. Oh look here!
Look here, King John, and with a trembling eye
Read your sad act, Matilda's tragedy.
Barons. Matilda!
Fitzwater. By the lab'ring soul of a much-injured man,
It is my child Matilda!
Bruce. Sweet niece!
Leicester. Chaste soul!
John. Do I stir, Chester?
Good Oxford, do I move? stand I not still
To watch when the griev'd friends of wrong'd Matilda
Will with a thousand stabs turn me to dust,
That in a thousand prayers they might be happy?
Will no one do it? then give a mourner room,
A man of tears. Oh immaculate Matilda,
These shed but sailing heat-drops, misling showers.
The faint dews of a doubtful April morning;
But from mine eyes ship-sinking cataracts,
Whole clouds of waters, wealthy exhalations,
Shall fall into the sea of my affliction,
Till it amaze the mourners.
Hubert. Unmatch'd Matilda;
Celestial soldier, that kept a fort of chastity
'Gainst all temptations.
Fitzwater. Not to be a Queen,
Would she break her chaste vow. Truth crowns your head;
Unmatch'd Matilda was her name indeed.

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* Fitzwater: son of water. A striking instance of the compatibility of the *serious pun* with the expression of the profoundest sorrows. Grief, as well as joy, finds ease in thus playing with a word. Old John of Gaunt in Shakspeare thus descants on his *name*: "Gaunt, and gaunt indeed;" to a long string of conceits, which no one has ever yet felt as ridiculous. The poet Wither thus, in a mournful review of the declining estate of his family, says with deepest nature:—

The very name of Wither shows decay.

John. O take into your spirit-piercing praise
My scene of sorrow. I have well-clad woes,
Pathetic epithets to illustrate passion,
And steal true tears so sweetly from all these,
Shall touch the soul, and at once pierce and please.

[*Peruses the Motto and Emblems on the hearse.*]

"To Piety and Purity"—and "Lillies mix'd with Roses"—
How well you have apparell'd woe! this Pendant,
To Piety and Purity directed,
Insinuates a chaste soul in a clean body,
Virtue's white Virgin, Chastity's red Martyr!
Suffer me then with this well-suited wreath
To make our griefs ingenious. Let all be dumb,
Whilst the king speaks her Epicedium.

Chester. His very soul speaks sorrow.

Oxford. And it becomes him sweetly.

John. Hail Maid and Martyr! lo on thy breast,
Devotion's altar, chaste Truth's nest,
I offer (as my guilt imposes)
Thy merit's laurel, Lillies and Roses;
Lillies, intimating plain
Thy immaculate life, stuck with no stain;
Roses red and sweet, to tell
How sweet red sacrifices smell.
Hang round then, as you walk about this hearse,
The songs of holy hearts, sweet virtuous verse.

Fitzwater. Bring Persian silks, to deck her monument;

John. Arabian spices, quick'ning by their scent;

Fitzwater. Numidian marble, to preserve her praise,

John. Corinthian ivory, her shape to praise:

Fitzwater. And write in gold upon it, In this breast
Virtue sate mistress, Passion but a guest.

John. Virtue is sweet; and, since griefs bitter be,
Strew her with roses, and give rue to me.

Bruce. My noble brother, I've lost a wife and son;*
You a sweet daughter. Look on the king's penitence;
His promise for the public peace. Prefer
A public benefit.† When it shall please,
Let Heaven question him. Let us secure
And quit the land of Lewis.‡

Fitzwater. Do any thing;
Do all things that are honorable; and the Great King
Make you a good king, sir! and when your soul
Shall at any time reflect upon your follies,
Good King John, weep, weep very heartily;
It will become you sweetly. At your eyes
Your sin stole in; there pay your sacrifice.

John. Back unto Dunmow Abbey. There we'll pay
To sweet Matilda's memory, and her sufferings,
A monthly obsequy, which (sweet'ned by
The wealthy woes of a tear-troubled eye)
Shall by those sharp afflictions of my face
Court mercy, and make grief arrive at grace.

Song.

Matilda, now go take thy bed
In the dark dwellings of the dead;
And rise in the great waking day
Sweet as incence, fresh as May.
Rest there, chaste soul, fix'd in thy proper sphere,
Amongst Heaven's fair ones; all are fair ones there.
Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we here troubled say;
Time gives us griefs, Death takes our joys away.

This scene has much passion and poetry in it, if I mistake not. The last words of Fitzwater are an instance of noble temperament; but to understand him, the character throughout of this mad, merry, feeling, insensible-seeming lord, should be read. That the venomous John could have even counterfeited repentance so well, is out of nature; but supposing the possibility, nothing is truer than the way in which it is managed. These old playwrights invested their bad characters with notions of good, which could by no possibility have coexisted with their actions. Without a soul of goodness in himself, how could Shakspeare's Richard the Third have lit upon those sweet phrases and inducements by which he attempts to win over the dowager queen to let him wed her daughter. It is not Nature's nature, but Imagination's substituted nature, which does almost as well in a fiction.

(To be continued.)

* Also cruelly slain by the poisoning John.

† i. e. of peace; which this monstrous act of John's in this play comes to counteract, in the same way as the discovered Death of Prince Arthur is like to break the composition of the King with his Barons in Shakspeare's Play.

‡ The Dauphin of France, whom they had called in, as in Shakspeare's Play.

Literature.

Glances at New Books on my Table.

"Constable's Miscellany of *original and selected Publications*" is proposed to consist of various works on important and popular subjects, with the view of supplying certain chasms in the existing stock of useful knowledge; and each author or subject is to be kept separate, so as to enable purchasers to acquire all the numbers, or volumes, of each book, distinct from the others. The undertaking commenced in the first week of the new year, 1827, with the first number of Captain Basil Hall's voyage to Loo-Choo, and the complete volume o that work was published at the same time.

"Early Metrical Tales, *including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steill.*" Edinb. 1826. sm. 8vo. 9*s.* (175 copies printed.) The most remarkable poem in this elegant volume is the rare Scottish romance, named in the title-page, which, according to its present editor, "would seem, along with the poems of sir

David Lindsay, and the histories of Robert the Bruce, and of sir William Wallace, to have formed the standard productions of the vernacular literature of the country." In proof of this he adduces several authorities; "and yet it is remarkable enough, that every ancient copy should have hitherto eluded the most active and unremitting research." The earliest printed edition is presumed to have issued from the press of Thomas Bassandyne, "the first printer of the sacred Scriptures in Scotland." An inventory of his goods, dated 18th October, 1577, contains an item of three hundred "Gray Steillis," valued at the "pece vi*d.* summa £vii. x. o." Its editor would willingly give the sum-total of these three hundred copies for "*one* of the said *Gray-Steillis*, were he so fortunate as to meet with it." He instances subsequent editions, but the only copy he could discover was printed at Aberdeen in 1711, by James Nicol, printer to the town and university; and respecting this, which, though of so recent date, is at present unique, "the editor's best acknowledgments are due to his friend, Mr. Douce, for the kind manner in which he favoured him with the loan of the volume, for the purpose of republication." On the 17th of April, 1497, when James IV. was at Stirling: there is an entry in the treasurer's accounts, "Item, that samyn day to twa Sachelaris that *sang Gray Steil* to the King, ix*s.*" In MS. collections made at Aberdeen in 1627, called a "Booke for the Lute," by Robert Gordon, is the *air* of "Gray-Steel;" and a satirical poem in Scottish rhyme on the marquis of Argyle, printed in 1686, is "appointed to be sung according *to the tune* of old Gray Steel." These evidences that the poem was sung, manifest its popularity. There are conjectures as to who the person denominated Sir Gray Steel really was, but the point is undetermined.

In this volume there are thirteen poems. 1. *Sir Gray-Steill* above spoken of. 2. *The Tales of the Priests of Peblis*, wherein the three priests of Peebles, having met to regale on St. Bride's day, agree, each in turn, to relate a story. 3. *Ane Godlie Dreame*, by lady Culross. 4. *History of a Lord and his three Sons*, much resembling the story of Fortunatus. 5. *The Ring of the Roy Robert*, the printed copies of which have been modernized and corrupted. 6. *King Estmere*, an old romantic tale. 7. *The Battle of Harlaw*, considered by its present editor "as the original of rather a numerous class of Scotish historical ballads." 8. *Lichtoun's Dreme*, printed for the first time from the Bannatyne MS. 1568. 9. *The Murning Maiden*, a poem "written in the Augustan age of Scotish poetry." 10. *The Epistill of the Hermeit of Alareit*, a satire on the Grey Friers, by Alexander earl of Glencairn. 11. *Roswall and Lillian*, a "pleasant history," (chanted even of late in Edinburgh,) from the earliest edition discovered, printed in 1663, of which the only copy known is in the Advocates' Library, from the Roxburghe sale. 12. *Poem by Glassinberry*, a name for the first time introduced into the list of early Scotish poets, and the poem itself printed from "Gray's MS." 13. *Sir John Barleycorn*, from a stall-copy, printed in 1781, with a few corrections, concerning which piece it is remarked, that Burns's version "cannot be said to have greatly improved it." There is a vignette to this ballad, "designed and etched by the ingenious young artist, W. Geikie," of Edinburgh, from whence I take the liberty to *cut* a figure, not for the purpose of conveying an idea of this "Allan-a-Maut," who is surrounded with like "good" company by Mr. Geikie's meritorious pencil, but to extend the knowledge of Mr. Geikie's name, who is perfectly unknown to me, except through the single print I refer to, which compels me to express warm admiration of his correct feeling, and assured talent.

Besides Mr. Geikie's beautiful etching, there is a frontispiece by W. H. Lizars from a design by Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and a portrait of Alexander earl of Eglintoune 1670, also by Mr. Lizars, from a curiously illuminated parchment in the possession of the present earl.

SAYING NOT MEANING.

By William Basil Wake.

For the Table Book.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
When, opening his toothpick-case, one said,
"It was not until lately that I knew
That *anchovies* on terrâ firmâ grew."
"Grew!" cried the other, "yes, they *grow*, indeed,
Like other fish, but not upon the land;
You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
Or in the Strand!"

"Why, sir," return'd the irritated other,
"My brother,
When at Calcutta,
Beheld them bonâ fide growing;
He wouldn't utter
A lie for love or money, sir; so in
This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."
"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no credit
To the assertion—none e'er saw or read it;
Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken."

"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are
Perverse—in short—"
"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,
And then his port—
"If you *will* say impossibles are true,
You may affirm just any thing you please—
That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese!
Only you must not *force* me to believe
What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force me to say, sir, you're a fool,"
Return'd the bragger.
Language like this no man can suffer cool;
It made the listener stagger;
So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,
"The traveller *lied*
Who had the impudence to tell it you."
"Zounds! then d'ye mean to swear before my face
That anchovies don't grow like cloves and mace?"
"I do!"

Disputants often after hot debates
Leave the contention as they found it—bone,
And take to duelling, or thumping *têtes*;
Thinking, by strength of artery, to atone
For strength of argument; and he who winces
From force of words, with force of arms convinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,
Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,
Our friends advanced; and now portentous loading
(Their hearts already loaded) serv'd to show
It might be better they shook hands—but no;
When each opines himself, though frighten'd, right,
Each is, in courtesy, oblig'd to fight!
And they *did* fight: from six full measured paces
The unbeliever pull'd his trigger first;
And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,
The whizzing lead had whizz'd its very worst,
Ran up, and with a *duelistic* tear,
(His ire evanishing like morning vapours,)
Found *him* possess'd of one remaining ear,
Who, in a manner sudden and uncouth,
Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth:
For, while the surgeon was applying lint,
He, wriggling, cried—"The deuce is in't—
Sir! I meant—*capers!*"

Characters.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Our old gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious;—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey, to the sensorium within, a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen; in order to show his hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs, (one for the neck at night-time,) his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some

of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England; the works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope, and Churchill; Middleton's Geography, the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drank more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

> Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

> Come, gentle god of soft repose;

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

> At Upton on the Hill
> There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions, he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoy the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser; but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks every thing looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the duchess of A. the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full at Gliddon's, in King-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He never recollects such weather, except during the great frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket. He grows young again in his little grand-children, especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir, mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper),—"*She'll talk.*"—*Indicator.*

A HAPPY MEETING.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away,
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breath the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart that could echo it near.
Ah! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more—
They're ours when we meet—they're lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure thro' pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

LINES TO HIS COUSIN ON THE NEW YEAR,

BY A WESTMINSTER BOY.

Time rolls away! another year
Has rolled off with him; hence 'tis clear
His lordship keeps his carriage
A single man, no doubt;—and thus
Enjoys himself without the fuss
And great expense of marriage.

His wheel still rolls (and like the river
Which Horace mentions) still for ever
Volvitur et volvetur.

In vain you *run against him*; place
Your fleetest filly in the race,—
Here's ten to one he'll beat her.

Of all he sees, he takes a tithe,
With that tremendous sweeping scythe,
Which he keeps always going;
While every step he takes, alas!
Too plainly proves that *flesh is grass*,
When he sets out a *mowing*.

And though his hungry ravenous maw
Is crammed with food, both dress'd and raw,
I'll wager any betting,
His appetite has ever been
Just like his scythe, sharp-set and keen,
Which never wanted *whetting*.

Could you but see the mighty treat
Prepared, when he sits down to eat
His breakfast or his dinner,—ah,
Not vegetable—flesh,—alone,
But timber, houses, iron, stone,
He eats the very china.

When maidens pray that he will spare
Their teeth, complexion, or their hair,
Alas! he'll never hear 'em;
Grey locks and wrinkles hourly show,
What Ovid told us years ago,
Ut Tempus edax rerum!

In vain, my dearest girl, you choose
(Your face to wash) Olympic dews;
In vain you paint or rouge it;
He'll play such havoc with your youth,
That ten years hence you'll say with truth
Ah Edward!—*Tempus fugit!*

The glass he carries in his hand
Has ruin in each grain of sand;
But what I most deplore is,
He breaks the links of friendship's chain,
And barters youthful love for gain:
Oh, Tempora! oh, Mores!

One sole exception you shall find,
(*Unius generis* of its kind,)
Wherever fate may steer us;
Tho' wide his universal range,
Time has no power the heart to change
Of your AMICUS VERUS.

Bath Herald.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Germany, which embraces a population of thirty-six millions of people, has twenty-two universities. The following table contains their names according to the order of their foundation, and the number of professors and students:

Universities.	When founded.	Number of Professors.	Number of Students.
Prague.	1348	55	1449
Vienna.	1365	77	1688
Heidelberg . .	1368	55	626
Warsbourg. . .	1403	31	660
Leipsig	1409	81	1384
Rostock	1419	34	201
Fribourg. . . .	1450	35	556
Griefswald. . .	1456	30	227
Bâle	1460	24	214
Tubingen . . .	1477	44	827
Marbourg . . .	1527	38	304
Kœnisberg. . .	1544	23	303
Jena.	1558	51	432
Giessen	1607	39	371
Kiel	1665	26	238
Halle	1694	64	1119
Breslau	1702	49	710
Gœttengen. . .	1734	89	1545
Erlangen. . . .	1743	34	498
Landshut . . .	1803	48	623
Berlin	1810	86	1245
Bonn.	1818	42	526

Of this number six belong to Prussia, three to Bavaria, two to the Austrian States, two to the Grand Duchy of Baden, two to the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel, and one to each of the following states—Saxony, Wurtemberg, Denmark, Hanover, the Grand Duchies of Mecklenbergh-Schweren and of Saxe-Weimar, and Switzerland. The total number of professors is 1055, embracing not only the ordinary and extraordinary professors, but also the private lecturers, whose courses of reading are announced in the half-yearly programmes. Catholic Germany, which reckons nineteen millions of inhabitants, has only six universities; while Protestant Germany, for seventeen millions of inhabitants, has seventeen. Of the students there are 149 for every 250,000 in the Protestant states, while there are only 68 for the same number in the Catholic states. It must, however, be mentioned, that this estimate does not take in those Catholic ecclesiastics who do not pursue their studies in the universities, but in private seminaries.—The universities of Paderborn and Munster, both belonging to Prussia, and which had only two faculties, those of theology and philosophy, were suppressed; the first in 1818, and the second in 1819; but that of Munster has been reestablished, with the three faculties of theology, philosophy, and medicine.

Colley Cibber's youngest Daughter.

Last of her sire in dotage—she was used
By him, as children use a fav'rite toy;
Indulg'd, neglected, fondled, and abus'd,
As quick affection of capricious joy,
Or sudden humour of dislike dictated:
Thoughtlessly rear'd, she led a thoughtless life;
And she so well beloved became most hated:
A helpless mother, and a wife unblest,
She pass'd precocious womanhood in strife;
Or, in strange hiding-places, without rest;
Or, wand'ring in disquietude for bread:
Her father's curse—himself first cause of all
That caused his ban—sunk her in deeper thrall,
Stifling her heart, till sorrow and herself were dead.

'THE LIFE OF MRS. CHARLOTTE CHARKE, *youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, Esq. written by herself,*" is a curious narrative of remarkable vicissitudes. She dedicates it to herself, and aptly concludes her dedication by saying, "Permit me, madam, to subscribe myself, for the future, what I ought to have been some years ago, your real friend, and humble servant, CHARLOTTE CHARKE."

In the "Introduction" to the recent reprint of this singular work, it is well observed, that "her Life will serve to show what very strange creatures *may* exist, and the endless diversity of habits, tastes, and inclinations, which may spring up spon-

taneously, like weeds, in the hot-bed of corrupt civilization." She was born when Mrs. Cibber was forty-five years old, and when both her father and mother had ceased to expect an addition to their family: the result was that Charlotte Cibber was a spoiled child. She married Mr. Richard Charke, an eminent violin player, of dissolute habits; and, after a course of levities, consequent upon the early recklessness of her parents, she was repudiated by her father. When she wrote her life, she was in great penury: it was published in eight numbers, at three-pence each. In the last, which appeared on the 19th of April, 1755, she feelingly deplores the failure of her attempts to obtain forgiveness of her father, and says, "I cannot recollect any crime I have been guilty of that is unpardonable." After intimating a design to open an oratorical academy, for the instruction of persons going on the stage, she mentions her intention to publish "Mr. Dumont's history, the first number of which will shortly make its appearance." This was a novel she was then writing, which a bookseller treated with her for, in company with Mr. Samuel Whyte of Dublin, who thus describes her distressed situation:—

'Cibber the elder had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, &c. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half-boots. We knocked at the door, (not attempting to pull the latch string,) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender,—a perfect model for the copper captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of Rule-a-Wife. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle-piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the flounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shagged head, and, eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends.' The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure.—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked!.—A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! a rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which, without farther ceremony, we contrived to sit down and entered upon business:—the work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation!—The bookseller offered five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously

acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet, unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill."*

Mr. Whyte's account of the "reading the manuscript," a subject worthy of Wilkie's pencil, is designed to be illustrated by the engraving at the head of this article. Of Mrs. Charke, after that interview, nothing further is known, except that she kept a public-house, at Islington, and is said to have died on the 6th of April, 1760.† Her brother Theophilus was wrecked, and perished on his way to Dublin, in October, 1758; her father died on the 12th of December, in the year preceding. Her singular "Narrative" is printed verbatim in the seventh volume of "Autobiography," with the life of the late "Mary Robinson," who was also an actress, and also wrote her own "Memoirs."

AN INEDITED BALLAD.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—A friend of mine, who resided for some years on the borders, used to amuse himself by collecting old ballads, printed on halfpenny sheets, and hawked up and down by itinerant minstrels. In his common-place book I found one, entitled "The Outlandish Knight," evidently, from the style, of considerable antiquity, which appears to have escaped the notice of Percy, and other collectors. Since then I have met with a printed one, from the popular press of Mr. Pitts, the six-yards-for-a-penny song-publisher, who informs me that he has printed it "ever since he was a printer, and that Mr. Marshall, his predecessor, printed it before him." The ballad has not improved by circulating amongst Mr. Pitts's friends; for the heroine, who has no name given her in my friend's copy, is in Mr. Pitts's called "Polly;" and there are expressions *contra bonos mores*. These I have expunged; and, to render the ballad more complete, added a few stanzas, wherein I have endeavoured to preserve the simplicity of the original, of which I doubt if a correct copy could now be obtained. As it is, it is at the service of your *Table Book*.

The hero of the ballad appears to be of somewhat the same class as the hero of the German ballad, the "Water King," and in some particulars resembles the ballad of the "Overcourteous Knight," in Percy's Reliques.

I am, dear sir, &c.

— — —

Grange-road, Bermondsey, Jan. 8, 1827.

The Outlandish Knight.

"Six go true,
The *seventh* askew."
Der Freischutz Travestie.

An outlandish knight from the north lands came,
And he came a wooing to me;
He told me he'd take me unto the north lands,
And I should his fair bride be.

A broad, broad shield did this strange knight wield,
Whereon did the red-cross shine,
Yet never, I ween, had that strange knight been
In the fields of Palestine.

And out and spake this strange knight,
This knight of the north countrie,
O, maiden fair, with the raven hair,
Thou shalt at my bidding be.

Thy sire he is from home, ladye,
For he hath a journey gone,
And his shaggy blood-hound is sleeping sound,
Beside the postern stone.

Go, bring me some of thy father's gold,
And some of thy mother's fee,
And steeds twain of the best, in the stalls that rest
Where they stand thirty and three.

* * * * *

She mounted her on her milk-white steed,
And he on a dapple grey,
And they forward did ride, till they reach'd the sea-side,
Three hours before it was day.

Then out and spake this strange knight,
This knight of the north countrie,
O, maiden fair, with the raven hair,
Do thou at my bidding be.

Alight thee, maid, from thy milk-white steed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six maids have I drown'd, where the billows sound,
And the seventh one thou shalt be.

But first pull off thy kirtle fine,
And deliver it unto me;
Thy kirtle of green is too rich, I ween,
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

* Whyte's Collection of Poems, second edition. Dublin, 1792.
† Biog. Dram.

Pull off, pull off thy silken shoon,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks that they are too fine and gay
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy bonnie green plaid,
That floats in the breeze so free;
It is woven fine with the silver twine,
And comely it is to see.

If I must pull off my bonnie green plaid,
O turn thy back to me;
And gaze on the sun which has just begun
To peer o'er the salt, salt sea.

He turn'd his back on the damoselle
And gaz'd on the bright sunbeam—
She grasp'd him tight with her arms so white,
And plung'd him into the stream.

Lie there, sir knight, thou false-hearted wight,
Lie there instead of me;
Six damsels fair thou hast drown'd there,
But the seventh has drowned thee.

That ocean wave was the false one's grave,
For he sunk right hastily;
Though with dying voice faint, he pray'd to his saint,
And utter'd an Ave Marie.

No mass was said for that false knight dead,
No convent bell did toll;
But he went to his rest, unshriv'd and unblest—
Heaven's mercy on his soul!

* * * * *

She mounted her on her dapple-grey steed,
And led the steed milk-white;
She rode till she reach'd her father's hall,
Three hours before the night.

The parrot, hung in the lattice so high,
To the lady then did say,
Some ruffian, I fear, has led thee from home,
For thou hast been long away.

Do not prattle, my pretty bird,
Do not tell tales of me;
And thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Instead of the greenwood tree.

The earl as he sat in his turret high,
On hearing the parrot did say,
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty bird?
Thou hast prattled the live-long day.

Well may I prattle, the parrot replied,
And call, brave earl, on thee;
For the cat has well nigh reach'd the lattice so high,
And her eyes are fix'd on me.

Well turn'd, well turn'd, my pretty bird,
Well turn'd, well turn'd for me;
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,
Instead of the greenwood tree.

PRIDE AND GOOD-WILL.

It is related of a certain class of French nobility, who, in their winter residence at Aix, were objects of dislike from their arrogance and self-importance, that they were beloved and esteemed for their kindness and benevolence by the dependants around their *chateaus* in the country. Many instances might be cited to show that the respect paid them was no more than they deserved; and one is particularly striking:—

A seigneur, when he resided in the country, used to distribute among the women and children, and the old men who were unable to work in the field, raw wool, and flax, which they spun and wove into cloth or stuff at their pleasure: every week they were paid wages according to the quantity of work done, and had a fresh supply of raw materials whenever it was wanted. At the end of the year, a general feast was given by the seigneur to the whole village, when all who had been occupied in spinning and weaving brought in their work, and a prize of a hundred livres was given to each person who had spun the best skein, and woven the best web. They had a dinner in a field adjoining to the chateau, at which the seigneur himself presided, and on each side of him sat those who had gained the prizes. The evening was concluded with a dance. The victors, besides the hundred livres, had their work given them: the rest were allowed to purchase theirs at a very moderate price, and the money resulting from it was laid by to distribute among any persons of the village who wanted relief on account of sickness, or who had suffered from unavoidable accident, either in their persons or property. At the death of this excellent man, who unfortunately left no immediate heirs to follow his good example, the village presented a scene of the bitterest lamentation and distress: the peasants assembled round the body, and it was almost forced away from them for interment. They brought their shuttles, their distaffs, their skeins of thread and worsted, their pieces of linen and stuff, and strewed them upon his grave, saying that now they had lost their patron and benefactor, they could no longer be of use to them. If this man felt the pride of conscious superiority, it was scarcely to be condemned when accompanied with such laudable exertions to render himself, through that superiority, a benefactor to society.*

* Miss Plumtree.

Garrick Plays.

No. II.

[From the "Parliament of Bees," a Masque, by John Day, printed 1607. Whether this singular production, in which the Characters are all *Bees*, was ever acted, I have no information to determine. It is at least as capable of representation, as we can conceive the "Birds" of Aristophanes to have been.]

Ulania, a female Bee, confesses her passion for Meletus, who loves Arethusa.

—— not a village Fly, nor meadow Bee,
That trafficks daily on the neighbour plain,
But will report, how all the Winged Train
Have sued to me for Love; when we have flown
In swarms out to discover fields new blown.
Happy was he could find the forward'st tree,
And cull the choicest blossoms out for me;
Of all their labours they allow'd me some
And (like my champions) mann'd me out, and home:
Yet loved I none of them. Philon, a Bee
Well-skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,
As we have sate at work, both of one Rose,*
Has humm'd sweet Canzons, both in verse and prose,
Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a Bee
(Although not so poetical as he)
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
In summer evenings, on his well-tuned pipe,
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,
(Our hive being clean-swept, and our day's work done),
Would play me twenty several tunes; yet I
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
Then there's Amniter, for whose love fair Leade
(That pretty Bee) flies up and down the mead
With rivers in her eyes; without deserving
Sent me trim Acorn bowls of his own carving,
To drink May dews and mead in. Yet none of these,
My hive-born Playfellows and fellow Bees,
Could I affect, until this strange Bee came;
And him I love with such an ardent flame,
Discretion cannot quench.—
He labours and toils,
Extracts more honey out of barren soils
Than twenty lazy Drones. I have heard my Father,
Steward of the Hive, profess that he had rather
Lose half the Swarm than him. If a Bee, poor or weak,
Grows faint on his way, or by misfortune break
A wing or leg against a twig; alive,
Or dead, he'll bring into the Master's Hive
Him and his burthen. But the other day,
On the next plain there grew a fatal fray
Betwixt the Wasps and us; the wind grew high,
And a rough storm raged so impetuously,
Our Bees could scarce keep wing; then fell such rain,
It made our Colony forsake the plain,
And fly to garrison: yet still He stood,
And 'gainst the whole swarm made his party good;
And at each blow he gave, cried out *His Vow*,
His Vow, and Arethusa!—On each bough
And tender blossom he engraves her name
With his sharp sting. To Arethusa's fame
He consecrates his actions; all his worth
Is only spent to character her forth.
On damask roses, and the leaves of pines,
I have seen him write such amorous moving lines
In Arethusa's praise, as my poor heart
Has, when I read them, envied her desert;
And wept and sigh'd to think that he should be
To her so constant, yet not pity me.

* * *

Porrex, Vice Roy of Bees under King Oberon, describes his large prerogative.

To Us (who, warranted by Oberon's love,
Write Ourself *Master Bee*), both field and grove,
Garden and orchard, lawns and flowery meads,
(Where the amorous wind plays with the golden heads
Of wanton cowslips, daisies in their prime,
Sun-loving marigolds; the blossom'd thyme,
The blue-vein'd violets and the damask rose;
The stately lily, Mistress of all those);
Are allow'd and giv'n, by Oberon's free areed,
Pasture for me, and all my swarms to feed.

—— the doings,
The births, the wars, the wooings,

of these pretty little winged creatures are with continued liveliness portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old Drama, in words which Bees would talk with, could they talk; the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies, while we read them. Surely Bees were never so be-rhymed before.

C. L.

* Prettily pilfered from the sweet passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-days' friendship:

We, Hermia, like two artificial Gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.

Biographical Memoranda.

John Scot, a Fasting Fanatic.

In the year 1539, there lived in Scotland one John Scot, no way commended for his learning, for he had none, nor for his good qualities, which were as few. This man, being overthrown in a suit of law, and knowing himself unable to pay that wherein he was adjudged, took sanctuary in the abbey of Holyrood-house; where, out of discontent, he abstained from all meat and drink, by the space of thirty or forty days together.

Fame having spread this abroad, the

king would have it put to trial, and to that effect shut him up in a private room within the castle of Edinburgh, whereunto no man had access. He caused a little water and bread to be set by him, which he was found not to have diminished in the end of thirty days and two. Upon this he was dismissed, and, after a short time, he went to Rome, where he gave the like proof of his fasting to pope Clement VII.; from whence he went to Venice, carrying with him a testimony of his long fasting under the pope's seal: and there also he gave the like proof thereof. After long time, returning into England, he went up into the pulpit in St. Paul's Church-yard, where he gave forth many speeches against the divorce of king Henry VIII. from his queen Katherine, inveighing bitterly against him for his defection from the see of Rome; whereupon he was thrust into prison, where he continued fasting for the space of fifty days: what his end was I read not.—*Spotswood, &c.*

Hart the Astrologer.

There lived in Houndsditch, about the year 1632, one Alexander Hart, who had been a soldier formerly, a comely old man, of good aspect, he professed questionary astrology and a little of physic; his greatest skill was to elect young gentlemen fit times to play at dice, that they might win or get money. Lilly relates that "he went unto him for resolutions for three questions at several times, and he erred in every one." He says, that to speak soberly of him he was but a cheat, as appeared suddenly after; for a rustical fellow of the city, desirous of knowledge, contracted with Hart, to assist for a conference with a spirit, and paid him twenty pounds of thirty pounds the contract. At last, after many delays, and no spirit appearing, nor money returned, the young man indicted him for a cheat at the Old Bailey in London. The jury found the bill, and at the hearing of the cause this jest happened: some of the bench inquired what Hart did? "He sat like an alderman in his gown," quoth the fellow; at which the court fell into a laughter, most of the court being aldermen. He was to have been set upon the pillory for this cheat; but John Taylor the water poet being his great friend, got the lord chief justice Richardson to bail him, ere he stood upon the pillory, and so Hart fled presently into Holland, where he ended his days.*

* Autobiography, vol. ii. Lilly's Life.

Rev. Thomas Cooke.

The verses at the end of the following letter may excuse the insertion of a query, which would otherwise be out of place in a publication not designed to be a channel of inquiry.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I should feel much obliged, if the *Table Book* can supply some account of a clergyman of the name of Thomas Cooke, who, it is supposed, resided in Shropshire, and was the author of a very beautiful poem, in folio, (published by subscription, about ninety years since,) entitled "The Immortality of the Soul." I have a very imperfect copy of this work, and am desirous of ascertaining, from any of your multifarious readers, whether or not the poem ever became public, and where it is probable I could obtain a glimpse of a perfect impression. Mine has no title-page, and about one moiety of the work has been destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of some worthless animal on two legs!

The list of subscribers plainly proves that Mr. Cooke must have been a man of good family, and exalted conections. On one of the blank leaves in my copy, the following lines appear, written by Mr. Cooke himself; and, considering the trammels by which he was confined, I think the verses are not without merit; at any rate, the subject of them appears to have been a beautiful creature.

By giving this article a place in the *Table Book*, you will much oblige

Your subscriber and admirer,

G. J. D.

Islington-green.

An Acrostic

On a most beautiful and accomplished young Lady. London, 1748.

M eekness—good-humour—each transcendent grace,
I s seen conspicuous on thy joyous face;
S weet's the carnation to the rambling bee,
S o art thou, Charlotte! always sweet to me!

C an aught compare successfully with those
H igh beauties which thy countenance compose,
A ll doubly heighten'd by that gentle mind,
R enown'd on earth, and prais'd by ev'ry wind?
L ov'd object! no—then let it be thy care
O f fawning friends, at all times, to beware—
T o shun this world's delusions and disguise,
T he knave's soft speeches, and the flatt'rer's lies,
E steeming virtue, and discarding vice!

G o where I may, howe'er remote the clime,
W here'er my feet may stray, thy charms sublime,
I llustrious maid! approv'd and prais'd by all,
ike some enchantment shall my soul enthrall—
L ight ev'ry path—illuminate my mind—
I nspire my pen with sentiments refin'd—
A nd teach my tongue on this fond pray'r to dwell,
" M ay Heav'n preserve the maid it loves so well!"

THOMAS COOKE.

Varieties.

CURIOUS PLAY BILL.

The following remarkable theatrical announcement is a mixed appeal of vanity and poverty to the taste and feelings of the inhabitants of a town in Sussex.

(Copy.)

At the old theatre in East Grinstead, on Saturday, May, 1758, will be represented (by particular desire, and for the benefit of Mrs. P.) the deep and affecting Tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love, with magnificent scenes, dresses, &c.

Varanes, by Mr. P., who will strive, as far as possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian Prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midworth, Lewes, &c.

Theodosius, by a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.

Athenais, by Mrs. P. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar, in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the Nobility or Gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favour him with.

As the coronation of Athenais, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of personages, more than sufficient to fill all the dressing-rooms, &c., it is hoped no gentlemen and ladies will be offended at being refused admission behind the scenes.

N. B. The great yard dog, that made so much noise on Thursday night, during the last act of King Richard the Third, will be sent to a neighbour's over the way; and on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the stable will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the granary be open for the same purpose on the other.

*Vivat Rex.**

* Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

At Chester, in the beginning of the year 1790, a reputable farmer, on the evening of a market-day, called at the shop of Mr. Poole, bookseller, and, desiring to speak with him at the door, put a shilling into his hand, telling him, "he had owed it to him many years." The latter asked, for what? To which the farmer replied, that "When a boy, in buying a book-almanac at his shop, he had stolen another—the reflection of which had frequently given him much uneasiness." If any one who sees this ever wronged his neighbour, let him be encouraged by the courage of the farmer of Chester, to make reparation in like manner, and so make clean his conscience.

CONSCIENCE.

——————There is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge
Upon itself; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul. *Byron.*

EPITAPH BY DR. LOWTH, late bishop of London, on a monument in the church of Cudesden, Oxfordshire, to the memory of his daughter, translated from the Latin:—

Dear as thou didst in modest worth excel,
More dear than in a daughter's name—farewell!
Farewell, dear Mary—but the hour is nigh
When, if I'm worthy, we shall meet on high:
Then shall I say, triumphant from the tomb,
"Come, to thy father's arms, dear Mary, come!"

INSCRIPTION

From the book at Rigi, in Switzerland.

Nine weary up-hill miles we sped
The setting sun to see;
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went we.

Seven sleepless hours we past, and then,
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim we rose again,
Sulky and grim rose he.

Antiquarian Hall, ALIAS Will. Will-be-so, of Lynn,

A goose-herd in the fen-lands; next, he
Be-doctor'd Norfolk cows; much vext, he
Turn'd bookseller, and poetaster,
And was a tolerable master
Of title-pages, but his rhymes
Were shocking, at the best of times.
However, he was very honest,
And now, poor fellow, he is—"*non est.*"

For the Table Book.

WILLIAM HALL, or as he used to style himself, "Antiquarian Hall," "Will. Will-be-so," and "Low-Fen-Bill-Hall," or, as he was more generally termed by the public, "Old Hall," died at Lynn, in Norfolk, on the 24th of January, 1825. From some curious autobiographical sketches in rhyme, published by himself, in the decline of life, it appears that he was born on June 1, O.S. 1748, at Willow Booth, a small island in the fens of Lincolnshire, near Heckington Ease, in the parish of South Kyme.

"Kyme, God knows,
Where no corn grows,
Nothing but a little hay;
And the water comes,
And takes it all away."

His ancestors on the father's side were all "fen slodgers," having lived there for many generations; his mother was

——— "a half Yorkshire
The other half was Heckington,
Vulgar a place as and one."

When about four years old, he narrowly escaped drowning; for, in his own words, he

——— "overstretching took a slip,
And popp'd beneath a merchant's ship;*
No soul at hand but me and mother;
Nor could I call for one or other."

She, however, at the hazard of her own life, succeeded in saving her son's. At eleven years old, he went to school, in Brothertoft chapel, for about six months, in which time he derived all the education he ever received. His love of reading was so great, that as soon as he could manage a gunning-boat, he used to employ his Sundays either in seeking for water-birds' eggs, or to

——— "*shoune* the boat
A catching fish, to make a groat,
And sometimes with a snare or hook;
Well, what was't for?—to buy a book,
Propensity so in him lay."

Before he arrived at man's estate, he lost his mother, and soon afterwards his father

* A coal-lighter.

married again. Wil.. himself, on arriving at man's estate, married "Suke Holmes," and became a "gozzard," or gooseherd; that is, a keeper and breeder of geese, for which the fens were, at that time, famous throughout the kingdom, supplying the London markets with fowls, and the warehouses with feathers and quills. In these parts, the small feathers are plucked from the live geese five times a year, at Lady-tide, Midsummer, Lammas, Michaelmas, and Martinmas, and the larger feathers and quills are pulled twice. Goslings even are not spared, for it is thought that early plucking tends to increase the succeeding feathers. It is said that the mere plucking hurts the fowl very little, as the owners are careful not to pull until the feathers are ripe: those plucked after the geese are dead, are affirmed not to be so good. The number of geese kept by Will. must have been very great, for his "brood geese," alone, required five coombs of corn for daily consumption.

The inundations to which the fens were then liable, from breaches, or overflowing of the banks, overwhelmed him with difficulties, and ruined his prospects.

> "The poor old geese away were floated,
> Till some high lands got lit'rally coated;
> Nor did most peasants think it duty
> Them to preserve, but made their booty;
> And those who were 'not worth a goose,'
> On other people's liv'd profuse."

After many vicissitudes and changes of residence, he settled at Marshland, in Norfolk, where his wife practised phlebotomy and midwifery, while he officiated as an auctioneeer, cowleech, &c. &c. Indeed he appeared to have been almost bred to the doctoring profession, for his own mother was

> ——— "a good cow-doctor,
> And always doctor'd all her own,
> Being cowleech both in flesh and bone."

His mother-in-law was no less skilful, for in Will.'s words

> 'She in live stock had took her care,
> And of recipes had ample share,
> Which I retain unto this day."

His father-in-law was an equally eminent practitioner; when, says Will.,

> "I married Sukey Holmes, her father
> Did more than them put altogether;
> Imparted all his skill to me,
> Farrier, cowleech, and surgery,
> All which he practised with success."

Will. tells of a remarkable and surprising accident, which closed his career as a cowleech.

> "The rheumatism, (dreadful charm,
> Had fix'd so close in my left arm,
> So violent throbb'd, that without stroke
> To touch—it absolutely broke!
> Went with a spring, made a report,
> And hence in cowleech spoil'd my sport;
> Remain'd so tender, weak, and sore,
> I never dare attempt it more."

Thus disqualified, he removed to Lynn, and opening a shop in Ferry-street, commenced his operations as a purchaser and vender of old books, odds and ends, and old articles of various descriptions; from whence he obtained the popular appellation of "Old Hall." On a board over the door, he designated this shop the

"Antiquarian Library,"

and thus quaintly announced his establishment to the public:

> ——— "In Lynn, Ferry-street,
> Where, should a stranger set his feet,
> Just cast an eye, read 'Antiquary!'
> Turn in, and but one hour tarry,
> Depend upon't, to his surprise, sir,
> He would turn out somewhat the wiser."

He had great opportunity to indulge in "Bibliomania," for he acquired an extensive collection of scarce, curious, and valuable books, and became, in fact, the only dealer in "old literature" at Lynn. He versified on almost every occasion that seemed opportune for giving himself and his verses publicity; and, in one of his rhyming advertisements, he alphabetised the names of ancient and modern authors, by way of catalogue. In addition to his bookselling business, he continued to practise as an auctioneer. He regularly kept a book-stall, &c. in Lynn Tuesday-market, from whence he occasionally knocked down his articles to the best bidder; and he announced his sales in his usual whimsical style. His hand-bill, on one of these occasions, runs thus:

"Lynn, 19th September, 1810.

"First Tuesday in the next October,
Now do not doubt but we'll be sober!
If Providence permits us action,
You may depend upon

AN AUCTION,
At the stall
That's occupied by WILLIAM HALL.
To enumerate a task would be,
So best way is to come and see;
But not to come too vague an errant,
We'll give a sketch which we will warrant.
"About *one hundred books*, in due lots,
And pretty near the same in *shoe-lasts*;

Coats, waistcoats, breeches, shining *buttons*,
Perhaps ten thousand *leather cuttings*.
Sold at per pound, your lot but ask it,
Shall be weigh'd to you in a basket;
Some lots of *tools*, to make a try on,
About one hundred weight of *iron*;
Scales, earthenware, arm-chairs, a *tea-urn*,
Tea-chests, a *herring-tub*, and so on;
With various more, that's our intention,
Which are too tedious here to mention.
"N. B. To undeceive, 'fore you come nigher,
The duty charg'd upon the buyer;
And, should we find we're not perplext,
We'll keep it up the Tuesday next."

During repeated visits to his surviving relatives in his native fens, he observed the altered appearance of the scene from the improved method of drainage. It had become like "another world," and he resolved

——————— "to try
His talent for posterity;"

and "make a book," under the title of "The Low Fen Journal," to comprise "a chain of Incidents relating to the State of the Fens, from the earliest Account to the present Time." As a specimen of the work he published, in the summer of 1812, an octavo pamphlet of twenty-four pages, called a "Sketch of Local History," by "*Will. Will-be-so*," announcing

"If two hundred subscribers will give in their aid,
The whole of this journal is meant to be laid
Under public view."

This curious pamphlet of odds and ends in prose and rhyme, without order or arrangement, contained a "caution to the buyer."

"Let any read that will not soil or rend it,
But should they ask to borrow, *pray don't lend it!*
Advise them, '*Go and buy*;' 'twill better suit
My purpose; and with you prevent dispute.
With me a maxim 'tis, he that won't buy
Does seldom well regard his neighbour's property;
And did you chew the bit, so much as I do
From lending books, I think 'twould make you shy too."

In the course of the tract, he presented to "the critics" the following admonitory address.

"Pray, sirs, consider, had you been
Bred where whole winters nothing's seen
But naked flood for miles and miles,
Except a boat the eye beguiles;
Or coots, in clouds, by buzzards teaz'd,
Your ear with seeming thunder seiz'd
From rais'd decoy,—there ducks on flight,
By tens of thousands darken light;
None to assist in greatest need,
Parents but very badly read;
No conversation strike the mind,
But of the lowest, vulgar kind;
Five miles from either church or school,
No coming there, but cross a pool;
Kept twenty years upon that station,
With only six months' education;
Traverse the scene, then weigh it well,
Say, *could you better write or spell?*"

One extract, in prose, is an example of the disposition and powers of his almost untutored mind, viz.

"*No animation without generation* seems a standing axiom in philosophy: but upon tasting the berry of a plant greatly resembling brooklime, but with a narrower leaf, I found it attended with a loose fulsomeness, very different from any thing I had ever tasted; and on splitting one of them with my nail, out sprang a fluttering maggot, which put me upon minute examination. The result of which was, that every berry, according to its degree of maturity, contained a proportionate maggot, up to the full ripe shell, where a door was plainly discerned, and the insect had taken its flight. I have ever since carefully inspected the herb, and the result is always the same, viz. if you split ten thousand of the berries, you discover nothing but an animated germ. It grows in shallow water, and is frequently accompanied with the water plantain. Its berry is about the size of a red currant, and comes on progressively, after the manner of juniper in the berry: the germ is first discoverable about the middle of July, and continues till the frost subdues it. And my conjectures lead me to say, that one luxurious plant shall be the mother of many scores of flies. I call it the *fly berry plant*."

Thus far the "Sketch." He seems to have caught the notion of his "Low Fen Journal" from a former fen genius, whose works are become of great price, though it must be acknowledged, more for their quaintness and rarity, than their intrinsic merit. Will. refers to him in the following apologetical lines.

"Well, on the earth he knows of none,
With a full turn just like his mind;
Nor only one that's dead and gone,
Whose genius stood as his inclin'd:
No doubt the public wish to know it,
John Taylor, call'd the *water poet*,
Who near two centuries ago
Wrote much such nonsense as I do."

The sale of the "Sketch" not answering his expectations, no further symptoms of the "Journal" made their appearance at that time.

In the summer of 1815, after forty-three years' practice as an auctioneer, he announced his retirement by the following laconic farewell.

> "Rap Senior's given it up at last,
> With thanks for ev'ry favour past;
> Alias 'Antiquarian Hall'
> Will never more be heard to brawl;
> As auctioneer no more will lie,
> But's thrown his wicked hammer by.
> Should you prefer him to appraise,
> He's licensed for future days;
> Or still employ him on commission,
> He'll always treat on fair condition,
> For goods brought to him at his stand,
> Or at your home, to sell by hand;
> Or should you want his *pen's* assistance,
> He'll wait on you at any distance,
> To lot, collect, in place of clerk,
> Or prevent moving goods i' th' dark;
> In short, for help or counsel's aid,
> You need not of him be afraid."

The harvest of 1816 proved wet and unfavourable, and he thought "it almost exceeded any thing in his memory;" wherefore the world was favoured with "Reflections upon Times, and Times and Times! or a more than Sixty Years' Tour of the Mind," by "*Low-Fen-Bill-Hall*." This was an octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages, in prose, quite as confused as his other productions, "transmitting to posterity," as the results of sixty years' experience, that "the frequency of thunderstorms in the spring,"—"the repeated appearance of water-spouts,"—"an innumerable quantity of black snails,"—"an unusual number of field mice,"—and "the great many snakes to be seen about," are *certain* "indications of a wet harvest." To these observations, intermingled with digression upon digression, he prefixed as one of the mottoes, an extremely appropriate quotation from *Deut.* c. 32. v. 29, "O that they were wise, that they *understood* this!"

In the spring of 1818, when in his seventieth year, or, as he says, "David's gage being near complete," he determined on an attempt to publish his "Low Fen Journal," in numbers; the first of which he thus announced:

> "*A Lincolnshire rais'd medley pie,*
> An original miscellany,
> Not meant as canting, *puzzling mystery*,
> But for a general true Fen history,
> Such as design'd some time ago,
> By him 'yclept *Will. Will-be-so*;
> Here's Number ONE for publication,
> If meet the public's approbation,
> *Low-Fen-Bill-Hall* his word engages
> To send about two hundred pages,
> Collected by his gleaning pains,
> Mix'd with the fruit of his own brains."

This specimen of the work was as unintelligible as the before-mentioned introductory "Sketch," partaking of the same autobiographical, historical, and religious character, with acrostic, elegiac, obituarian, and other extraneous pieces in prose and rhyme. His life had been passed in vicissitude and hardship, "oft' pining for a bit of bread;" and from experience, he was well adapted to

> ——————— "tell,
> To whom most extra lots befell;
> Who liv'd for months on stage of planks,
> 'Midst captain Flood's most swelling pranks,
> Five miles from any food to have,
> Yea often risk'd a wat'ry grave;"

yet his facts and style were so incongruous, that speaking of the "Sketch," he says, when he

> ——————— "sent it out,
> Good lack! to know what 'twas about?
> He might as well have sent it muzzled,
> For half the folks seem'd really puzzled.
> Soliciting for patronage,
> He might have spent near half an age;
> From all endeavours undertook,
> He could not get it to a book."

Though the only "historical" part of the first number of his "Fen Journal," in twenty-four pages, consisted of prosaic fragments of his grandfather's "poaching," his mother's "groaning," his father's "fishing," and his own "conjectures;" yet he tells the public, that

> "Protected by kind Providence,
> I mean in less than twelve months hence,
> Push'd by no very common sense,
> To give six times as much as here is,
> And hope there's none will think it dear is,
> Consid'ring th' matter rather queer is."

In prosecution of his intentions, No. 2 shortly followed; and, as it was alike heterogeneous and unintelligible, he says he had "caught the Swiftiania, in running digression on digression," with as many whimseys as "Peter, Martin, and John had in twisting their father's will." He expected that this "gallimaufry" and himself would be consecrated to posterity, for he says,

> "'Tis not for lucre that I write,
> But something lasting,—to indite
> What may redound to purpose good.
> (If hap'ly can be understood;)
> And, as time passes o'er his stages
> Transmit my mind to future ages."

On concluding his second number, he "gratefully acknowledges the liberality of his subscribers, and is apprehensive the *Interlope* will find a very partial acceptance; but it being so congenial an interlude to the improvement of *Low Fen* and *Billinghay Dale* manners, to be hereafter shown, he hopes it will not be considered detrimental, should his work continue." Such, however, was not the case, for his literary project terminated: unforeseen events reduced his finances, and he had not

> ——————— "Pecune
> Enough, to keep his harp in tune."

The care of a large family of orphan grandchildren, in indigent circumstances, having devolved upon him, he became perplexed with extreme difficulties, and again experienced the truth of his own observation, that

> "If two steps forward, oft' three back,
> Through life had been his constant track."

Attracted by the "bodies of divinity," and other theological works, which his "antiquarian library" contained, his attention was particularly directed to the fundamental truths of religion, and the doctrines of "the various denominations of the Christian world." The result was, that without joining any, he imbibed such portions of the tenets of each sect, that his opinions on this subject were as singular as on every other. Above all sectaries, yet not entirely agreeing even with them, he "loved and venerated" the "Moravians or United Brethren," for their meek, unassuming demeanour, their ceaseless perseverance in propagating the gospel, and their boundless love towards the whole human race. Of his own particular notions, he thus says,

> "If I on doctrines have right view,
> Here's this for me, and that for you;
> Another gives my neighbour comfort,
> A stranger comes with one of some sort,
> When after candid scrutinizing,
> We find them equally worth prizing;
> 'Cause all in gospel love imparted,
> Nor is there any one perverted;
> Only as they may seem unlike,
> Nor can on other's fancy strike:
> Whereas from due conformity,
> O! what a spread of harmony,
> Each with each, bearing and forbearing,
> All wishing for a better hearing,
> Would in due time, then full improve
> Into *one family of love*:
> Instead of shyness on each other,
> My fellow-christian, sister, brother,
> And each in candour thus impart,
> You have my fellowship and heart;
> Let this but be the *root* o' th' sense,
> *Jesus the Christ*, my confidence,
> As given in the Father's love,
> No other system I approve."

After a short illness, towards the conclusion of his seventy-eighth year, death closed his mortal career. Notwithstanding his eccentricity, he was "devoid of guile," plain and sincere in all transactions, and his memory is universally respected.—"Peace to his ashes"—(to use his own expressions,)

> "Let all the world say worst they can,
> He was an upright, honest man."

K.

Winter.

For the Table Book.

WINTER! I love thee, for thou com'st to me
Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
Books that with bards and solitude agree,
And all those virtues which adorn mankind.
What though the meadows, and the neighb'ring hills,
That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—
What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills,
That charm'd our ears, and gratified our eyes,
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?
What though the zephyrs of the summer tide,
And all the softer beauties of the year
Are fled and gone, kind Heav'n has not denied
Our books and studies, music, conversation,
And ev'ning parties for our recreation;
And these suffice, for seasons snatch'd away,
Till SPRING leads forth the slowly-length'ning day.

B. W. R.

A WINTER'S DAY.

For the Table Book.

The horizontal sun, like an orb of molten gold, casts "a dim religious light" upon the surpliced world: the beams, reflected from the dazzling snow, fall upon the purple mists, which extend round the earth like a zone, and in the midst the planet appears a fixed stud, surpassing the ruby in brilliancy.

Now trees and shrubs are borne down with sparkling congelations, and the coral clusters of the hawthorn and holly are more splendid, and offer a cold conserve to the wandering schoolboy. The huntsman is seen riding to covert in his scarlet livery, the gunner is heard at intervals in the uplands, and the courser comes galloping down the hill side, with his hounds in full

chase before him. The farmer's boy, who is forced from his warm bed, to milk cows in a cold meadow, complains it's a "burning" shame that he should be obliged to go starving by himself, while "their wench" has nothing else to do but make a fire, and boil the tea-kettle. Now, Mrs. Jeremy Bellclack, properly so called, inasmuch as the unmentionables are amongst her peculiar attributes, waked by the mail-coach horn, sounding an Introit to the day, orders her husband, poor fellow, to "just get up and look what sort of a morning it is;" and he, shivering at the *bare* idea, affects to be fast asleep, till a second summons, accompanied by the contact of his wife's heavy hand, obliges him to paddle across the ice-cold plaster floor; and the trees and church-steeples, stars, spears, and saws, which form an elegant tapestry over the windows, seem to authorize the excuse that he "can't see," while, shivering over the dressing-table, he pours a stream of visible breath on the frozen pane.

After breakfast, Dicky, "with shining morning face," appears in the street, on his way to school, with his Latin grammar in one hand, and a slice of bread and butter in the other, to either of which he pays his devoirs, and "slides and looks, and slides and looks," all the way till he arrives at "the house of bondage," when his fingers are so benumbed, that he is obliged to warm his slate, and even then they refuse to cast up figures, "of their own accord." In another part of the school, Joe Lazy finds it "so 'nation cold," that he is quite unable to learn the two first lines of his lesson,—and he plays at "cocks and dollars" with Jem Slack in a corner. The master stands before the fire, like the Colossus of Rhodes, all the morning, to the utter discomfiture of the boys, who grumble at the monopoly, and secretly tell one another, that they pay for the fire, and ought to have the benefit of it. At length he says, "You may go, boys;" whereupon ensues such a pattering of feet, shutting of boxes, and scrambling for hats, as beats Milton's "busy hum of men" all to nothing, till they reach their wonted slide in the yard, where they suddenly stop on discovering that "that *skinny* old creature, Bet Fifty, the cook," has bestrewed it from end to end with sand and cinders. Frost-stricken as it were, they stare at one another, and look unnutterable things at the aforesaid "skinny old creature;" till Jack Turbulent, ring-leader-general of all their riots and rebellions, execrates "old Betty, cook," with the fluency of a parlour boarder, and hurls a well-wrought snowball at the Gorgon, who turns round in a passion to discover the delinquent, when her pattens, unused to such quick rotatory motion, slip from under her feet, and "down topples she," to the delight of the urchins around her, who drown her cries and threats in reiterated bursts of laughter.

Now, the Comet stage-coach, bowling along the russet-coloured road, with a long train of vapour from the horses' nostrils, looks really like a comet. At the same time, Lubin, who has been sent to town by his mistress with a letter for the post-office, and a strict injunction to return speedily, finds it impossible to pass the blacksmith's shop, where the bright sparks fly from the forge; and he determines "just" to stop and look at the blaze "a bit," which, as he says, "raly does one's eyes good of a winter's morning;" and then, he just blows the bellows a bit, and finds it so pleasant to listen to the strokes of Vulcan's wit, and his sledge-hammer, alternately, that he continues blowing up the fire, till, at length, he recollects what a "blowing up" he shall have from his "Missis" when he gets home, and forswears the clang of horse-shoes and plough-irons, and leaves the temple of the Cyclops, but not without a "longing, ling'ring look behind" at Messrs. Blaze and *Company*.

From the frozen surface of the pond or lake, men with besoms busily clear away the drift, for which they are amply remunerated by voluntary contributions from every fresh-arriving skater; and black ice is discovered between banks of snow, and ramified into numerous transverse, oblique, semicircular, or elliptical branches. Here and there, the snow appears in large heaps, like rocks or islands, and round these the proficients in the art

> "Come and trip it as they go
> On the light, fantastic toe,"

winding and sailing, one amongst another, like the smooth-winged swallows, which so lately occupied the same surface. While these are describing innumerable *circles*, the sliding fraternity in another part form *parallel lines*; each, of each class, vies with the other in feats of activity, all enjoy the exhilarating pastime, and every face is illumined with cheerfulness. The philosophic skater, big with theory, convinced, as he tells every one he meets, that the whole art consists "*merely* in transferring the centre of gravity from *one* foot to the *other*," boldly essays a demonstration, and instantly transfers it from *both*,

so as to honour the frozen element with a sudden salute from that part of the body which usually gravitates on a chair; and the wits compliment him on the superior knowledge by which he has "broken the ice," and the little lads run to see "what a big star the gentleman has made!" and think it must have hurt him "above a bit!"

It is now that the different canals are frozen up, and goods are conveyed by the stage-waggon, and "it's a capital time for the turnpikes;" and those who can get brandy, drink it; and those who can't, drink ale; and those who are unable to procure either, do much better without them. And now, ladies have red noses, and the robin, with his little head turned knowingly on one side, presents his burning breast at the parlour window, and seems to crave a dinner from the noontide breakfast In such a day, the "son and heir" of the "gentleman retired from business" bedizens the drawing-room with heavy loads of prickly evergreen; and bronze candle-bearers, porcelain figures, and elegant chimney ornaments, look like prince Malcolm's soldiers at "Birnam wood," or chorister boys on a holy Thursday; and his "Ma" nearly falls into hysterics on discovering the mischief; and his "Pa" begins to scold him for being so naughty; and the budding wit asks, as he runs out of the room, "Why, don't you know that these are the *holly days?*" and his father relates the astonishing instance of early genius at every club, card-party, or vestry-meeting for a month to come. Now, all the pumps are frozen, old men tumble down on the flags, and ladies "look blue" at their lovers. Now, the merry-growing bacchanal begins to thaw himself with frequent potations of wine; bottle after bottle is sacrificed to the health of his various friends, though his own health is sacrificed in the ceremony; and the glass that quaffs "the prosperity of the British constitution," ruins his own.

And now, dandies, in rough great coats and fur collars, look like Esquimaux Indians; and the fashionables of the *fair* sex, in white veils and swans-down muffs and tippets, have (begging their pardons) very much the appearance of polar bears. Now, Miss Enigmaria Conundrina Riddle, poring over her new pocket-book, lisps out, "Why are ladies in winter like tea-kettles?" to which old Mr. Riddle, pouring forth a dense ringlet of tobacco-smoke, replies, "Because they dance and sing;" but master Augustus Adolphus Riddle, who has heard it before, corrects him by saying, "No, Pa, that's not it—it's because they are furred up." Now, unless their horses are turned up, the riders are very likely to be turned down; and deep wells are dry, and poor old women, with a "well-a-day!" are obliged to boil down snow and icicles to make their tea with. Now, an old oak-tree, with only one branch, looks like a man with a rifle to his shoulder, and the night-lorn traveller trembles at the prospect of having his head and his pockets *rifled* together. Now, sedan-chairs, and servants with lanterns, are "flitting across the night," to fetch home their masters and mistresses from oyster-eatings, and quadrille parties. And now, a young lady, who had retreated from the heat of the ball-room, to take the benefit of the north wind, and caught a severe cold, calls in the doctor, who is quite convinced of the correctness of the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Now, the sultana of the night reigns on her throne of stars, in the blue zenith, and young ladies and gentlemen, who had shivered all day by the parlour fire, and found themselves in danger of annihilation when the door by chance had been left a little way open, are quite warm enough to walk together by moonlight, though every thing around them is actually petrified by the frost.

Now, in my chamber, the last ember falls, and seems to warn us as it descends, that though we, like it, may shine among the brilliant, and be cherished by the great (grate,) we must mingle our ashes. The wasted candle, too, is going the way of all flesh, and the writer of these "night thoughts," duly impressed with the importance of his own mortality, takes his farewell of his anti-critical readers in the language of the old song,—

"Gude night, an' joy be wi' you all!".

Lichfield. J. H.

TAKE NOTICE.

A correspondent who has seen the original of the following notice, written at Bath, says, it would have been placed on a board in a garden there, had not a friend advised its author to the contrary:

"ANY PERSON TRESPACE HERE
SHALL BE PROSTICUTED
ACCORDING TO LAW."

THE BAZAAR.

For the Table Book.

The Bazaar in Soho
Is completely the go.— *(Song.)*

Put it down in the bill
Is the fountain of ill, —
This has every shopkeeper undone—
Bazaars never trust, so down with your dust,
And help us to diddle all London. *(Song.)*

Oh how I've wish'd for some time back
To ride to the Bazaar,
And I declare the day looks fair
Now won't you go, mamma?
For there our friends we're sure to meet,
So let us haste away,
My cousins, too, last night told you,
They'd all be there to-day.

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Some look at this thing, then at that,
But vow they're all too high;
How much is this?"—"Two guineas, miss!"
"Oh, I don't want to *buy!*"
Look at these pretty books, my love,
I think it soon will rain;
There's Mrs. Howe, I saw her bow,
Why don't you bow again?

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Just see that picture on the box,
How beautifully done!
"It isn't high, ma'am, won't you buy?
It's only one pound one."
How pretty all these bonnets look
With red and yellow strings;
Some here, my dear, don't go too near,
You mustn't touch the things.

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Miss Muggins, have you seen enough?
I'm sorry I can't stay;
There's Mrs. Snooks, how fat she looks
She's coming on this way:

Dear madam, give me leave to ask
You,—how your husband is?—
Why, Mr. Snooks has lost his looks,
He's got the *rheumatiz!*

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

"Tom! see that girl, how well she walks
But faith, I must confess,
I never saw a girl before
In such a style of dress."
"Why, really, Jack, I think you're right,
Just let me look a while;
(looking through his gl
I like her *gait* at any rate,
But don't quite like her *style*."

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

"That vulgar lady's standing there
That every one may view her;"—
"Sir, that's my daughter;"—"No, not her;
I mean the next one to her:"
"Oh, that's my niece,"—"Oh no, not her,"—
"You seem, sir, quite amused;"
"Dear ma'am,—heyday!—what shall I say?
I'm really quite confused."

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Thus beaux and belles together meet,
And thus they spend the day;
And walk and talk, and talk and walk.
And then they *walk* away.
If you have half an hour to spare,
The better way by far
Is here to lounge it, with a friend,
In the Soho Bazaar.

With a "How do you do,
Ma'am?" "How are you?
How dear the things all are!"
Throughout the day
You hear them say,
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Omniana.

THE SEASON OUT OF TOWN.

For the Table Book.

The banks are partly green; hedges and trees
Are black and shrouded, and the keen wind roars,
Like dismal music wand'ring over seas,
And wailing to the agitated shores.

The fields are dotted with manure—the sheep
In unshorn wool, streak'd with the shepherd's red,
Their undivided peace and friendship keep,
Shaking their bells, like children to their bed.

The roads are white and miry—waters run
With violence through their tracks—and sheds, that flowers
In summer graced, are open to the sun,
Which shines in noonday's horizontal hours.

Frost claims the night; and morning, like a bride,
Forth from her chamber glides; mist spreads her vest;
The sunbeams ride the clouds till eventide,
And the wind rolls them to ethereal rest.

Sleet, shine, cold, fog, in portions fill the time;
Like hope, the prospect cheers; like breath it fades;
Life grows in seasons to returning prime,
And beauty rises from departing shades.

January, 1827. P.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

Addressed to the Admirers of Alliteration, and the Advocates of Noisy Numbers.

Ardentem aspicio atque arrectis auribus asto.—*Virgil.*

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade:
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!
Generals 'gainst generals grapple, gracious G—d!
How honours heaven heroic hardihood!
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill—
Kinsmen kill kindred—kindred kinsmen kill:
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines,
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines:
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought,—
Poor patriots!—partly purchased—partly press'd,
Quite quaking, quickly, "Quarter! quarter!" quest;
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey, triumph to thy train
Unwise. unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vain victory! vanish, victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yells;
Zeno's, Zampatee's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

NAMES OF PLACES.

For the Table Book.

The names of towns, cities, or villages, which terminate in *ter*, such as Chester, Caster, Cester, show that the Romans, in their stay among us, made fortifications about the places where they are now situated. In the Latin tongue *Castra* is the name of these fortifications—such are Castor, Chester, Doncaster, Leicester: *Don* signifies a mountain, and *Ley*, or *Lei*, ground widely overgrown.

In our ancient tongue *wich*, or *wick*, means a place of refuge, and is the termination of Warwick, Sandwich, Greenwich, Woolwich, &c.

Thorp, before the word village was borrowed from the French, was used in its stead, and is found at the end of many towns' names.

Bury, *Burgh*, or *Berry*, signifies, metaphorically, a town having a wall about it, sometimes a high, or chief place.

Wold means a plain open country.
Combe, a valley between two hills.
Knock, a hill.
Hurst, a woody place.
Magh, a field.
Innes, an island.
Worth, a place situated between two rivers.
Ing, a tract of meadows.
Minster is a contraction of monastery.

Sam Sam's Son.

SONNET

For the Table Book.

The snowdrop, rising to its infant height,
Looks like a sickly child upon the spot
Of young nativity, regarding not
The air's caress of melody and light
Beam'd from the east, and soften'd by the bright
Effusive flash of gold:—the willow stoops
And muses, like a bride without her love,
On her own shade, which lies on waves, and droops
Beside the natal trunk, nor looks above:—
The precipice, that torrents cannot move,
Leans o'er the sea, and steadfast as a rock,
Of dash and cloud unconscious, bears the rude
Continuous surge, the sounds and echoes mock;
Thus Mental Thought enduring, wears in solitude.

1827. *** P.

The Font of Harrow Church.

——————————— thus saved
From guardian-hands which else had more depraved.

Some years ago, the fine old font of the ancient parish church of Harrow-on-the hill was torn from that edifice, by the "gentlemen of the parish," and given out to mend the roads with. The feelings of *one* parishioner (to the honour of the sex, a female) were outraged by this act of parochial Vandalism; and she was allowed to preserve it from destruction, and place it in a walled nook, at the garden front of her house, where it still remains. By her obliging permission, a drawing of it was made the summer before last, and is engraved above.

On the exclusion of Harrow font from the church, the parish officers put up the marble wash-hand-basin-stand-looking-thing, which now occupies its place, inscribed with the names of the churchwardens during whose reign venality or stupidity effected the removal of its precessor. If there be any persons in that parish who either venerate antiquity, or desire to see "right things in right places," it is possible that, by a spirited representation, they may arouse the indifferent, and shame the ignorant to an interchange: and force an expression of public thanks to the lady whose good taste and care enabled it to be effected. The relative situation and misappropriation of each font is a stain on the parish, easily removable, by employing a few men and a few pounds to clap the paltry usurper under the spout of the good lady's house, and restore the noble original from that degrading destination, to its rightful dignity in the church.

Garrick Plays.

No. III.

[From the "Rewards of Virtue," a Comedy, by John Fountain, printed 1661.]

Success in Battle not always attributable to the General.

——— Generals oftimes famous grow
By valiant friends, or cowardly enemies;
Or, what is worse, by some mean piece of chance.
Truth is, 'tis pretty to observe
How little Princes and great Generals
Contribute oftentimes to the fame they win.
How oft hath it been found, that noblest minds
With two short arms, have fought with fatal stars;
And have endeavour'd with their dearest blood
To mollify those diamonds, where dwell
The fate of kingdoms; and at last have faln
By vulgar hands, unable now to do
More for their cause than die; and have been lost
Among the sacrifices of their swords;
No more remember'd than poor villagers,
Whose ashes sleep among the common flowers,
That every meadow wears: whilst other men
With trembling hands have caught a victory,
And on pale foreheads wear triumphant bays.
Besides, I have thought
A thousand times; in times of war, when we
Lift up our hands to heaven for victory;
Suppose some virgin Shepherdess, whose soul
Is chaste and clean as the cold spring, where she
Quenches all thirsts, being told of enemies,
That seek to fright the long-enjoyed Peace
Of our Arcadia hence with sound of drums,
And with hoarse trumpets' warlike airs to drown
The harmless music of her oaten reeds,
Should in the passion of her troubled sprite
Repair to some small fane (such as the Gods
Hear poor folks from), and there on humble knees
Lift up her trembling hands to holy Pan,
And beg his helps: 'tis possible to think,
That Heav'n, which holds the purest vows most rich,
May not permit her still to weep in vain,
But grant her wish, (for, would the Gods not hear
The prayers of poor folks, they'd ne'er bid them pray);
And so, in the next action, happeneth out
(The Gods still using means) the Enemy
May be defeated. The glory of all this
Is attributed to the General,
And none but he's spoke loud of for the act;
While she, from whose so unaffected tears
His laurel sprung, for ever dwells unknown.*

* Is it possible that Cowper might have remembered this sentiment in his description of the advantages which the world, that scorns him, may derive from the noiseless hours of the contemplative man?

Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not on herself.
Task.

Unlawful Solicitings.

When I first
Mention'd the business to her all alone,
Poor Soul, she blush'd, as if already she
Had done some harm by hearing of me speak;
Whilst from her pretty eyes two fountains ran
So true, so native, down her fairest cheeks;
As if she thought herself obliged to cry,
'Cause all the world was not so good as she.

Proportion in Pity.

There must be some proportion still to pity
Between ourselves and what we moan: 'tis hard
For Men to be ought sensible, how Moats
Press Flies to death. Should the Lion, in
His midnight walks for prey, hear some poor worms
Complain for want of little drops of dew,
What pity could that generous creature have
(Who never wanted small things) for those poor
Ambitions? yet these are their concernments,
And but for want of these they pine and die.

Modesty a bar to preferment.

Sure 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven
Much better possibly, had his ambition
Been greater much. They oftimes take more pains
Who look for Pins, than those who find out Stars.

Innocence vindicated at last.

Heav'n may awhile correct the virtuous;
Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make
Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence
Conceal'd is the Stoln Pleasure of the Gods,
Which never ends in shame, as that of Men
Doth oftimes do; but like the Sun breaks forth,
When it hath gratified another world;
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious thro' its late obscurity.

Dying for a Beloved Person.

There is a gust in Death, when 'tis for Love,
That's more than all that's taste in all the world.
For the true measure of true Love is Death;
And what falls short of this, was never Love:
And therefore when those tides do meet and strive,
And both swell high, but Love is higher still,
This is the truest satisfaction of
The perfectest Love: for here it sees itself
Indure the highest test; and then it feels
The sum of delectation, since it now
Attains its perfect end; and shows its object,
By one intense act, all its verity:
Which by a thousand and ten thousand words
It would have took a poor diluted pleasure
To have imperfectly express'd.

Urania makes a mock assignation with the King, and substitutes the Queen in her place. The King describes the supposed meeting to the Confident, whom he had employed to solicit for his guilty passion.

Pyrrhus, I'll tell thee all. When now the night
Grew black enough to hide a sculking action;
And Heav'n had ne'er an eye unshut to see
Her Representative on Earth creep 'mongst
Those poor defenceless worms, whom Nature left
An humble prey to every thing, and no
Asylum but the dark; I softly stole
To yonder grotto thro' the upper walks,
And there found my Urania. But I found her,
I found her, Pyrrhus, not a Mistress, but
A Goddess rather; which made me now to be
No more her Lover, but Idolater.
She only whisper'd to me, as she promised,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud;
And, tho' her words were gentler far than those
That holy priests do speak to dying Saints,
Yet never thunder signified so much.
And (what did more impress whate'er she said)
Methought her whispers were my injured Queen's,
Her manner just like her's! and when she urged,
Among a thousand things, the injury
I did the faithful'st Princess in the world;
Who now supposed me sick, and was perchance
Upon her knees offering up holy vows
For him who mock'd both Heav'n and her, and was
Now breaking of that vow he made her, when
With sacrifice he call'd the Gods to witness:
When she urged this, and wept, and spake so like
My poor deluded Queen, Pyrrhus, I trembled;
Almost persuaded that it was her angel
Spake thro' Urania's lips, who for her sake
Took care of me, as something she much loved.
It would be long to tell thee all she said,
How oft she sigh'd, how bitterly she wept:
But the effect—Urania still is chaste;
And with her chaster lips hath promised to
Invoke blest Heav'n for my intended sin.

C. L.

THE CUSHION DANCE.

For the Table Book.

The concluding dance at a country wake, or other general meeting, is the "Cushion Dance;" and if it be not called for when the company are tired with dancing, the fiddler, who has an interest in it which will be seen hereafter, frequently plays the tune to remind them of it. A young man of the company leaves the room; the poor young women, uninformed of the plot against them, suspecting nothing; but he no sooner returns, bearing a cushion in one hand and a pewter pot in the other, than they are aware of the mischief intended, and would certainly make their escape, had not the bearer of cushion and pot, aware of the invincible aversion which young women have to be saluted by young men, prevented their flight by locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. The dance then begins.

The young man advances to the fiddler, drops a penny in the pot, and gives it to one of his companions; cushion then dances round the room, followed by pot, and when they again reach the fiddler, the cushion says in a sort of recitative, accompanied by the music, "This dance it will no farther go."

The fiddler, in return, sings or says, for it partakes of both, "I pray, kind sir, why say you so?"

The answer is, "Because Joan Sanderson won't come to."

"But," replies the fiddler, "she must come to, and she shall come to, whether she will or no."

The young man, thus armed with the authority of the village musician, recommences his dance round the room, but stops when he comes to the girl he likes best, and drops the cushion at her feet; she puts her penny in the pewter pot, and kneels down with the young man on the cushion, and he salutes her.

When they rise, the woman takes up the cushion, and leads the dance, the man following, and holding the skirt of her gown; and having made the circuit of the room, they stop near the fiddler, and the same dialogue is repeated, except, as it is now the woman who speaks, it is *John* Sanderson who won't come to, and the fiddler's mandate is issued to *him*, not her.

The woman drops the cushion at the feet of her favourite man; the same ceremony and the same dance are repeated, till every man and woman, the pot bearer last, has been taken out, and all have danced round the room in a file.

The pence are the perquisite of the fiddler.

H. N.

P.S. There is a description of this dance in Miss Hutton's "Oakwood Hall."

THE CUSHION DANCE.

For the Table Book.

"Saltabamus."

The village-green is clear and dight
Under the starlight sky;
Joy in the cottage reigns to night,
And brightens every eye:

The peasants of the valley meet
Their labours to advance,
And many a lip invites a treat
To celebrate the "Cushion Dance."

A pillow in the room they hide,
The door they slily lock;
The bold the bashful damsels chide,
Whose heart's-pulse seem to rock:
"Escape?"—"Not yet!—no key is found!"—
"Of course, 'tis lost by chance;"—
And flutt'ring whispers breathe around
"The Cushion Dance!—The Cushion Dance!"

The fiddler in a corner stands,
He gives, he rules the game;
A rustic takes a maiden's hands
Whose cheek is red with shame:
At custom's shrine they seal their truth,
Love fails not here to glance;—
Happy the heart that beats in youth,
And dances in the "Cushion Dance!"

The pillow's carried round and round,
The fiddler speaks and plays;
The choice is made,—the charm is wound,
And parleys conquer nays:—
For shame! I will not thus be kiss'd,
Your beard cuts like a lance;
Leave off—I'm sure you've sprained my wrist
By kneeling in this 'Cushion Dance!'"

"'Tis aunt's turn,—what in tears?—I thought
You dearly loved a joke;
Kisses are sweeter stol'n than bought,
And vows are sometimes broke.
Play up!—play up!—aunt chooses Ben;
Ben loves so sweet a trance!
Robin to Nelly kneels again,
—Is Love not in the 'Cushion dance?'"

Laughter is busy at the heart,
Cupid looks through the eye,
Feeling is dear when sorrows part
And plaintive comfort's nigh,
"Hide not in corners, Betsy, pray."
"Do not so colt-like prance;
One kiss, for memory's future day,
—Is Life not like a 'Cushion Dance?'"

"This Dance it will no further go!"
"Why say you thus, good man?"
"Joan Sanderson will not come to!"
"She must,—'tis 'Custom's' plan:"
"Whether she will or no, must she
The proper course advance;
Blushes, like blossoms on a tree,
Are lovely in the 'Cushion Dance.'"

"This Dance it will no further go!"
"Why say you thus, good lady?"
"John Sanderson will not come to!"
"Fie, John! the Cushion's ready:"
"He must come to, he shall come to,
'Tis Mirth's right throne pleasance;
How dear the scene, in Nature's view
To Lovers in a 'Cushion Dance!'"

"Ho! princum prancum!"—Love is blest;
Both Joan and John submit;
Friends smiling gather round and rest,
And sweethearts closely sit;—
Their feet and spirits languid grown,
Eyes, bright in silence, glance
Like suns on seeds of beauty sown,
And nourish'd in the "Cushion Dance."

In times to come, when older we
Have children round our knees;
How will our hearts rejoice to see
Their lips and eyes at ease.
Talk ye of Swiss in valley-streams,
Of joyous pairs in France;
None of their hopes-delighting dreams
Are equal to the "Cushion Dance."

'Twas here my Maiden's love I drew
By the hushing of her bosom;
She knelt, her mouth and press were true,
And sweet as rose's blossom:—
E'er since, though onward we to glory,
And cares our lives enhance,
Reflection dearly tells the "story"—
Hail!—hail!—thou "happy Cushion Dance."

J. R. PRIOR.

Islington.

ST. SEPULCHRE'S BELL.

For the Table Book.

On the right-hand side of the altar of St. Sepulchre's church is a board, with a list of charitable donations and gifts, containing the following item:—

		£.	s.	d.
1605.	Mr. Robert Dowe gave for ringing the greatest bell in this church on the day the condemned prisoners are executed, and for other services, *for ever*, concerning such condemned prisoners, for which services *the sexton* is paid £1. 6*s*. 8*d*.	50	0	0

Looking over an old volume of the Newgate Calendar, I found some elucidation of this inscription. In a narrative of the case of Stephen Gardner, (who was executed at Tyburn, February 3, 1724,) it is related that a person said to Gardner, when he was set at liberty on a former occasion, "Beware how you come here again, or the *bellman* will certainly say his verses over you." On this saying there is the following remark:—

"It has been a very ancient practice, on the night preceding the execution of con-

demned criminals, for the *bellman* of the parish of St. Sepulchre, to go under Newgate, and, ringing his bell, to repeat the following verses, as a piece of friendly advice to the unhappy wretches under sentence of death :—

All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear:
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock!

In the following extract from Stowe's London,* it will be shown that the above verses ought to be repeated by a clergyman, instead of a bellman :—

"Robert Doue, citizen and merchant taylor, of London, gave to the parish church of St. Sepulchres, the somme of £50. That after the several sessions of London, when the prisoners remain in the gaole, as condemned men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following: the *clarke* (that is the *parson*) of the church shoold come in the night time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where they lye, and there ringing certain toles with a hand-bell appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition, and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, there he standeth ready with the same bell, and, after certain toles, rehearseth an appointed praier, desiring all the people there present to pray for them. The beadle also of Merchant Taylors' Hall hath an honest stipend allowed to see that this is duely done."

Probably the discontinuance of this practice commenced when malefactors were first executed at Newgate, in lieu of Tyburn. The donation most certainly refers to the verses. What the "*other services*" are which the donor intended to be done, and for which the sexton is paid £1. 6*s*. 8*d*., and which are to be "*for ever*," I do not know, but I presume those services (or some other) are now continued, as the board which contains the donation seems to me to have been newly painted.

EDWIN S—.

Carthusian-street, Jan. 1827.

* Page 25 of the quarto edition, 1618.

THE DEATH OF THE RED KING.

"Come, listen to a tale of times of old;
Come, for ye know me." SOUTHEY.

Who is it that rides thro' the forest so green,
And gazes with joy on the beautiful scene,
With the gay prancing war-horse, and helmeted head?
'Tis the monarch of England, stern William the Red.

Why starts the proud courser? what vision is there?
The trees are scarce mov'd by the still breathing air—
All is hush'd, save the wild bird that carols on high,
The forest bee's hum, and the rivulet's sigh.

But, lo! a dark form o'er the pathway hath lean'd
'Tis the druid of Malwood, the wild forest-fiend
The terror of youth, of the aged the fear—
The prophet of Cadenham, the death-boding seer!

His garments were black as the night-raven's plume,
His features were veil'd in mysterious gloom,
His lean arm was awfully rais'd while he said,
"Well met, England's monarch, stern William the Red!

"Desolation, death, ruin, the mighty shall fall—
Lamentation and woe reign in Malwood's wide hall!
Those leaves shall all fade in the winter's rude blast,
And thou shalt lie low ere the winter be past."

"Thou liest, vile caitiff, 'tis false, by the rood,
For know that the contract is seal'd with my blood,
'Tis written, I never shall sleep in the tomb
Till Cadenham's oak in the winter shall bloom!

"But say what art thou, strange, unsearchable thing,
That dares to speak treason, and waylay a king?"—
"Know, monarch, I dwell in the beautiful bowers
Of Eden, and poison I shed o'er the flowers.

"In darkness and storm o'er the ocean I sail,
I ride on the breath of the night-rolling gale—
I dwell in Vesuvius, 'mid torrents of flame,
Unriddle my riddle, and tell me my name!"

O pale grew the monarch, and smote on his breast,
For who was the prophet he wittingly guess'd:
"*O, Jesu-Maria!*" he tremblingly said,
"*Bona Virgo!*"—he gazed—but the vision had fled

'Tis winter—the trees of the forest are bare,
How keenly is blowing the chilly night air!
The moonbeams shine brightly on hard-frozen flood.
And William is riding thro' Cadenham's wood.

Why looks he with dread on the blasted oak tree?
Saint Swithin! what is it the monarch can see?
Prophetical sight! 'mid the desolate scene,
The oak is array'd in the freshest of green!

He thought of the contract, "Thou'rt safe from the tomb,
Till Cadenham's oak in the winter shall bloom;"
He thought of the druid—"The mighty shall fall,
Lamentation and woe reign in Malwood's wide hall."

As he stood near the tree, lo! a swift flying dart
Hath struck the proud monarch, and pierc'd thro' his heart;
'Twas the deed of a friend, not the deed of a foe,
For the arrow was aim'd at the breast of a roe.

In Malwood is silent the light-hearted glee,
The dance and the wassail, and wild revelrie;
Its chambers are dreary, deserted, and lone,
And the day of its greatness for ever hath flown.

A weeping is heard in Saint Swithin's huge pile—
"*Dies Iræ*" resounds thro' the sable-dight aisle—
'Tis a dirge for the mighty, the mass for the dead—
The funeral anthem for William the Red!

AQUILA.

London.

DESCRIBED BY A WRITER IN 1634.

I will first take a survey of the long-continued deformity in the shape of your city, which is of your buildings.

Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot, that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh, the goodly landscape of Old Fish-street! which, if it had not the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective; and where the garrets, perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity, are so narrow, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of inhabitants in wide cities better exprest than by their coherence and uniformity of building, where streets begin, continue, and end, in a like stature and shape?* But yours, as if they were raised in a general resurrection, where every man hath a several design, differ in all things that can make a distinction. Here stands one that aims to be a palace, and next it, one that professes to be a hovel; here a giant, there a dwarf; here slender, there broad; and all most admirably different in faces, as well as in their height and bulk. I was about to defy any Londoner, who dares to pretend there is so much ingenious correspondence in this city, as that he can show me one house like another; yet your houses seem to be reversed and formal, being compared to the fantastical looks of the moderns, which have more ovals, niches, and angles, than in your custards, and are enclosed with pasteboard walls, like those of malicious Turks, who, because themselves are not immortal, and cannot dwell for ever where they build, therefore wish not to be at charge to provide such lastingness as may entertain their children out of the rain; so slight and prettily gaudy, that if they could move, they would pass for pageants. It is your custom, where men vary often the mode of their habits, to term the nation fantastical; but where streets continually change fashion, you should make haste to chain up your city, for it is certainly mad.

You would think me a malicious traveller, if I should still gaze on your misshapen streets, and take no notice of the beauty of your river, therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen, (who snatch at fares, as if they were to catch prisoners, plying the gentry so uncivilly, as if they had never rowed any other passengers than bear-wards,) and now step into one of your peascod-boats, whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gondolas; nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of a *chaise-à-bras*.

The commodity and trade of your river belong to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect and freedom of air; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard; here a garden, there a brewhouse; here dwells a lord, there a dyer; and between both, *duomo commune*.

If freedom of air be inferred in the liberty of the subject, where every private man hath authority, for his own profit, to smoke up a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is open enough, because it is equally free. I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loath to describe the civil silence at Billingsgate, which is so great, as if the mariners were always landing to storm the harbour; therefore, for brevity's sake, I will put to shore again, though I should be so constrained, even without my galoshes, to land at Puddle-dock.

I am now returned to visit your houses where the roofs are so low, that I presumed your ancestors were very mannerly, and stood bare to their wives; for I cannot discern how they could wear their high-crowned hats: yet I will enter, and therein

* If a disagreement of neighbours were to be inferred from such a circumstance, what but an unfavourable inference would be drawn from our modern style of architecture, as exemplified in Regent-street, where the houses are, as the leopard's spots are described to be, "no two alike, and every one different."

oblige you much, when you know my aversion to a certain weed that governs amongst your coarser acquaintance, as much as lavender among your coarser linen; to which, in my apprehension, your sea-coal smoke seems a very Portugal perfume. I should here hasten to a period, for fear of suffocation, if I thought you so ungracious as to use it in public assemblies; and yet I see it grow so much in fashion, that methinks your children begin to play with broken pipes instead of corals, to make way for their teeth. You will find my visit short; I cannot stay to eat with you, because your bread is too heavy, and you distrain the light substance of herbs. Your drink is too thick, and yet you are seldom over curious in washing your glasses. Nor will I lodge with you, because your beds seem no bigger than coffins; and your curtains so short, as they will hardly serve to enclose your carriers in summer, and may be held, if taffata, to have lined your grandsire's skirts.

I have now left your houses, and am passing through your streets, but not in a coach, for they are uneasily hung, and so narrow, that I took them for sedans upon wheels. Nor is it safe for a stranger to use them till the quarrel be decided, whether six of your nobles, sitting together, shall stop and give way to as many barrels of beer. Your city is the only metropolis in Europe, where there is wonderful dignity belonging to carts.

I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games called foot-ball; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked-lane. Yet it argues your courage, much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks; but your metal would be much magnified (since you have long allowed those two valiant exercises in the streets) were you to draw your archers from Finsbury, and, during high market, let them shoot at butts in Cheapside. I have now no more to say, but what refers to a few private notes, which I shall give you in a whisper, when we meet in Moorfields, from whence (because the place was meant for public pleasure, and to show the munificence of your city) I shall desire you to banish your laundresses and bleachers, whose acres of old linen make a show like the fields of Carthagena, when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washed and spread.*

* Sir W. Davenant.

A FATHER'S HOME.

For the Table Book.

When oppress'd by the world, or fatigu'd with its charms,
My weary steps homeward I tread—
'Tis there, midst the prattlers that fly to my arms,
I enjoy purer pleasures instead.

Hark! the rap at the door is known as their dad's,
And rushing at once to the lock,
Wide open it flies, while the lasses and lads
Bid me welcome as chief of the flock.

Little *baby* himself leaves the breast for a gaze
Glad to join in th' general joy,
While with outstretched arms and looks of amaze
He seizes the new purchas'd toy.

Then *Harry*, the next, climbs the knee to engage
His father's attention again;
But *Bob*, springing forward almost in a rage,
Resolves his own rights to maintain.

Oh, ye vot'ries of pleasure and folly's sad crew,
From your midnight carousals depart!
Look here for true joys, ever blooming and new,
When I press *both* these boys to my heart.

Poor grimalkin purs softly—the tea-kettle sings,
Midst glad faces and innocent hearts,
Encircling my table as happy as kings,
Right merrily playing their parts.

And *Bill* (the sly rogue) takes a lump, when he's able,
Of sugar, so temptingly sweet,
And, archly observing, hides under the table
The spoil, till he's ready to eat.

While *George*, the big boy, talks of terrible "sums"
He perform'd so correctly at school;
Bill leeringly tells, with his chin on his thumbs,
"He was whipt there for playing the fool!"

This raises a strife, till in choleric mood
Each ventures a threat to his brother,
But their hearts are so good, let a stranger intrude,
They'd fight to the last for each other.

There *Nan*, the sweet girl, she that fags for the whole,
And keeps the young urchins in order,
Exhibits, with innocence charming the soul,
Her sister's fine sampler and border.

Kitty sings to me gaily, then chatting apace
Helps her mother to darn or to stitch,
Reminding me most of that gay laughing face
Which once did my fond heart bewitch.

While *she!* the dear partner of all my delight,
Contrives them some innocent play;
Till, tired of all, in the silence of night,
They dream the glad moments away.

Oh, long may such fire-side scenes be my lot!
Ye children, be virtuous and true!
And think when I'm aged, alone in my cot,
How I minister'd comfort to you.

When my vigour is gone, and to manhood's estate
Ye all shall be happily grown,
Live near me, and, anxious for poor father's fate
Show the world that you're truly my own.

Stanmore Toll-house.

Its ornamental look, and public use,
Combine to render it worth observation.

Our new toll-houses are deservedly the subject of frequent remark, on account of their beauty. The preceding engraving is intended to convey an idea of Stanmore-gate, which is one of the handsomest near London. The top is formed into a large lantern; when illuminated, it is an important mark to drivers in dark nights.

It may be necessary to add, that the present representation was not destined to appear in this place; but the indisposition of a gentleman engaged to assist in illustrating this work, has occasioned a sudden disappointment.

"STATUTES" AND "MOPS."

To the Editor.

Sir,—Although your unique and curious work, the *Every-Day Book*, abounds with very interesting accounts of festivals, fairs, wassails, wakes, and other particulars concerning our country manners, and will be prized by future generations as a rare and valuable collection of the pastimes and customs of their forefathers, still much of the same nature remains to be related; and as I am anxious that the *Country Statute*, or *Mop*, (according to the version of the country people generally,) should be snatched from oblivion, I send you a description of this custom, which, I hope, will be deemed worthy a place in the *Table Book*. I had waited to see if some one more competent to a better account than myself would achieve the task, when that short but significant word FINIS, attached to the *Every-Day Book*, arouses me from further delay, and I delineate, as well as I am able, scenes which, but for that work, I possibly should have never noticed.

Some months ago I solicited the assistance of a friend, a respectable farmer, residing at Wootton, in Warwickshire, who not only very readily promised to give me every information he possessed on the subject, but proposed that I should pass a week at his farm at the time these Statutes were holding. So valuable an opportunity

of visiting them and making my own observations, I, of course, readily embraced. Before I proceed to lay before you the results, it may be as well, perhaps, to give something like a definition of the name applied to this peculiar custom, as also when and for what purpose the usage was established. "Statutes," or "Statute Sessions," otherwise called "Petit Sessions," are meetings, in every hundred of each shire in England where they are held, to which the constables and others, both householders and servants, repair for the determining of differences between masters and servants; the rating, by the sheriff or magistrates, of wages for the ensuing year; and the bestowing of such people in service as are able to serve, and refuse to seek, or cannot get masters.

The first act of parliament for regulating servants' wages passed in the year 1351, 25th Edward III. At an early period labourers were serfs, or slaves, and consequently there was no law upon the subject. The immediate cause of the act of Edward III. was that plague which wasted Europe from 1347 to 1349, and destroyed a great proportion of its inhabitants. The consequent scarcity of labourers, and the high price demanded for labour, caused those who employed them to obtain legislative enactments, imposing fines on all who gave or accepted more than a stipulated sum. Since that period there have been various regulations of a similar nature. By the 13th of Richard II. the justices of every county were to meet once a year, between Easter and Michaelmas, to regulate, according to circumstances, the rates of wages of agricultural servants for the year ensuing, and cause the same to be proclaimed. But though this power was confirmed to the justices by the 5th of Elizabeth, this part of the custom of Statute Sessions is almost, if not quite, fallen into disuse. It is probable that in the years immediately succeeding the first enactment the population was so restored as to cause the laws to be relaxed, though they still remain as an example of the wisdom of past ages. However this may be, it is certain, that all that is at present understood by "Statutes," or, as the vulgar call them, "Mops," is the assembling of masters and servants, the former to seek the latter, and the latter to obtain employment of the former. It is undoubtedly a mutual accommodation; for although the servants now rate and ask what wages they think fit, still they have an opportunity of knowing how wages are usually going, and the masters have hundreds, and, in some cases, thousands of servants to choose from.

The "Statute" I first attended was held at Studley, in Warwickshire, at the latter end of September. On arriving, between twelve and one o'clock, at the part of the Alcester road where the assembly was held, the place was filling very fast by groups of persons of almost all descriptions from every quarter. Towards three o'clock there must have been many thousands present. The appearance of the whole may be pretty accurately portrayed to the mind of those who have witnessed a country fair; the sides of the roads were occupied with stalls for gingerbread, cakes, &c., general assortments of hardware, japanned goods, waggoner's frocks, and an endless variety of wearing apparel, suitable to every class, from the farm bailiff, or dapper footman, to the unassuming ploughboy, or day-labourer.

The public-houses were thoroughly full, not excepting even the private chambers. The scene out of doors was enlivened, here and there, by some wandering minstrel, or fiddler, round whom stood a crowd of men and boys, who, at intervals, eagerly joined to swell the chorus of the song. Although there was as large an assemblage as could be well remembered, both of masters and servants, I was given to understand that there was very little hiring. This might happen from a twofold cause; first, on account of its being one of the early Statutes, and, secondly, from the circumstance of the servants asking what was deemed (considering the pressure of the times) exorbitant wages. The servants were, for the most part, bedecked in their best church-going clothes. The men also wore clean white frocks, and carried in their hats some emblem or insignia of the situation they had been accustomed to or were desirous to fill: for instance, a waggoner, or ploughboy, had a piece of whipcord in his hat, some of it ingeniously plaited in a variety of ways and entwined round the hatband; a cowman, after the same manner, had some cow-hair; and to those already mentioned there was occasionally added a piece of sponge; a shepherd had wool; a gardener had flowers, &c. &c.

The girls wishing to be hired were in a spot apart from the men and boys, and all stood not unlike cattle at a fair waiting for dealers. Some of them held their hands before them, with one knee protruding, (like soldiers standing at ease,) and never spoke, save when catechised and examined by a master or mistress as to the work they had

been accustomed to; and then you would scarce suppose they had learned to say anything but "Ees, sur," or "No, sur," for these were almost the only expressions that fell from their lips. Others, on the contrary, exercised no small degree of self-sufficient loquacity concerning their abilities, which not unusually consisted of a good proportion of main strength, or being able to drive or follow a variety of kinds of plough. Where a master or mistress was engaged in conversation with a servant they were usually surrounded by a group, with their mouths extended to an angle of near forty-five degrees, as if to catch the sounds at the aperture; this in some, perhaps, was mere idle curiosity, in others, from desire to know the wages asked and given, as a guide for themselves. I observed a seeming indifference about the servants in securing situations. They appeared to require a certain sum for wages, without reference to any combination of circumstances or the state of the times; and however exorbitant, they rarely seemed disposed to meet the master by proposing something lower; they would stand for some time and hear reasons why wages should be more moderate, and at the conclusion, when you would suppose they were either willing, in some measure, to accede to the terms, or to offer reasons why they should not, you were mortified to know, that the usual answer was, "Yo'll find me yarn it, sur," or "I conna gue for less."

When a bargain is concluded on at a "Statute," it is the custom to ratify it immediately, and on the spot, by the master presenting to the servant what is termed "earnest money," which is usually one shilling, but it varies according to circumstances; for instance, if a servant agrees to come for less than he at first asked, it is, perhaps, on the condition that his earnest is augmented, probably doubled or trebled, as may be agreed on.

The contract arises upon the hiring: if the hiring be general, without any particular time limited, the law construes it to be hiring for one year; but the contract may be made for any longer or shorter period. Many farmers are wary enough to hire their servants for fifty-one weeks only, which prevents them having any claim upon that particular parish in case of distress, &c. We frequently find disputes between two parishes arising out of Statute-hirings brought to the assizes or sessions for settlement.

When the hiring is over, the emblems in the hats are exchanged for ribbons of almost every hue. Some retire to the neighbouring grounds to have games at bowls, skittles, or pitching, &c. &c., whilst the more unwary are fleeced of their money by the itinerant Greeks and black legs with E. O. tables, pricking in the garter, the three thimbles, &c. &c. These tricksters seldom fail to reap abundant harvests at the Statutes. Towards evening each lad seeks his lass, and they hurry off to spend the night at the public-houses, or, as is the case in some small villages, at private houses, which, on these occasions, are licensed for the time being.

To attempt to delineate the scenes that now present themselves, would on my part be presumption indeed. It rather requires the pencil of Hogarth to do justice to this varied picture. Here go round the

"Song and dance, and mirth and glee;"

but I cannot add, with the poet,

"In one *continued* round of harmony:"

for, among such a mingled mass, it is rare but that in some part discord breaks in upon the rustic amusements of the peaceably inclined. The rooms of the several houses are literally crammed, and usually remain so throughout the night, unless they happen to be under restrictions from the magistrates, in which case the houses are shut at a stated hour, or the license risked. Clearances, however, are not easily effected. At a village not far from hence, it has, ere now, been found necessary to disturb the reverend magistrate from his peaceful slumbers, and require his presence to quell disturbances that almost, as a natural consequence, ensue, from the landlords and proprietors of the houses attempting to turn out guests, who, under the influence of liquor, pay little regard to either landlord or magistrate. The most peaceable way of dealing, is to allow them to remain till the morning dawn breaks in and warns them home.

The time for Statute-hiring commences about the beginning of September, and usually closes before old Michaelmas-day, that being the day on which servants enter on their new services, or, at least, quit their old ones. Yet there are some few Statutes held after this time, which are significantly styled "Runaway Mops;" one of this kind is held at Henley-in-Arden, on the 29th of October, being also St. Luke's fair. Three others are held at Southam, in Warwickshire, on the three successive Mondays after old Michaelmas-day. To these Statutes all repair, who, from one cause or other, decline to go to their new places,

together with others who had not been fortunate enough to obtain situations. Masters, however, consider it rather hazardous to hire at these Statutes, as they are in danger of engaging with servants already hired, who capriciously refuse to go to their employment; and if any person hire or retain a servant so engaged, the first hirer has his action for damages against the master and servant; yet, if the new master did not know his servant had been hired before, no action will lie against him, except he refuse to give him up on information and demand. Characters are sometimes required by the master hiring; and these, to the great detriment of society, are given in such a loose and unreserved manner, that (to use the language of the author of the Rambler) you may almost as soon depend on the circumstance of an acquittal at the Old Bailey by way of recommendation to a servant's honesty, as upon one of these characters.

If a master discovers that a servant is not capable of performing the stipulated work, or is of bad character, he may send the servant to drink the "earnest money;" and custom has rendered this sufficient to dissolve the contract. On the other hand, if a servant has been deceived by the master in any particular, a release is obtained by returning the "earnest." If, however, there is no just ground of complaint, it is at the master's option to accept it, and *vice versâ*. The Statutes I have visited for the purpose of gaining these particulars are Studley, Shipston-on-Stour, and Aston-Cantlow, all in Warwickshire. I observed no particular difference either in the business or the diversions of the day, but Studley was by far the largest. At Stratford-on-Avon, and some other places, there is bull-roasting, &c., which, of course, adds to the amusement and frolic of the visitors.

I believe I have now pretty well exhausted my notes, and I should not have been thus particular, but that I believe Statute-hiring is a custom peculiar to England. I shall conclude by making an extract from Isaac Bickerstaffe's "Love in a Village." In scenes the 10th and 11th there is a green, with the prospect of a village, and the representation of a Statute, and the following conversation, &c. takes place:—

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there? Here's his worship a-coming.

Countrymen. His worship!

Justice Woodcock. Fy! fy! what a crowd's this! Odds, I'll put some of them in the stocks. (*Striking a fellow.*) Stand out of the way, sirrah.

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut-scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why, there's not the like of our Statute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

Servant Man. Come, good people, make a ring; and stand out, fellow-servants, as many of you as are willing and able to bear a-bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us it sha'n't be our fault. Strike up the Servants' Medley.

AIR.

Housemaid.

I pray, gentles, list to me,
I'm young and strong, and clean, you see;
I'll not turn tail to any she,
For work that's in the country.
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake;
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

Footman.

Behold a blade, who knows his trade,
In chamber, hall, and entry:
And what though here I now appear,
I've served the best of gentry.
A footman would you have,
I can dress, and comb, and shave;
For I a handy lad am:
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With your humble servant, madam.

Cookmaid.

Who wants a good cook my hand they must cross;
For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,
Compared to old English roast beef?

Carter.

If you want a young man with a true honest heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
Here's one to your purpose, come take me and try;
You'll say you ne'er met with a better than I,
Geho, dobin, &c.

Chorus.

My masters and mistresses hither repair,
What servants you want you'll find in our fair;
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be,
And as for the wages we sha'n't disagree.

Presuming that these memoranda may amuse a number of persons who, chiefly living in large towns and cities, have no opportunity of being otherwise acquainted with "Statutes," or "Mops," in country-places, I am, &c.

Birmingham. W. PARE

HAM AND STILTON.

For the Table Book.

The Poet's Epistle of Thanks to a Friend at Birmingham.

" Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,
Et frontem nugi, solvere disce meis."
Mart.

Dear Friend,—I feel constrain'd to say,
The present sent the other day
Claims my best thanks, and while design'd
To please the taste, it warm'd my mind.
Nor, wonder not it should inspire
Within my breast poetic fire!

The Cheese seem'd like some growing state,
Compos'd of little folks and great;
Though we denominate them *mites*,
They call each other Stiltonites.
And 'tis most fit, where'er we live,
The land our epithet should give:
Romans derive their name from Rome,
And Turks, you know, from Turkey come.

Gazing with " microscopic eye "
O'er Stilton land, I did espy
Such wonders, as would make those stare
Who never peep'd or travell'd there.
The country where this race reside
Abounds with crags on ev'ry side:
Its geographic situation
Is under constant variation;
Now hurried up, then down again—
No fix'd abode can it maintain:
And, like the Lilliputian clime,
We read about in olden time,
Huge giants compass it about,
Who dig within, and cut without,
And at a mouthful—direful fate!
A city oft depopulate!

And, then, in Stilton, you must know
There is a spot, call'd *Rotten-row*;
A soil more marshy than the rest,
Therefore by some esteem'd the best.
The natives here, where'er they dine,
Drink nothing but the choicest wine;
Which through each street comes flowing down,
Like water in New Sarum's town.
In such a quarter, you may guess,
The leading vice is drunkenness.
Come hither any hour of day,
And you shall see whole clusters lay
Reeling and floundering about,
As though it were a madman's rout.
Those who dwell nearer the land's end,
Where rarely the *red show'rs* descend,
Are in their turns corporeal
More sober and gymnastical
Meandering in kindred dust,
They gauge, and with the *dry-rot* burst,
For we may naturally think,
They live not long who cannot drink.

Alas! poor Stilton! where's the muse
To sing thy downfall will refuse?
Melpomene, in mournful verse,
Thy dire destruction will rehearse:
Comus himself shall grieve and weep,
As notes of woe his gay lyre sweep;
For who among thy countless band
The fierce invaders can withstand?
Nor only *foreign* foes are thine—
Children thou hast, who undermine
Thy massive walls that 'girt thee round,
And ev'ry corner seems unsound.
A few more weeks, and we shall see
Stilton, the fam'd—will cease to be!

Before, however, I conclude,
I wish to add, that gratitude
Incites me to another theme
Beside coagulated cream.
'Tis not about the *village* Ham,
Nor yet the *place* call'd Petersham—
Nor more renowned Birmingham:
Nor is it *fried* or *Friar Bacon*,
The Muse commands me verse to make on:
Nor *pigmies*, (as the poet feigns,)
A people once devour'd by cranes,
Of these I speak not—my intention
Is something nearer home to mention;
Therefore, at once, for pig's hind leg
Accept my warmest thanks, I beg.
The meat was of the finest sort,
And worthy of a dish at court.

Lastly, I gladly would express
The grateful feelings I possess
For such a boon—th' attempt is vain,
And hence in wisdom I refrain
From saying more than what you see—
Farewell! sincerely yours,

B. C.

To E. T. Esq.
Jan. 1827.

LOVES OF THE NEGROES.

At New Paltz, United States.

Phillis Schoonmaker v. *Cuff Hogeboon.*

This was an action for a breach of the marriage promise, tried before 'squire De Witt, justice of the peace and quorum. The parties, as their names indicate, were black, or, as philanthropists would say, *coloured folk*. Counsellor Van Shaick appealed on behalf of the lady. He recapitulated the many verdicts which had been given of late in favour of injured innocence, much to the honour and gallantry of an American jury. It was time to put an end to these faithless professions, to these cold-hearted delusions; it was time to put a curb upon the false tongues and false hearts of pretended lovers, who, with honied

accents, only woo'd to ruin, and only professed to deceive. The worthy counsellor trusted that no injurious impressions would be made on the minds of the jury by the colour of his client—

> "'Tis not a set of features,
> This *tincture of the skin*, that we admire."

She was black, it was true; so was the honoured wife of Moses, the most illustrious and inspired of prophets. Othello, the celebrated Moor of Venice, and the victorious general of her armies, was black, yet the lovely Desdemona saw "Othello's visage in his mind." In modern times, we might quote his sable majesty of Hayti, or, since that country had become a republic, the gallant Boyer.—He could also refer to Rhio Rhio, king of the Sandwich Islands, his copper-coloured queen, and madame Poki, so hospitably received, and fed to death by their colleague the king of England—nay, the counsellor was well advised that the brave general Sucre, the hero of Ayacucho, was a dark mulatto. What, then, is colour in estimating the griefs of a forsaken and ill-treated female? She was poor, it was true, and in a humble sphere of life; but love levels all distinctions; the blind god was no judge, and no respecter of colours; his darts penetrated deep, not skin deep; his client, though black, was flesh and blood, and possessed affections, passions, resentments, and sensibilities; and in this case she confidently threw herself upon the generosity of a jury of freemen—of men of the north, as the friends of the northern president would say, of men who did not live in Missouri, and on sugar plantations; and from such his client expected just and liberal damages.

Phillis then advanced to the bar, to give her testimony. She was, as her counsel represented, truly made up of flesh and blood, being what is called a strapping wench, as black as the ace of spades. She was dressed in the low Dutch fashion, which has not varied for a century, linsey-woolsey petticoats, very short, blue worsted stockings, leather shoes, with a massive pair of silver buckles, bead ear-rings, her woolly hair combed, and face sleek and greasy. There was no "dejected 'haviour of visage"—no broken heart visible in her face—she looked fat and comfortable, as if she had sustained no damage by the perfidy of her swain. Before she was sworn, the court called the defendant, who came from among the crowd, and stood respectfully before the bench. Cuff was a good-looking young fellow, with a tolerably smartish dress, and appeared as if he had been in the metropolis taking lessons of perfidious lovers—he cast one or two cutting looks at Phillis, accompanied by a significant turn up of the nose, and now and then a contemptuous ejaculation of Eh!—Umph!—Ough!—which did not disconcert the *fair* one in the least, she returning the compliment by placing her arms a-kimbo, and surveying her lover from head to foot. The court inquired of Cuff whether he had counsel? "No, massa, (he replied) I tell my own 'tory—you see massa 'Squire, I know de gentlemen of de jury berry vell—dere is massa Teerpenning, of Little 'Sophus, know him berry vell—I plough for him;—den dere is massa Traphagan, of our town—how he do massa?—ah, dere massa Topper, vat prints de paper at Big 'Sophus—know him too;—dere is massa Peet Steenberg—know him too—he owe me little money:—I know 'em all massa 'Squire;—I did go to get massa Lucas to plead for me, but he gone to the Court of Error, at Albany;—Massa Sam Freer and massa Cockburn said they come to gib me good character, but I no see 'em here."

Cuff was ordered to stand aside, and Phillis was sworn.

Plaintiff said she did not know how old she was; believed she was sixteen; she looked nearer twenty-six; she lived with Hons Schoonmaker; was brought up in the family. She told her case as pathetically as possible:—

"Massa 'Squire," said she, "I was gone up to massa Schoonmaker's lot, on Shaungum mountain, to pile brush; den Cuff, he vat stands dare, cum by vid de teem, he top his horses and say, 'How de do, Phillis?' or, as she gave it, probably in Dutch, 'How gaud it mit you?' 'Hail goot,' said I; den massa he look at me berry hard, and say, Phillis, pose you meet me in the nite, ven de moon is up, near de barn, I got sumting to say—den I say, berry bell, Cuff, I vill—he vent up de mountain, and I vent home; ven I eat my supper and milk de cows, I say to myself, Phillis, pose you go down to de barn, and hear vat Cuff has to say. Well, massa 'Squire, I go, dare was Cuff sure enough, he told heaps of tings all about love; call'd me Venus and Jewpeter, and other tings vat he got out of de playhouse ven he vent down in the slope to New York, and he ax'd me if I'd marry him before de Dominie, Osterhaut, he vat preached in Milton, down 'pon Marlbro'. I say, Cuff, you make fun on me; he say no, 'By mine zeal, I vil marry you, Phillis;' den he gib me dis here as earnest."—Phillis

nere drew from her huge pocke an immense pair of scissars, a jack knife, and a wooden pipe curiously carved, which she offered as a testimony of the promise, and which was sworn to as the property of Cuff, who subsequently had refused to fulfil the contract.

Cuff admitted that he had made her a kind of promise, but it was conditional. "I told her, massa 'Squire, that she was a slave and a nigger, and she must wait till the year 27, then all would be free, cording to the new constitution; den she said, berry vell, I bill wait."

Phillis utterly denied the period of probation; it was, she said, to take place "ben he got de new corduroy breeches from Crippiely Coon, de tailor; he owe three and sixpence, and massa Coon won't let him hab 'em vidout de money: den Cuff he run away to Varsing; I send Coon Crook, de constable, and he find um at Shaudakin, and he bring him before you, massa."

The testimony here closed.

The court charged the jury, that although the testimony was not conclusive, nor the injury very apparent, yet the court was not warranted in taking the case out of the hands of the jury. A promise had evidently been made, and had been broken; some differences existed as to the period when the matrimonial contract was to have been fulfilled, and it was equally true and honourable, as the court observed, that in 1827 slavery was to cease in the state, and that fact might have warranted the defendant in the postponement; but of this there was no positive proof, and as the parties could neither read nor write, the presents might be construed into a marriage promise. The court could see no reason why these humble Africans should not, in imitation of their betters, in such cases, appeal to a jury for damages; but it was advisable not to make those damages more enormous than circumstances warranted, yet sufficient to act as a lesson to those coloured gentry, in their attempts to imitate fashionable infidelity.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Ten dollars, and costs, for the plaintiff."

The defendant not being able to pay, was committed to Kingston jail, a martyr to his own folly, and an example to all others in like cases offending.

THE RETROSPECT.

I have not heard thy name for years;
Thy memory ere thyself is dead;
And even I forget the tears
That once for thy lov'd sake were shed.

There was a time when thou didst seem
The light and breath of life to me—
When, e'en in thought, I could not dream
That less than mine thou e'er could be:—

Yet now it is a chance that brought
Thy image to my heart again;
A single flower recall'd the thought—
Why is it still so full of pain?

The jasmine, round the casement twin'd,
Caught mine eye in the pale moonlight;
It broke my dream, and brought to mind
Another dream—another night.

As then, I by the casement leant,
As then, the silver moonlight shone;
But not, as then, another bent
Beside me—I am now alone.

The sea is now between us twain
As wide a gulf between each heart;
Never can either have again
An influence on the other's part.

Our paths are different; perchance mine
May seem the sunniest of the two:
The lute, which once was only thine,
Has other aim, and higher view.

My song has now a wider scope
Than when its first tones breath'd thy name;
My heart has done with Love—and hope
Turn'd to another idol—Fame.

'Tis but one destiny; one dream
Succeeds another—like a wave
Following its bubbles—till their gleam
Is lost, and ended in the grave.

Why am I sorrowful? 'Tis not
One thought of thee has brought the tear:
In sooth, thou art so much forgot,
I do not even wish thee here

Both are so chang'd, that did we meet
We might but marvel we had lov'd:
What made our earliest dream so sweet?—
Illusions—long, long since remov'd.

I sorrow—but it is to know
How still some fair deceit unweaves—
To think how all of joy below
Is only joy while it deceives.

I sorrow—but it is to feel
Changes which my own mind hath told;—
What, though time polishes the steel,
Alas! it is less bright than cold.

Have more smiles, and fewer tears;
But tears are now restrain'd for shame:
Task-work the smiles my lip now wears,
That once like rain and sunshine came.

Where is the sweet credulity,
Happy in that fond trust it bore,
Which never dream'd the time would be
When it could hope and trust no more?

Affection, springing warmly forth—
Light word, light laugh, and lighter care
Life's afternoon is little worth—
The dew and warmth of morning air.

I would not live again love's hour;
But fain I would again recall
The feelings which upheld its power—
The truth, the hope, that made it thrall.

I would renounce the worldliness,
Now too much with my heart and me;
In one trust more, in one doubt less,
How much of happiness would be!—

Vainer than vain! Why should I ask
Life's sweet but most deceiving part?
Alas! the bloom upon the cheek
Long, long outlives that of the heart.

L. E. L.—*Monthly Magazine.*

TIMBER IN BOGS.

It is stated in the second report of the commissioners on the bogs of Ireland, that *three* distinct growths of timber, covered by three distinct masses of bog, are discovered on examination. But whether these morasses were at first formed by the destruction of whole forests, or merely by the stagnation of water in places where its current was choked by the fall of a few trees, and by accumulations of branches and leaves, carried down from the surrounding hills, is a question.

Professor Davy is of opinion, that in many places where forests had grown undisturbed, the trees on the outside of the woods grew stronger than the rest, from their exposure to the air and sun; and that, when mankind attempted to establish themselves near these forests, they cut down the large trees on their borders, which opened the internal part, where the trees were weak and slender, to the influence of the wind, which, as is commonly to be seen in such circumstances, had immediate power to sweep down the whole of the internal parts of the forest. The large timber obstructed the passage of vegetable recrement, and of earth falling towards the rivers; the weak timber, in the internal part of the forest after it had fallen, soon decayed, and became the food of future vegetation.

Mr. Kirwan observes, that whatever trees are found in bogs, though the wood may be perfectly sound, the bark of the timber has uniformly disappeared, and the decomposition of this bark forms a considerable part of the nutritive substance of morasses. Notwithstanding this circumstance, tanning is not to be obtained in analysing bogs; their antiseptic quality is however indisputable, for animal and vegetable substances are frequently found at a great depth in bogs, without their seeming to have suffered any decay; these substances cannot have been deposited in them at a very remote period, because their form and texture is such as were common a few centuries ago. In 1786 there were found, seventeen feet below the surface of a bog in Mr. Kirwan's district, a woollen coat of coarse, but even, network, exactly in the form of what is now called a spencer; a razor, with a wooden handle, some iron heads of arrows, and large wooden bowls, some only half made, were also found, with the remains of turning tools: these were obviously the wreck of a workshop, which was probably situated on the borders of a forest. The coat was presented by him to the Antiquarian Society. These circumstances countenance the supposition, that the encroachments of men upon forests destroyed the first barriers against the force of the wind, and that afterwards, according to sir H. Davy's suggestion, the trees of weaker growth, which had not room to expand, or air and sunshine to promote their increase, soon gave way to the elements.

MODES OF SALUTATION.

Greenlanders have none, and laugh at the idea of one person being inferior to another.

Islanders near the Philippines take a person's hand or foot, and rub it over their face.

Laplanders apply their noses strongly against the person they salute.

In New Guinea, they place leaves upon the head of those they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person saluted, pass it gently over the right leg, and thence over the face.

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend very low, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raise one foot in the air, with the knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about him, so as to leave his friend almost naked.

The Japanese take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals, in the street, and their stockings in the house, when they salute.

Two Negro kings on the coast of Africa, salute by snapping the middle finger three times.

The inhabitants of Carmene, when they would show a particular attachment, breathe a vein, and present the blood to their friend as a beverage.

If the Chinese meet, after a long separation, they fall on their knees, bend their face to the earth two or three times, and use many other affected modes. They have also a kind of ritual, or "academy of compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflections, and words to be spoken upon any occasion. Ambassadors practise these ceremonies forty days before they appear at court.

In Otaheite, they rub their noses together.

The Dutch, who are considered as great eaters, have a morning salutation, common amongst all ranks, "Smaakelyk eeten?"—"May you eat a hearty dinner." Another is, "Hoe vaart awe."—"How do you sail?" adopted, no doubt, in the early periods of the republic, when they were all navigators and fishermen.

The usual salutation at Cairo is, "How do you sweat?" a dry hot skin being a sure indication of a destructive ephemeral fever. Some author has observed, in contrasting the haughty Spaniard with the frivolous Frenchman, that the proud, steady gait and inflexible solemnity of the former, were expressed in his mode of salutation, "Come esta?"—"How do you stand?" whilst the "Comment vous portez-vous?" "How do you carry yourself?" was equally expressive of the gay motion and incessant action of the latter.

The common salutation in the southern provinces of China, amongst the lower orders, is, "Ya fan?"—"Have you eaten your rice?"

In Africa, a young woman, an intended bride, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before her lover, desired him to wash his hands; when he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eyes, drank the water; this was considered as the greatest proof she could give of her fidelity and attachment.

Omniana.

POETRY.

For the Table Book.

The poesy of the earth, sea, air, and sky,
Though death is powerful in course of time
With wars and battlements, will never die,
But triumph in the silence of sublime
Survival. Frost, like tyranny, might climb
The nurseling germs of favourite haunts; the roots
Will grow hereafter. Terror on the deep
Is by the calm subdu'd, that Beauty e'en might creep
On moonlight waves to coral rest. The fruits
Blush in the winds, and from the branches leap
To mossy beds existing in the ground.
Stars swim unseen, through solar hemispheres,
Yet in the floods of night, how brightly round
The zone of poesy, they reflect the rolling years.

P.

A Bad Sign.

During a late calling out of the North Somerset yeomanry, at Bath, the service of one of them, a "Batcome boy," was enlivened by a visit from his sweetheart; after escorting her over the city, and being fatigued with showing her what she had "ne'er zeed in all her life," he knocked loudly at the door of a house in the Crescent, against which a hatchment was placed, and on the appearance of the powdered butler, boldly ordered "two glasses of scalded wine, as hot as thee canst make it." The man, staring, informed him he could have no scalded wine there—'twas no public-house. "Then dose thee head," replied Somerset, "what'st hang out thik there zign var."

INSCRIPTION

For a Tomb to the Memory of Captain Hewitson, of the Ship, Town of Ulverston.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
Storms had o'erwhelm'd him, but the conscious ware
Repented, and resign'd him to the grave:
In harbour, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,
Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies:
Refitted in a moment, then shall he
Sail from this port on an eternal sea.

My Snuff-box.

He only who is "noseless himself" will deem this a trifling article. My prime minister of pleasure is my snuff-box. The office grew out of my "liking a pinch, now and then," and carrying a bit of snuff, screwed up in paper, wherewith, some two or three times a day, I delighted to treat myself to a sensation, and a sneeze. Had I kept a journal of my snuff-taking business from that time, it would have been as instructive as "the life of that learned antiquary, Elias Ashmole, Esq., drawn up by himself by way of diary;" in submitting which to the world, its pains-taking editor says, that such works "let us into the secret history of the affairs of their several times, discover the springs of motion, and display many valuable, though minute circumstances, overlooked or unknown to our general historians; and, to conclude all, satiate our largest curiosity." A comparative view of the important annals of Mr. Ashmole, and some reminiscent incidents of my snuff-taking, I reserve for my autobiography.

To manifest the necessity of my present brief undertaking, I beg to state, that I still remain under the disappointment of drawings, complained of in the former sheet. I resorted on this, as on all difficult occasions, to a pinch of snuff; and, having previously resolved on taking "the first thing that came uppermost," for an engraving and a topic, my hand first fell on the top of my snuff-box. If the reader be angry because I have told the truth, it is no more than I expect; for, in nine cases out of ten, a preference is given to a pretence, though privily known to be a falsehood by those to whom it is offered.

As soon as I wear out one snuff-box I get another—a silver one, and I, parted company long ago. My customary boxes have been *papier-maché*, plain black: for if I had any figure on the lid it was suspected to be some hidden device; an

answer of direct negation was a ground of doubt, offensively expressed by an insinuating smile, or the more open rudeness of varied questions. This I could only resist by patience; but the *parlement* excise on that virtue was more than I could afford, and therefore my choice of a black box. The last of that colour I had worn out, at a season when I was unlikely to have more than three or four visitors worth a pinch of snuff, and I then bought *this* box, because it was two-thirds cheaper than the former, and because I approved the pictured ornament. While the tobacconist was securing my shilling, he informed me that the figure had utterly excluded it from the choice of every one who had noticed it. My selection was agreeable to him in a monied view, yet, both he, and his man, eyed the box so unkindly, that I fancied they extended their dislike to me; and I believe they did. Of the few who have seen it since, it has been favourably received by only one—my little Alice—who, at a year old, prefers it before all others for a plaything, and even accepts it as a substitute for myself, when I wish to slip away from her caresses. The elder young ones call it the "ugly old man," but *she* admires it, as the innocent infant, in the story-book, did the harmless snake, with whom he daily shared his bread-and-milk breakfast. I regard it as the likeness of an infirm human being, who, especially requiring comfort and protection, is doomed to neglect and insult from childhood to the grave; and all this from no self-default, but the accident of birth —as if the unpurposed cruelty of nature were a warrant for man's perversion and wickedness. Of the individual I know nothing, save what the representation seems to tell—that he lives in the world, and is not of it. His basket, with a few pamphlets for sale, returns good, in the shape of knowledge, to evil doers, who, as regards himself, are not to be instructed. His upward look is a sign—common to these afflicted ones—of inward hope of eternal mercy, in requital for temporal injustice: besides that, and his walking-staff, he appears to have no other support on earth. The intelligence of his patient features would raise desire, were he alive and before me, to learn by what process he gained the understanding they express: his face is not more painful, and I think scarcely less wise than Locke's, if we may trust the portrait of that philosopher. In the summer, after a leisure view of the Dulwich gallery for the first time, I found myself in the quiet parlour of a little-frequented road-side house, enjoying the recollections of a few glorious pictures in that munificent exhibition; while pondering with my box in my hand, the print on its lid diverted me into a long reverie on what he, whom represented, might have been under other circumstances, and I felt not alone on the earth while there was another as lonely. Since then, this "garner for my grain" has been worn out by constant use; with every care, it cannot possibly keep its service a month longer. I shall regret the loss: for its little Deformity has been my frequent and pleasant companion in many a solitary hour;—the box itself is the only one I ever had, wherein simulated or cooling friendship has not dipped.

*

Garrick Plays.

No. IV.

[From "All Fools" a Comedy by George Chapman: 1605.]

Love's Panegyric.

——— 'tis Nature's second Sun,
Causing a spring of Virtues where he shines;
And as without the Sun, the world's Great Eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man; so without Love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For Love *informs* them as the Sun doth colours.
And as the Sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So Love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts.
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

Love with Jealousy.

——— such Love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning. Though the fire be chearful,
Yet is the smoke so foul and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke.

Bailiff's routed.

I walking in the place where men's Law Suits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter steps me forth
Their valiant Foreman with the word "I 'rest you."
I made no more ado but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth:
And there sat he on his posteriors
Like a baboon: and turning me about,
I strait espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I step me back, and drawing my old friend here,
Made to the midst of 'em, and all unable
To endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout.

And down the stairs they ran in such a fury,
As meeting with a troop of Lawyers there,
Mann'd by their Clients (some with ten, some with twenty,
Some five, some three; he that had least had one),
Upon the stairs, they bore them down afore them.
But such a rattling then there was amongst them,
Of ravish'd Declarations, Replications,
Rejoinders, and Petitions, all their books
And writings torn, and trod on, and some lost,
That the poor Lawyers coming to the Bar
Could say nought to the matter, but instead
Were fain to rail, and talk beside their books,
Without all order.

[From the "Late Lancashire Witches," a Comedy, by Thomas Heywood.]

A Household Bewitched.

My Uncle has of late become the sole
Discourse of all the country; for of a man respected
As master of a govern'd family,
The House (as if the ridge were fix'd below,
And groundsils lifted up to make the roof)
All now's turn'd topsy-turvy,
In such a retrograde and preposterous way
As seldom hath been heard of, I think never.
The Good Man
In all obedience kneels unto his Son;
He with an austere brow commands his Father.
The Wife presumes not in the Daughter's sight
Without a prepared curtsy; the Girl she
Expects it as a duty; chides her Mother,
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks.
And what's as strange, the Maid—she domineers
O'er her young Mistress, who is awed by her.
The Son, to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much fear of the groom his Man!
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pity, and in others wonder,
So in the most part laughter. It is thought,
This comes by WITCHCRAFT.

[From "Wit in a Constable," a Comedy, by Henry Glapthorn.]

Books.

Collegian. Did you, ere we departed from the College,
O'erlook my Library?
Servant. Yes, Sir; and I find,
Altho' you tell me Learning is immortal,
The paper and the parchment 'tis contain'd in
Savours of much mortality.
The moths have eaten more
Authentic Learning, than would richly furnish
A hundred country pedants; yet the worms
Are not one letter wiser.

C. L.

THE TURK IN CHEAPSIDE.

For the Table Book.

To MR. CHARLES LAMB.

I have a favour to ask of you. My desire is this: I would fain see a stream from thy Hippocrene flowing through the pages of the *Table Book*. A short article on the old Turk, who used to vend rhubarb in the City, I greatly desiderate. Methinks you would handle the subject delightfully. They tell us he is gone ———

We have not seen him for some time past—Is he really dead? Must we hereafter speak of him only in the past tense? You are said to have divers strange items in your brain about him—Vent them I beseech you.

Poor Mummy!—How many hours hath he dreamt away on the sunny side of Cheap, with an opium cud in his cheek, mutely proffering his drug to the way-farers! That deep-toned bell above him, doubtless, hath often brought to his recollection the loud Allah-il-Allahs to which he listened heretofore in his fatherland—the city of minaret and mosque, old Constantinople. Will he never again be greeted by the nodding steeple of Bow?—Perhaps that ancient beldame, with her threatening head and loud tongue, at length effrayed the sallow being out of existence.

Hath his soul, in truth, echapped from that swarthy cutaneous case of which it was so long a tenant? Hath he glode over that gossamer bridge which leads to the paradise of the prophet of Mecca? Doth he pursue his old calling among the faithful? Are the blue-eyed beauties (those living diamonds) who hang about the neck of Mahomet ever qualmish? Did the immortal Houris lack rhubarb?

Prithee teach us to know more than we do of this Eastern mystery! Have some of the ministers of the old Magi eloped with him? Was he in truth a Turk? We have heard suspicions cast upon the authenticity of his complexion—was its tawniness a forgery? Oh! for a *quo warranto* to show by what authority he wore a turban! Was there any hypocrisy in his sad brow?—Poor Mummy!

The editor of the *Table Book* ought to perpetuate his features. He was part of the living furniture of the city—Have not our grandfathers seen him?

The tithe of a page from thy pen on this subject, surmounted by "a true portraicture & effigies," would be a treat to me and many more. If thou art still ELIA—if

thou art yet that gentle creature who has immortalized his predilection for the sow's baby—roasted without sage—this boon wilt thou not deny me. Take the matter upon thee speedily.—Wilt thou not endorse thy Pegasus with this pleasant fardel?

An' thou wilt not I shall be malicious and wish thee some trifling evil: to wit—by way of revenge for the appetite which thou hast created among the reading public for the infant progeny—the rising generation of swine—I will wish that some of the old demoniac leaven may rise up against thee in the modern pigs:—that thy sleep may be vexed with swinish visions; that a hog in armour, or a bashaw of a boar of three tails, may be thy midnight familiar—thy incubus;—that matronly sows may howl after thee in thy walks for their immolated offspring;—that Mab may tickle thee into fits "with a tithe-pig's tail;"—that whresoever thou goest to finger cash for copyright," instead of being paid in coin current, thou mayst be enforced to receive thy *per-sheetage* in guinea-pigs;—that thou mayst frequently dream thou art sitting on a hedge-hog;—that even as Oberon's Queen doated on the translated Bottom, so may thy batchelorly brain doat upon an ideal image of the swine-faced lady——

Finally, I will wish, that when next G. D. visits thee, he may, by mistake, take away thy hat, and leave thee his own——

"Think of that Master Brook."—

Yours ever,

E. C. *M. D.*

January 31, 1827.

Literature.

GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES; selected, and chronologically arranged, by the Rev. *Alexander Dyce*, 1827, cr. 8vo. pp. 462.

Mr. Dyce remarks that, "from the great Collections of the English Poets, where so many worthless compositions find a place, the productions of women have been carefully excluded." This utter neglect of female talent produces a counteracting effort: "the object of the present volume is to exhibit the growth and progress of the genius of our countrywomen in the department of poetry." The collection of "Poems by eminent Ladies," edited by the elder Colman and Bonnel Thornton, contained specimens of only eighteen female writers; Mr. Dyce offers specimens of the poetry of eighty-eight, ten of whom are still living. He commences with the dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, "who resembled an abbot in respect of exercising an extensive manorial jurisdiction, and who hawked and hunted in common with other ladies of distinction," and wrote in rhyme on field sports. The volume concludes with Miss Landon, whose initials, L. E. L., are attached to a profusion of talented poetry, in different journals.

The following are not to be regarded as examples of the charming variety selected by Mr. Dyce, in illustration of his purpose, but rather as "specimens" of peculiar thinking, or for their suitableness to the present time of the year.

Our language does not afford a more truly noble specimen of verse, dignified by high feeling, than the following chorus from "The Tragedy of Mariam, 1613," ascribed to lady Elizabeth Carew.

Revenge of Injuries.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can, 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love;
And not have been by sullen passion sway'd.
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allow'd.

Margaret duchess of Newcastle, who died in 1673, "filled nearly twelve volumes folio with plays, poems, orations, philosophical discourses," and miscellaneous pieces. Her lord also amused himself with his pen. This noble pair were honoured by the ridicule of Horace Walpole, who had more taste than feeling; and, notwithstanding the great qualities of the duke, who sacrificed three quarters of a million in thankless devotion to the royal cause, and, though the virtues of his duchess are unquestionable, the author of "The Dormant and Extinct Baronage of England" joins Walpole in contempt of their affection, and the means they employed to render each other happy during retirement. This is an extract from one of the duchess's poems:—

Melancholy.

I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun,
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
In summers hot down in a shade I lie,
My music is the buzzing of a fly;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass,
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champains be;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then I do live in a small house alone;
Altho' tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that's pure and clear from sin;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not fill'd with cares how riches to increase;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures,
No riches are, but what the mind intreasures.
Thus am I solitary, live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known;
And tho' my face ill-favour'd at first sight,
After acquaintance it will give delight.
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be,
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

Elizabeth Thomas, (born 1675, died 1730,) in the fifteenth year of her age, was disturbed in her mind, by the sermons she heard in attending her grandmother at meetings, and by the reading of high predestinarian works. She "languished for some time," in expectation of the publication of bishop Burnet's work on the Thirty-nine Articles. When she read it, the bishop seemed to her more candid in stating the doctrines of the sects, than explicit in his own opinion; and, in this perplexity, retiring to her closet, she entered on a self-discussion, and wrote the following poem:—

Predestination, or, the Resolution.

Ah! strive no more to know what fate
Is preordain'd for thee:
'Tis vain in this my mortal state,
For Heaven's inscrutable decree
Will only be reveal'd in vast Eternity.
Then, O my soul!
Remember thy celestial birth,
And live to Heaven, while here on earth:
Thy God is infinitely true,
All Justice, yet all Mercy too:
To Him, then, thro' thy Saviour, pray
For Grace, to guide thee on thy way,
And give thee Will to do.
But humbly, for the rest, my soul!
Let Hope, and Faith, the limits be
Of thy presumptuous curiosity!

Mary Chandler, born in 1687, the daughter of a dissenting minister at Bath, commended by Pope for her poetry, died in 1745. The specimen of her verse, selected by Mr. Dyce, is

Temperance.

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt, or lost.
Not so, O Temperance bland! when rul'd by thee,
The brute's obedient, and the man is free.
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes
The joyful dawnings of returning day,
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation pay,
All but the human brute: 'tis he alone,
Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.
'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow;
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,
Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse.

Elizabeth Tollet (born 1694, died 1754) was authoress of Susanna, a sacred drama, and poems, from whence this is a seasonable extract:—

Winter Song.

Ask me no more, my truth to prove,
What I would suffer for my love:
With thee I would in exile go,
To regions of eternal snow;
O'er floods by solid ice confin'd;
Thro' forest bare with northern wind;
While all around my eyes I cast,
Where all is wild and all is waste.
If there the timorous stag you chase,
Or rouse to fight a fiercer race,

Undaunted I thy arms would bear,
And give thy hand the hunter's spear.
When the low sun withdraws his light,
And menaces an half year's night,
The conscious moon and stars above
Shall guide me with my wandering love.
Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,
Or in its rocky cells below,
Thy rural feast I would provide;
Nor envy palaces their pride;
The softest moss should dress thy bed,
With savage spoils about thee spread;
While faithful love the watch should keep,
To banish danger from thy sleep.

Mrs. Tighe died in 1810. Mr. Dyce says, "Of this highly-gifted Irishwoman, I have not met with any poetical account; but I learn, from the notes to her poems, that she was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, and that she died in her thirty-seventh year. In the *Psyche* of Mrs. Tighe are several pictures, conceived in the true spirit of poetry; while over the whole composition is spread the richest glow of purified passion." Besides specimens from that delightful poem, Mr. Dyce extracts

The Lily.

How wither'd, perish'd seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the Spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjur'd lies the future birth;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath'd silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.

Every one is acquainted with the beautiful ballad which is the subject of the following notice; yet the succinct history, and the present accurate text, may justify the insertion of both.

Lady Anne Barnard.

Born ——, died 1825.

Sister of the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of *Auld Robin Gray*.

A quarto tract, edited by "the Ariosto of the North," and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two Continuations by the same authoress; while the Introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and

amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. * * * *

"Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballat of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-cogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in obscurity."

The two versions of the second part were written many years after the first; in them, Auld Robin Gray falls sick,—confesses that he himself stole the cow, in order to force Jenny to marry him,—leaves to Jamie all his possessions,—dies,—and the young couple, of course, are united. Neither of the Continuations is given here, because, though both are beautiful, they are very inferior to the original tale, and greatly injure its effect.

*Auld Robin Gray.**

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound,† my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

The great and remarkable merit of Mr. Dyce is, that in this beautifully printed volume, he has reared imperishable columns to the honour of the sex, without a questionable trophy. His "specimens" are an assemblage so individually charming, that the mind is delighted by every part whereon the eye rests, and scrupulosity itself cannot make a single rejection on pretence of inadequate merit. He comes as a rightful herald, marshalling the perfections of each poetess, and discriminating with so much delicacy, that each of his pages is a page of honour to a high-born grace, or dignified beauty. His book is an elegant tribute to departed and living female genius; and while it claims respect from every lady in the land for its gallantry to the fair, its intrinsic worth is sure to force it into every well-appointed library.

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* The text of the corrected copy is followed.

† "I must also mention" (says lady Anne, in the letter already quoted) "the laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-a-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,' say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line [whisper'd he] that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'"

Hiring Servants at a Statute Fair.

This engraving may illustrate Mr. Pare's account of the Warwickshire "statute" or "mop,"* and the general appearance of similar fairs for hiring servants. Even in London, bricklayers, and other house-labourers, still carry their respective implements to the places where they stand for hire: for which purpose they assemble in great numbers in Cheapside and at Charing-cross, every morning, at five or six o'clock. It is further worthy of observation, that, in old Rome, there were particular spots in which servants applied for hire.

Dr. Plott, speaking of the Statutes for hiring servants, says, that at Bloxham the carters stood with their whips in one place, and the shepherds with their crooks in another; but the maids, as far as he could observe, stood promiscuously. He adds, that this custom seems as old as our Saviour; and refers to *Matt.* xx. 3, "And he went out about the third hour and saw others standing idle in the market-place."

In the statistical account of Scotland, it is said that, at the parish of Wamphray, "*Hiring fairs* are much frequented: *those who are to hire wear a green sprig in their hat:* and it is very seldom that servants will hire in any other place."

Of ancient *chartered* fairs may be instanced as an example, the fair of St. Giles's Hill or Down, near Winchester, which William the Conqueror instituted and gave as a kind of revenue to the bishop of Winchester. It was at first for three days, but afterwards by Henry III., prolonged to sixteen days. Its jurisdiction extended seven miles round, and comprehended even Southampton, then a capital and trading town. Merchants who sold wares at that time within that circuit forfeited them to the bishop. Officers were placed at a considerable distance, at bridges and other avenues of access to the fair, to exact toll of all merchandise passing that way. In the mean time, all shops in

* At p. 171.

the city of Winchester were shut. A court, called the pavilion, composed of the bishop's justiciaries and other officers, had power to try causes of various sorts for seven miles round. The bishop had a toll of every load or parcel of goods passing through the gates of the city. On St. Giles's eve the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Winchester delivered the keys of the four gates to the bishop's officers. Many and extraordinary were the privileges granted to the bishop on this occasion, all tending to obstruct trade and to oppress the people. Numerous foreign merchants frequented this fair; and several streets were formed in it, assigned to the sale of different commodities. The surrounding monasteries had shops or houses in these streets, used only at the fair; which they held under the bishop, and often let by lease for a term of years. Different counties had their different stations.

According to a curious record of the establishment and expenses of the household of Henry Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512, the stores of his lordship's house at Wresille, for the whole year, were laid in from fairs. The articles were "wine, wax, beiffes, muttons, wheite, and malt." This proves that fairs were then the principal marts for purchasing necessaries in large quantities, which are now supplied by frequent trading towns: and the mention of "beiffes and muttons," (which are salted oxen and sheep,) shows that at so late a period they knew little of breeding cattle.

The monks of the priories of Maxtoke in Warwickshire, and of Bicester in Oxfordshire, in the time of Henry VI., appear to have laid in yearly stores of various, yet common necessaries, at the fair of Stourbridge, in Cambridgeshire, at least one hundred miles distant from either monastery.

February 14.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now each fond youth who ere essay'd
An effort in the tinkling trade,
Resumes to day; and writes and blots
About true-love and true-love's-knots;
And opens veins in ladies' hearts;
(Or *steels* 'em) with two cris-cross darts,—
(There must be two)
Stuck through (and through)
His own: and then to s'cure 'em better
He doubles up his single letter—
Type of his state,
(Perchance a hostage
To double fate)
For single postage.*
Emblem of his and my *Cupidity*;
With p'rhaps 'ike happy end—stupidity.

French Valentines.

Menage, in his Etymological Dictionary, has accounted for the term "Valentine," by stating that Madame Royale, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, having built a palace near Turin, which, in honour of the saint, then in high esteem, she called the Valentine, at the first entertainment which she gave in it, was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance, and of choosing her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that, at every tournament, the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers. This custom, says Menage, occasioned the parties to be called "Valentines."*

An elegant writer, in a journal of the present month, prepares for the annual festival with the following

LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

From Britain's realm, in olden time,
By the strong power of truths sublime,
The pagan rites were banish'd;
And, spite of Greek and Roman lore,
Each god and goddess, fam'd of yore,
From grove and altar vanish'd.

And they (as sure became them best)
To Austin and Paulinius' best
Obediently submitted,
And left the land without delay—
Save Cupid, who still held a sway
Too strong to passively obey,
Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he
Was far too potent, e'er to be
Depos'd and exil'd quietly
From his belov'd dominion;
And sturdily the ur.hin swore
He ne'er, to leave the British shore,
Would move a single pinion.

* Dr. Drake's Shakspeare and his Times. See also the *Every-Day Book* for large particulars of the day.

The saints at this were sadly vex'd,
And much their holy brains perplex'd,
To bring the boy to reason;
And, when they found him bent to stay,
They built up convent-walls straightway,
And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,
Soon met, within a convent shade,
New subjects in profusion:
Albeit he found his pagan name
Was heard by pious maid and dame
With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,
And deem'd a rebel heathen boy,
A most unsaintly creature;
But Cupid found a way with ease
His slyest votaries tastes to please,
And yet not change a feature.

For, by his brightest dart, the elf
Affirm'd he'd turn a saint himself,
To make their scruples lighter;
So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,
His wreathed locks, and playful wiles,
Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians rear'd the boy a shrine,
And youths invok'd Saint Valentine
To bless their annual passion;
And maidens still his name revere,
And, smiling, hail his day each year—
A day to village lovers dear,
Though saints are out of fashion.

A. S.

Monthly Magazine.

Another is pleased to treat the prevailing topic of the day as one of those "whims and oddities," which exceedingly amuse the reading world, and make e'en sighing lovers smile.

SONG

For the 14th of February.

By a General Lover.

"Mille gravem telis exhaustâ pene pharetrâ."

Apollo has peep'd through the shutter,
And waken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair:
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom, on spray;
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's Day.

Away with ye, dreams of disaster,
Away with ye, visions of law,
Of cases I never shall master,
Of pleadings I never shall draw:
Away with ye, parchments and papers,
Red tapes, unread volumes, away;
It gives a fond lover the vapours
To see you on Valentine's Day.

I'll sit in my nightcap, like Hayley,
I'll sit with my arms crost, like Spain,
Till joys, which are vanishing daily,
Come back in their lustre again:
Oh, shall I look over the waters,
Or shall I look over the way,
For the brightest and best of Earth's daughters,
To rhyme to on Valentine's Day?

Shall I crown with my worship, for fame's sake,
Some goddess whom Fashion has starr'd,
Make puns on Miss Love and her namesake,
Or pray for a *pas* with Brocard?
Shall I flirt, in romantic idea,
With Chester's adorable clay,
Or whisper in transport, "Si mea *
Cum Vestris——" on Valentine's Day?

Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,
Whom no one e'er saw or may see,
A fancy-drawn Laura Amelia,
An *ad libit.* Anna Marie?
Shall I court an initial with stars to it,
Go mad for a G. or a J.
Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,
And print it on Valentine's Day?

Alas! ere I'm properly frantic
With some such pure figment as this,
Some visions, not quite so romantic,
Start up to demolish the bliss;
Some Will o' the Wisp in a bonnet
Still leads my lost wit quite astray,
Till up to my ears in a sonnet
I sink upon Valentine's Day.

The Dian I half bought a ring for,
On seeing her thrown in the ring;
The Naiad I took such a spring for,
From Waterloo Bridge, in the spring;
The trembler I saved from a robber, on
My walk to the Champs Elysée!—
The warbler that fainted at Oberon,
Three months before Valentine's Day.

The gipsy I once had a spill with,
Bad luck to the Paddington team!
The countess I chanced to be ill with
From Dover to Calais by steam;
The lass that makes tea for Sir Stephen,
The lassie that brings in the tray;
It's odd—but the betting is even
Between them on Valentine's Day.

The white hands I help'd in their nutting;
The fair neck I cloak'd in the rain;
The bright eyes that thank'd me for cutting
My friend in Emmanuel-lane;
The Blue that admires Mr. Barrow;
The Saint that adores Lewis Way;
The Nameless that dated from Harrow
Three couplets last Valentine's Day.

I think not of Laura the witty,
For, oh! she is married at York!
I sigh not for Rose of the City,
For, ah! she is buried at Cork!

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* "Si mea cum Vestris valuissent vota!"—Ovid. *Met*

Adèle has a braver and better
To say what I never could say;
Louise cannot construe a letter
Of English on Valentine's Day.

So perish the leaves in the arbour,
The tree is all bare in the blast!
Like a wreck that is drifting to harbour,
I come to thee, Lady, at last:
Where art thou so lovely and lonely?
Though idle the lute and the lay,
The lute and the lay are thine only,
My fairest, on Valentine's Day.

For thee I have open'd my Blackstone,
For thee I have shut up myself;
Exchanged my long curls for a Caxton,
And laid my short whist on the shelf;
For thee I have sold my old Sherry,
For thee I have burn'd my new play;
And I grow philosophical—very!
Except upon Valentine's Day.

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New Monthly Magazine.

In the poems of Elizabeth Trefusis there is a "Valentine" with an expression of feeling which may well conclude the extracts already produced.

When to Love's influence woman yields,
She loves for life! and daily feels
Progressive tenderness!—each hour
Confirms, extends, the tyrant's power!
Her lover is her god! her fate!—
Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
Becomes a dear and valued prize,
If made for him, e'en tho' he proves
Forgetful of their former loves.

AIR AND EXERCISE

For Ladies.

There is a notion, that air spoils the complexion. It is possible, that an exposure to all weathers might do so; though if a gipsy beauty is to be said to have a bad complexion, it is one we are very much inclined to be in love with. A russeton apple has its beauty as well as a peach. At all events, a spoilt complexion of this sort is accompanied with none of the melancholy attending the bad complexions that arise from late hours, and spleen, and plodding, and indolence, and indigestion. Fresh air puts a wine in the blood that lasts from morning to night, and not merely for an hour or two after dinner. If ladies would not carry buttered toast in their cheeks, instead of roses, they must shake the blood in their veins, till it spins clear. Cheerfulness itself helps to make good blood; and air and exercise make cheerfulness. When it is said, that air spoils the complexion, it is not meant that breathing it does so, but exposure to it. We are convinced it is altogether a fallacy, and that nothing but a constant exposure to the extremes of heat and cold has any such effect. The not breathing the fresh air is confessedly injurious; and this might be done much oftener than is supposed. People might oftener throw up their windows, or admit the air partially, and with an effect sensible only to the general feelings. We find, by repeated experiments, that we can write better and longer with the admission of air into our study. We have learnt also, by the same experience, to prefer a large study to a small one; and here the rich, it must be confessed, have another advantage over us. They pass their days in large airy rooms—in apartments that are field and champain, compared to the closets that we dignify with the name of parlours and drawing-rooms. A gipsy and they are in this respect, and in many others, more on a footing; and the gipsy beauty and the park beauty enjoy themselves accordingly. Can we look at that extraordinary race of persons—we mean the gipsies—and not recognise the wonderful physical perfection to which they are brought, solely by their exemption from some of our most inveterate notions, and by dint of living constantly in the fresh air? Read any of the accounts that are given of them, even by writers the most opposed to their way of life, and you will find these very writers refuting themselves and their proposed ameliorations by confessing that no human beings can be better formed, or healthier, or happier than the gipsies, so long as they are kept out of the way of towns and their sophistications. A suicide is not known among them. They are as merry as the larks with which they rise; have the use of their limbs to a degree unknown among us, except by our new friends the gymnasts; and are as sharp in their faculties as the perfection of their frames can render them. A glass of brandy puts them into a state of unbearable transport. It is a superfluous bliss; wine added to wine: and the old learn to do themselves mischief with it, and level their condition with stockbrokers and politicians. Yet these are the people whom some wiseacres are for turning into bigots and manufacturers. They had much better take them for what

they are, and for what Providence seems to have intended them—a memorandum to keep alive among us the belief in nature, and a proof to what a physical state of perfection the human being can be brought, solely by inhaling her glorious breath, and being exempt from our laborious mistakes. If the intelligent and the gipsy life could ever be brought more together, by any rational compromise, (and we do not despair of it, when we see that calculators begin to philosophize,) men might attain the greatest perfection of which they are capable. Meanwhile the gipsies have the advantage of it, if faces are any index of health and comfort. A gipsy with an eye fit for a genius, it is not difficult to meet with; but where shall we find a genius, or even a fundholder, with the cheek and health of a gipsy?

There is a fact well known to physicians, which settles at once the importance of fresh air to beauty, as well as health. It is, that in proportion as people stay at home, and do not set their lungs playing as they ought, the blood becomes dark, and lags in its current; whereas the habit of inhaling the air out of doors reddens it like a ruby, and makes it clear and brisk. Now the darker the blood, the more melancholy the sensations, and the worse the complexion.

It is common with persons who inherit a good stock of health from their ancestors, to argue that they take no particular pains to preserve it, and yet are well. This may be true; and it is also true, that there is a painstaking to that effect, which is superfluous and morbid, and helps to do more harm than good. But it does not follow from either of these truths, that a neglect of the rational means of retaining health will ultimately be good for any body. Healthy people may live a good while upon their stock. Children are in the habit of doing it. But healthy children, especially those who are foolishly treated upon an assumption that health consists in being highly fed, and having great beef-eating cheeks, very often turn out sickly at last; and grown-up people, for the most part, at least in great towns, have as little really good health, as children in general are given credit for the reverse. Nature does indeed provide liberally for abuses; but the abuse will be felt at last. It is generally felt a long while before it is acknowledged. Then comes age, with all its train of regrets and superstitions; and the beauty and the man, besides a world perhaps of idle remorse, which they would not feel but for their perverted blood, could eat their hearts out for having been such fools as not to secure a continuance of good looks and manly feelings, for want of a little handsome energy.

The ill taste of existence that is so apt to come upon people in middle life, is too often attributed to moral causes. Moral they are, but very often not in the sense imagined. Whatever causes be mixed up with them, the greatest of all is, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, no better or grander than a non-performance of the common duties of health. Many a fine lady takes a surfeit for a tender distress; and many a real sufferer, who is haunted by a regret, or takes himself for the most ill-used of bilious old gentlemen, might trace the loftiest of his woes to no better origin than a series of ham-pies, or a want of proper use of his boots and umbrella.*

A SONG.

Young Joe, he was a carman gay,
As any town could show;
His team was good, and, like his pence,
Was always on the go;
A thing, as every jackass knows,
Which often leads to *wo!*

It fell out that he fell in love,
By some odd chance or whim,
With Alice Payne—beside whose eyes
All other eyes were dim:
The painful tale must out—indeed,
She was *A Pain* to him.

For, when he ask'd her civilly
To make one of *they* two,
She whipp'd her tongue across her teeth,
And said, "D'ye think it true,
I'd trust my *load* of life with *sich*
A waggoner as you?

"No, no—to be a carman's wife
Will ne'er suit Alice Payne;
I'd better far a lone woman
For evermore remain,
Than have it said, while in my youth,
My life is on the *wain!*"

"Oh, Alice Payne! Oh, Alice Payne!
Why won't you meet with me?"
Then up she curl'd her nose, and said,
"Go axe your axletree;
I tell you, Joe, this—once for all—
My *joe* you shall not be."

She spoke the fatal "no," which put
A spoke into his wheel—
And stopp'd his happiness, as though
She'd cry *wo!* to his *weal*:—
These women ever steal our hearts,
And then their own they *steel*.

* New Monthly Magazine.

So round his melancholy neck
Poor Joe his drag-chain tied,
And hook'd it on a hook—"Oh! what
A weight is life!" he cried;
Then off he cast himself—and thus
The cast-off carman died!

Howbeit, as his son was set,
(Poor Joe!) at set of sun,
They laid him in his lowly grave,
And gravely that was done;
And she stood by, and laugh'd outright—
How wrong—the guilty one!

But the day of retribution comes
Alike to prince and hind,
As surely as the summer's sun
Must yield to wintry wind;
Alas! she did not mind his peace—
So she'd no peace of mind.

For when she sought her bed of rest,
Her rest was all on thorns;
And there another lover stood,
Who wore a pair of horns:
His little tiny feet were cleft,
And cloven, like a fawn's;

His face and garb were dark and black,
As daylight to the blind;
And a something undefinable
Around his skirt was twin'd—
As if he wore, like other pigs,
His pigtail out behind.

His arms, though less than other men's,
By no means *harm-less* were:
Dark elfin locks en lock'd his brow—
You might not call them hair;
And, oh! it was a *gas-tly* sight
To see his eye-balls glare.

And ever, as the midnight bell
Twelve awful strokes had toll'd,
That dark man by her bedside stood,
Whilst all her blood run cold;
And ever and anon he cried,
"I could a *tail* unfold!"

And so her strength of heart grew less,
For heart-less she had been;
And on her pallid cheek a small
Red hectic spot was seen:
You could not say her life was spent
Without a spot, I wean.

And they who mark'd that crimson light
Well knew the treach'rous bloom—
A light that shines, alas! alas!
To light us to our tomb:
They said 'twas like thy cross, St. Paul's,
The *signal* of her *doom*.

And so it prov'd—she lost her health,
When breath she needed most—
Just as the winning horse gets blown
Close by the winning-post.
The ghost, he gave up plaguing her—
So she gave up the ghost

H. L.

Monthly Magazine.

London.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

In the annals of the world there have never been such rapid changes and such vast improvements as have occurred in this metropolis during the last seven years. We have no occasion now to refer to Pennant to produce exclamations of surprise at the wonderful changes in London; our own recollections are sufficient. Oxford-street seems half a mile nearer to Charing Cross than in the days of our youth. Swallow-street, with all the dirty courts in its vicinity, have been swallowed up, and replaced by one of the most magnificent streets in Europe; a street, which may vie with the Calle d'Alcala in Madrid, with the Quartier du Chapeau Rouge at Bourdeaux, or the Place de Louis Quinze at Paris. We must, for the present, overlook the defects of the architectural detail of this street, in the contemplation of the great and general improvement which its construction has produced in the metropolis.

Other streets are proposed by the same active genius under which Regent-street has been accomplished; the vile houses which surrounded and hid the finest portico in London—that of St. Martin's church—are already taken down; a square is to be formed round this building, with two large openings into the Strand, and plans are already in agitation to lay open other churches in the same manner. Even the economical citizens have given us a peep at St. Bride's—being ashamed again to hide beauties which accident had given them an opportunity of displaying to greater advantage. One street is projected from Charing Cross to the British Museum, terminating in a square, of which the church in Hart-street is to form the centre; another is intended to lead to the same point from Waterloo-bridge, by which this structure, which is at present almost useless, will become the great connecting thoroughfare between the north and south sides of the Thames: this street is, indeed, a desideratum to the proprietors of the bridge, as well as to the public at large. Carlton-house is already being taken down—by which means Regent-street will terminate at the south end, with a view of St. James's Park, in the same manner as it does at the north end, by an opening into the Regent's Park.

Such is the general outline of the late and the projected improvements in the heart of the metropolis; but they have not stopped here. The king has been decora-

ting Hyde Park with lodges, designed by Mr. Decimus Burton, which are really gems in architecture, and stand unrivalled for proportion, chasteness, and simplicity, amidst the architectural productions of the age.

Squares are already covering the extensive property of lord Grosvenor in the fields of Chelsea and Pimlico; and crescents and colonnades are planned, by the architect to the bishop of London, on the ground belonging to the diocese at Bayswater.

But all suburban improvements sink into insignificance, when compared with what has been projected and attained within the last seven years in the Regent's Park. This new city of palaces has appeared to have started into existence like the event of a fairy tale. Every week showed traces of an Aladdin hand in its progress, till, to our astonishment, we ride through streets, squares, crescents, and terraces, where we the other day saw nothing but pasture land and Lord's-cricket-ground;—a barn is replaced by a palace—and buildings are constructed, one or two of which may vie with the proudest efforts of Greece and Rome.

The projector, with true taste, has called the beauties of landscape to the aid of architectural embellishment; and we accordingly find groves, and lawns, and streams intersecting the numerous ranges of terraces and villas; while nature, as though pleased at the efforts of art, seems to have exerted herself with extraordinary vigour to emulate and second the efforts of the artist.

In so many buildings, and amidst so much variety, there must, consequently, be many different degrees of architectural excellence, and many defects in architectural composition; but, taken as a whole, and the short time occupied in its accomplishment, the Regent's Park may be considered as one of the most extraordinary creations of architecture that has ever been witnessed. It is the only speculation of the sort where elegance seems to have been considered equally with profit in the disposition of the ground. The buildings are not crowded together with an avaricious determination to create as much frontage as possible; and we cannot bestow too much praise on the liberality with which the projector has given up so much space to the squares, roads, and plantations, by which he has certainly relinquished many sources of profit for the pleasure and convenience of the public.

It is in the contemplation of these additions and improvements to our metropolis, that we doubly feel the blessings and effects of that peace which has enabled the government, as well as private individuals, to attempt to make London worthy of the character it bears in the scale of cities; and we are happy now to feel proud of the architectural beauty, as we always have of the commercial influence, of our metropolis.*

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joys visits when most brief!
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home, dear home!

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;
By the waving tree thro' which thine eye
First look'd in love to the summer sky;
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves;
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes;
By every sound of thy native shade,
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;
By the fairy tale or the legend old
In that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hours when hearts unite
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good-night;"
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light!
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battles of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall,
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
From the loves of its guileless youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come,
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;

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* Monthly Magazine.

Think thou again of the woody glade,
And the sound by the rustling ivy made;
Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

F. H.

Monthly Magazine.

BOOKS.

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his art, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

COWPER.

If there be one word in our language, beyond all others teeming with delightful associations, *Books* is that word. At that magic name what vivid retrospections of by-gone times, what summer days of unalloyed happiness "when life was new," rush on the memory! even now the spell retains its power to charm: the beloved of my youth is the solace of my declining years: such is the enduring nature of an early attachment to literature.

The first book that inspired me with a taste for reading, was *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress;* never shall I forget the intense emotion with which I perused this pious and interesting fiction: the picturesque descriptions and quaint moralities blended with this fine allegory, heightened the enchantment, which to a youthful and fervid imagination, "unsated yet with garbage," was complete. From henceforward my bias was determined; the passion grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and I *devoured* all the books that fell in my way, as if "appetite increased by what it fed on." My next step was,—I commenced *collector*. Smile, if you will, reader, but admire the benevolence of creative wisdom, by which the means of happiness are so nicely adjusted to the capacity for enjoyment: for, slender, as in those days were my finances, I much doubt if the noble possessor of the *unique edition* of BOCCACCIO, marched off with his envied prize at the cost of *two thousand four hundred pounds*, more triumphantly, than I did with my sixpenny pamphlet, or dog's eared volume, destined to form the nucleus of my future library.

The moral advantages arising out of a love of books are so obvious, that to enlarge upon such a topic might be deemed a gratuitous parade of truisms; I shall therefore proceed to offer a few observations, as to the best modes of deriving both pleasure and improvement from the cultivation of this most fascinating and intellectual of all pursuits. Lord Bacon says, with his usual discrimination, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;" this short sentence comprises the whole practical wisdom of the subject, and in like manner by an extension of the principle, the choice of a library must be regulated. "Few books, well selected, are best," is a maxim useful to all, but more especially to young collectors: for let it be remembered, that economy in our pleasures invariably tends to enlarge the sphere of our enjoyments. Fuller remarks, "that it is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library;" and the supposition is equally erroneous, that a *large* collection necessarily implies a *good* one. The truth is, were we to discard all the works of a mere temporary interest, and of solemn trifling, that incumber the fields of literature, the magnitude of numerous vast libraries would suddenly shrink into most diminutive dimensions, for the number of good original authors is comparatively few; study therefore *quality* rather than *quantity* in the selection of your books. As regards the *luxuries* of the library, keep a rigid watch upon your inclinations; for though it must not be denied that there is a rational pleasure in seeing a favourite author *elegantly attired*, nothing is more ridiculous than this taste pushed to the extreme; for then this refined pursuit degenerates into a mere hobbyhorse, and once fairly mounted, good-by to prudence and common sense! The Bibliomaniac is thus pleasantly satirized by an old poet in the "Shyp of Fooles."

Styll am I besy *bok assemblynge*,
For to have plenty it is a pleasaunt thynge
In my conceit, and to have them ay in hend,
But what they mene do I not understande!

When we survey our well-furnished bookshelves, the first thought that suggests itself, is the *immortality of intellect*. Here repose the living monuments of those master spirits destined to sway the empire of mind; the historian, the philosopher, and the poet, "of imagination all compact!" and while the deeds of mighty conquerors hurry down the stream of oblivion, the works of these men survive to after-ages; are enshrined in the memories of a grateful posterity, and finally stamp upon

national character the permanent impress of their genius.

Happy we, who are early taught to cherish the society of these *silent* friends, ever ready to amuse without importunity, and instruct without the austerity of reproof. Let us rest assured that it is "mind that makes the body rich," and that in the cultivation of our intellect we secure an inexhaustible store of present gratification, and a source of pleasurable recollections which will never fail to cheer the evening of life. J. H.

ETIQUETTE.

Philosophy may rave as it will, "little things are great to little men," and the less the man, the greater is the object. A king at arms is, in his own estimation, the greatest king in Europe, and a German baron is not more punctilious than a master of the ceremonies. The first desire with all men is power, the next is the semblance of power; and it is perhaps a happy dispensation that those who are cut off from the substantial rights of the citizen, should find a compensation in the "decorations" of the slave; as in all other moral cases the vices of the individual are repressed by those of the rest of the community. The pride of Diogenes trampled on the pride of Plato; and the vanity of the excluded may be trusted for keeping within bounds the vanity of the preeminent and the privileged. The great enemy, however, of etiquette is civilisation, which is incessantly at work, simplifying society. Knowledge, by opening our eyes to the substances of things, defends us from the juggle of forms; and Napoleon, when he called a throne a mere chair, with gilt nails driven into it, epitomised one of the most striking results of the revolutionary contest. Strange that he should have overlooked or disregarded the fact in the erection of his own institutions! Ceremonial is a true paper currency, and passes only as far as it will be taken. The representative of a thousand pounds, unbacked by credit, is a worthless rag of paper, and the highest decoration which the king can confer, if repudiated by opinion, is but a piece of blue riband. Here indeed the sublime touches the ridiculous, for who shall draw the line of demarcation between my lord Grizzle and the gold stick? between Mr. Dymock, in Westminster-hall, and his representative "on a real horse" at Covent-garden?—Every day the intercourse of society is becoming more and more easy, and a man of fashion is as little likely to be ceremonious in trifles, as to appear in the costume of sir Charles Grandison, or to take up the quarrels of lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

INDICATIONS.

Written in the Frost.

For the Table Book.

I know that the weather's severe, by the noses
That run between eyes smartly lash'd by the fair;
By the coxcombs that muff-led are smiling at roses
Got into the cheeks, and got out of the air.

By the skates, (slipp'ry fish) for the Serpentine's Fleet
By the rise of the coal; by the shot-birds that fall.
By the chilly old people that creep to the heat;
And the ivy-green branches that creep to the wall.

By the chorus of boys sliding over the river,
The grumbles of men sliding over the flags;
The beggars, poor wretches! half naked, that shiver!
The sportsmen, poor horsemen! turn'd out on their nags!

By the snow standing over the plant and the fountain;
The chilbain-tribes, whose understanding is weak;
The wild-ducks of the valley, the drift of the mountain,
And, like Niobé, street-plugs all tears from the Creek:

And I know, by the icelets from nature's own shops,
By the fagots just cut, and the cutting wind's tone,
That the weather will freeze half the world if it stops,
If it goes, it will thaw t'other half to the bone.

Jan. 27. *, *, P.

ADOPTION.

There is a singular system in France relative to the adoption of children. A family who has none, adopts as their own a fine child belonging to a friend, or more generally to some poor person, (for the laws of population in the poor differ from those in the rich;) the adoption is regularly enregistered by the civil authorities, and the child becomes heir-at-law to the property of its new parents, and cannot be disinherited by any subsequent caprice of the parties; they are bound to support it suitably to their rank, and do every thing due to their offspring.†

A Royal Simile.

"Queen Elizabeth was wont to say, upon the commission of *sales*, that the commissioners used her like *strawberry*-wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pottle, and all the rest were little ones; so they made her two or three great prices of the first particulars, but fell straightways"‡

* New Monthly Magazine. † Ibid.
‡ Apophthegms Antiq.

Blind Hannah.

Sightless, and gently led her unseen round,
She daily creeps, and draws a soothing sound
Of Psalmody, from out her viol' strings,
To company some plaintive words she sings.

This young woman sojourns in the neighbourhood of the ancient scene of the "Pretty Bessee" and her old father, the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green"—

"His marks and his tokens were known full well,
He always was led with a dog and a bell."

Her name is Hannah Brentford. She is an inhabitant of Bunhill-row, twenty-four years old, and has been blind from the time she had the small-pox, two and twenty years ago. She sings hymns, and accompanies herself on the violin. Her manner is to "give out" two lines of words, and chant them to "a quiet tune;" and then she gives out another two lines; and so she proceeds till the composition is finished. Her voice, and the imitative strains of her instrument, are one chord of 'plaining sound, beautifully touching. She supports herself, and an aged mother, on the alms of passengers in the streets of Finsbury, who "please to bestow their charity on the *blind*"—"the *poor* blind." They who are not pierced by her "sightless eye-balls" have no sight: they who are unmoved by her virginal melody have "ears, and they hear not." Her eyes are of agate—she is one of the "poor *stone* blind"—

most musical, most melancholy."

Garrick Plays.

No. V.

[From "Arden of Feversham his true and lamentable Tragedy," Author unknown. 1592.]

Alice Arden with Mosbie her Paramour conspire the murder of her Husband.

Mos. How now, Alice, what sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.
Al. But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah Mosbie!
Mos. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruinated wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou know'st it will, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not Love that loves to anger Love.
Al. It is not Love that loves to murther Love.
Mos. How mean you that?
Al. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.
Mos. And then——
Al. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,
And publish'd in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our springtime wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has past betwixt us;
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.
Mos. What, are you changed?
Al. Aye, to my former happy life again;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ha Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,
A mean Artificer, that low-born name!
I was bewitcht; woe-worth the hapless hour,
And all the causes that enchanted me.
Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state;
For-slow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time;
Aye, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewitcht; that is no theme of thine;
And thou unhallow'd hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That shew'd my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I view'd thee not till now;
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shews thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.
Al. Aye, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two;
I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look;
If thou cry War, there is no Peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee;
And burn this Prayer Book, which I here use,
The Holy Word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves; and in this golden Cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? is all thy Love o'erwhelm'd?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thy ears?
Why speakst thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the Eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful Hare
And spoke as smoothly as an Orator,
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak:
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still;
Be clear again; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.
Mos. O fie, no; I'm a base artificer;
My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight.
Mosbie, fie, no; not for a thousand pound
Make love to you; why, tis unpardonable.
We Beggars must not breathe, where Gentiles are.
Al. Sweet Mosbie is as Gentle as a King,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands;
Weeds in gardens, Roses grow on thorns:
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued Gentle by his worth.
Mos. Ah how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

Arden, with his friend Franklin, travelling at night to Arden's house at Feversham, where he is lain in wait for by Ruffians, hired by Alice and Mosbie to murder him; Franklin is interrupted in a story he was beginning to tell by the way of a BAD WIFE, *by an indisposition, ominous of the impending danger of his friend*

Arden. Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

Frank. I'll assure you, Sir, you task me much.
A heavy blood is gather'd at my heart;
And on the sudden is my wind so short,
As hindereth the passage of my speech.
So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

Arden. Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly;
The annoyance of the dust, or else some meat
You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.
I have been often so, and soon amended.

Frank. Do you remember where my tale did leave?

Arden. Aye, where the Gentleman did check his wife—

Frank. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produced that took her with the fact,
Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her Husband ask'd her whether it were not so—

Arden. Her answer then? I wonder how she look'd,
Having forsworn it with so vehement oaths,
And at the instant so approved upon her.

Frank. First did she cast her eyes down on the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;
Then softly draws she out her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stain'd face:
Then hemm'd she out (to clear her voice it should seem),
And with a majesty address herself
To encounter all their accusations—
Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more;
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

Arden. Come, we are almost now at Raynum Down;
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,
I would you were in case to tell it out.

[*They are set upon by the Ruffians.*]

Music.

For the Table Book.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

John Bull.

In answer to an inquiry in *The Times*, respecting the author of "God save the King," the writers of several letters in that journal, during the present month, concur in ascribing the air of the "national anthem" to Dr. John Bull. This opinion results from recent researches, by the curious in music, which have been published in elaborate forms.

Dr. John Bull was a celebrated musician, born about 1563, in Somersetshire. His master in music was William Blitheman, organist of the chapel royal to queen Elizabeth, in which capacity he was much distinguished. Bull, on the death of his master in 1591, was appointed his successor. In 1592 he was created doctor in the university of Cambridge; and in 1596, at the recommendation of her majesty, he was made professor of music to Gresham college, which situation he resigned in 1607. During more than a year of his professorship, Mr. Thomas Bird, son of the venerable William Bird, exercised the office of a substitute to Dr. Bull, while he travelled on the continent for the recovery of his health. After the decease of queen Elizabeth, Bull was appointed chamber-musician to king James. In 1613, Dr. Bull finally quitted England, and entered into the service of the archduke, in the Netherlands. He afterwards seems to have settled at Lubec, from which place many of his compositions, in the list published by Dr. Ward, are dated; one of them so late as 1622, the supposed year of his decease. Dr. Bull has been censured for quitting his establishment in England; but it is probable that the increase of health and wealth was the cause and consequence of his removal. He seems to have been praised at home more than rewarded. The professorship of Gresham college was not then a sinecure. His attendance on the chapel royal, for which he had 40*l.* per annum, and on the prince of Wales, at a similar salary, though honourable, were not very lucrative appointments for the first performer in the world, at a time when scholars were not so profitable as at present, and there was no public *performance* where this most wonderful musician could display his abilities. A list of more than two hundred of Dr. Bull's compositions, vocal and instrumental, is inserted in his life, the whole of which, when his biography was written in 1740, were preserved in the collection of Dr. Pepusch. The chief part of these were pieces for the organ and virginal.*

Anthony a Wood relates the following anecdote of this distinguished musician, when he was abroad for the recovery of his health in 1601:—

"Dr. Bull hearing of a famous musician belonging to a certain cathedral at St. Omer's, he applied himself as a novice to him, to learn something of his faculty, and to see and admire his works. This musician, after some discourse had passed between them, conducted Bull to a vestry or music-school joining to the cathedral, and showed to him a lesson or song of forty parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part

* Dictionary of Musicians. Hawkins.

to them, supposing it to be so complete and full that it was impossible for any mortal man to correct or add to it; Bull thereupon desiring the use of pen, ink, and ruled paper, such as we call music paper, prayed the musician to lock him up in the said school for two or three hours; which being done, not without great disdain by the musician, Bull in that time, or less, added forty more parts to the said lesson or song. The musician thereupon being called in, he viewed it, tried it, and retried it; at length he burst out into a great ecstasy, and swore by the great God, that he that added those forty parts must either be the devil, or Dr. Bull, &c. Whereupon Bull making himself known, the musician fell down and adored him. Afterwards continuing there and in those parts for a time, he became so much admired, that he was courted to accept of any place or preferment suitable to his profession, either within the dominions of the emperor, king of France, or Spain; but the tidings of these transactions coming to the English court, queen Elizabeth commanded him home."*

Dr. Burney disregards the preceding account as incredible; but Wood was a most accurate writer: and Dr. Bull, besides being a great master, was a lover of the difficulties in his science, and was therefore likely to seek them with delight, and accomplish them in a time surprisingly short to those who study melody rather than intricacy of composition.

It is related that in the reign of James I. "July the 16th, 1607, his majesty and prince Henry, with many of the nobility, and other honourable persons, dined at Merchant Taylors' hall, it being the election-day of their master and wardens; when the company's roll being offered to his majesty, he said he was already free of another company, but that the prince should grace them with the acceptance of his freedom, and that he would himself see when the garland was put on his head, which was done accordingly. During their stay, they were entertained with a great variety of music, both voices and instruments, as likewise with several speeches. And, while the king sat at dinner, Dr. Bull, who was free of that company, being in a cittizen's gowne, cappe, and hood, played most excellent melodie uppon a small payre of organs, placed there for that purpose onely."

From the only works of Dr. Bull in print, some lessons in the "Parthenia—the first music that was ever printed for the virginals," he is deemed to have possessed a power of execution on the harpsichord far beyond what is generally conceived of the masters of that time. As to his lessons, they were, in the estimation of Dr. Pepusch, not only for the harmony and contrivance, but for air and modulation, so excellent, that he scrupled not to prefer them to those of Couperin, Scarlatti, and others of the modern composers for the harpsichord.

Dr. Pepusch had in his collection a book of lessons very richly bound, which had once been queen Elizabeth's; in this were contained many lessons of Bull, so very difficult, that hardly any master of the doctor's time was able to play them. It is well known, that Dr. Pepusch married the famous opera singer, signora Margarita de L'Pine, who had a very fine hand on the harpsichord: as soon as they were married, the doctor inspired her with the same sentiments of Bull as he himself had long entertained, and prevailed on her to practise his lessons; in which she succeeded so well, as to excite the curiosity of numbers to resort to his house at the corner of Bartlett's-buildings, in Fetter-lane, to hear her. There are no remaining evidences of her unwearied application, in order to attain that degree of excellence which it is known she arrived at; but the book itself is yet in being, which in some parts of it is so discoloured by continual use, as to distinguish with the utmost degree of certainty the very lessons with which she was most delighted. One of them took up twenty minutes to go through it.*

Dr. Burney says, that Pepusch's preference of Bull's compositions to those of Couperin and Scarlatti, rather proves that the doctor's taste was bad, than that Bull's music was good; and he remarks, in reference to some of them, "that they may be heard by a lover of music, with as little emotion as the clapper of a mill, or the rumbling of a post-chaise." It is a misfortune to Dr. Bull's fame, that he left little evidence of his great powers, except the transcendantly magnificent air of "God save the king."

February, 1827.

COMPANY OF MUSICIANS
OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

King James I., upon what beneficial principle it is now difficult to discover, by

* Wood's Fasti, anno 1586.

* Hawkins.

letters-patent incorporated the musicians of the city of London into a company, and they still continue to enjoy privileges in consequence of their constituting a fraternity and corporation; bearing arms azure, a swan, argent, within a tressure counterflure, or: in a chief, gules, a rose between two lions, or: and for their crest the celestial sign Lyra, called by astronomers the Orphean Lyre. Unluckily for the *bon-vivans* of this tuneful tribe, they have no hall in the city for festive delights! However, on days of greatest *gourmandise*, the members of this body are generally too busily employed in exhilarating others, comfortably to enjoy the fruits of good living themselves. And here historical integrity obliges me to say, that this company has ever been held in derision by real professors, who have regarded it as an institution as foreign to the cultivation and prosperity of good music, as the train-bands to the art of war. Indeed, the only uses that have hitherto been made of this charter seem the affording to aliens an easy and cheap expedient of acquiring the freedom of the city, and enabling them to pursue some more profitable and respectable trade than that of fiddling; as well as empowering the company to keep out of processions, and city-feasts, every street and country-dance player, of superior abilities to those who have the honour of being styled the "*Waits of the corporation.*"*

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

Sultan Amurath, that cruel prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted, and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to see the sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him with his entreaty; and, being brought before the emperor, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, resembling a lyre, with six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intention. He spared the prisoners who yet remained alive, and gave them instant liberty.

* Burney.

Topography.

THE YORKSHIRE GIPSY.*

For the Table Book.

The Gipsies are pretty well known as streams of water, which, at different periods, are observed on some parts of the Yorkshire Wolds. They appear toward the latter end of winter, or early in spring; sometimes breaking out very suddenly, and, after running a few miles, again disappearing. That which is more particularly distinguished by the name of *The Gipsy*, has its origin near the Wold-cottage, at a distance of about twelve miles W. N. W. from Bridlington. The water here does not rise in a body, in one particular spot, but may be seen oozing and trickling among the grass, over a surface of considerable extent, and where the ground is not interrupted by the least apparent breakage; collecting into a mass, it passes off in a channel, of about four feet in depth, and eight or ten in width, along a fertile valley, toward the sea, which it enters through the harbour at Bridlington; having passed the villages of Wold Newton, North Burton, Rudston, and Boynton. Its uncertain visits, and the amazing quantity of water sometimes discharged in a single season, have afforded subjects of curious speculation. One writer displays a considerable degree of ability in favour of a connection which he supposes to exist between it and the ebbing and flowing spring, discovered at Bridlington Quay in 1811. "The appearance of this water," however, to use the words of Mr. Hinderwell, the historian of Scarborough, "is certainly influenced by the state of the seasons," as there is sometimes an intermission of three or four years. It is probably occasioned by a surcharge of water descending from the high lands into the vales, by subterraneous passages, and, finding a proper place of emission, breaks out with great force.

* The word is not pronounced the same as *gipsy*, a fortune-teller; the *g*, in this case, being sounded hard as in *gimlet*.

After a secession of five years, the Gipsy made its appearance in February, 1823; a circumstance which some people had supposed as unlikely to occur, owing to the alterations effected on the *Carrs*, under the Muston and Yedingham drainage act.

We are told, that the ancient Britons exalted their rivers and streams into the offices of religion, and whenever an object had been thus employed, it was reverenced with a degree of sanctity ever afterwards; and we may readily suppose, that the sudden and extraordinary appearance of this stream, after an interval of two or three successive years, would awaken their curiosity, and excite in them a feeling of sacred astonishment. From the Druids may probably have descended a custom, formerly prevalent among the young people at North Burton, but now discontinued: it was—"going to meet the Gipsy," on her first approach. Whether or not this meeting was accompanied by any particular ceremony, the writer of this paragraph has not been able to ascertain.

T. C.

Bridlington.

WILTSHIRE ABROAD AND AT HOME.

To the Editor.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night.

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole.

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of loves, and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

Mr. Editor,—As your *Table Book* may be considered an extensively agreeable and entertaining continuation of your *Every-Day Book*, allow me a column, wherein, without wishing to draw attention too frequently to one subject, I would recur again to the contributions of your correspondent, in vol. ii. page 1371, of the *Every-Day Book*, my observations at page 1584, and his notices at page 1606. Your "Old Correspondent" is, I presume, a native of this part of the country. He tells us, page 1608, that his ancestors came from the Priory; in another place, that he is himself an antiquarian; and, if I am not much mistaken in the signatures, you have admitted his poetical effusions in some of your numbers. Assuming these to be facts, he will enter into the feeling conveyed by the lines quoted at the head of this article, and agree with me in this observation, that every man who writes of the spot, or the county so endeared, should be anxious that truth and fiction should not be so blended together as to mislead us (the inhabitants) who read your miscellany; and that we shall esteem it the more, as the antiquities, the productions, and the peculiarities of this part of our county are noticed in a proper manner.

As your correspondent appears to have been anxious to set himself right with regard to the inaccuracies I noticed in his account of Clack, &c., I will point out that he is still in error in one slight particular. When he visits this county again, he will find, if he should direct his footsteps towards Malmsbury and its venerable abbey, (now the church,) the tradition is, that the boys of a school, kept in a room that once existed over the antique and curious entrance to the abbey, revolted and killed their master. Mr. Moffatt, in his history of Malmsbury, (ed. 1805,) has not noticed this tradition.

Excuse my transcribing from that work, the subjoined "Sonnet to the Avon," and let me express a hope that your correspondent may also favour us with some effusions in verse upon that stream, the scene of warlike contests when the boundary of the Saxon kingdom, or upon other subjects connected with our local history.

Upon this river, meandering through a fine and fertile tract of country, Mr. Mof-

fatt, after noticing the earlier abbots of Malmsbury, adds, "The ideas contained in the following lines were suggested by the perusal of the history of the foundation of Malmsbury abbey:

"Sonnet to the Avon.

"Reclined beside the willow shaded stream,
On which the breath of whispering zephyr plays,
Let me, O Avon, in untutor'd lays
Assert thy fairest, purest right to fame.

What tho' no myrtle bower thy banks adorn,
Nor sportive Naiads wanton in thy waves;
No glittering sands of gold, or coral caves,
Bedeck the channel by thy waters worn:

Yet thou canst boast of honours passing these,
For when fair science left her eastern seat,
Ere Alfred raised her sons a fair retreat,
Where Isis' laurels tremble in the breeze;
'Twas there, near where thy curling streamlet flows,
E'en in yon dell, the Muses found repose."

This interesting period in the history of the venerable abbey, its supposed connection with Bradenstoke Priory, the admired scenery of the surrounding country, the events of past ages blended into the exertions of a fertile imagination, and the many traditions still floating in the minds of the inhabitants, would form materials deserving the attention of a writer disposed to wield his pen in that department of literature, which has been so successfully cultivated in the northern and other parts of our island.

If by the observation, "that his ancestors came from the Priory," your correspondent means Bradenstoke Priory, he will allow me to direct his attention to the fact of the original register of that establishment being in the British Museum. I refer him to the "Beauties of England and Wales."

As your correspondent probably resides in London, he may be induced to obtain access to this document, in which I conclude he would have no difficulty; and if you, Mr. Editor, could favour us in your publication with an engraving of this Priory, it would be acceptable.

I appreciate the manner in which your correspondent noticed my remarks, and wish him success in his literary efforts, whether relating to objects in this vicinity, or to other matters. One remark only I will add,—that I think he should avoid the naming of respectable individuals: the mention of names may cause unpleasant feelings in a neighbourhood like this, however unintentional on his part. I should have considered it better taste in an antiquarian to have named the person in possession of the golden image, in preference to the childish incident stated to have occurred when Bradenstoke Priory was occupied by a former respectable inhabitant, Mrs. Bridges.

Your correspondent will excuse the freedom of this observation; his ready pen could perhaps relate to you the detail of a tragical event, said by tradition to have occurred at Dauntsey, where the mansion of the late earl of Peterborough now stands, and "other tales of other times."

A READER.*

Lyneham, Wilts,
January 23, 1827.

OLD BIRMINGHAM CONJURERS.

BY MR. WILLIAM HUTTON.

No *head* is a vacuum. Some, like a paltry cottage, are ill accommodated, dark, and circumscribed; others are capacious as Westminster-hall. Though none are immense, yet they are capable of immense furniture. The more room is taken up by knowledge, the less remains for credulity. The more a man is acquainted with things, the more willing to "give up the *ghost.*" Every town and village, within my knowledge, has been pestered with spirits, which appear in horrid forms to the imagination in the winter night—but the spirits which haunt Birmingham, are those of industry and luxury.

If we examine the whole parish, we cannot produce one *old* "witch;" but we have numbers of young, who exercise a powerful influence over us. Should the ladies accuse the harsh epithet, they will please to consider, I allow them, what of all things they most wish for, *power*—therefore the balance is in my favour.

If we pass through the planetary worlds, we shall be able to muster two conjurers, who endeavoured to "shine with the stars." The first, John Walton, who was so busy in casting the nativity of others, that he forgot his own. Conscious of an application to himself, for the discovery of stolen

* I am somewhat embarrassed by this difference between two valued correspondents, and I hope neither will regard me in an ill light, if I venture to interpose, and deprecate controversy beyond an extent which can interest the readers of the *Table Book*. I do not say that it has passed that limit, and hitherto all has been well; perhaps, however, it would be advisable that "A Reader" should confide to me his name, and that he and my "Old Correspondent," whom I know, should allow me to introduce them to each other. I think the result would be mutually satisfactory.

W. H.

goods, he employed his people to steal them. And though, for many years confined to his bed by infirmity, he could conjure away the property of others, and, for a reward, conjure it back again.

The prevalence of this evil, induced the legislature, in 1725, to make the *reception* of stolen goods capital. The first sacrifice to this law was the noted Jonathan Wild.

The officers of justice, in 1732, pulled Walton out of his bed, in an obscure cottage, one furlong from the town, now Brickiln-lane, carried him to prison, and from thence to the gallows—they had better have carried him to the workhouse, and his followers to the anvil.

To him succeeded Francis Kimberley, the only reasoning animal, who resided at No. 60, in Dale-end, from his early youth to extreme age. A hermit in a crowd! The windows of his house were strangers to light. The shutters forgot to open; the chimney to smoke. His cellar, though amply furnished, never knew moisture.

He spent threescore years in filling six rooms with such trumpery as was just too good to be thrown away, and too bad to be kept. His life was as inoffensive as long. Instead of *stealing* the goods which other people used, he *purchased* what he could not use himself. He was not difficult in his choice of the property that entered his house; if there was *bulk*, he was satisfied.

His dark house, and his dark figure, corresponded with each other. The apartments, choked up with lumber, scarcely admitted his body, though of the skeleton order. Perhaps leanness is an appendage to the science, for I never knew a corpulent conjurer. His diet, regular, plain, and slender, showed at how little expense life might be sustained. His library consisted of several thousand volumes, not one of which, I believe, he ever read; having written, in characters unknown to all but himself, his name, the price, and the date, in the title-page, he laid them by for ever. The highest pitch of his erudition was the annual almanack.

He never wished to approach a woman, or be approached by one. Should the rest of men, for half a century, pay no more attention to the fair, some angelic hand might stick up a note like the arctic circle over one of our continents, "this world to be let."

If he did not cultivate the acquaintance of the human species, the spiders, more numerous than his books, enjoyed an uninterrupted reign of quiet. The silence of the place was not broken; the broom, the book, the dust, or the web, was not disturbed. Mercury and his shirt performed their revolutions together; and Saturn changed *his* with his coat. He died in 1756, as conjurers usually die, unlamented.*

PATIENCE.

For the Table Book.

As the pent water of a mill-dam lies
  Motionless, yielding, noiseless, and serene,
Patience waits meekly with companioned eyes;
  Or like the speck-cloud, which alone is seen
Silver'd within blue space, ling'ring for air
  On which to sail prophetic voyages;
Or as the fountain stone that doth not wear,
  But suits itself to pressure, and with ease
Diverts the dropping crystal; or the wife
  That sits beside her husband and her love
Subliming to another state and life,
  Off'ring him consolation as a dove,—
Her sighs and tears, her heartache and her mind
Devout, untired, calm, precious, and resign'd.

*, *, P.

British Portraits.

CATALOGUE OF PAINTED BRITISH PORTRAITS, comprising most of the Sovereigns of England, from Henry I. to George IV., and many distinguished personages; principally the productions of Holbein, Zucchero, C. Jansen, Vandyck, Hudson, Reynolds, Northcote, &c. *Now selling at the prices affixed, by* HORATIO RODD, 17, *Air-street, Piccadilly.* 1827.

This is an age of book and print catalogues; and lo! we have a picture dealer's catalogue of portraits, painted in oil, from the price of two guineas to sixty. There is only one of so high value as the latter sum, and this is perhaps the most interesting in Mr. Rodd's collection, and he has allowed the present engraving from it. The picture is in size thirty inches by twenty-five. The subjoined particulars are from the catalogue.

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* Hist. of Birmingham.

Simon Lord Lovat.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY HOGARTH, LATELY DISCOVERED.

"To the present time, none of Hogarth's biographers appear to have been aware of the 'local habitation' of the original painting from which the artist published his etching, the popularity of which, at the period to which it alludes, was so great, that a printseller offered for it its weight in gold: that offer the artist rejected; and he is said to have received from its sale, for many weeks, at the rate of twelve pounds each day. The impressions could not be taken off so fast as they were wanted, though the rolling-press was at work all night by the week together.

"Hogarth said himself, that lord Lovat's portrait was taken at the White Hart-inn, at St. Alban's, in the attitude of relating on his fingers the numbers of the rebel forces: 'Such a general had so many men, &c.;' and remarked that the muscles of Lovat's neck appeared of unusual strength, more so than he had ever seen. Samuel Ireland, in his Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, vol. i. p. 146, states that Hogarth was invited to St. Alban's for the express purpose of being introduced to Lovat, who was then resting at the White Hart-inn, on his way to London from Scotland, by Dr. Webster,

a physician residing at St. Alban's, and well known to Boswell, Johnson, and other eminent literary characters of that period. Hogarth had never seen Lovat before, and was, through the doctor's introduction, received with much cordiality, even to the kiss fraternal, which was then certainly not very pleasant, as his lordship, being under the barber's hands, left in the salute much of the lather on the artist's face. Lord Lovat rested two or three days at St. Alban's, and was under the immediate care of Dr. Webster, who thought his patient's illness was feigned with his usual cunning, or if at all real, arose principally from his apprehension of danger on reaching London. The short stay of Lovat at St. Alban's allowed the artist but scanty opportunity of providing the materials for a complete picture; hence some carpenter was employed on the instant to glue together some deal board, and plane down one side, which is evident from the back being in the usual rough state in which the plank leaves the saw-pit. The painting, from the thinness of the priming-ground, bears evident proof of the haste with which the portrait was accomplished. The course lineament of features so strongly exhibited in his countenance, is admirably hit off; so well has Duncombe expressed it,

'Lovat's hard features Hogarth might command;'

for his pencil was peculiarly adapted to such representation. It is observable the button-holes of the coat, &c., are reversed in the artist's etching, which was professed to be 'drawn from the life, &c.;' and in the upper corner of the picture are satirical heraldic insignia, allusive to the artist's idea of his future destiny."

The "satirical heraldic insignia," mentioned in the above description, and represented in the present engraving, do not appear in Hogarth's well-known whole length etching of lord Lovat. The picture is a half-length; it was found in the house of a poor person at Verulam, in the neighbourhood of St. Alban's, where Hogarth painted it eighty years ago, and it is a singular fact, that till its discovery a few weeks ago, such a picture was not known to have been executed. In all probability, Hogarth obliged his friend, Dr. Webster, with it, and after the doctor's death it passed to some heedless individual, and remained in obscurity from that time to the present.* Further observation on it is needless; for persons who are interested concerning the individual whom Hogarth has portrayed, or who are anxious respecting the works of that distinguished artist, have an opportunity of seeing it at Mr. Rodd's until it is sold.

As regards the other portraits in oil, collected by Mr. Rodd, and now offered by him for sale, after the manner of booksellers, "at the prices annexed," they can be judged of with like facility. Like booksellers, who tempt the owners of empty shelves, with "long sets to fill up" at small prices, Mr. R. "acquaints the nobility and gentry, having spacious country mansions, that he has many portraits of considerable interest as specimens of art, but of whom the picture is intended to represent, matter of doubt: as such pictures would enliven many of their large rooms, and particularly the halls, they may be had at very low prices."

Mr. Rodd's ascertained pictures really form a highly interesting collection of "painted British Portraits," from whence collectors may select what they please: his mode of announcing such productions, by way of catalogue, seems well adapted to bring buyers and sellers together, and is noticed here as an instance of spirited departure from the ancient trading rule, viz.

Twiddle your thumbs
Till a customer comes.

*

* There is an account of lord Lovat in the *Every-Day Book*.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

"I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, which commanded a full prospect of an estate he had just purchased; "I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard: and on that spot I'll have a pinery—

"Yon farm houses shall come down," said old Gregory, "they interrupt my view."

"Then, what will become of the farmers?" asked the steward, who attended him.

"That's their business," answered old Gregory.

"And that mill must not stand upon the stream," said old Gregory.

"Then, how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.

"That's not my business," answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—

smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—and awoke no more; and the farmers reside on their lands—and the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice that Death did "business" with old Gregory.

THE BARBER.

For the Table Book.

Barbers are distinguished by peculiarities appertaining to no other class of men. They have a *caste*, and are a race of themselves. The members of this ancient and gentle profession—foul befall the libeller who shall designate it a *trade*—are mild, peaceable, cheerful, polite, and communicative. They mingle with no cabal, have no interest in factions, are "open to all parties, and influenced by none;" and they have a good, kind, or civil word for everybody. The cheerful morning salutation of one of these cleanly, respectable persons is a "handsell" for the pleasures of the day; serenity is in its tone, and comfort glances from its accompanying smile. Their small, cool, clean, and sparingly-furnished shops, with sanded floor and towelled walls, relieved by the white-painted, well-scoured shelves, scantily adorned with the various implements of their art, denote the snug system of economy which characterises the owners. Here, only, is the looking-glass not an emblem of vanity: it is placed to reflect, and not to flatter. You seat yourself in the lowly, antique chair, worn smooth by the backs of half a century of beard-owners, and instantly feel a full repose from fatigue of body and mind. You find yourself in attentive and gentle hands, and are persuaded that no man can be in collision with his shaver or hair-dresser. The very operation tends to set you on better terms with yourself: and your barber hath not in his constitution the slightest element of difference. The adjustment of a curl, the clipping of a lock, the trimming of a whisker, (that much-cherished and highly-valued adornment of the face,) are matters of paramount importance to both parties—threads of sympathy for the time, unbroken by the divesture of the thin, soft, ample mantle, that enveloped you in its snowy folds while under his care. Who can entertain ill-humour, much less vent his spleen, while wrapt in the symbolic vestment? The veriest churl is softened by the application of the warm emollient brush, and calmed into complacency by the light-handed hoverings of the comb and scissors. A smile, a compliment, a remark on the weather, a diffident, side-wind inquiry about politics, or the passing intelligence of the day, are tendered with that deference, which is the most grateful as well as the handsomest demonstration of politeness. Should you, on sitting down, half-blushingly request him to cut off "as large a lock as he can, merely," you assure him, "that you may detect any future change in its colour," how skilfully he extracts, from your rather thin head of hair, a graceful, flowing lock, which self-love alone prevents you from doubting to have been grown by yourself: how pleasantly you contemplate, in idea, its glossiness from beneath the intended glass of the propitiatory locket. A web of delightful associations is thus woven; and the care he takes to "make each particular hair to stand on end" to your wishes, so as to let you know he surmises your destination, completes the charm.—We never hear of people cutting their throats in a barber's shop, though the place is redolent of razors. No; the ensanguined spots that occasionally besmirch the whiteness of the revolving towel is from careless, unskilful, and opiniated individuals, who mow their own beards, or refuse to restrain their risibility. I wonder how any can usurp the province of the barber, (once an almost exclusive one,) and apply unskilful, or unpractised hands so near to the grand canal of life. For my own part, I would not lose the daily elevation of my tender nose, by the velvet-tipped digits of my barber—no, not for an independence!

The genuine barber is usually (like his razors) well-tempered; a man unvisited by care; combining a somewhat hasty assiduity, with an easy and respectful manner. He exhibits the best part of the character of a Frenchman—an uniform exterior suavity, and *politesse*. He seems a faded nobleman, or *émigré* of the old *régime*. And surely if the souls of men transmigrate, those of the old French *noblesse* seek the congenial soil of the barber's bosom! Is it a degradation of worthy and untroubled spirits, to imagine, that they animate the bodies of the harmless and unsophisticated?

In person the barber usually inclines to the portly; but is rarely obese. His is that agreeable plumpness betokening the man at ease with himself and the world—and the utter absence of that fretfulness ascribed to leanness. Nor do his comely proportions and fleshiness make leaden the heels, or lessen the elasticity of his step, or transmute his feathery lightness of hand

to heaviness. He usually wears powder, for it looks respectable, and is professional withal. The last of the almost forgotten and quite despised race of pigtails, once proudly cherished by all ranks—now proscribed, banished, or, if at all seen, diminished in stateliness and bulk, "shorn of its fair proportions,"—lingers fondly with its former nurturer; the neat-combed, even-clipped hairs, encased in their tight swathe of black ribbon, topped by an airy bow, nestle in the well-clothed neck of the modern barber. Yet why do I call him *modern?* True, he lives in our, but he belongs to former times, of which he is the remembrancer and historian—the days of bags, queues, clubs, and periwigs, when a halo of powder, pomatum, and frizzed curls encircled the heads of our ancestors. That glory is departed; the brisk and agile tonsor, once the genius of the toilet, no longer directs, with the precision of a cannoneer, rapid discharges of scented atoms against bristling batteries of his own creation.. "The *barber's* occupation's gone," with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *wigs!*"

Methinks I detect some unfledged reader, upon whose head of hair the sun of the eighteenth century never shone, glancing his "mind's eye" to one of the more recent and fashionable professors of the art of "*ciseaurie*"—one of the chemical perfumers, or self-esteemed practitioners of the present day, in search of an exemplification of my description:—he is at fault. Though *he* may deem Truefit or Macalpine models of skill, and therefore of description, I must tell him I recognise none such. I speak of the last generation, (between which and the present, Ross, and Taylor of Whitechapel, are the connecting links,) the last remnants of whom haunt the solitary, well-paved, silent corners, and less frequented streets of London—whose windows exhibit no waxen busts, bepainted and bedizened in fancy dresses and flaunting feathers, but one or two "old original" blocks or *dummies*, crowned with sober-looking, respectable, stiff-buckled, brown wigs, such as our late venerable monarch used to wear. There is an aboriginal wig-maker's shop at the corner of an inn-yard in Bishopsgate-street; a "repository" of hair; the window of which is full of these primitive caxons, all of a sober brown, or simpler flaxen, with an occasional contrast of rusty black, forming, as it were, a finis to the by-gone fashion. Had our first forefather, Adam, been bald, he could not have worn a more simply artificial imitation of nature than one of these wigs—so frank, so sincere, and so *warm* an apology for want of hair, scorning to deceive the observer, or to crown the veteran head with adolescent curls. The ancient wig, whether a simple scratch, a plain bob, or a splendid periwig, was one which a man might modestly hold on one hand, while with the other he wiped his bald pate; but with what grace could a modern wig-wearer dismount a specific deception, an elaborate imitation of natural curls to exhibit a hairless scalp? It would be either a censure on his vanity, or a sarcasm on his otherwise unknown deficiency. The old wig, on the contrary, was a plain acknowledgment of want of hair; avowing the comfort, or the inconvenience, (as it might happen,) with an independent indifference to mirth or pity; and forming a decent covering to the head that sought not to become either a decoration or deceit. Peace to the *manes* of the primitive artificers of human hair—the true skull-thatchers—the architects of towering toupees—the engineers of flowing periwigs!

The wig-makers (as they still denominate themselves) in Lincoln's-inn and the Temple, are quite of the "old school." Their shady, cool, cleanly, classic recesses, where embryo chancellors have been measured for their initiatory forensic wigs; where the powdered glories of the bench have oftimes received a *re*-revivification; where some "old Bencher" still resorts, in his undress, to have his nightly growth of beard shaven by the "particular razor;" these powder-scented nooks, these legal dressing-closets seem, like the "statutes at large," to resist, tacitly but effectually, the progress of innovation. They are like the old law offices, which are scattered up and down in various corners of the intricate maze of "courts," constituting the "Temple"—unchangeable by time; except when the hand of death removes some old tenant at will, who has been refreshed by the cool-borne breezes from the river, or soothed by the restless monotony of the plashing fountain, "sixty years since."—But I grow serious.—The barber possesses that distinction of gentleness, a soft and white hand, of genial and equable temperature, neither falling to the "zero" of chilliness, nor rising to the "fever heat" of perspiration, but usually lingering at "blood heat." I know not if any one ever shook hands with his barber: there needs no such outward demonstration of goodwill; no grip, like that we bestow upon an old friend returned after a long absence,

by way of rivet, as it were, to that link in the chain of friendship. His air of courtesy keeps a good understanding floating between him and his customers, which, if ruffled by a hasty departure, or dismissal, is revived the next day by the sun-light of his morning smile!

The barber's hand is unlike that of any other soft hand: it is not flabby, like that of a sensualist; nor arid, and thin, like a student's; nor dead white, like that of a delicate female; but it is *naturally* warm, of a glowing, transparent colour, and of a cushiony, elastic softness. Beneath its conciliatory touch, as it prepares the skin for the sweeping course of the razor, and its gentle pressure, as it inclines the head to either side, to aid the operation of the scissors, a man may sit for hours, and feel no weariness. Happy must he be who lived in the days of long, or full-dressed hair, and resigned himself for a full hour to the passive luxury of hair-dressing! A morning's toilette—(for a gentleman, I mean; being a bachelor, I am uninitiated in the arcana of a lady's dressing-room)—a morning's toilette in those days was indeed an important part of the "business of life:" there were the curling-irons, the comb, the pomatum, the powder-puff, the powder-knife, the mask, and a dozen other requisites to complete the elaborate process that perfected that mysterious "frappant, or tintinabulant appendage" to the back part of the head. Oh! it must have been a luxury—a delight surpassing the famed baths and cosmetics of the east.

I have said that the barber is a gentle man; if not in so many words, I have at least pointed out that distinguishing trait in him. He is also a humane man: his occupation of torturing hairs leaves him neither leisure nor disposition to torture ought else. He looks as respectable as he is; and he is void of any appearance of deceit or cunning. There is less of personality or egotism about him than mankind in general: though he possesses an idiosyncrasy, it is that of his class, not of himself. As he sits, patiently renovating some dilapidated peruke, or perseveringly presides over the developement of grace in some intractable bush of hair, or stands at his own threshold, in the cleanly pride of white apron and hose, lustrous shoes, and exemplary jacket, with that studied yet seeming disarrangement of hair, as though subduing, as far as consistent with propriety, the visible appearance of technical skill—as he thus, untired, goes the never-varying round of his pleasant occupation, and active leisure, time seems to pass unheeded, and the wheel of chance, scattering fragments of circumstance from the rock of destiny, continues its relentless and unremittent revolution, unnoticed by him. He hears not the roar of the fearful engine, the groans and sighs of despair, or the wild laugh of exultation, produced by its mighty working. All is remote, strange, and intricate, and belongs not to him to know. He dwells in an area of peace—a magic circle whose area might be described by his obsolete sign-pole!

Nor does the character of the barber vary in other countries. He seems to flourish in unobtrusive prosperity all the world over. In the east, the clime most congenial to his avocations, the voluminous beard makes up for the deficiency of the ever-turbaned, close-shorn skull, and he exhibits the triumph of his skill in its most special department. Transport an English barber to Samarcand, or Ispahan, and, saving the language, he would feel quite at home. Here he reads the newspaper, and, unless any part is contradicted by his customers, he believes it all: it is his oracle. At Constantinople the chief eunuch would confide to him the secrets of the seraglio as if he were a genuine disciple of Mahomet; and with as right good will as ever old "gossip" vented a bit of scandal with unconstrained volubility of tongue. He would listen to, aye and put faith in, the relations of the coffee-house story-tellers who came to have their beards trimmed, and repaid him with one of their inventions for his trouble. What a dissection would a barber's brain afford, could we but discern the mine of latent feuds and conspiracies laid up there in coil, by their spleenful and mischievous inventors. I would that I could unpack the hoarded venom, all hurtless in that "cool grot," as destructive stores are deposited in an arsenal, where light and heat never come. His mind admits no spark of malice to fire the train of jealousy, or explode the ammunition of petty strife; and it were well for the world and society, if the intrigue and spite of its inhabitants could be poured, like the "cursed juice of Hebenon," into his ever-open ear, and be buried for ever in the oblivious chambers of his brain. Vast as the caverned ear of Dionysius the tyrant, his contains in its labyrinthine recesses the collected scandal of neighbourhoods, the chatter of households, and even the crooked policy of courts; but all is decomposed and neutralized there. It is the very quantity of this freight of plot and detraction that renders

him so harmless. It is as ballast to the sails of his judgment. He mixes in no conspiracy, domestic or public. The foulest treason would remain "pure in the last recesses of *his* mind." He knows not of, cares not for, feels no interest in all this material of wickedness, any more than the unconscious paper that bears on its lettered forehead the "sixth edition" of a bulletin.

Amiable, contented, respected race!—I exclaim with Figaro, "Oh, that I were a happy barber!"

GASTON.

Books.

THE KING OF INDIA'S LIBRARY.

Dabshelim, king of India, had so numerous a library, that a hundred brachmans were scarcely sufficient to keep it in order; and it required a thousand dromedaries to transport it from one place to another. As he was not able to read all these books, he proposed to the brachmans to make extracts from them of the best and most useful of their contents. These learned personages set themselves so heartily to work, that in less than twenty years they had compiled of all these extracts a little encyclopædia of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could carry with ease. They had the honour to present it to the king. But, how great was their amazement, on his giving them for answer, that it was impossible for him to read thirty camel-loads of books. They therefore reduced their extracts to fifteen, afterwards to ten, then to four, then to two dromedaries, and at last there remained only so much as to load a mule of ordinary stature.

Unfortunately, Dabshelim, during this process of melting down his library, was grown old, and saw no probability of living to exhaust its quintessence to the last volume. "Illustrious sultan," said his vizir, the sage Pilpay, "though I have but a very imperfect knowledge of your royal library, yet I will undertake to deliver you a very brief and satisfactory abstract of it. You shall read it through in one minute, and yet you will find matter in it for reflecting upon throughout the rest of your life." Having said this, Pilpay took a palm leaf, and wrote upon it with a golden style the four following sentences:—

1. The greater part of the sciences comprise but one single word—*Perhaps*: and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three—they are *born, suffer, die.*

2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all that thou lovest to do; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all that thou thinkest.

3. O kings! tame your passions, govern yourselves; and it will be only child's play to you to govern the world.

4. O kings! O people! it can never be often enough repeated to you, what the half-witted venture to doubt, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO AUTHORS.

Whether it is perfectly consistent in an author to solicit the indulgence of the public, though it may stand first in his wishes, admits a doubt; for, if his productions will not bear the light, it may be said, why does he publish? but, if they will, there is no need to ask a favour; the world receives one from him. Will not a piece everlastingly be tried by its merit? Shall we esteem it the higher, because it was written at the age of thirteen? because it was the effort of a week? delivered extempore? hatched while the author stood upon one leg? or cobbled, while he cobbled a shoe. or will it be a recommendation, that it issues forth in gilt binding? The judicious world will not be deceived by the tinselled purse, but will examine whether the contents are sterling.

POETICAL ADVICE.

For the Table Book.

I have pleasure in being at liberty to publish a poetical letter to a young poet from one yet younger; who, before the years of manhood, has attained the height of knowing on what conditions the muse may be successfully wooed, and imparts the secret to his friend. Some lines towards the close, which refer to his co-aspirant's effusions, are omitted.

To R. R.

To you, dear Rowland, lodg'd in town,
Where Pleasure's smile soothes Winter's frown,
I write while chilly breezes blow,
And the dense clouds descend in snow.
For Twenty-six is nearly dead,
And age has whiten'd o'er her head;
Her velvet robe is stripp'd away,
Her watery pulses hardly play;
Clogg'd with the withering leaves, the wind
Comes with his blighting blast behind,

And here and there, with prying eye,
And flagging wings a bird flits by;
(For every Robin *sparer* grows,
And every Sparrow *robbing* goes.)
The Year's two eyes—the sun and moon—
Are fading, and will fade full soon;*
With shattered forces Autumn yields,
And Winter triumphs o'er the fields.

So thus, alas! I'm gagg'd it seems,
From converse of the woods and streams,
(For all the countless rhyming rabble
Hold leaves can whisper—waters babble)
And, house-bound for whole weeks together
By stress of lungs, and stress of weather,
Feed on the more delightful strains
Of howling winds, and pelting rains;
Which shake the house, from rear to van,
Like valetudinarian;
Pouring innumerable streams
Of arrows, thro' a thousand seams:
Arrows so fine, the nicest eye
Their thickest flight can ne'er descry,—
Yet fashion'd with such subtle art,
They strike their victim to the heart;
While imps, that fly upon the point,
Raise racking pains in every joint.

Nay, more—these winds are thought magicians,
And supereminent physicians:
For men who have been kill'd outright,
They cure again at dead of night.
That double witch, who erst did dwell
In Endor's cave, raised Samuel;
But they each night raise countless hosts
Of wandering sprites, and sheeted ghosts;
Turn shaking locks to clanking chains,
And howl most supernatural strains:
While all our dunces lose their wits,
And pass the night in ague-fits.

While this *nocturnal series blows*
I hide my head beneath the clothes,
And sue the power whose dew distils
The only balm for human ills.
All day the sun's prevailing beam
Absorbs this dew from Lethe's stream:
All night the falling moisture sheds
Oblivion over mortal heads.
Then sinking into sleep I fall,
And leave them *piping* at their *ball*.
When morning comes—no summer's morn—
I wake and find the spectres gone;
But on the casement see emboss'd
A mimic world in crusted frost;
Ice-bergs, high shores, and wastes of snow,
Mountains above, and seas below;
Or, if Imagination bids,
Vast crystal domes, and pyramids.
Then starting from my couch I leap,
And shake away the dregs of sleep,

Just breathe upon the grand array,
And ice-bergs slide in seas away.

Now on the scout I sally forth,
The weather-cock due E. by N.
To meet some masquerading fog,
Which makes all nature dance incog.
And spreads blue devils, and blue looks,
Till exercised by tongues and books.

Books, do I say? full well I wist
A book's a famous exorcist!
A book's the tow that makes the tether
That binds the quick and dead together;
A speaking trumpet under ground,
That turns a silence to a sound;
A magic mirror form'd to show,
Worlds that were dust ten thousand years ago.
They're aromatic cloths, that hold
The mind embalm'd in many a fold,
And look, arrang'd in dust-hung rooms,
Like mummies in Egyptian tombs;
—Enchanted echoes, that reply,
Not to the ear, but to the eye;
Or pow'rful drugs, that give the brain,
By strange contagion, joy or pain.

A book's the phœnix of the earth,
Which bursts in splendour from its birth:
And like the moon without her wanes,
From every change new lustre gains;
Shining with undiminish'd light,
While ages wing their idle flight.

By such a glorious theme inspired
Still could I sing—but you are tired:
(Tho' adamantine lungs would do,
Ears should be adamantine too,)
And thence we may deduce 'tis better
To answer ('faith 'tis time) your letter.

To answer first what first it says.
Why will you speak of partial praise?
I spoke with honesty and truth,
And now you seem to doubt them both.
The lynx's eye may seem to him,
Who always has enjoy'd it, dim:
And brilliant thoughts to you may be
What common-place ones are to me.
You note them not—but cast them by,
As light is lavish'd by the sky;
Or streams from Indian mountains roll'd
Fling to the ocean grains of gold.
But still we know the gold is fine—
But still we know the light's divine.

As to the Century and Pope,
The thought's not so absurd, I hope.
I don't despair to see a throne
Rear'd above his—and p'rhaps your own.
The course is clear, the goal's in view,
'Tis free to all, why not to you?

But, ere you start, you should survey
The towering falcon strike her prey:
In gradual sweeps the sky she scales.
Nor all at once the bird assails.

* To shield this line from criticism—
'Tis Parody—not Plagiarism.

But hems him in—cuts round the skies,
And gains upon him as he flies.
Wearied and faint he beats the air in vain,
Then shuts his flaggy wings, and pitches to the plain.
Now, falcon! now! One stoop—but one,
The quarry's struck—the prize is won!

So he who hopes the palm to gain,
So often sought—and sought in vain,
Must year by year, as round by round,
In easy circles leave the ground:
'Tis time has taught him how to rise,
And naturalized him to the skies.
Full many a day Pope trod the vales,
Mid "silver streams and murmuring gales."
Long fear'd the rising hills to tread,
Nor ever dared the mountain-head.

It needs not Milton to display,—
Who let a life-time slide away,
Before he swept the sounding string,
And soar'd on Pegasean wing,—
Nor Homer's ancient form—to show
The Laurel takes an age to grow;
And he who gives his name to fate,
Must plant it early, reap it late;
Nor pluck the blossoms as they spring,
So beautiful, yet perishing.

* * * *

More I would say—but, see, the paper
Is nearly out—and so's my taper.
So while I've space, and while I've light,
I'll shake your hand, and bid good-night.

F. P. H.

Croydon, Dec. 17, 1826.

Anecdotes.

General Wolfe.

It is related of this distinguished officer, that his death-wound was not received by the common chance of war.

Wolfe perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms, (an act against which he had given particular orders,) and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprehended the aggressor with much warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the sergeant, that he deserted to the enemy, where he meditated the means of destroying the general. Being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposed to the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, he aimed at his old commander with his rifle, and effected his deadly purpose.

Dr. King—*His* pun.

The late Dr. King, of Oxford, by actively interfering in some measures which materially affected the university at large, became very popular with some individuals, and as obnoxious with others. The mode of expressing disapprobation at either of the universities in the senate-house, or schools, is by scraping with the feet: but deviating from the usual custom, a party was made at Oxford to hiss the doctor at the conclusion of a Latin oration he had to make in public. This was accordingly done: the doctor, however, did not suffer himself to be disconcerted, but turning round to the vice-chancellor, said, very gravely, in an audible voice, "Laudatur ab *His*."

February.

Conviviality and good cheer may convert the most dreary time of the year into a season of pleasure; and association of ideas, that great source of our keenest pleasures, may attach delightful images to the howling wind of a bleak winter's night, and the hoarse screeching and mystic hooting of the ominous owl.*

Winter.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw:
Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakspeare.

To "keel" the pot is an ancient spelling for "cool," which is the past participle of the verb: see Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," where this passage is so explained.

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

Monument at Lucerne, designed by Thorwaldsen,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SWISS GUARDS WHO WERE MASSACRED AT THE TUILLERIES, ON THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792.

The engraving above is executed from a clay figure, modelled by a Swiss artist from the original. It was obligingly sent to the editor, for the present purpose, by the gentleman to whom it belongs. The model was presented to him by a friend, who, in answer to his inquiries on the subject, wrote him a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

"The *Terra Incognita* you mention comes from Lucerne, in Switzerland, and is the model of a colossal work, cut in the solid rock, close to that city, on the grounds of general Pfyffer. It is from a design furnished by Thorwaldsen, which is shown close by. The 'L'envoi,' as don Armado calls it, is as follows:—'The Helvetian lion, even in death, protects the lilies of France.' The monument was executed by the Swiss, in memory of their countrymen, who were massacred, on the 10th of August, at the Tuilleries, in defending Louis XVI. from the *sans culottes*. The names of those who perished are engraved beneath the lion."

The particulars of the dreadful slaughter, wherein these helpless victims fell, while defending the palace and the person of the unfortunate monarch, are recorded in different works within the reach of every person who desires to be acquainted with the frightful details. About sixty who were not killed at the moment, were taken prisoners, and conducted to the town-hall of the commons of Paris, for summary trial: but the ferocious females who mingled in the mobs of those terrifying times, rushed in bodies to the place, with cries of vengeance, and the unhappy men were delivered up to their fury, and every individual was murdered on the spot.

Garrick Plays.

No. VI.

[From the "Chaste Maid in Cheapside," a Comedy, by Thomas Middleton, 1620.]

Citizen to a Knight complimenting his Daughter.

Pish, stop your words, good Knight, 'twill make her blush else,
Which are wound too high for the Daughters of the Freedom;
Honour, and Faithful Servant! they are compliments
For the worthy Ladies of White Hall or Greenwich;
Ev'n plain, sufficient, subsidy words serve us, Sir.

Master Allwit (a Wittol) describes his contentment.

I am like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
(As mine is still for me), prays for the Founder,
Bless the Right worshipful, the good Founder's life:
I thank him, he* has maintain'd my house these ten years;
Not only keeps my Wife, but he keeps me.
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
Weekly or monthly, puts me to nothing,
Rent, nor Church dues, not so much as the Scavenger;
The happiest state that ever man was born to.
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter;
Look in my coal-house, about Midsummer eve,
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up;
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water-house and the windmills. I say nothing,
But smile, and pin the door. When she lies in,
(As now she's even upon the point of grunting),
A Lady lies not in like her; there's her imbossings,
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
As if she lay with all the gaudy shops
In Gresham's Burse about her; then her restoratives,
Able to set up a young 'Pothecary,
And richly store the Foreman of a Drug shop;
Her sugars by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets,
I see these things, but like a happy man
I pay for none at all, yet fools think it mine;
I have the name, and in his gold I shine:
And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell,
To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
Their conscience in the blood of prodigal heirs,
To deck their Night-piece; yet, all this being done,
Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone;
These torments stand I freed of. I am as clear
From jealousy of a wife, as from the charge.
O two miraculous blessings! 'tis the Knight,
Has ta'en that labour quite out of my hands.

* A rich old Knight, who keeps Allwit's Wife.

I may sit still, and play; he's jealous for me,
Watches her steps, sets spies. I live at ease.
He has both the cost and torment; when the string
Of his heart frets, I feed fat, laugh, or sing.
* * * * * * *
I'll go bid Gossips* presently myself,
That's all the work I'll do; nor need I stir,
But that it is my pleasure to walk forth
And air myself a little; I am tyed
To nothing in this business; what I do
Is merely recreation, not constraint.

Rescue from Bailiffs by the Watermen.

——— I had been taken by eight Serjeants,
But for the honest Watermen, I am bound to 'em.
They are the most requiteful'st people living;
For, as they get their means by Gentlemen,
They're still the forward'st to help Gentlemen.
You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars†
But a while since from two or three varlets,
Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
With candles in their hands, like Chandlers' Ghosts!
Whilst the poor Gentleman, so pursued and banded,
Was by an honest pair of oars safe landed.

[From "London Chanticleers," a rude Sketch of a Play, printed 1659, but evidently much older.]

Song in praise of Ale.

1.

Submit, Bunch of Grapes,
To the strong Barley ear;
The weak Wine no longer
The laurel shall wear.

2.

Sack, and all drinks else,
Desist from the strife;
Ale's the only Aqua Vitæ,
And liquor of life.

3.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

4.

Ale's a Physician,
No Mountebank Bragger;
Can cure the chill Ague,
Though it be with the Stagger.

5.

Ale's a strong Wrestler,
Flings all it hath met;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

* To his Wife's Lying-in.
† Alsatia, I presume.

6.

Ale is both Ceres,
And good Neptune too;
Ale's froth was the sea,
From which Venus grew.

7.

Ale is immortal;
And be there no stops
In bonny lads' quaffing,
Can live without hops.*

8.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

C. L.

* The original distinction of Beer from the old Drink of our Forefathers, which was made without that ingredient.

The Drama.

CHARLOTTE CHARKE.

The novel called "Mr. Dumont," by this unfortunate woman, was published in the year 1755 in one volume, twelves, by H. Slater, of Drury-lane, who may be presumed to have been the bookseller that accompanied Mr. Whyte to her miserable dwelling, for the purpose of hearing her read the manuscript. Since the account at col. 125, I met with an advertisement of November, 1742, from whence it appears that she and her daughter, "*Miss* Charke," performed at one of those places of public amusement at that period, when, to evade the law, under pretence of a musical entertainment, a play and the usual afterpiece were frequently represented by way of divertisement, although they constituted the sole attraction. The notice referred to is altogether a curiosity: it runs thus:—

"*For the Benefit of a Person who has a mind to get Money:* At the New Theatre in James-street near the Haymarket, on Monday next, will be performed a Concert of vocal and instrumental Musick, divided into Two Parts. Boxes 3*s*. Pit 2*s*. Gallery 1*s*. Between the two parts of the Concert will be performed *a Tragedy*, call'd The Fatal Curiosity, written by the late Mr. Lillo, author of George Barnwell. The part of Mrs. Wilmot by *Mrs.* Charke (who originally performed it at the Haymarket;) *The rest of the parts by a Set of People who will perform as well as they can, if not as well as they wou'd, and the best can do no more.* With variety of Entertainments, viz. Act I. A Preamble on the Kettle-drums, by Mr. Job Baker, particularly, *Larry Grovy*, accompanied with French Horns. Act II. A new Peasant Dance by Mons. Chemont and Madem Peran, just arriv'd piping hot from the Opera at Paris. To which will be added a Ballad-Opera, call'd The Devil to Pay; The part of Nell by *Miss* Charke *who performed Princess Elizabeth at Southwark.* Servants will be allow'd to keep places on the stage—Particular care will be taken to perform with the utmost decency, and to prevent mistakes, the Bills for the day will be blue and black, &c."

THE BLOODY HAND.

For the Table Book.

One December evening, the year before last, returning to T—, in the northern extremity of W—, in a drisling rain, as I approached the second milestone, I observed two men, an elder and a younger, walking side by side in the horse-road. The elder, whose appearance indicated that of a labourer in very comfortable circumstances, was in the path directly in front of my horse, and seemed to have some intention of stopping me; on my advancing, however, he quietly withdrew from the middle of the road to the side of it, but kept his eyes firmly fixed on me, which caused also, on my part, a particular attention to him. He then accosted me, "Sir, I beg your pardon."—"For what, my man?"—"For speaking to you, sir."—"What have you said, then?"—"I want to know the way to S—."—"Pass on beyond those trees, and you will see the spire before you."—"How far is it off, sir?"—"Less than two miles."—"Do you know it, sir?"—"I was there twenty minutes ago."—"Do you know the gentleman there, sir, that wants a man to go under ground for him?"—"For what purpose?" (imagining, from the direction in which I met the man, that he came from the mining districts of S—, I expected that his object was to explore the neighbourhood for coals.) His answer immediately turned the whole train of my ideas. "To go under ground for him, to take off the *bloody hand* from his carriage."—"And what is that to be done for?"—"For a thousand pounds, sir. Have you not heard any thing of it, sir?"—"Not a word."—"Well, sir, I was told that the gentleman lives here, at S—, at the hall, and that he offers a thousand pounds to any man that

will take off the *bloody hand* from his carriage."—"I can assure you this is the first word I have heard on the subject."—"Well, sir, I have been told so;" and then, taking off his hat, he wished me a good morning.

I rode slowly on, but very suddenly heard a loud call, "Stop, sir, stop!" I turned my horse, and saw the man, who had, I imagined, held a short parley with his companion, just leaving him, and running towards me, and calling out, "Stop, sir." Not quite knowing what to make of this extraordinary accost and vehement call, I changed a stout stick in my left hand to my right hand, elevated it, gathered up the reins in my left, and trotted my horse towards him; he then walked to the side of the road, and took off his hat, and said, "Sir, I am told that if the gentleman can get a man to go under ground for him, for seven years, and never see the light, and let his nails, and his hair, and his beard grow all that time, that the king will then take off the *bloody hand* from his carriage."—"Which then is the man who offers to do this? is it you, or your companion?"—"I am the man, sir."—"O, you intend to undertake to do this?"—"Yes, sir."—"Then all that I can say is, that I now hear the first word of it from yourself." At this time the rain had considerably increased, I therefore wished the man a good morning, and left him.

I had not, however, rode above a hundred and fifty yards before an idea struck me, that it would be an act of kindness to advise the poor man to go no further on such a strange pursuit; but, though I galloped after them on the way I had originally directed them, and in a few minutes saw two persons, who must have met them, had they continued their route to S—, I could neither hear any thing of them, nor see them, in any situation which I could imagine that they might have taken to as a shelter from the heavy rain. I thus lost an opportunity of endeavouring to gain, from the greatest depths of ignorance, many points of inquiry I had arranged in my own mind, in order to obtain a developement of the extraordinary idea and unfounded offer, on which the poor fellow appeared to have so strongly set his mind.

On further inquiry into the origin of this *strange notion* of the bloody hand in heraldry, and why the badge of honour next to nobility, and perpetuated from the ancient kings of Ulster, should fall, in two centuries, into indelible disgrace, I find myself in darkness equal to that of the anticipated cavern of the poor deluded man, and hitherto without an aid superior to himself. Under these circumstances, I present the inquiry to you, and shall be, among many others, greatly gratified to see it set in a clear light by yourself, or some friendly correspondent.

I am, sir,

1827. — —.

Music.

ORGANS IN CHURCHES.

The Temple Church.

After the Restoration, the number of workmen in England being found too few to answer the demand for organs, it was thought expedient to make offers of encouragement for foreigners to come and settle here; these brought over Mr. Bernard Schmidt and ——— Harris; the former, for his excellence in his art, deserves to live in the remembrance of all who are friends to it.

Bernard Schmidt, or, as we pronounce the name, Smith, was a native of Germany, but of what city or province in particular is not known. He brought with him two nephews, the one named Gerard, the other Bernard; to distinguish him from these, the elder had the appellation of father Smith. Immediately upon their arrival, Smith was employed to build an organ for the royal chapel at Whitehall, but, as it was built in great haste, it did not answer the expectations of those who were judges of his abilities. He had been but a few months here before Harris arrived from France, with his son Renatus, who had been brought up in the business of organ-making under him; they met with little encouragement, for Dallans and Smith had all the business of the kingdom: but, upon the decease of Dallans in 1672, a competition arose between these two foreigners, which was attended with some remarkable circumstances. The elder Harris was in no degree a match for Smith, but his son Renatus was a young man of ingenuity and perseverance, and the contest between Smith and the younger Harris was carried on with great spirit. Each had his friends and supporters, and the point of preference between them was hardly determined by that exquisite piece of workmanship by Smith, the organ now standing in the Temple church; of the building whereof, the following is the history.

On the decease of Dallans and the elder Harris, Renatus Harris and father Smith

became great rivals in their employment, and there were several trials of skill betwixt them; but the famous contest was at the Temple church, where a new organ was going to be erected towards the latter end of king Charles II.'s time. Both made friends for that employment; and as the society could not agree about who should be the man, the master of the Temple and the benchers proposed that each should set up an organ on each side of the church. In about half or three quarters of a year this was done: Dr. Blow, and Purcell, who was then in his prime, showed and played father Smith's organ on appointed days to a numerous audience; and, till the other was heard, everybody believed that father Smith would certainly carry it.

Harris brought Lully, organist to queen Catharine, a very eminent master, to touch his organ. This rendered Harris's organ popular, and the organs continued to vie with one another near a twelvemonth.

Harris then challenged father Smith to make additional stops against a set time; these were the vox humane, the cremona or violin-stop, the double courtel or bass flute, with some others.

These stops, as being newly invented, gave great delight and satisfaction to a numerous audience; and were so well imitated on both sides, that it was hard to adjudge the advantage to either: at last it was left to the lord chief justice Jeffries, who was of that house; and he put an end to the controversy by pitching upon father Smith's organ; and Harris's organ being taken away without loss of reputation, Smith's remains to this day.

Now began the setting up of organs in the chiefest parishes of the city of London, where, for the most part, Harris had the advantage of father Smith, making two perhaps to his one; among them some are very eminent, viz. the organ at St. Bride's, St. Lawrence near Guildhall, St. Mary Axe, &c.

Notwithstanding Harris's success, Smith was considered an able and ingenious workman; and, in consequence of this character, he was employed to build an organ for the cathedral of St. Paul. The organs made by him, though in respect of the workmanship they are inferior to those of Harris, and even of Dallans, are yet justly admired; and, for the fineness of their tone, have never yet been equalled.

Harris's organ, rejected from the Temple by judge Jeffries, was afterwards purchased for the cathedral of Christ-church, at Dublin, and set up there. Towards the close of George II.'s reign, Mr. Byfield was sent for from England to repair it, which he objected to, and prevailed on the chapter to have a new one made by himself, he allowing for the old one in exchange. When he had got it, he would have treated with the parishioners of Lynn, in Norfolk, for the sale of it: but they, disdaining the offer of a second-hand instrument, refused to purchase it, and employed Snetzler to build them a new one, for which they paid him seven hundred pounds. Byfield dying, his widow sold Harris's organ to the parish of Wolverhampton for five hundred pounds, and there it remains to this day. An eminent master, who was requested by the churchwardens of Wolverhampton to give his opinion of this instrument, declared it to be the best modern organ he had ever touched.*

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

STEAM *versus* COACH.

For the Table Book.

"Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as Cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed———"

Don Juan, c. 10. v. 72.

If the number of persons who have been killed, maimed, and disfigured for life, in consequence of stage-coach *mishaps*, could be ascertained, since the first establishment of steam-packets in this country; and, on the other hand, the number who have been similarly unfortunate by steam-boilers bursting, we should find that the stage-coach proportion would be in the ratio of ten to one! A solitary "blow up" of a steam-packet is "noised and proclaimed" from the Land's End to the other extremity of the island; while hundreds of coach-accidents, and many of them fatal, occur, which are never heard of beyond the village, near to which the casualty takes place, or the neighbouring ale-house. These affairs it is to the interest of the proprietors to "hush up," by means of a gratuity to the injured, rather than have their property ruined by an exposure in a court of justice. Should a poor man have a leg or an arm broken, through the carelessness of a drunken coachman, his poverty prevents his having recourse to law. Justice, in these cases, nine times in ten, is entirely out of the question, and an arrangement, between him and the proprietors, is easily effected; the unfortunate

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* Hawkins.

fellow rather receiving fifty or a hundred pounds "hush money," than bring his action, when, perhaps, from some technical informality in the proceedings, (should he find a lawyer willing to act for him, being *poor*,) he would be *nonsuited*, with all the costs of both parties on his own shoulders, and be, moreover, ruined for ever, in both purse and person. These remarks were suggested by reading an American work, some time since, on the above subject, from which I have extracted the following

Stage-coach Adventures.

Inside.—Crammed full of passengers—three fat, fusty, old men—a young mother and sick child—a cross old maid—a poll-parrot—a bag of red herrings—double-barreled gun, (which you are afraid is loaded)—and a snarling lap-dog, in addition to yourself—awaking out of a sound nap, with the cramp in one leg, and the other in a lady's band-box—pay the damage (four or five shillings) for "gallantry's sake"—getting out in the dark, at the half-way-house, in the hurry stepping into the return coach, and finding yourself the next morning at the very spot you had started from the evening before—not a breath of air—asthmatic old man, and child with the measles—windows closed in consequence—unpleasant smell—shoes filled with warm water—look up and find it's the child—obliged to bear it—no appeal—shut your eyes, and scold the dog—pretend sleep, and pinch the child—mistake—pinch the dog, and get bit—execrate the child in return—black looks—"no gentleman"—pay the coachman, and drop a piece of gold in the straw—not to be found—fell through a crevice—coachman says, "he'll find it"—can't—get out yourself—gone—picked up by the 'ostler.—No time for "blowing up"—coach off for next stage—lose your money—get in—lose your seat—stuck in the middle—get laughed at—lose your temper—turn sulky, and turned over in a horse-pond.

Outside.—Your eye cut out by the lash of a clumsy coachman's whip—hat blown off, into a pond, by a sudden gust of wind—seated between two apprehended murderers, and a noted sheep-stealer in irons, who are being conveyed to gaol—a drunken fellow, half asleep, falls off the coach, and, in attempting to save himself, drags you along with him into the mud—musical guard, and driver, "horn mad"—turned over—one leg under a bale of cotton, the other under the coach—hands in breeches pockets—head in a hamper of wine—lots of broken bottles *versus* broken heads—*cut* and run—send for surgeon—wounds dressed—lotion and lint, four dollars—take post-chaise—get home—lay down, and laid up.

Inside and Outside.—Drunken coachman—horse sprawling—wheel off—pole breaking, down hill—axle-tree splitting—coach overturning—winter, and buried in the snow—one eye poked out with an umbrella, the other cut open by the broken window—reins breaking—impudent guard—hurried at meals—imposition of innkeepers—five minutes and a half to swallow three and sixpennyworth of vile meat—waiter a rogue—"Like master, like man"—half a bellyfull, and frozen to death—internal grumblings and outward complaints—no redress—walk forward while the horses are changing—take the wrong turning—lose yourself and lose the coach—good-by to portmanteau—curse your ill luck—wander about in the dark and find the inn at last—get upon the next coach going the same road—stop at the next inn—brandy and water, hot, to keep you in spirits—warm fire—pleasant company—heard the guard cry "All *right?*"—run out, just in time to sing out "I'm *left*," as the coach turns the corner—after it "full tear"—come up with it, at the end of a mile—get up "all in a blowze"—catch cold—sore throat—inflammation—doctor—warm bath—fever—Die.

Gaspard.

THE UGLY CLUB.

From a New York Paper.

The members of the Ugly Club are requested to attend a special meeting at Ugly-hall, 4, Wall street, on Monday-evening next, at half-past seven o'clock precisely, to take into consideration the propriety of offering to the committee of defence the services of their ugly carcasses, firm hearts, sturdy bodies, and unblistered hands.—His Ugliness being absent, this meeting is called by order of

His Homeliness.

Aug. 13.

Antiquities.

SCIPIO'S SHIELD.

In 1656, a fisherman on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon,

was considerably obstructed in his work by some heavy body, which he feared would injure the net; but by proceeding slowly and cautiously, he drew it ashore untorn, and found that it contained a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; the dark colour of the metal beneath induced him to consider it as iron. A silversmith, accidentally present, encouraged the mistake, and, after a few affected difficulties and demurs, bought it for a trifling sum, immediately carried it home, and, after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds. Fearing that so massy and valuable a piece of plate, offered for sale at one time and at one place, might produce suspicion and inquiry, he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided it into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of, at different and distant places.

One of the pieces had been sold, at Lyons, to Mr. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, and a well-educated man, who directly saw its value, and after great pains and expense, procured the other three fragments, had them nicely rejoined, and the treasure was finally placed in the cabinet of the king of France.

This relic of antiquity, no less remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, than for having been buried at the bottom of the Rhone more than two thousand years, was a votive shield, presented to Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthago Nova, now the city of Carthagena, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a beautiful virgin, to her original lover. This act, so honourable to the Roman general, who was then in the prime vigour of manhood, is represented on the shield, and an engraving from it may be seen in the curious and valuable work of Mr. Spon.

The story of "Scipio's chastity," which this shield commemorates, is related by Livy to the following effect.—The wife of the conquered king, falling at the general's feet, earnestly entreated that the female captives might be protected from injury and insult.—Scipio assured her, that she should have no reason to complain.

"For my own part," replied the queen, "my age and infirmities almost ensure me against dishonour, but when I consider the age and complexion of my fellow captives, (pointing to a crowd of females,) I feel considerable uneasiness."

"Such crimes," replied Scipio, "are neither perpetrated nor permitted by the Roman people; but if it were not so, the anxiety you discover, under your present calamities, to preserve their chastity, would be a sufficient protection:" he then gave the necessary orders.

The soldiers soon after brought him, what they considered as a rich prize, a virgin of distinction, young, and of such extraordinary beauty, as to attract the notice and admiration of all who beheld her. Scipio found that she had been betrothed, in happier days, to Allucius, a young Spanish prince, who was himself a captive. Without a moment's delay, the conqueror sent for her parents and lover, and addressed the latter in the following words:

"The maid to whom thou wert shortly to have been married has been taken prisoner: from the soldiers who brought her to me, I understand that thy affections are fixed upon her, and indeed her beauty confirms the report. She is worthy of thy love; nor would I hesitate, but for the stern laws of duty and honour, to offer her my hand and heart. I return her to thee, not only inviolate, but untouched, and almost unseen; for I scarcely ventured to gaze on such perfection; accept her as a gift worthy receiving. The only condition, the only return I ask, is, that thou wilt be a friend to the Roman people."

The young prince in a transport of delight, and scarcely able to believe what he saw and heard, pressed the hand of Scipio to his heart, and implored ten thousand blessings on his head. The parents of the happy bridegroom had brought a large sum of money, as the price of her redemption; Scipio ordered it to be placed on the ground, and telling Allucius that he insisted on his accepting it as a nuptial gift, directed it to be carried to his tent.

The happy pair returned home, repeating the praises of Scipio to every one, calling him a godlike youth, as matchless in the success of his arms, as he was unrivalled in the beneficent use he made of his victories.

Though the story is known to most readers, its relation, in connection with the discovery of the valuable present from the conquered city to its illustrious victor, seemed almost indispensable, and perhaps the incident can scarcely be too familiar.

S.W.

A Bronze Antique, found in the Thames,

IN DIGGING FOR THE FOUNDATION OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE, JANUARY, 1827.

It is presumed that this article, from its peculiar curiosity, will be welcomed by every lover and preserver of antiquities.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The remarkable vessel from which this drawing is taken, was discovered a few days since, by a labourer employed in sinking one of the coffer-dams for the new London bridge, embedded in clay, at a depth of about thirty feet from the bed of the river. It is of bronze, not cast, but sculptured, and is in so perfect a state, that the edges of the different parts are as sharp as if the chisel had done its office but yesterday. The only portion which has suffered decay is the pin that attached the lid to the other part, which crumbled away as soon as exposed to the air.

At first, it was conjectured that this vessel was used for a lamp; but the idea was soon abandoned, as there was no part calculated to receive the wick; and the space to contain the oil was so small that it would not have admitted of more oil than was sufficient for one hour's consumption, or two, at farthest.

One of the members of the Antiquarian Society has given it as his opinion, that it was used for sacrificial purposes, and intended to receive wine, which, after being put in, was to be poured out through the mouth, the under jaw being evidently protruded to an unnatural distance on this account.

The upper part of the head forms the lid, which the horns serve as a handle to raise; the bottom of the neck is flat, so that it may stand securely.

That it represents a head of Bacchus will be evident, at first glance, as it is encircled with a torse of ivy; but the features being those of a Nubian, or Carthaginian, prove that it must have an older date than that of the Romans, who borrowed their first ideas of Bacchic worship from the Egyptians. Perhaps it might have been part of their spoils from Carthage itself, and have been highly valued on that account. Certain however it is, that this curiosity (destined for the British Museum) must have laid below the bosom of father Thames for many centuries; but how it came there, and at such a depth in the clay, we can only guess at; and till Jonathan Oldbuck, alias Monkbarns, rise from the dead to set us right, it is to be feared that there will be left nothing but conjecture respecting it.

There is some account, but not very well supported, of the course of the Thames having once been diverted: should this

Another View of the same ancient Bronze,

SHOWING THE MOUTH, AND THE ORIFICE AT THE TOP OF THE HEAD.

however be true, it is possible that the head, of which we are now speaking, might have been dropped on the then dry bottom; the bed of the river must, in that case, have been afterwards considerably raised.

I remain, yours, respectfully,
M. BLACKMORE.

Wandsworth, Feb. 9, 1827.

P. S. The Romans always represent their satyrs with Roman noses, and I believe that Bacchus alone is crowned with ivy; the fauns and the rest being crowned with vine leaves.

It would be easy to compose a dissertation respecting Bacchus, which would be highly interesting, and yet throw little light on this very remarkable vessel. The relation of any thing tending to elucidate its probable age or uses will be particularly esteemed.

In addition to the favour of Mr. Blackmore's letter and drawing, he obligingly obtained the vessel itself, which being placed in the hands of Mr. S. Williams, he executed the present engravings of the exact size of the original: it is, as Mr. Blackmore has already mentioned, in the finest possible preservation.

Probably the insertion of this remarkable relique of antiquity, turned up from the soil of our metropolitan river, may induce communications to the *Table Book* of similar discoveries when they take place. At no time were ancient remains more regarded: and illustrations of old manners and customs, of all kinds, are here especially acceptable.

JACK O' LENT.

This was a puppet, formerly thrown at, in our own country, during Lent, like Shrove-cocks. Thus, in "The Weakest goes to the Wall," 1600, we read of "a mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent;*" and in Greene's "Tu quoque," of "a boy that is throwing at his *Jack o' Lent;*" and again, in the comedy of "Lady Alimony," 1659:

——"Throwing cudgels
At *Jack a Lents* or Shrove-cocks."

Also, in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub:"

——"On an Ash-Wednesday,
When thou didst stand six weeks the *Jack o' Lent,*
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

So, likewise, in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Tamer tamed:"

——"If I forfeit,
Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
For untagg'd points and counters."

Further, in Quarles' "Shepheard's Oracles," 1646, we read:

"How like a *Jack a Lent*
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows."*

From the "Jack o' *Lent*," we derive the familiar term among children, "Jack o' *Lanthorn*."

Shrove Tuesday
AND
Ash Wednesday.

The copious particulars respecting these festivals, which have been brought together in another place,† admit of some addition.

In France and other parts of the continent, the season preceding Lent is universal carnival. At Marseilles, the Thursday before Lent is called *le Jeudi gras*, and Shrove Tuesday *le Mardi gras*. Every body joins in masquerading on these nights, and both streets and houses are full of masks the whole night long. The god of fritters, if such a god there be, who is worshipped in England only on Shrove Tuesday, is worshipped in France on both the Thursday and Tuesday. Parties meet at each other's houses to a supper of fritters, and then set off masquerading, which they keep up to a very late hour in the morning.

On Ash-Wednesday, which has here much more the appearance of a festival than of a fast, there is a ceremony called "interring the carnival." A whimsical figure is dressed up to represent the carnival, which is carried in the afternoon in procession to Arrens, a small village on the sea-shore, about a mile out of the town, where it is pulled to pieces. This ceremony is attended in some way or other by every inhabitant of Marseilles, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl. The very genteel company are in carriages, which parade backwards and forwards upon the road between the town and the village, for two or three hours, like the Sunday processions in Hyde-park. Of the rest of the company, some make parties to dine at Arrens, or at the public-houses on the road; others make water parties; but the majority only go and walk about, or sit upon the rocks to see and be seen. It was one of the most delightful evenings imaginable; the air was inexpressibly mild; the road where the carriages parade is about half way up the rocks, and this long string of carriages constantly moving, the rocks filled with thousands and thousands of spectators, and the tranquil sea gilded by the setting sun, and strewed over with numberless little barks, formed altogether one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes that could be presented. We sat down on a little detached piece of rock almost encircled by the sea, that we might have full enjoyment of it, and there remained till some time after the glorious sun had disappeared for the night, when we walked home by a lovely bright moonlight, in a milder evening, though in the month of February, than we often find in England at Midsummer.*

Naogeorgus, in the "Popish Kingdome," mentions some burlesque scenes practised formerly on Ash Wednesday. People went about in mid-day with lanterns in their hands, looking after the feast days which they had lost on this the first day of the Lent fast. Some carried herrings on a pole, crying "Herrings, herrings, stinking herrings! no more puddings!"

And hereto joyne they foolish playes,
and doltish doggrel rimes,
And what beside they can invent,
belonging to the times.

Others, at the head of a procession, carried a fellow upon staves, or "stangs," to some near pond or running stream, and there plunged him in, to wash away what of feasting-time might be in him. Some got boys to accompany them through the town singing, and with minstrels playing, entered the houses, and seizing young girls harnessed them to a plough; one man held the handles, another drove them with a whip, a minstrel sung drunken songs, and a fellow followed, flinging sand or ashes as if he had been sowing, and then they drove

—— both plough and maydens through
some pond or river small,
And dabbled all with durt, and wringing
wet as they may bee
To supper calle, and after that
to daunsing lustilee.

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* Brand's Popular Antiquities.
† The *Every-Day Book*

* Miss Plumptre.

Quinquagesima.

Carnival in Spain.

"Carnival," properly so called, according to Mr. Blanco White, is limited to Quinquagesima Sunday, and the two following days, a period which the lower classes pass in drinking and rioting in those streets where the meaner sort of houses abound, and especially in the vicinity of the large courts, or halls, called Corrales, surrounded with small rooms or cells, where numbers of the poorest inhabitants live in filth, misery, and debauch. Before these horrible places, are seen crowds of men, women, and children, singing, dancing, drinking, and pursuing each other with handfuls of hair-powder. I have never seen, however, an instance of their taking liberties with any person above their class; yet, such bacchanals produce a feeling of insecurity, which makes the approach of those spots very unpleasant during the carnival.

At Madrid, where whole quarters of the town, such as Avapiés and Maravillas, are inhabited exclusively by the rabble, these "Saturnalia" are performed upon a larger scale. Mr. White says, I once ventured with three or four friends, all muffled in our cloaks, to parade the Avapiés during the carnival. The streets were crowded with men, who, upon the least provocation, real or imaginary, would have instantly used the knife, and of women equally ready to take no slight share in any quarrel: for these lovely creatures often carry a poniard in a sheath, thrust within the upper part of the left stocking, and held up by the garter. We were, however, upon our best behaviour, and by a look of complacency on their sports, and keeping at the most respectful distance from the women, came away without meeting with the least disposition to insolence or rudeness.

A gentleman, who, either out of curiosity or depraved taste, attends the amusements of the vulgar, is generally respected, provided he is a mere spectator, and appears indifferent to the females. The ancient Spanish jealousy is still observable among the lower classes; and while not a sword is drawn in Spain upon a love-quarrel, the knife often decides the claims of more humble lovers. Yet love is by no means the main instigator of murder among us. A constitutional irritability, especially in the southern provinces, leads, without any more assignable reason, to the frequent shedding of blood. A small quantity of wine, nay, the mere blowing of the easterly wind, called "Solano," is infallibly attended with deadly quarrels in Andalusia. The average of dangerous or mortal wounds, on every great festival at Seville, is, I believe, about two or three. We have, indeed, a well-endowed hospital named de los Heridos, which, though open to all persons who meet with dangerous accidents, is, from this unhappy disposition of the people, almost confined to the wounded. The large arm-chair, where the surgeon in attendance examines the patient just as he is brought in, usually upon a ladder, is known in the whole town by the name of "Silla de los Guapos," the Bullies' chair. Every thing, in fact, attests both the generality and inveteracy of that horrible propensity among the Spaniards.*

THE LIEGE ALMANAC.

The celebrated almanac of "Francis Moore, physician," to whose predictions thousands are accustomed to look with implicit confidence and veneration, is rivalled, on the continent, by the almanac of Liège, by "Matthew Laensberg," who there enjoys an equal degree of celebrity.

Whether the name of Laensberg is a real or an assumed name is a matter of great doubt. A tradition, preserved in the family of the first printers of the work, ascribes it to a canon of St. Bartholomew, at Liège, who lived about the conclusion of the sixteenth century, or at the beginning of the seventeenth. This is further corroborated, by a picture of a canon of that church which still exists, and which is conjectured by many to represent the inventor of the celebrated almanac of Liège. Figure to yourself an old man, seated in an arm chair, his left hand resting on a globe, and his right holding a telescope. At his feet are seen different mathematical instruments, several volumes and sheets of paper, with circles and triangles drawn upon them. His eyes are large and prominent; he has a dull, heavy look, a nose in the form of a shell, and large ears, which are left uncovered by a greasy cap. His large mouth, half open, announces surliness and pedantry; frightful wrinkles furrow his face, and his long bushy beard covers an enormous band. This man is, besides, muffled up in an old cassock, patched in several places. Under his hideous portrait is the inscription "D. T. V. Bartholomæi Canonicus et Philosophiæ Professor."

Such is the picture given by a person

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* Doblado's Letters from Spain.

who examined this portrait, and who, though he was at the pains to search the registers of the chapter of Liège, was unable to find any name that at all corresponded with the above designation. Hence it may be fairly concluded, that the canon, whose portrait has just been exhibited, assumed the name of Matthew Laensbert, or Laensberg, as well as the title of professor of philosophy, for the purpose of publishing his almanac, with the prognostications, which have rendered it so celebrated.

The earliest of these almanacs known to exist is of the year 1636. It bears the name of Matthew Lansbert, mathematician, and not Laensberg, as it is now written. In the middle of the title is seen the portrait of an astronomer, nearly resembling that which is still placed there. After the printer's name, are the words, "with permission of the superior powers." This is repeated in the eleven first almanacs, but in that for 1647, we find, "with the favour and privilege of his highness." This privilege, granted by Ferdinand of Bavaria, prince of Liège, is actually inserted. It gives permission to Leonard Streete to print Matthew Laensberg's almanac, and forbids other printers to make copies of it, upon pain of confiscation, and other penalties.

The name of this prophet, spelt Lansbert in the first almanacs, has since been regularly written Laensberg. It is to this privilege of the prince bishop of Liège that Voltaire alludes in these lines of his Epistle to the king of Denmark :—

> Et quand vous écrirez sur l'almanac de Liège,
> Ne parlez des saisons qu'avec un privilège.

The four first pages of the Liège almanac for 1636, are occupied by a piece entitled "The Twelve Celestial Signs governing the Human Body." Cancer, for instance, governs the breast, the belly, and the lungs, with all their diseases. This was at that time the fashionable system of astrology, which was succeeded by many others, equally ill-founded, and equally popular. Yet it is a fact, that could scarcely be believed, were it not stated in an advertisement prefixed, that the physicians manifested a jealousy lest the prophet of Liège should extend his dominion over the healing art. They obtained an order that every thing relating to the influence of the celestial signs on diseases should be suppressed, and this retrenchment took place, for the first time, in 1679. The principal part, however, was preserved, and still ensures the success of this wonderful performance. It consists of general predictions concerning the variations of the seasons, and the occurrences of the year. In each month are marked the days when there will be rain, and those that will be dry; whether there will be snow or hail, high winds, storms, &c. Sterne alludes to this in his Tristram Shandy, when he says, "I have observed this 26th of March, 1759, a rainy day, notwithstanding the almanac of Liège."

The general predictions mention the occurrences that are to take place in every month. Accident has frequently been wonderfully favourable to the prophet; and he owes all his reputation and celebrity to the luck of having announced the gaining of a battle, or the death of some distinguished person. An anecdote of Madame Du-barri, at that time all-powerful at the court of Louis XIV., is not a little singular.

When the king was attacked with the malady which put an end to his life, that lady was obliged to leave Versailles. She then had occasion, says the author of her life, to recollect the almanac of Liège, which had given her great uneasiness, and of which she had suppressed all the copies she was able. Amongst the predictions for the month of April, in that almanac, was the following: "A lady, in the highest favour, will act her last part." She frequently said, "I wish this odious month of April were over." According to the prediction, she had really acted "her last part," for the king died in the following month, May 1774.*

DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

In the year 1344, in the reign of Peter IV. king of Arragon, the island of Madeira, lying in 32 degrees, was discovered, by an Englishman, named Macham, who, sailing from England to Spain with a lady whom he had carried off, was driven to the island by a tempest, and cast anchor in the harbour or bay, now called Machico, after the name of Macham. His mistress being sea-sick, he took her to land, with some of his company, where she died, and the ship drove out to sea. As he had a tender affection for his mistress, he built a chapel or hermitage, which he called "Jesus," and buried her in it, and inscribed on her tombstone his and her name, and the occasion of their arrival there. In the island are very large trees, of one of which he

* Repository of Arts.

and his men made a boat, and went to sea in it, and were cast upon the shore of Africa, without sail or oars. The Moors were infinitely surprised at the sight of them, and presented Macham to their king, who sent him and his companions to the king of Castile, as a prodigy or miracle.

In 1395, Henry III. of Castile, by the information of Macham, persuaded some of his mariners to go in search of this island, and of the Canaries.

In 1417, king John II. of Castile, his mother Catherine being then regent, one M. Ruben, of Bracamont, admiral of France, having demanded and obtained of the queen the conquest of the Canaries, with the title of king for a kinsman of his, named M. John Betancourt, he departed from Seville with a good army. And it is affirmed, that the principal motive that engaged him in this enterprise was, to discover the island of Madeira, which Macham had found.

Tomb of Macham's Anna.

The following elegiac stanzas are founded on the preceding historical fact. Macham, having consigned the body of his beloved mistress to the solitary grave, is supposed to have inscribed on it the following pathetic lines:—

O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring;
But angels, as the high pines wave,
Their half-heard '*Miserere*' sing!

No flow'rs of transient bloom at eve,
The maidens on the turf shall strew;
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,
Sweets to the sweet a long adieu!

But in this wilderness profound,
O'er her the dove shall build her nest;
And ocean swell with softer sound,
A *Requiem* to her dream of rest!

Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
When not a friend or human eye
Shall mark, beneath the mossy tree,
The spot where we forgotten lie?

To kiss her name on this cold stone,
Is all that now on earth I crave;
For in this world I am alone—
Oh! lay me with her in the grave.

Health.

GOOD EATING.

That "a sharp stomach is the best sauce," is a saying as true as it is common. In Ulrick Hutten's book on the virtues of guaiacum, there is a very singular story on this subject.

The relations of a rich German ecclesiastic, carrying him to drink the waters for the recovery of his health, and passing by the house of a famous quack, he inquired what was the reverend gentleman's distemper? They told him a total debility, loss of appetite, and a great decay in his senses. The empiric, after viewing his enormous chin, and bodily bulk, guessed rightly at the cause of his distemper, and proposed, for a certain sum, to bring him home, on a day fixed, perfectly cured. The patient was put into his hands, and the doctor treated him in the following manner:—He furnished him every day with half a pound of excellent dry biscuit; to moisten this, he allowed him three pints of very good spring water; and he suffered him to sleep but a few hours out of the twenty-four. When he had brought him within the just proportion of a man, he obliged him to ring a bell, or work in the garden, with a rolling-stone, an hour before breakfast, and four hours in the afternoon. At the stated day the doctor produced him, perfectly restored.

Nice eating destroys the health, let it be ever so moderate; for the stomach, as every man's experience must inform him, finds greater difficulty in digesting rich dishes than meats plainly dressed. To a sound man sauces are needless; to one who is diseased, they nourish not him, but his distemper; and the intemperance of his taste betrays him into the hands of death, which could not, perhaps, have mastered his constitution. Lewis Cornaro brought himself into a wretched condition, while a young man, by indulging his taste; yet, when he had once taken a resolution of restraining it, nature did that which physic could not; it restored him to perfect health of body, and serenity of mind, both of which he enjoyed to extreme old age.

Books.

READING ALOUD.

By Margaret Duchess of Newcastle. 1671.

—— To read lamely or crookedly, and not evenly, smoothly, and thoroughly, entangles the sense. Nay, the very sound of the voice will seem to alter the sense of the theme; and though the sense will be there in despite of the ill voice, or ill reading, yet it will be concealed, or discovered to

its disadvantages. As an ill musician, (or indeed one that cannot play at all,) instead of playing, puts the fiddle out of tune, (and causeth a discord,) which, if well played upon, would sound harmoniously; or if he can play but one tune, plays it on all sorts of instruments; so, some will read with one tone or sound of voice, though the passions and numbers are different; and some again, in reading, wind up their voices to such a passionate screw, that they whine or squeal, rather than speak or read: others fold up their voices with such distinctions, that they make that triangular which is four-square; and that narrow, which should be broad; and that high, which should be low; and low, that should be high: and some again read so fast, that the sense is lost in the race. So that writings sound good or bad, as the readers, and not as their authors are: and, indeed, such advantage a good or ill reader hath, that those that read well shall give a grace to a foolish author; and those that read ill, do disgrace a wise and a witty one. But there are two sorts of readers; the one that reads to himself, and for his own benefit; the other, to benefit another by hearing it: in the first, there is required a good judgment, and a ready understanding: in the other, a good voice and a graceful delivery: so that a writer must have a double desire; the one, that he may write well; the other, that he may be read well.

Aphorisms.

By Lavater.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigour; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.

Who, under pressing temptations to lie, adheres to truth, nor to the profane betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Who has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar; and without talents, powers, or energy.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

Love as if you could hate and might be hated, is a maxim of detested prudence in real friendship, the bane of all tenderness, the death of all familiarity. Consider the fool who follows it as nothing inferior to him who at every bit of bread trembles at the thought of its being poisoned.

There are more heroes than saints (heroes I call rulers over the minds and destinies of men;) more saints than humane characters. He, who humanizes all that is within and around himself, adore: I know but of one such by tradition.

He who laughed at you till he got to your door, flattered you as you opened it—felt the force of your argument whilst he was with you—applauded when he rose, and, after he went away, execrated you—has the most indisputable title to an archdukedom in hell.

Let the four-and-twenty elders in heaven rise before him who, from motives of humanity, can totally suppress an arch, full-pointed, but offensive *bon mot*.

Manners.

THE PARLIAMENT CLUBS.

Before the year 1736, it had been usual for gentlemen of the House of Commons to dine together at the Crown-tavern in Palace-yard, in order to be in readiness to attend the service of the house. This club amounted to one hundred and twenty, besides thirty of their friends coming out of the country. In January, 1736, sir Robert Walpole and his friends began to dine in the same manner, at the Bell and Sun in King-street, Westminster, and their club was one hundred and fifty, besides absent members. These parties seem to have been the origin of Brookes's and White's clubs.

RIGHT AND LEFT HAND.

Dr. Zinchinelli, of Padua, in an essay "On the Reasons why People use the Right Hand in preference to the Left," will not allow custom or imitation to be the cause. He affirms, that the left arm cannot be in violent and continued motion without causing pain in the left side, because there is the seat of the heart and of the arterial system; and that, therefore, Nature herself compels man to make use of the right hand.

THE DEATH OF LEILA.

For the Table Book.

'Twas moonlight—Leila sat retir'd
Upon the tow'ring beach,
Watching the waves, "like one inspir'd"
With things beyond her reach:
There was a calmness on the water
Suited to Sorrow's hapless daughter,
For consolation seem'd to be
Mixt up with its solemnity!

The stars were shedding far and wide
Their twinkling lights of peerless blue;
And o'er the undulating tide
The breeze on balmy pinions flew;
The scene might well have rais'd the soul
Above misfortune's dark controul,
Had not the hand of Death been laid
On that belov'd and matchless maid!

I watch'd the pale, heart-broken girl,
Her shatter'd form, her look insane,—
I saw her raven locks uncurl
With moisture from the peaceful main:
I saw her wring her hands with grief,
Like one depriv'd of Hope's relief,
And then she sigh'd, as if bereft
Of the last treasure heav'n had left!

Slowly I sought the cheerless spot
Where Leila lay, absorb'd in care,
But she, poor girl! discern'd me not,
Nor dreamt that friendship linger'd there!
Her grief had bound her to the earth,
And clouded all her beauty's worth;
And when her clammy hand I press'd,
She seem'd of feeling dispossess'd!

Yet there were motion, sense, and life,
Remaining in that shatter'd frame,
As if existing by the strife
Of feelings none but Love can name!
I spoke, she answer'd not—I took
Her hand with many a fearful look—
Her languid eyes I gaz'd upon,
And press'd her lips—but she was gone!

B. W. R.

Islington, 1827.

Omniana.

RATTING.

There are three methods proposed for lessening the number of rats.

I. Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food, and if nature has not made them so, the cook may. Rat pie would be as good as rook pie; and four tails intertwisted like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeon's feet. After a while they might be declared *game* by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.

II. Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable.

III. Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made, lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the hyenas, wolves, jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey.

N. B. If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other remuneration to either of these methods, the projector has left his address with the editor.*

BUNGAY HAND-BILL.

(*Copy.*)

PONY LOST.

On February 21st, 1822, this devil bade me adieu.

LOST, stolen, or astray, not the least doubt but run away, a mare pony that is all bay:—if I judge pretty nigh, it is about eleven hands high;—full tail and mane, a pretty head and frame;—cut on both shoulders by the collar, not being soft nor hollow:—it is about five years old, which may be easily told;—for spirit and for speed, the devil cannot her exceed.

Whoever can give information or bring the said runaway to me, John Winter, Glass-stainer and Combustible-maker, Upper Olland Street, Bungay, shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble.

NOMINATIVE CASE.

Sancho, prince of Castile, being present at a papal consistory at Rome, wherein the proceedings were conducted in Latin, which he did not understand, and hearing loud applause, inquired of his interpreter what caused it: "My lord," replied the interpreter, "the pope has caused you to be proclaimed king of Egypt." "It does not become us," said the grave Spaniard, "to be wanting in gratitude; rise up, and proclaim his holiness caliph of Bagdad."

* Dr. Aikin's Athenæum.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

The following anecdote is related in a journal of the year 1789 :—

A service of plate was delivered at the duke of Clarence's house, by his order, accompanied by the bill, amounting to 1500*l.*, which his royal highness deeming exorbitant, sent back, remarking, that he conceived the overcharge to be occasioned by the apprehension that the tradesman might be kept long out of his money. He added, that so far from its being his intention to pay by tedious instalments, or otherwise distress those with whom he dealt, he had laid it down as an invariable principle, to discharge every account the moment it became due. The account was returned to his royal highness the next morning, with *three hundred pounds* taken off, *and it was instantly paid.*

SPORTING.

A wit said of the late bishop of Durham, when alive, "His grace is the only man in England who may kill game legally without a stamped license: if actually taken with a gun in his hand, he might exclaim in the words of his own grants — 'I *Shute*, by divine permission.'"

March.

"STOP AND READ."

We have seen this requisition on the walls till we are tired: in a book it is a novelty, and here, I hope it may enforce its claim. For *thy* sake, gentle reader, I am anxious that it should; for, if thou hast a tithe of the pleasure I had, from the perusal of the following verses, I expect commendation for bidding thee "stop and read."

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough
And the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now
In her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer's sun
In th' alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their preappointed roots.

How awful the thought
Of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent, dark profound;
How each thing upwards tends
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark,
And this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark
Whether Winter holds her sway;
Go back, thou dove of peace,
With the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease,
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth
Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth
For their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen
For the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell,
And the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep,
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep,
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices
From the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices
With a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch
Fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March,
Be it dedicate to thee!

This beautiful poem has afforded me exquisite gratification. Till I saw it printed in Mr. Dyce's "Specimens of British Poetesses," I was ignorant that a living lady had written so delightfully. Without a friend at my elbow to instruct me whether I should prefix "Miss" or "Mrs." to her felicitous name, I transcribe—as I find it in Mr. Dyce's volume—FELICIA HEMANS.

The Story of the Scotch Soldier.

" Upon my soul it's a fact."
MATTHEWS—*and Self.*

For the Table Book.

" Is the master at home, sir?' said a broad-shouldered Scotchman (wearing a regimental coat of the —— regiment, and with his bonnet in his hand) to myself, who had answered a ring at the office-bell. I replied that he was not. " Weel, that's onlucky, sir," said he, " for ye see, sir, a hae goten a pertection here, an' a hae been till a' the Scotchmen that a can hear ony thing o', but they hae a' signed for the month; an' a hae a shorteness o' brith, that wunna lat me wurk or du ony thing; an' a'd be vary glaid gin a cud git doon to Scoteland i' the nixt vaissel, for a hanna' a baubee; an', as a sid afore, a canna wurk, an' gin maister B. wud jist sign ma pertection, a hae twa seagnatures, an' a'd git awa' the morn." For once I had told no lie in denying Mr. B. to his visitor, and, therefore, in no dread of detection from cough, or other vivâ voce evidence, I ushered the " valiant Scot " into the *sanctum* of a lawyer's clerk.

There is a very laudable benevolent institution in London, called the " Scottish Hospital," which, on proper representations made to it, signed by three of its members, (forms whereof are annexed, in blank, to the printed petition, which is given gratuitously to applicants,) will pass poor natives of Scotland to such parts of their father-land as they wish, free of expense, and will otherwise relieve their wants; but each member is only allowed

to sign one petition each month. This poor fellow had come in hopes of obtaining Mr. B.'s signature to his request to be sent home; and, while waiting to procure it, told me the circumstances that had reduced him to ask it.

He was a native of ——, where the rents had lately been raised, by a new laird, far beyond the capabilities of the tacksmen. They had done their best to pay them—had struggled long, and hard, with an ungrateful soil—but their will and industry were lost; and they were, finally, borne down by hard times, and harsh measures. 'Twas hard to leave the hearths which generations of their forefathers had shadowed and hallowed—'twas yet harder to see their infants' lips worrying the exhausted breast, and to watch the cheeks of their children as they grew pale from want—and to see their frolics tamed by hunger into inert stupidity. An American trader had just touched at their island, for the purpose of receiving emigrants, and half its inhabitants had domiciled themselves on board, before her arrival had been known twelve hours. Our poor Scot would fain have joined them, with his family and parents, but he lacked the means to provide even the scanty store of oatmeal and butter which they were required to ship before they could be allowed to step on deck; so, in a fit of distress and despair, he left the home that had never been a day out of his sight, and enlisted with a party of his regiment, then at ——, for the sole purpose of sending to the afflicted tenants of his "bit housey," the poor pittance of bounty he received, to be a short stay 'twixt them and starvation.

He had been last at St. John's, Newfoundland; "and there," said he, indignantly, "they mun mak' a cook's orderly o' me, as gin a war' nae as proper a man as ony o' them to carry a musket; an' they sint me to du a' the odd jobes o' a chap that did a wife's-wark, tho' there were a gude fivety young chaps i' the regiment that had liked it wul aneugh, and were better fetting for the like o' sican a place than mysel.—And so, sir," he continued, "thar a was, working mysel intill a scalding heat, and than a'd geng out to carry in the cauld water; an' i' the deeing o't, a got a cauld that sattled inwardly, an' garr'd me hae a fivre an' spit blood. Weel, sir, aifter mony months, a gote better; but oh! a was unco weak, and but a puir creature frae a strong man afore it; but a did na mak muckle o't, for a thought ay, gin ony thing cam o't to disable me, or so, that a should hae goten feve-pence or sax-pence a-day, an' that had been a great help."

——— Oh! if the rich would but take the trouble to learn how many happy hearts they might make at small expense—and fashion their deeds to their knowledge—how many prayers might nightly ascend with their names from grateful bosoms to the recording angel's ears—and how much better would the credit side of their account with eternity appear on that day, when the great balance must be struck!——

There was a pause—for my narrator's breath failed him; and I took the opportunity of surveying him. He was about thirty, with a half hale, half hectic cheek; a strong red beard, of some three days' growth, and a thick crop of light hair, such as only Scotchmen have—one of the Cain's brands of our northern brethren—it curled firmly round his forehead; and his head was set upon his broad shoulders with that pillar of neck which Adrian in particular, and many other of the Roman emperors, are represented with, on their coins, but which is rarely seen at present. He must, when in full health, have stood about five feet seven; but, now, he lost somewhat of his height in a stoop, contracted during his illness, about the chest and shoulders, and common to most people affected with pulmonary complaints: his frame was bulky, but the sinews seemed to have lost their tension; and he looked like "one of might," who had grappled strongly with an evil one in sore sickness. He bore no air of discontent, hard as his lot was; yet there was nothing theatrical in his resignation. All Scotchmen are predestinarians, and he fancied he saw the immediate hand of Providence working out his destiny through his misfortunes, and against such interference he thought it vain to clamour. Far other were my feelings when I looked on his fresh, broad face, and manly features, his open brow, his width of shoulders, and depth of chest, and heard how the breath laboured in that chest for inefficient vent———

"May be," said he—catching my eye in its wanderings, as he raised his own from the ground,—"May be a'd be better, gin a were doon i' wun nain place." I was vext to my soul that my look had spoken so plainly as to elicit this remark. Tell a man in a consumption that he looks charmingly, and you have opened the sluices of his heart almost as effectually, to your ingress, as if you had really cured him. And yet I think this poor fellow said what he did, rather to please one whom

he saw took an interest in him, than to flatter himself into a belief of recovery, or from any such existing belief; for, shortly after, when I asked him what he would do in Scotland, "A dunna ken wat a mun du," he replied; "a canna du ony labouring wark, an' a ha na goten ony trade; but, ye see, sir, we like ay to die whar' wer're born; and my faither, an' my gran'-faither afore him forbye, a' my ither kin, an' the mither that bore me, there a' i' the nook o' —— kirk-yaird; an' than my wife an twa bairnies:"——— There was a pause in the soldier's voice; he had not learnt the drama of mendicity or sentimentality, but, by—! there was a tear in his eye.*—I hate a scene as much as Byron did, but I admire a feeling heart, and pity a sorrowful one —— the tear did not fall. I looked in his face when I heard his voice again; his eye glistened, and the lash was wet, but the tear was gone —— And there stood I, whose slender body scarcely comprehended one half of the circumference of his muscular frame.—"And the hand of Death is here!" said I; and then I turned my eyes upon myself, and almost wondered how my soul dwelt in so frail a tenement, while his was about to escape from such a seeming fastness of flesh.

After some further conversation, he told me his regiment had at one time been ordered off for Africa against the Ashantees; and sure never mortal man regretted counter orders on such grounds as he did those which balked his expectations of a visit to Sierra Leone.—"A thought," said he, "wur regiment woud ha gien to Aifrica against the Aishantees—an a was in hopes it wud —— it's a didly climate, an' there was nae money goten out o' the laist fray; but thin—perhaps its jist as well to die in ae place as anither—but than we canna bring wursels to feel it, tho' we may think it—an' than ye see, sir, as a sid afore, a hae twa bairnies, an gin a'd laid doon wi' the rast, the mither o' them might hae goten the widow's pension for them an' hirsel." ——— The widow's pension! sixpence a-day for a woman and two children—and death to the fourth person as the only price of it! Hear this, shade of Lemprière! Manlius and the Horatii died to save a country, and to purchase earthly immortality by their deaths—but here's a poor fellow willing to give up the ghost, by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine, to secure a wife and two children two-pence each, per day!

Look to it, ye three-bottle beasts, or men—as the courtesy of a cringing world calls you—look to it, when ye toast the next lordly victor "with three times three!"—Shout 'till the roof rings, and then think amid the din of your compeers, of the *humble* dead—of those who walk *silently* in the path of the grave, and of the widowed and fatherless. Commanders die for glory, for a funeral procession, or a title, or wealth for those they leave behind; but who speaks of the private, who dies with a wound for every pore?—he rots on the earth; or, with some scores or hundreds of his comrades, a few inches beneath it; and his wife gets—"sixpence a day!"

Poor fellow, thought I, as I looked on my narrator—were I a king—but kings cannot scrape acquaintance with every man in the ranks of their forces—but had I been your officer, I *think* you should not have wanted your pension for the few days that are to shine on you in this world; and, had you fallen, it should have gone hard with me, but your wife and two children should have had their twopence each per day—and, were I a man of fortune, I would be proud to keep the life in such a heart, as long as God would permit—and so saying, or thinking—and blinking away the dimness of humanity from my eye—I thrust my hand into my pocket, and gave him SIXPENCE. —— Reader! smile not; I am but a poor harum scarum headed mortal—*'t was all I had*, "in possession, expectancy, remainder, or reversion"—

J. J. K.

* [" —— The ACCUSING SPIRIT flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, and blushed as he gave it in—the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!"—*Sterne.* ED.]

Highland Legend.

The following poem originates in a legend which is still popular in many parts of the highlands of Scotland: that a female branch of the noble family of Douglas contracted an imprudent marriage with a kerne, or mountain peasant, who was drowned in the Western Islands, where he had escaped for concealment from the persecutions of the offended family of his wife. She survived him eighteen years, and wandered a 'maniac over the mountains, where, as superstition alleges, she is even now to be seen at daybreak. The stanzas are supposed to be the extempore recitations of an old bard to a group of attentive villagers.

THE LADY OF THE HILL.

Poor girl! she seem'd of an unearthly mould,
A thing superior to the frowns of fate;
But never did my tearful eyes behold
A maid so fair, and so disconsolate;
Yet was she once a child of high estate,
And nurst in spendour, till an envious gloom
Sunk her beneath its harsh o'erpowering weight;
Robb'd her pale features of their orient bloom,
And with a noiseless pace, mov'd onwards to the tomb.

She walk'd upon the earth, as one who knew
The dread mysterious secrets of the grave;
For never o'er her eye of heav'nly blue
Lighten'd a smile; but like the ocean wave
That roars, unblest with sunshine, through the cave
Rear'd in the depths of Snowden, she had flown
To endless grief for refuge; and would rave,
And tell to the night-winds her tale unknown,
Or wander o'er the heath, deserted and alone.

And when the rain beat hard against the hill,
And storms rush'd by upon their wing of pow'r,
Lonely she'd stray beside the bubbling rill,
Or fearless list the deep-voic'd cataract's roar;
And when the tempest's wrath was heard no more
She wander'd home, the mountain sod to dress
With many a wreath, and many a summer flow'r;
And thus she liv'd, the sister of distress,
The solitude of love, nurst in the wilderness.

She was the child of nature; earth, sea, sky,
Mountain and cataract, fern-clad hill and dale
Possess'd a nameless charm in her young eye,
Pure and eternal, for in Deva's vale
Her heart first listen'd to a lover's tale,
Breath'd by a mountain kerne; and every scene
That wanton'd blithely in the od'rous gale,
Had oft beheld her lord's enamour'd mien,
As tremblingly she sought each spot where he had been.

But she is gone! The cold earth is her pillow,
And o'er her blooms the summer's sweetest flow'r;
And o'er her ashes weeps the grateful willow
She lov'd to cherish in a happier hour—
Mute is the voice that breath'd from Deva's bow'r
Chill is the soul of the neglected rover;
We saw the death-cloud in destruction low'r
O'er her meek head, the western waves roll'd over
The corse of him she lov'd, her own devoted lover.

But oft, when the faint sun is in the west,
And the hush'd gales along the ocean die,
Strange sounds recche from her place of rest,
And sink into the heart most tenderly—
The bird of evening hour, the humming bee,
And the wild music of the mountain rill,
Seem breathing sorrow as they murmur by,
And whispering to the night, while all is still,
The tale of the poor girl—the "Lady of the Hill."

W. F. D.—*Indicator.*

Marriage Customs.

HIGHLAND WEDDINGS.

By John Hay Allan, Esq.

There is not probably, at the present day, a more social and exhilarating convocation than a highland wedding among the lower orders. The ancient hospitality and kindliness of character fills it with plenty and good humour, and gathers from every side all who have the slightest claim in the blood, name, and friendship of the bride or bridegroom. That olden attachment, which formerly bound together the superiors and their dependants, yet so far influences their character as to bring them together at the same board upon this occasion. When a wedding is to take place, the attendance of the chief, or laird, as well as that of the higher tacksmen, is always solicited by the respective parties, and there are few who would refuse this mark of consideration and good-will. The clansmen are happy in the honour which they receive, and the "Duinne-Uasal" is pleased with the regard and respect which renders the countenance of his presence necessary to his people.

Upon the day of the wedding, the friends of the bridegroom and the bride assemble at the house of their respective parents, with all the guns and pistols which can be collected in the country. If the distance of the two rendezvous is more than a day's march, the bridegroom gathers his friends as much sooner as is necessary to enable them to be with the bride on the day and hour appointed. Both parties are exceedingly proud of the numbers and of the rank which their influence enables them to bring; they therefore spare no pains to render the gathering of their friends as full and as respectable as possible. The company of each party dines at the house of their respective parents. Every attainable display of rustic sumptuousness and rustic gallantry is made to render the festival worthy of an occasion which can happen but once in a life. The labour and the care of months have been long providing the means wherewith to furnish the feast with plenty, and the assistants with gayety; and it is not unfrequent that the savings of a whole year are expended to do honour to this single day.

When the house is small, and the company very numerous, the partitions are frequently taken down, and the whole "biel" thrown into one space. A large table, the

entire length of the house, is formed of deal planks laid upon tressels, and covered with a succession of table-cloths, white though coarse. The quantity of the dinner is answerable to the space which it is to cover: it generally consists of barley broth, or cock-a-leeky, boiled fowls, roasted ducks, joints of meat, sheep's heads, oat and barley cakes, butter, and cheese; and in summer, frothed buttermilk, and slam. In the glens where goats are kept, haunches of these animals and roasted kids are also added to the feast. In the olden time, venison and all kinds of game, from the cappercalich to the grouse, were also furnished; but since the breach of the feudal system, and its privileges, the highland lairds have become like other proprietors in the regulation of their game, and have prohibited its slaughter to their tenants upon pain of banishment.

Yet the cheer of the dinner is not so remarkable as the gear of the guests. No stranger who looked along the board could recognise in their "braws" the individuals whom the day before he had seen in the mill, the field, or the "smiddie." The men are generally dressed to the best of their power in the lowland fashion. There are still a few who have the spirit, and who take a pride, to appear in the noble dress of their ancestors. These are always considered as an honour and an ornament to the day. So far however has habit altered the custom of the people, even against their own approbation, that notwithstanding the convenience and respect attached to the tartans, they are generally laid aside. But though the men are nothing deficient in the disposition to set themselves off in the lowland fashions, from the superior expense of cloth and other materials of a masculine dress, they are by no means so gay as the lasses. Girls, who the yester even were seen bare-headed and bare-footed, lightly dressed in a blue flannel petticoat and dark linen jacket, are now busked in white frocks, riband sashes, cotton stockings on their feet, and artificial flowers on their heads. The "merchant's" and the miller's daughters frequently exhibit the last fashion from Edinburgh, and are beautified and garnished with escalloped trimmings, tabbed sleeves, tucks, lace, gathers, and French frills! As it has been discovered that tartan is nothing esteemed in London, little or none is to be seen, except in the red plaid or broached tunic of some old wife, whose days of gayety are past, but who still loves that with which she was gay in her youth. It is to be regretted that Dr. Samuel Johnson had not lived to witness these dawnings of *reason* and *improvement*; his philosophical mind might have rejoiced in the symptoms of approaching "*civilization*" among the highlanders.

The hour of dinner is generally about one o'clock; the guests are assembling for two hours before, and each as he enters is presented with a glass of "uisga" by way of welcome. When the company is seated, and the grace has been said, the bottle makes a regular round, and each empties a bumper as it passes. During the meal more than one circle is completed in the same manner; and, at the conclusion, another revolutionary libation is given as a finale. As soon after dinner as his march will allow, the bridegroom arrives: his approach is announced at a distance by a continual and running discharge of firearms from his party. These signals are answered by the friends of the bride, and when at length they meet, a general but irregular feu-de-joie announces the arrival. The bridegroom and his escort are then regaled with whiskey, and after they have taken some farther refreshment the two parties combine, and proceed in a loose procession to the "clachan."

Sometimes, and particularly if there happens to be a few old disbanded sergeants among them, the whole "gathering" marches very uniformly in pairs; and there is always a strict regulation in the support of the bride, and the place of the bridegroom and his party. The escort of the former takes precedency in the procession, and the head of the column is generally formed of the most active and best armed of her friends, led by their pipes. Immediately after this advanced guard, come the bride and the females of her party, accompanied by their fathers, brothers, and other friends. The bride is supported on one side by a bridesman, and on the other by a bridesmaid; her arms are linked in theirs, and from the right and left hand of the supporters is held a white scarf or handkerchief, which depends in a festoon across the figure of the bride. The privilege of supporting the bride is indispensably confined to the bridesman and bridesmaid, and it would be an unacceptable piece of politeness for any other persons, however high their rank, to offer to supply their place. The bridegroom and his party, with their piper, form the rear of the procession, and the whole is closed by two young girls, who walk last at the array, bearing in a festoon between them a white scarf, similar to that held before the bride. During the march the pipes generally play the old

Scots air, "Fye, lets a' to the Bridal," and the parties of the bride and bridegroom endeavour to emulate each other in the discharge of their fire-arms. In this order the bridal company reaches the church, and each pipe as it passes the gate of the surrounding cemetry becomes silent. In the old time the pipers played round the outside of the clachan during the performance of the service, but of later years this custom has been discontinued. The ritual of the marriage is very simple: a prayer for the happiness and guidance of the young couple who are about to enter upon the troubled tide of life; a short exhortation upon the duties of the station which they are to undertake, and a benediction by the imposition of the hands of the minister, is all the ceremonial of the union, and announces to them that they are "no longer two, but one flesh."

In the short days of winter, and when the bridegroom has to come from a distance, it is very frequent that the ceremony is not performed until night. The different circumstances of the occasion are then doubly picturesque and affecting: while the cavalcade is yet at a distance, the plaintive pealing of the pipes approaching upon the stillness of the night, the fire-arms flashing upon the darkness, and their reports redoubled by the solitary echoes of the mountains, and when, at length, the train draws near, the mingled tread of hasty feet, the full clamour of the pipes, the mixed and confused visionry of the white figures of the girls, and the dark shadows of the men, with here and there the waving of a plaid and the glinting of a dirk, must be striking to a stranger, but wake inexpressible emotions in the bosom of a Gaël, who loves the people and the customs of his land.

The scene is still more impressive at the clachan. I have yet before me the groups of the last wedding at which I was present in the highlands. The church was dimly lighted for the occasion; beneath the pulpit stood the minister, upon whose head eighty-five winters had left their trace: his thinned hair, bleached like the "cana," hung in ringlets on his neck; and the light falling feebly from above, shed a silvery gleam across his lofty forehead and pale features, as he lifted his look towards heaven, and stretched his hands above the betrothed pair who stood before him. The bridegroom, a hardy young highlander, the fox-hunter of the district, was dressed in the full tartans; and the bride, the daughter of a neighbouring shepherd, was simply attired in white, with a bunch of white roses in her hair. The dark cheek and keen eye of the hunter deepened its hue and its light as he held the hand which had been placed in his, while the downcast face of the bride scarcely showed distinctly more than her fair forehead and temples, and seemed, as the light shone obliquely upon them, almost as pale as the roses which she wore; her slim form bent upon the supporting arm of the bridesmaid — the white frill about her neck throbbing with a light and quick vibration.

After the ceremony of the marriage is concluded, it is the privilege of the bridesman to salute the bride. As the party leave the church, the pipes again strike up, and the whole company adjourns to the next inn, or to the house of some relation of the bride's; for it is considered "*unlucky*" for her own to be the first which she enters. Before she crosses the threshold, an oaten cake is broken over her head by the bridesman and bridesmaid, and distributed to the company, and a glass of whiskey passes round. The whole party then enter the house, and two or three friends of the bridegroom, who act as masters of the ceremonies, pass through the room with a bottle of whiskey, and pour out to each individual a glass to the health of the bride, the bridegroom, and their clans. Dancing then commences to the music of the pipes, and the new-married couple lead off the first reel. It is a customary compliment for the person of highest rank in the room to accompany her in the next. During the dancing the whiskey-bottle makes a revolution at intervals; and after the reels and strathspeys have been kept up for some time, the company retires to supper. The fare of the supper differs little from that of the dinner; and the rotation of the whiskey-bottle is as regular as the sun which it follows.

[At highland festivals the bottle is always circulated sun-ways, an observance which had its rise in the Druidical "deas'oil," and once regulated almost every action of the Celts.]

When the supper is announced, each man leads his partner or some female friend to the table, and seating himself at her side, takes upon himself her particular charge during the meal; and upon such occasions, as the means of the bride and bridegroom do not permit them to bear the expenses of the supper, he is expected to pay her share of the reckoning as well as his own. After supper the dancing again commences, and is occasionally inspired by the before-noticed circumvolutions of the "Uisga na

Baidh." The bride and bridegroom, and such as choose repose rather than merriment, retire to take a couple of hours' rest before dawn; but the majority keep up the dancing till day. Towards morning many of the company begin to disperse; and when it is well light, breakfast is given to all who remain. Tea, multitudes of eggs, cold meat, a profusion of oat cakes, barley "scones," and sometimes *wheat bread*, brought, perhaps, a distance of thirty miles, constitute the good cheer of this meal. When it is concluded, the bride takes leave of the majority of her friends, and accompanied only by her particular intimates and relations, sets off with the bridegroom and his party for her future residence. She is accompanied by her neighbours to the march of her father, or the tacksman under whom he lives, and at the burn-side (for such is generally the boundary) they dance a parting reel: when it is concluded, the bride kisses her friends, they return to their dwellings, and she departs for her new home. When, however, the circumstances of the bridegroom will permit, all those who were present at the house of the bride, are generally invited to accompany her on her way, and a renewal of the preceding festivities takes place at the dwelling of the bridegroom.

Upon these occasions it is incredible the fatigue which the youngest girls will undergo: of this one instance will give a sufficient proof. At a wedding which happened at Cladich by Loch Awe side, there were present as bridesmaids, two girls, not above fourteen years of age, who had walked to the bridal from Inbherara, a distance of nine miles. They attended the bride to the clachan of Inishail, and back to her father's house, which is four miles farther. During the night none were more blithe in the dance, and in the morning after breakfast they accompanied the rest of the party to the house of the bridegroom at Tighndrum; the distance of this place is eighteen miles: and thus, when they had finished their journey, the two young bridesmaids had walked, without rest, and under the fatigue of dancing, a distance of thirty-one miles.

Such is the general outline of a highland wedding. In some districts, a few other of the ancient customs are yet retained: the throwing of the stocking is sometimes practised; but the blessing of the bridal couch disappeared with the religion of the popes.*

* Note to the Bridal of Caölchairn, by J. H. Alban, Esq.

FLINGING THE STOCKING.

Mr. Brand collects a variety of particulars respecting this wedding custom.

A curious little book, entitled "The West-country Clothier undone by a Peacock," says, "The sack-posset must be eaten and the stocking flung, to see who can first hit the bridegroom *on the nose*." Misson, a traveller in England at the beginning of the last century, relates, concerning this usage, that the young men took the bride's stocking, and the girls those of the bridegroom; each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stocking over their heads, endeavouring to make it fall upon that of the bride, or her spouse: if the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married: and a similar prognostic was taken from the falling of the bride's stocking, thrown by the young men. The usage is related to the same effect in a work entitled "Hymen," &c. (8vo. 1760.) "The men take the bride's stockings, and the women those of the bridegroom: they then seat themselves at the bed's feet, and throw the stockings over their heads, and whenever any one hits the owner of them, it is looked upon as an omen that the person will be married in a short time: and though this ceremony is looked upon as mere play and foolery, new marriages are often occasioned by such accidents. Meantime the posset is got ready and given to the married couple. When they awake in the morning, a sack-posset is also given them." A century before this, in a "A Sing-Song on Clarinda's Wedding," in R. Fletcher's "Translations and Poems, 1656," is the following stanza:—

> "This clutter ore, Clarinda lay
> Half-bedded, like the peeping day
> Behind Olimpus' cap;
> Whiles at her head each twitt'ring girle
> The fatal stocking quick did whirle
> To know the lucky hap."

And the "Progress of Matrimony," in "The Palace Miscellany," 1733, says,

> "Then come all the younger folk in,
> With ceremony throw the stocking;
> Backward, o'er head, in turn they toss'd it,
> Till in sack-posset they had lost it.
> Th' intent of flinging thus the hose,
> Is to hit him or her *o' th' nose:*
> Who hits the mark, thus, o'er left shoulder,
> Must married be, ere twelve months older."

This adventuring against the most prominent feature of the face is further men-

about seventy,) this eccentric individual, whose proper name, William Monson, had become nearly obliterated by his professional appellation of *Billy Boots*; having followed the humble employment of shoeblack for a longer period than the greater part of the inhabitants could remember. He was reported, (and he always professed himself to be,) the illegitimate son of a nobleman, whose name he bore, by a Miss Cracroft. Of his early days little is known, except from the reminiscences of conversation which the writer of this article at times held with him. From thence it appears, that having received a respectable education, soon after leaving school, he quitted his maternal home in Lincolnshire, and threw himself upon the world, from whence he was sought out by some of his paternal brothers, with the intention of providing and fixing him in comfortable circumstances; but this dependent life he abhorred, and the wide world was again his element. After experiencing many vicissitudes, (though possessing defects never to be overcome,—a diminutive person,—a shuffling, slip-shod gait,—and a weak, whining voice,) he joined a company of strolling players, and used to boast of having performed "Trueman," in "George Barnwell:" from this he imbibed an ardent histrionic *cacoethes*, which never left him, but occupied many of his leisure moments, to the latest period of his life. Tired of rambling, he fixed his residence at Lynn, and adopting the useful vocation of shoe-black, became conspicuous as a sober, inoffensive, and industrious individual. Having, by these means, saved a few guineas, in a luckless hour, and when verging towards his fiftieth year, he took to himself a wife, a dashing female of more favourable appearance than reputation. In a few days from the tying of the gordian knot, his precious metal and his precious rib took flight together, never to return; and forsaken Billy whined away his disaster, to every pitying inquirer, and continued to brush and spout, till time had blunted the keen edge of sorrow.

Notwithstanding this misfortune, Billy made no rash vow of forswearing the sex, but ogled every mop-squeezer in the town, who would listen to his captivating eloquence; and whenever a roguish Blousalinda consented to encourage his addresses, he was seen early and late, like a true devotee, shuffling a pilgrimage to the shrine of his devotions. In a summer evening, after the labour of the day, on these occasions, and on these occasions only, he used to clean himself and spruce up, in his best suit, which was not improperly termed his courting suit—a worn-out scarlet coat, reaching to his heels, with buttons of the largest dimensions—the other part of his dress corresponding. When tired of the joke, his faithless inamorata, on some frivolous pretence, contrived to discard him, leaving him to "fight his battles o'er again," and seek some other bewitching fair one, who in the end served him as the former; another and another succeeded, but still poor Billy was ever jilted, and still lived a devoted victim to the tender passion.

Passionately fond of play-books, of which he had a small collection—as uninviting to the look as himself in his working dress—and possessing a retentive memory, he would recite, not merely the single character, but whole scenes, with all the dramatis personæ. His favourite character, however, was "Shylock;" and here, when soothed and flattered, he exhibited a rich treat to his risible auditors in the celebrated trial scene, giving the entire dialogue, suiting the action and attitude to the words, in a style of the most perfect caricatural originality. At other times, he would select "The Waterman," and, as "Tom Tug," warble forth, "Then farewell my trim-built wherry," in strains of exquisitely whining melody. But, alas! luckless wight! his only reward was ridicule, and for applause he had jokes and quizzing sarcasms.

Like most of nature's neglected eccentrics, Billy was a public mark of derision, at which every urchin delighted to aim. When charges of "setting the river Thames on fire!" and "roasting his wife on a gridiron!" were vociferated in his ears, proudly conscious of his innocence of such heinous crimes, his noble soul would swell with rage and indignation; and sometimes stones, at other times his brushes, and oftentimes his pot of blacking, were aimed at the ruthless offender, who frequently escaped, while the unwary passer-by received the marks of his vengeance. When unmolested, he was harmless and inoffensive.

Several attempts, it is said, were made towards the latter part of his life to settle an annuity on him; but Billy scorned such independence, and maintained himself till death by praiseworthy industry. After a few days' illness, he sank into the grave, unhonoured and unnoticed, except by the following tribute to his memory, written by a literary and agricultural gentleman in the neighbourhood of Lynn, and inserted in the "Norwich Mercury" newspaper of that period. K.

Elegiac Lines on William Monson, late of Lynn, an eccentric Character; commonly y'clept Billy Boots.

Imperial Fate, who, with promiscuous course,
Exerts o'er high and low his influence dread;
Impell'd his shaft with unrelenting force,
And laid thee, *Billy*, 'mongst the mighty dead!

Yet 'though, when borne to thy sepulchral home,
No pomp funereal grac'd thy poor remains,
Some "frail memorial" should adorn thy tomb,
Some trifling tribute from the Muse's strains.

Full fifty years, poor *Billy!* hast thou budg'd,
A care-worn shoe-black, up and down the streets;
From house to house, with slip-shod step hast trudg'd,
'Midst summer's rays, and winter's driving sleets.

Report allied thee to patrician blood,
Yet, whilst thy life to drudg'ry was confin'd,
Thy firmness each dependent thought withstood,
And prov'd,—thy true nobility of mind.

With shuffling, lagging gait, with visage queer,
Which seem'd a stranger to ablution's pow'r,
In tatter'd garb, well suited to thy sphere,
Thou o'er life's stage didst strut thy fretful hour.

O'er boots and shoes, to spread the jetty hue,
And give the gloss,—thou *Billy*, wert the man,
No boasting rivals could thy skill outdo—
Not "Day and Martin," with their fam'd japan.

On men well-bred and perfectly refin'd,
An extra polish could thine art bestow;
At feast or ball, thy varnish'd honours shin'd,
Made spruce the trader, and adorn'd the beau.

When taunting boys, whom no reproof could tame,
On thee their scoffs at cautious distance shed,
A shoe or brush, impetuous wouldst thou aim,
Wing'd with resentment, at some urchin's head.

With rage theatric often didst thou glow,
(Though ill adapted for the scenic art;)
As Denmark's prince soliloquiz'd in woe,
Or else rehears'd vindictive *Shylock's* part.

Brushing and spouting, emulous of fame,
Oft pocketing affronts instead of cash,
In *Iago's* phrase, sometimes thou might'st exclaim
With too much truth,—"who steals my purse steals trash."

Peace to thine ashes! harmless in thy way,
Long wert thou *emp'ror* of the shoe-black train,
And with thy fav'rite Shakspeare we may say,
We "ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

The Drama.

"THE GREAT UNKNOWN" KNOWN.

Friday the 23d of February, 1827, is to be regarded as remarkable, because on that day "The Great Unknown" confessed himself. The disclosure was made at the first annual dinner of the "Edinburgh Theatrical Fund," then held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh—Sir Walter Scott in the chair.

Sir Walter Scott, after the usual toasts to the King and the Royal Family, requested, that gentlemen would fill a bumper as full as it would hold, while he would say only a few words. He was in the habit of hearing speeches, and he knew the feeling with which long ones were regarded. He was sure that it was perfectly unnecessary for him to enter into any vindication of the dramatic art, which they had come here to support. This, however, he considered to be the proper time and proper occasion for him to say a few words on that love of representation which was an innate feeling in human nature. It was the first amusement that the child had—it grew greater as he grew up; and, even in the decline of life, nothing amused so much as when a common tale is well told. The first thing a child does is to ape his schoolmaster, by flogging a chair. It was an enjoyment natural to humanity. It was implanted in our very nature, to take pleasure from such representations, at proper times, and on proper occasions. In all ages the theatrical art had kept pace with the improvement of mankind, and with the progress of letters and the fine arts. As he had advanced from the ruder stages of society, the love of dramatic representations had increased, and all works of this nature had been improved in character and in structure. They had only to turn their eyes to the history of ancient Greece, although he did not pretend to be very deeply versed in ancient history. Its first tragic poet commanded a body of troops at Marathon. The second and next, were men who shook Athens with their discourses, as their theatrical works shook the theatre itself. If they turned to France, in the time of Louis XIV., that era in the classical history of that country, they would find that it was referred to by all Frenchmen as the golden age of the drama there. And also in England, in the time of queen Elizabeth, the drama began to mingle deeply and wisely in the general politics of Europe, not only not receiving

laws from others, but giving laws to the world, and vindicating the rights of mankind. (*Cheers.*) There had been various times when the dramatic art subsequently fell into disrepute. Its professors had been stigmatized: and laws had been passed against them, less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were proposed, and to the legislators by whom they were passed. What were the times in which these laws were passed? Was it not when virtue was seldom inculcated as a moral duty, that we were required to relinquish the most rational of all our amusements, when the clergy were enjoined celibacy, and when the laity were denied the right to read their Bibles? He thought that it must have been from a notion of penance that they erected the drama into an ideal place of profaneness, and the tent of sin. He did not mean to dispute, that there were many excellent persons who thought differently from him, and they were entitled to assume that they were not guilty of any hypocrisy in doing so. He gave them full credit for their tender consciences, in making these objections, which did not appear to him relevant to those persons, if they were what they usurped themselves to be; and if they were persons of worth and piety, he should crave the liberty to tell them, that the first part of their duty was charity, and that if they did not choose to go to the theatre, they at least could not deny that they might give away, from their superfluity, what was required for the relief of the sick, the support of the aged, and the comfort of the afflicted. These were duties enjoined by our religion itself. (*Loud cheers.*) The performers were in a particular manner entitled to the support or regard, when in old age or distress, of those who had partaken of the amusements of those places which they rendered an ornament to society. Their art was of a peculiarly delicate and precarious nature. They had to serve a long apprenticeship. It was very long before even the first-rate geniuses could acquire the mechanical knowledge of the stage business. They must languish long in obscurity before they could avail themselves of their natural talents; and after that, they had but a short space of time, during which they were fortunate if they could provide the means of comfort in the decline of life. That came late, and lasted but a short time; after which they were left dependent. Their limbs failed, their teeth were loosened, their voice was lost, and they were left, after giving happiness to others, in a most disconsolate state. The public were liberal and generous to those deserving their protection. It was a sad thing to be dependant on the favour, or, he might say, in plain terms, on the caprice of the public; and this more particularly for a class of persons of whom extreme prudence was not the character. There might be instances of opportunities being neglected; but let them tax themselves, and consider the opportunities they had neglected, and the sums of money they had wasted; let every gentleman look into his own bosom, and say whether these were circumstances which would soften his own feeling, were he to be plunged into distress. He put it to every generous bosom—to every better feeling—to say what consolation was it to old age to be told that you might have made provision at a time which had been neglected—(*loud cheers*)—and to find it objected, that if you had pleased you might have been wealthy. He had hitherto been speaking of what, in theatrical language, was called "stars," but they were sometimes fallen ones. There were another class of sufferers naturally and necessarily connected with the theatre, without whom it was impossible to go on. The sailors had a saying, "every man cannot be a boatswain." If there must be persons to act *Hamlet*, there must also be people to act *Laertes*, the *King*, *Rosencrantz*, and *Guildenstern*, otherwise a drama cannot go on. If even Garrick himself were to rise from the dead, he could not act *Hamlet* alone. There must be generals, colonels, commanding officers, and subalterns; but what were the private soldiers to do? Many had mistaken their own talents, and had been driven in early youth to try the stage, to which they were not competent. He would know what to say to the poet and to the artist. He would say that it was foolish, and he would recommend to the poet to become a scribe, and the artist to paint sign-posts (*Loud laughter.*) But he could not send the player adrift; for if he could not play *Hamlet*, he must play *Guildenstern*. Where there were many labourers, wages must be low, and no man in such a situation could decently support a wife and family, and save something of his income for old age. What was this man to do in latter life? Were they to cast him off like an old hinge, or a piece of useless machinery, which had done its work? To a person who had contributed to our amusement, that would be unkind, ungrateful, and unchristian. His wants were not of his own making, but arose from the natural sources of sickness and old age It could not be denied that

there was one class of sufferers to whom no imprudence could be ascribed, except on first entering on the profession. After putting his hand to the dramatic plough, he could not draw back, but must continue at it, and toil, till death released him; or charity, by its milder assistance, stepped in to render that want more tolerable. He had little more to say, except that he sincerely hoped that the collection to-day, from the number of respectable gentlemen present, would meet the views entertained by the patrons. He hoped it would do so. They should not be disheartened. Though they could not do a great deal, they might do something. They had this consolation, that every thing they parted with from their superfluity would do some good. They would sleep the better themselves when they had been the means of giving sleep to others. It was ungrateful and unkind that those who had sacrificed their youth to our amusement should not receive the reward due to them, but should be reduced to hard fare in their old age. They could not think of poor Falstaff going to bed without his cup of sack, or Macbeth fed on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo. (*Loud cheers and laughter.*) As he believed that they were all as fond of the dramatic art as he was in his younger days, he would propose that they should drink "The Theatrical Fund," with three times three.

Mr. MACKAY rose on behalf of his brethren, to return their thanks for the toast just drank.

Lord MEADOWBANK begged to bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution which it was for this day's meeting to establish. For himself, he was quite surprised to find his humble name associated with so many others, more distinguished, as a patron of the institution. But he happened to hold a high and important public station in the country. It was matter of regret that he had so little the means in his power of being of service; yet it would afford him at all times the greatest pleasure to give assistance. As a testimony of the feelings with which he now rose, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak of him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the "great unknown"—"the mighty Magician"—(*here the room literally rung with applauses for some minutes*)—the Minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stood revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollected the enjoyment he had had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It had been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for that country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He had opened up the peculiar beauties of his native land to the eyes of foreigners. He had exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owed the freedom we now enjoyed. He would give "The health of Sir Walter Scott."

This toast was drank with enthusiastic cheering.

Sir WALTER SCOTT certainly did not think, that, in coming there that day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before 300 gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than 20 people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before lord Meadowbank, as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of "not proven." He did not now think it necessary to enter into reasons for his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (*Long and loud cheering.*) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was no a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken and the rod buried. They would allow him further to say, with *Prospero*, "Your breath it is that has filled my sails," and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of those novels, and he would dedicate a bumper to the

health of one who had represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend *Bailie Nicol Jarvie;* (loud applause;) and he was sure that, when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drank to *Nicol Jarvie*, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman had always been accustomed, and that they would take care that, on the present occasion, it should be prodigious! *(Long and vehement applause.)*

Mr. MACKAY, who spoke with great humour in the character of *Bailie Jarvie.*—"My conscience! My worthy father, the Deacon, could not have believed that his son could hae had sic a compliment paid to him by the *Great Unknown.*"

Sir WALTER SCOTT.—"*Not unknown now*, Mr. Bailie."

After this avowal, numerous toasts were duly honoured; and on the proposal of "the health of Mrs. Siddons, senior, the most distinguished ornament of the stage," Sir WALTER SCOTT said, that if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was the reflection that he had seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs. Siddons. He remembered well their breakfasting near to the theatre—waiting the whole day—the crushing at the doors at six o'clock—and their going in and counting their fingers till seven o'clock. But the very first step—the very first word which she uttered, was sufficient to overpay him for all his labours. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that he could guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence could be carried. Those young fellows who had only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as that was, must give the old fellows who had seen its rise leave to hold their heads a little higher.

Sir WALTER SCOTT subsequently gave "Scotland, the Land of Cakes." He would give every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle; and may her sons stand by her, as their fathers did before them, and he who would not drink a bumper to his toast, may he never drink whiskey more.

Mr. H. G. BELL proposed the health of "James Sheridan Knowles."

Sir WALTER SCOTT.—Gentlemen, I crave a bumper all over. The last toast reminds me of a neglect of duty. Unaccustomed to a public duty of this kind, errors in conducting the ceremonial of it may be excused, and omissions pardoned. Perhaps I have made one or two omissions in the course of the evening, for which I trust you will grant me your pardon and indulgence. One thing in particular I have omitted, and I would now wish to make amends for it by a libation of reverence and respect to the memory of Shakspeare. He was a man of universal genius, and from a period soon after his own era to the present day, he has been universally idolized. When I come to his honoured name, I am like the sick man who hung up his crutches at the shrine, and was obliged to confess that he did not walk better than before. It is indeed difficult, gentlemen, to compare him to any other individual. The only one to whom I can at all compare him, is the wonderful Arabian dervise, who dived into the body of each, and in that way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of their hearts. He was a man of obscure origin, and as a player, limited in his acquirements; but he was born evidently with a universal genius. His eyes glanced at all the varied aspects of life, and his fancy portrayed with equal talents the king on the throne, and the clown who crackled his chestnuts at a Christmas fire. Whatever note he took, he struck it just and true, and awakened a corresponding chord in our own bosoms. Gentlemen, I propose "The memory of William Shakspeare."

Glee—"Lightly tread his hallowed ground."

Sir WALTER rose after the glee, and begged to propose as a toast the health of a lady whose living merits were not a little honourable to Scotland. This toast (said he) is also flattering to the national vanity of a Scotchman, as the lady whom I intend to propose is a native of this country. From the public her works have met with the most favourable reception. One piece of hers, in particular, was often acted here of late years, and gave pleasure of no mean kind to many brilliant and fashionable audiences. In her private character, she (he begged leave to say) was as remarkable as in a public sense she was for her genius. In short, he would, in one word, name—"Joanna Baillie."

Towards the close of the evening, Sir WALTER observed:—There is one who ought to be remembered on this occasion. He is indeed well entitled to our great recollection—one, in short, to whom the drama in this city owes much. He succeeded, not without trouble, and perhaps at some considerable sacrifice, in establish-

ing a theatre. The younger part of the company may not recollect the theatre to which I allude; but there are some who with me may remember, by name, the theatre in Carrubber's-close. There Allan Ramsay established his little theatre. His own pastoral was not fit for the stage, but it has its own admirers in those who love the Doric language in which it is written; and it is not without merits of a very peculiar kind. But, laying aside all considerations of his literary merit, Allan was a good, jovial, honest fellow, who could crack a bottle with the best. "The memory of Allan Ramsay."

Mr. P. ROBERTSON.—I feel that I am about to tread on ticklish ground. The talk is of a new theatre, and a bill may be presented for its erection, saving always, and provided the expenses be defrayed and carried through, provided always it be not opposed. Bereford-park, or some such place, might be selected, provided always due notice was given, and so we might have a playhouse, as it were, by possibility.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.—Wherever the new theatre is built, I hope it will not be large. There are two errors which we commonly commit—the one arising from our pride, the other from our poverty. If there are twelve plans, it is odds but the largest, without any regard to comfort, or an eye to the probable expense, is adopted. There was the college projected on this scale, and undertaken in the same manner, and who shall see the end of it? It has been building all my life, and may probably last during the lives of my children, and my children's children. Let it not be said when we commence a new theatre, as was said on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a certain building, "Behold the endless work begun." Play-going folks should attend somewhat to convenience. The new theatre should, in the first place, be such as may be finished in eighteen months or two years; and, in the second place, it should be one in which we can hear our old friends with comfort. It is better that a theatre should be crowded now and then, than to have a large theatre, with benches continually empty, to the discouragement of the actors, and the discomfort of the spectators.

Sir WALTER immediately afterwards said, "Gentlemen, it is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge, I may say, '*non sum qualis eram.*' At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogleby, as to the rheumatism, and say, 'There's a twinge.' I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair."—*(The worthy baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.)*

These extracts* contain the substance of Sir Walter Scott's speeches on this memorable occasion. His allusions to actors and the drama are, of themselves, important; but his avowal of himself as the author of the "Waverley Novels," is a fact of peculiar interest in literary history. Particular circumstances, however, had made known the "Great Unknown" to several persons in London some months previously, though the fact had not by any means been generally circulated.

Hot Meals.

POWELL, THE FIRE-EATER.

"Oh! for a muse of *fire!*"

One fire burns out another burning. The jack-puddings who swallow flame at "the only booth" in every fair, have extinguished remembrance of Powell the fire-eater—a man so famous in his own day, that his name still lives. Though no journal records the time of his death, no line eulogizes his memory, no stone marks his burial-place, there are two articles written during his lifetime, which, being noticed here, may "help his fame along" a little further. Of the first, by a correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, the following is a sufficient abstract.

Ashbourn, Derbyshire, Jan. 20, 1755.

Last spring, Mr. Powell, the famous fire-eater, did us the honour of a visit at this town; and, as he set forth in his printed bills, that he had shown away not only before most of the crowned heads in Europe, but even before the Royal Society of London, and was dignified with a curious and very ample silver medal, which, he said, was bestowed on him by that learned body, as a testimony of their approbation, for eating what nobody else could eat, I was prevailed upon, at the importunity of some friends, to go and see a sight, that so many great kings and philosophers had not thought below their notice. And, I confess, though neither a superstitious nor an incurious man, I was not a little astonished at his wonderful performances in the fire-eating way.

* From the report of the "Edinburgh Evening Courant" of Saturday, 24th Feb. 1827; in "The Times" of the Tuesday following.

After many restless days and nights, and the profoundest researches into the nature of things, I almost despaired of accounting for the strange phenomenon of a human and perishable creature eating red hot coals, taken indiscriminately out of a large fire, broiling steaks upon his tongue, swallowing huge draughts of liquid fire as greedily as a country squire does roast beef and strong beer. Thought I to myself, how can that element, which we are told is ultimately to devour all things, be devoured itself, as familiar diet, by a mortal man?—Here I stuck, and here I might have stuck, if I had not met with the following anecdote by M. Panthot, doctor of physic and member of the college of Lyons:—

"The secret of fire-eating was made public by a servant to one Richardson, an Englishman, who showed it in France about the year 1667, and was the first performer of the kind that ever appeared in Europe. It consists only in rubbing the hands, and thoroughly washing the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and other parts that are to touch the fire, with pure spirit of sulphur. This burns and cauterizes the epidermis, or upper skin, till it becomes as hard as thick leather, and every time the experiment is tried it becomes still easier than before. But if, after it has been very often repeated, the upper skin should grow so callous and horny as to become troublesome, washing the parts affected with very warm water, or hot wine, will bring away all the shrivelled or parched epidermis. The flesh, however, will continue tender and unfit for such business till it has been frequently rubbed over again with the same spirit.

"This preparative may be rendered much stronger and more efficacious, by mixing equal quantities of spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and juice of onions.

"The bad effects which frequently swallowing red-hot coals, melted sealing wax, rosin, brimstone, and other calcined and inflammable matter, might have had upon his stomach, were prevented by drinking plentifully of warm water and oil, as soon as he left the company, till he had vomited all up again."

My author further adds, that any person who is possessed of this secret, may safely walk over burning coals, or red-hot ploughshares; and he fortifies his assertion by the example of blacksmiths and forgemen, many of whom acquire such a degree of callosity, by often handling hot things, that they will carry a glowing bar of iron in their naked hands, without hurt.

Whether Mr. Powell will take it kindly of me thus to have published his secret, I cannot tell; but as he now begins to drop into years, has no children that I know of, and may die suddenly, or without making a will, I think it is a great pity so genteel an occupation should become one of the *artes perditæ*, as possibly it may, if proper care is not taken; and therefore hope, after this information, some true-hearted Englishman will take it up again for the honour of his country, when he reads in the newspapers, *Yesterday died, much lamented, the famous Mr.* Powell. *He was the best, if not the only fire-eater in this world, and it is greatly to be feared his art is dead with him.*

Notwithstanding the preceding disclosure of Powell's "grand secret," he continued to maintain his good name and reputation till after Dr. Johnson was pensioned, in the year 1762. We are assured of the fact by the internal evidence of the following article, preserved by a collector of odd things, who obtained it he knew not how:—

Genius unrewarded.

We have been lately honoured with the presence of the celebrated Mr. Powell, who, I suppose, must formerly have existed in a comet; and by one of those unforeseen accidents which sometimes happen to the most exalted characters, has dropped from its tail.

His common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage; he feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers, to their infinite satisfaction; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen, while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire, and leave the beef.

It is somewhat surprising, that the friends of *real merit* have not yet promoted him, living, as we do, in an age favourable to men of genius: Mr. Johnson has been rewarded with a pension for writing, and Mr. Sheridan for speaking well; but Mr. Powell, who *eats well*, has not yet been noticed by any administration. Obliged to wander from place to place, instead of indulging himself in private with his favourite dish, he is under the uncomfortable necessity of eating in public, and helping himself from the kitchen fire of some paltry alehouse in the country.

O tempora! O mores![*]

[*] Lounger's Common Place Book.

March Fair, at Brough, Westmoreland

For the Table Book.

This fair is held always on the second Thursday in March: it is a good one for cattle; and, in consequence of the great show, the inhabitants are obliged to shut up their windows; for the cattle and the drivers are stationed in all parts of the town, and few except the jobbers venture out during the time of selling.

From five to six o'clock the preceding evening, carts, chiefly belonging to Yorkshire clothiers, begin to arrive, and continue coming in until the morning, when, at about eight or nine, the cattle fair begins, and lasts till three in the afternoon. Previously to any article being sold, the fair is proclaimed in a manner depicted tolerably well in the preceding sketch. At ten, two individuals, named Matthew Horn and John Deighton, having furnished themselves with a fiddle and clarinet, walk through the different avenues of the town three times, playing, as they walk, chiefly "God save the King;" at the end of this, some verses are repeated, which I have not the pleasure of recollecting; but I well remember, that thereby the venders are authorized to commence selling. After it is reported through the different stalls that "they've walked the fair," business usually commences in a very brisk manner.

Mat. Horn has the best cake booth in the fair, and takes a considerable deal more money than any "spice wife," (as women are called who attend to these dainties.) Jack Deighton is a shoemaker, and a tolerably good musician. Coals are also brought for sale, which, with cattle, mainly constitute the morning fair.

At the close of the cattle fair, the town is swept clean, and lasses walk about with their "*sweethearts,*" and the fair puts on another appearance. "Cheap John's here the day," with his knives, combs, bracelets, &c. &c. The "great Tom Mathews," with his gallanty show, generally contrives to pick up a pretty bit of money by his droll ways. Then "Here's spice Harry, gingerbread, Harry—Harry—Harry!" from Richmond, with his five-and-twenty lumps of gingerbread for sixpence. Harry stands in a cart, with his boxes of "spice" beside him, attracting the general attention of the whole fair, (though he is seldomer here than at Brough-hill fair.) There are a few shows, viz. Scott's sleight of hand, horse performances, &c. &c.; and, considering the size of the town, it has really a very merry-spent fair. At six o'clock dancing begins in nearly all the public-houses, and lasts the whole of "a merry neet."

Jack Deighton mostly plays at the greatest dance, namely, at the Swan inn; and his companion, Horn, at one of the others; the dances are merely jigs, three reels, and four reels, and country dances, and *no more* than three sets can dance at a time. It is a matter of course to give the fiddler a penny or two-pence each dance; sometimes however another set slips in after the tune's begun, and thus trick the player. By this time nearly all the stalls are cleared away, and the "merry neet" is the only place to resort to for amusement. The fiddle and clarinet are to be heard every where; and it is astonishing what money is taken by the fiddlers. Some of the "spice wives," too, stop till the next morning, and go round with their cakes at intervals, which they often sell more of than before.

At this festival at Brough, the husbandmen have holiday, and many get so tipsy that they are frequently turned off from their masters. Several of the "spice wives" move away in the afternoon to Kirby Stephen, where there is a very large fair, better suited to their trade, for it commences on the day ensuing. Unfortunately, I was never present at the proclamation. From what I saw, I presume it is in consequence of a charter, and that these people offer their services that the fair-keepers may commence selling their articles sooner. I never heard of their being paid for their trouble. They are constantly attended by a crowd of people, who get on the carts and booths, and, at the end, set up a loud "huzza!"

W. H. H.

THE TWELVE GEMS

Of the Twelve Months.

For the Table Book.

It is a Polish superstition, that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month; it is therefore customary among friends, and lovers particularly, to present each other, on their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with its appropriate wish; this kind fate, or perhaps kinder fancy, generally contrives to realize according to their expectations.

JANUARY.

Jacinth, or *Garnet* denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

FEBRUARY.

Amethyst preserves mortals from strong passions, and ensures peace of mind.

MARCH.

Bloodstone denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.

APRIL.

Sapphire, or *Diamond* denotes repentance and innocence.

MAY.

Emerald, successive love.

JUNE.

Agate ensures long life and health.

JULY.

Ruby, or *Cornelian* ensures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

AUGUST.

Sardonix ensures conjugal felicity.

SEPTEMBER.

Chrysolite preserves from, or cures folly.

OCTOBER.

Aquamarine, or *Opal* denotes misfortune and hope.

NOVEMBER.

Topaz ensures fidelity and friendship.

DECEMBER.

Turquoise, or *Malakite* denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life.

E. M. S.

Garrick Plays.

No. VIII.

[From the "Game at Chess," a Comedy, by Thomas Middleton, 1624.]

Popish Priest to a great Court Lady, whom he hopes to make a Convert of.

Let me contemplate;
With holy wonder season my access,
And by degrees approach the sanctuary
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more Catholical aspect. That eye
Doth promise single life, and meek obedience.
Upon those lips (the sweet fresh buds of youth)
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose. How beauteously
A gentle fast (not rigorously imposed)
Would look upon that cheek; and how delightful
The courteous physic of a tender penance,
(Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride), to beat down frailty!

[From the "Virgin Widow," a Comedy, 1649; the only production, in that kind, of Francis Quarles, Author of the Emblems.]

Song.

How blest are they that waste their weary hours
In solemn groves and solitary bowers,
Where neither eye nor ear
Can see or hear
The frantic mirth
And false delights of frolic earth;
Where they may sit, and pant,
And breathe their pursy souls;
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
Afflicts, nor sullen care controuls.
Away, false joys; ye murther where ye kiss:
There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

[From "Adrasta," a Tragi-comedy, by John Jones, 1635.]

Dirge.

Die, die, ah die!
We all must die:
'Tis Fate's decree;
Then ask not why.
When we were framed, the Fates consultedly
Did make this law, that all things born should die.
Yet Nature strove,
And did deny
We should be slaves
To Destiny.
At which, they heapt
Such misery;
That Nature's self
Did wish to die:
And thank their goodness, that they would foresee
To end our cares with such a mild decree.

Another.

Come, Lovers, bring your cares,
Bring sigh-perfumed sweets;
Bedew the grave with tears,
Where Death with Virtue meets.
Sigh for the hapless hour,
That knit two hearts in one;
And only gave Love power
To die, when 'twas begun.

[From "Tancred and Gismund," acted before the Court by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, 1591.]

A Messenger brings to Gismund a cup from the King her Father, enclosing the heart of her Lord, whom she had espoused without his sanction.

Mess. Thy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath sent
The thing to joy and comfort thee withal,
Which thou lovedst best: ev'n as thou wast content
To comfort him with his best joy of all.
Gis. I thank my father, and thee, gentle Squire;
For this thy travail; take thou for thy pains
This bracelet, and commend me to the King.

* * * *

So, now is come the long-expected hour,
The fatal hour I have so looked for.
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst
With guiltless blood, which he so coveted.
What brings this cup? aye me, I thought no less;
It is my Earl's, my County's pierced heart.
Dear heart, too dearly hast thou bought my love
Extremely rated at too high a price.
Ah my dear heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,
But in thy death thou provest passing sweet.
A fitter hearse than this of beaten gold
Could not be lotted to so good a heart.
My father therefore well provided thus
To close and wrap thee up in massy gold
And therewithal to send thee unto me,
To whom of duty thou dost best belong.
My father hath in all his life bewrayed
A princely care and tender love to me
But this surpasseth, in his latter days
To send me this mine own dear heart to me.
Wert not thou mine, dear heart, whilst that my love
Danced and play'd upon thy golden strings?
Art thou not mine, dear heart, now that my love
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings?
Thou art mine own, and still mine own shall be,
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.
Ah pleasant harbourer of my heart's thought!
Ah sweet delight, the quickener of my soul!
Seven times accursed be the hand that wrought

Thee this despite, to mangle thee so foul
Yet in this wound I see my own true love,
And in this wound thy magnanimity,
And in this wound I see thy constancy.
Go, gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tomb;
Receive this token as thy last farewell.
She kisseth it.
Thy own true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting hasteth for thy company.
Thus hast thou run, poor heart, thy mortal race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's snares,
Thus hast thou lost this world and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withal,
Receiv'd a golden grave to thy desert.
Nothing doth want to thy just funeral,
But my salt tears to wash thy bloody wound;
Which to the end thou mightst receive, behold,
My father sends thee in this cup of gold:
And thou shalt have them; though I was resolved
To shed no tears; but with a cheerful face
Once did I think to wet thy funeral
Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.
This done, my soul forthwith shall fly to thee;
For therefore did my father send thee me.

Nearly a century after the date of this Drama, Dryden produced his admirable version of the same story from Boccacio. The speech here extracted may be compared with the corresponding passage in the Sigismonda and Guiscardo, with no disadvantage to the elder performance. It is quite as weighty, as pointed, and as passionate.

C. L.

Necromancy.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOS.

By the Abbe Blanchet.

The dean of the cathedral of Badajos was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcala, united; he understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic. He was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art, till he was told that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named don Torribio. He immediately saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, "I am the dean of Badajos. The learned men of Spain all allow me to be their superior; but I am come to request from you a much greater honour, that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred, and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the highest company below. He told the dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master; for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he should but dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful!" exclaimed the dean: "has then the great don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful? And can he so far mistake *me* as to rank me with such monsters?" He then repeated all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish. In short, he talked so well, that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations.

"Jacintha," said don Torribio to his old woman, "lay down two partridges to the fire. I hope my friend the dean will do me the honour to sup with me to night." At the same time he took him by the hand and led him into the cabinet; when here, he touched his forehead, uttering three mysterious words, which the reader will please to remember, "*Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf.*" Then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science. The new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe; when, on a sudden, Jacintha entered, followed by a little old man in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the dean on very important business. This was the postilion of his uncle, the bishop of Badajos, who had been sent express after him, and who had galloped without ceasing quite to Toledo, before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The dean heartily, that is *inwardly*, (so as to occasion no scandal,) execrated the disorder, the patient,

and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, bidding him make haste back to Badajos, whither he would presently follow him; and instantly returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days afterwards the dean again received news from Badajos: but this was worth hearing. The principal chanter, and two old canons, came to inform him that his uncle, the right reverend bishop, had been taken to heaven to receive the reward of his piety; and the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajos, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue, endeavoured to derive advantage from what he had learned; and taking aside the new bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity, and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talent for the occult sciences. He had, therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and he had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly, to request his grace to bestow on don Benjamin the deanery of Badajos, which he could not retain together with his bishopric.

"I am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed; "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request; but the truth is, I have a cousin to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean, and if I do not bestow on him this benefice, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But," continued he, in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajos? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me at a moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honoured master, we will go together. Think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for don Benjamin; nor doubt, but sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanery in the remotest part of Estremadura is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself."

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed the prelate's offer into simony. The proposal however was accepted, nor was any scruple made by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajos, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace; and was treated with the utmost respect by the diocese as the favourite of his grace, and a kind of grand vicar. Under the tuition of so able a master the bishop of Badajos made a rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first he gave himself up to them, with an ardour which might appear excessive; but this intemperance grew by degrees more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim, very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to sorcery, or only philosophers and admirers of literature—that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers, wholesome doctrine and Christian morality. Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, this learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety: and, "when he least expected such an honour," was promoted to the archbishopric of Compostella. The people and clergy of Badajos lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the honour of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was *refused* with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both sorry and ashamed it was "not in his power" to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle, but, in fact, don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked the bishopric for his natural son; and though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was therefore an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one.

But don Torribio ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice; as he might learn by that, what *he* had to expect when his turn arrived, which should certainly be the first opportunity. This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the archbishop, the magician had the goodness to believe, and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of don Ferdinand.

Nothing was now thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were to reside. These, however, were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for at the end of a few months one of the pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the archbishop a cardinal's cap, with an epistle conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the Christian world; permitting him at the same time to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased. Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still continued a priest in a small parish at Toledo. But he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms, "My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a cardinal, and your son shall—*shortly*—be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended in the mean time to bestow upon him the archbishopric of Compostella, but, unfortunately for him, and for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajos, has, during your absence, written me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church, don Pablas de Salazar, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me it will "occasion her death" if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God. Shall I be the death of my mother?"

Don Torribio was not a person who could incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide, nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate. To say the truth, however, this mother was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated. She lived quietly with her cat and her maid servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had procured don Pablas his archbishopric? Was it not *more* than probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his grace the archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be this as it may, don Torribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived at that city ere the pope died. The conclave met—all the voices of the sacred college were in favour of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him therefore pope.

Immediately after the ceremony of his exaltation, don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil. He modestly represented his long and faithful services, reminded his holiness of those inviolable promises which he had renewed before he entered the conclave, and instead of demanding the vacant hat for don Benjamin, finished with most exemplary moderation by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefice; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected he was no longer necessary; that he already knew as much of magic as was sufficient for a pope. After weighing every circumstance, his holiness concluded that don Torribio was not only an useless, but a *troublesome* pedant; and this point determined, he replied in the following words:

"We have learned, with concern, that under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; we therefore exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under penalty of being delivered over to the secular arm, and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being alarmed, immediately repeated the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and going to a window, cried out with all his force, "Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge; for my friend, the dean, will *not* sup here to-night."

This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from the

trance, into which he had been thrown by the three mysterious words. He perceived that, instead of being in the vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of don Torribio; and he saw, by the clock, it was not a complete hour since he entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained by such pleasant dreams.

In that short time the dean of Badajos had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, a cardinal, and a pope; and he found at last that he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitful and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a single word, and finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajos.

Phrenology.

For the Table Book.

"You look but on the *outside* of affairs."
KING JOHN.

Oh! why do we wake from the alchymist's dream
To relapse to the visions of Doctor Spurzheim?
And why from the heights of philosophy fall,
For the profitless plans of Phrenology Gall?
To what do they tend?
What interest befriend?
By disclosing all vices, we burn away shame,
And virtuous endeavour
Is fruitless for ever,
If it lose the reward that self-teaching may claim.

On their skulls let the cold-blooded theorists seek
Indications of soul, which we read on the cheek;
In the glance—in the smile—in the bend of the brow
We dare not tell when, and we cannot tell how.
More pleasing our task,
No precepts we ask;
'Tis the tact, 'tis the instinct, kind Nature has lent,
For the guide and direction of sympathy meant.
And altho' in our cause no learn'd lecturer proses,
We reach the same end, thro' a path strew'd with roses.
'Twixt the head and the hand, be the contact allow'd,
Of the road thro' the eye to the heart we are proud.
When we feel like the brutes, like the brutes we may show it,
But no lumps on the head mark the artist or poet.
The gradations of genius you never can find,
Since no matter can mark the refinements of mind.
'Tis the coarser perceptions alone that you trace,
But what swells in the heart must be read in the face.
That index of feeling, that key to the soul,
No art can disguise, no reserve can control.
'Tis the Pharos of love, fost on oceans of doubt,
'Tis the Beal-fire of rage—when good sense *puts about*.
As the passions may paint it—a heaven or a hell.
And 'tis always a *study*—not *model* as well.

TO THE RHONE

For the Table Book.

Thou art like our existence, and thy waves,
Illustrious river! seem the very type
Of those events which drive us to our graves,
Or rudely place us in misfortune's gripe!
Thou art an emblem of our changeful state,
Smooth when the summer magnifies thy charms,
But rough and cheerless when the winds create
Rebellion, and remorseless winter arms
The elements with ruin! In thy course
The ups and downs of fortune we may trace—
One wave submitting to another's force,
The boldest always foremost in the race:
And thus it is with life—sometimes its calm
Is pregnant with enjoyment's sweetest balm;
At other times, its tempests drive us down
The steep of desolation, while the frown
Of malice haunts us, till the friendlier tomb
Protects the victim she would fain consume!

B. W. R.

Upper Park Terrace.

ADVICE.

Would a man wish to offend his friends?—let him give them advice.

Would a lover know the surest method by which to lose his mistress?—let him give her advice.

Would a courtier terminate his sovereign's partiality?—let him offer advice.

In short, are we desirous to be universally hated, avoided, and despised, the means are always in our power.—We have but *to advise*, and the consequences are infallible.

The friendship of two young ladies, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner: "My dearest girl, I do not think your figure well suited for dancing; and, as a sincere friend of yours, I *advise* you to refrain from it in future." The other naturally affected by such a *mark* of sincerity, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your *advice*; this proof of your friendship demands some return: I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race."

The *advice* of neither was followed—the one continued to sing, and the other to dance—and they never met but as enemies.

Tommy Sly, of Durham.

For the Table Book.

Tommy Sly, whose portrait is above, is a well-known eccentric character in the city of Durham, where he has been a resident in the poor-house for a number of years. We know not whether his parents were rich or poor, where he was born, or how he spent his early years—all is alike "a mystery;" and all that can be said of him is, that he is "daft." Exactly in appearance as he is represented in the engraving,—he dresses in a coat of many colours, attends the neighbouring villages with spice, sometimes parades the streets of Durham with "pipe-clay for the lasses," and on "gala days" wanders up and down with a cockade in his hat, beating the city drum, which is good-naturedly lent him by the corporation. Tommy, as worthless and insignificant as he seems, is nevertheless "put out to use:" his name has often served as a signature to satirical effusions; and at election times he has been occasionally employed by the Whigs to take the distinguished lead of some grand Tory procession, and thereby render it ridiculous; and by way of retaliation, he has been hired by the Tories to do the same kind office for the Whigs. He is easily bought or sold, for he will do any thing for a few halfpence. To sum up Tommy's character, we may say with truth, that he is a harmless and inoffensive man; and if the reader of this brief sketch should ever happen to be in Durham, and have a few halfpence to spare, he cannot bestow his charity better than by giving it to the "Custos Rotulorum" of the place—as Mr. Humble once ludicrously called him—poor Tommy Sly.

Ex Dunelmensis.

Topography.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Burial Fees.

The following particulars from a paper before me, in the hand-writing of Mr. Gell, were addressed to his "personal representative" for instruction, in his absence, during a temporary retirement from official duty in August, 1810.

Fees

In the *Cloisters* - - - - -	£19	6	0
If a grave-stone *more*	£4	4	0
In the *Abbey* - - - - - - -	54	18	0
If a grave-stone *more*	7	7	0

Peers, both in the Cloisters and Abbey, the degree of rank making a difference, Mr. Catling had perhaps write to Mr. Gell, at post-office, Brighton, telling the party that it will be under £150. They might, therefore, leave that sum, or engage to pay Mr. Gell.

Mr. Glanvill can tell about the decorations.

Penalty for burying in linen - 2 10 0

Always take full particulars of age and death.

The abbey-church of Westminster may be safely pronounced the most interesting ecclesiastical structure in this kingdom. Considered as a building, its architecture, rich in the varieties of successive ages, and marked by some of the most prominent beauties and peculiarities of the pointed style, affords an extensive field of gratification to the artist and the antiquary. Rising in solemn magnificence amidst the palaces and dignified structures connected with the seat of imperial government, it forms a distinguishing feature in the metropolis of England. Its history, as connected with a great monastic establishment, immediately under the notice of our ancient monarchs, and much favoured by their patronage, abounds in important and curious particulars.

But this edifice has still a stronger claim to notice—it has been adopted as a national structure, and held forward as an object of national pride. Whilst contemplating these venerable walls, or exploring the long aisles and enriched chapels, the interest is not confined to the customary recollections of sacerdotal pomp: ceremonies of more impressive interest, and of the greatest public importance, claim a priority of attention. The grandeur of architectural display in this building is viewed with additional reverence, when we remember that the same magnificence of effect has imparted increased solemnity to the coronation of our kings, from the era of the Norman conquest.

At a very early period, this abbey-church was selected as a place of burial for the English monarchs; and the antiquary and the student of history view their monuments as melancholy, but most estimable sources of intelligence and delight. In the vicinity of the ashes of royalty, a grateful and judicious nation has placed the remains of such of her sons as have been most eminent for patriotic worth, for valour, or for talent; and sculptors, almost from the earliest period in which their art was exercised by natives of England, down to the present time, have here exerted their best efforts, in commemoration of those thus celebrated for virtue, for energy, or for intellectual power.*

St. David's Day.

THE LEEK.

Written by William Leathart, *Llywydd.*

Sung at the Second Anniversary of the Society of Undeb Cymry, St. David's Day, 1825.

Air—*Pen Rhaw.*

I.

If bards tell true, and hist'ry's page
Is right,—why, then, I would engage
To tell you all about the age,
When Cæsar used to speak;
When dandy Britons painted,—were
Dress'd in the skin of wolf or bear,
Or in their own, if none were there,
Before they wore THE LEEK.
Ere Alfred hung in the highway,
His chains of gold by night or day;
And never had them stol'n away,
His subjects were so meek.
When wolves they danc'd o'er field and fen;
When austere *Druids* roasted men;—
But that was only now and then,
Ere Welshmen wore THE LEEK.

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* Mr. Brayley; in Neale's Hist. and Antiq. of Westminster Abbey.

II.

Like all good things—this could not last,
And *Saxon* gents, as friends, were ask'd,
Our Pictish foes to drive them past
The wall:—then home to seek,
Instead of home, the cunning chaps
Resolv'd to stop and dish the APs,
Now here they are, and in their caps
To day they wear THE LEEK.
Yet tho' our dads, they tumbled out,
And put each other to the rout,
We sons will push the bowl about;—
We're here for fun or freak.
Let nought but joy within us dwell;
Let mirth and glee each bosom swell;
And bards, in days to come, shall tell,
How Welshmen love THE LEEK.

THE WELSH HARP.

MR. LEATHART is the author of "*Welsh Pennillion*, with Translations into English, adapted for *singing to the Harp*," an eighteenpenny pocket-book of words of ancient and modern melodies in Welsh and English, with a spirited motto from Mr. Leigh Hunt.—"The Ancient Britons had in them the seeds of a great nation even in our modern sense of the word. They had courage, they had reflection, they had imagination. Power at last made a vassal of their prince. There were writers in those times, harpers, and bards, who made the instinct of that brute faculty turn cruel out of fear. They bequeathed to their countrymen the glory of their memories; they and time together have consecrated their native hills, so as they never before were consecrated."

According to the prefatory dissertation of Mr. Leathart's pleasant little manual, "Pennillion singing" is the most social relic of ancient minstrelsy in existence. It originated when bardism flourished in this island; when the object of its members was to instil moral maxims through the medium of poetry, and the harp was then, as it still is, the instrument to which they chanted. There is evidence of this use of the harp in Cæsar and other Latin writers. The bards were priest and poet; the harp was their inseparable attribute, and skill in playing on it an indispensable qualification. A knowledge of this instrument was necessary, in order to establish a claim to the title of gentleman; it occupied a place in every mansion; and every harper was entitled to valuable privileges. A "Pencerdd," or chief of song, and a "Bardd Teulu," or domestic bard, were among the necessary appendages to the king's court. The former held his lands free, was stationed by the side of the "judge of the palace," and lodged with the heir presumptive. He was entitled to a fee on the tuition of all minstrels, and to a maiden fee on the marriage of a minstrel's daughter. The fine for insulting him was six cows and eighty pence. The domestic bard also held his land free; he had a harp from the king, which he was enjoined never to part with; a gold ring from the queen, and a beast out of every spoil. In the palace he sang immediately after the chief of song, and in fight at the front of the battle. It is still customary for our kings to maintain a Welsh minstrel.

One of the greatest encouragers of music was Gruffydd ap Cynan, a sovereign of Wales, who, in the year 1100, summoned a grand congress to revise the laws of minstrelsy, and remedy any abuse that might have crept in. In order that it should be complete, the most celebrated harpers in Ireland were invited to assist, and the result was the establishing the twenty-four canons of music; the MS. of which is in the library of the Welsh school, in Gray's Inn-lane. It comprises several tunes not now extant, or rather that cannot be properly deciphered, and a few that are well known at the present day. A tune is likewise there to be found, which a note informs us was usually played before king Arthur, when the salt was laid upon the table; it is called "Gosteg yr Halen," or the *Prelude of the Salt*.

The regulations laid down in the above MS. are curious. A minstrel having entered a place of festivity was not allowed to depart without leave, or to rove about at any time, under the penalty of losing his fees. If he became intoxicated and committed any mischievous trick, he was fined, imprisoned, and divested of his fees for seven years. Only one could attend a person worth ten pounds per annum, or two a person worth twenty pounds per annum, and so forth. It likewise ordains the *quantum* of musical knowledge necessary for the taking up of the different degrees, for the obtaining of which three years seems to have been allowed.

The Welsh harp, or "Telyn," consists of three distinct rows of strings, without pedals, and was, till the fifteenth century, strung with hair. The modern Welsh harp has two rows of strings and pedals.

Giraldus Cambrensis, in his Itinerary, speaking of the musical instruments of the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch, says, Wales uses the harp, "crwth," and bag-pipes; Scot-

land the harp, "crwth," and drum; Ireland the harp and drum only; and, of all, Wales only retains her own.

The "crwth" is upon the same principle as the violin; it has however six strings, four of which are played upon with a bow, the two outer being struck by the thumb as an accompaniment, or bass; its tone is a mellow tenor, but it is now seldom heard, the last celebrated player having died about forty years since, and with him, says the editor of the Cambrian Register, "most probably the true knowledge of producing its melodious powers." From the player of this instrument is derived a name now common, viz. "Crowther" and "Crowder" (Crwthyr); it may be translated "fiddler," and in this sense it is used by Butler in his Hudibras.

Within the last few years, the harp has undergone a variety of improvements, and it is now the most fashionable instrument; yet in Wales it retains its ancient form and triple strings; "it has its imperfections," observes Mr. Parry, "yet it possesses one advantage, and that is its unisons," which of course are lost when reduced to a single row.

There would be much persuasion necessary to induce "Cymru" to relinquish her old fashioned "Telyn," so reluctant are a national people to admit of changes. When the violin superseded the "crwth," they could not enjoy the improvement.

Pennillion chanting consists in singing stanzas, either attached or detached, of various lengths and metre, to any tune which the harper may play; for it is irregular, and in fact not allowable, for any particular one to be chosen. Two, three, or four bars having been played, the singer takes it up, and this is done according as the Pennill, or stanza, may suit; he must end precisely with the strain, he therefore commences in any part he may please. To the stranger it has the appearance of beginning in the middle of a line or verse, but this is not the case. Different tunes require a different number of verses to complete it; sometimes only one, sometimes four or six. It is then taken up by the next, and thus it proceeds through as many as choose to join in the pastime, twice round, and ending with the person that began.

These convivial harp meetings are generally conducted with great regularity, and are really social; all sing if they please, or all are silent. To some tunes there are a great number of singers, according to the ingenuity required in adapting Pennillion Yet even this custom is on the decline.

In South Wales, the custom has been long lost; on its demise they encouraged song writing and singing, and they are still accounted the best (without the harp) in the principality. In North Wales song-singing was hardly known before the time of Huw Morus, in the reign of Charles I., nor is it now so prevalent as in the south.

In the year 1176, Rhys ap Gruffydd held a congress of bards and minstrels at Aberteifi, in which the North Welsh bards came off as victors in the poetical contest, and the South Welsh were adjudged to excel in the powers of harmony.

For the encouragement of the harp and Pennillion chanting, a number of institutions have lately been formed, and the liberal spirit with which they are conducted will do much towards the object; among the principal are the "Cymmrodorion," or Cambrian Societies of Gwynedd, Powys, Dyfed, Gwent, and London; the "Gwyneddigion," and "Canorion," also in London. The former established so long since as 1771, and the "Undeb Cymry," or United Welshmen, established in 1823, for the same purpose. In all the principal towns of Wales, societies having the same object in view have been formed, among which the "Brecon Minstrelsy Society" is particularly deserving of notice. The harp and Pennillion singing have at all times come in for their share of encomium by the poets, and are still the theme of many a sonnet in both languages.

From more than a hundred pieces in Mr. Leathart's "Pennillion," translations of a few pennills, or stanzas, are taken at random, as specimens of the prevailing sentiments.

The man who loves the sound of harp,
Of song, and ode, and all that's dear,
Where angels hold their blest abode,
Will cherish all that's cherish'd there.
But he who loves not tune nor strain,
Nature to him no love has given,
You'll see him while his days remain,
Hateful both to earth and heaven.

Fair is yon harp, and sweet the song,
That strays its tuneful strings along,
And would not such a minstrel too,
This heart to sweetest music woo?
Sweet is the bird's melodious lay
In summer morn upon the spray,
But from my Gweno sweeter far,
The notes of friendship after war.

Woe to him, whose every bliss
Centers in the burthen'd bowl;
Of all burthens none like this,
Sin's sad burthen on the soul;

'Tis of craft and lies the seeker,
Murder, theft, and wantonness,
Weakens strong men, makes weak weaker,
Shrewd men foolish, foolish—less.

Ah! what avails this golden coat,
Or all the warblings of my throat,
While I in durance pine?
Give me again what nature gave,
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I crave,
Thee, Liberty divine!

To love his language in its pride,
To love his land—tho' all deride,
Is a Welshman's every care,
And love those customs, good and old,
Practised by our fathers bold.

We travel, and each town we pass
Gives manners new, which we admire,
We leave them, then o'er ocean toss'd
Thro' rough or smooth, to pleasure nigher,
Still one thought remains behind,
'Tis home, sweet home, our hearts desire.

Wild in the woodlands, blithe and free,
Dear to the bird is liberty;
Dear to the babe to be caress'd,
And fondled on his nurse's breast,
Oh! could I but explain to thee
How dear is Merion's land to me.

Low, ye hills, in ocean lie,
That hide fair Merion from mine eye,
One distant view, oh! let me take,
Ere my longing heart shall break.

Another dress will nature wear
Before again I see my fair;
The smiling fields will flowers bring,
And on the trees the birds will sing;
But still one thing unchang'd shall be,
That is, dear love, my heart for thee.

The original Welsh of these and other translations, with several interesting particulars, especially the places of weekly harp-meetings and Pennillion-singing in London, may be found in Mr. Leathart's agreeable compendium.

THE WINTER'S MORN.

Artist unseen! that dipt in frozen dew
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil:—thy scenes renew,
Whate'er old bards, or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where nereids roof with spar the amber cave,
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,
Who frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

SOTHEBY.

Characters.

MRS. AURELIA SPARR.

For the Table Book.

Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is a maiden lady, rather past fifty, but fresh and handsome for her age: she has a strong understanding, a retentive memory, a vast deal of acquired knowledge, and with all she is the most disagreeable woman breathing. At first she is amusing enough to spend an evening with, for she will tell you anecdotes of all your acquaintance, and season them with a degree of pleasantry, which is not wit, though something like it. But as a jest-book is the most tiresome reading in the world, so is a narrative companion the most wearisome society. What, in short, is conversation worth, if it be not an emanation from the heart as well as head; the result of sympathy and the aliment of esteem?

Mrs. Aurelia Sparr never sympathized with any body in her life: inexorable to weaknesses of every kind, more especially to those of a tender nature, she is for ever taxing enthusiasm with absurdity, and resolving the ebullition of vivacity into vanity, and the desire to show off. She is equally severe to timidity, which she for ever confounds with imbecility. We are told, that "Gentle dulness ever loved a joke." Now Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is neither gentle nor dull; it would be a mercy to her hearers if she were either, or both: nevertheless, she chuckles with abundant glee over a good story, is by no means particular as to the admission of unpleasant images and likes it none the worse for being a little gross. But woe to the unlucky wight who ventures any glowing allusion to love and passionate affection in her hearing! Down come the fulminations of her wrath, and indecency—immorality—sensuality—&c. &c. &c.—are among the mildest of the epithets, or, to keep up the metaphor, (a metaphor, like an actor, should always come in more than once,) the *bolts* which the tempest of her displeasure hurls down upon its victim. The story of Paul and

Virginia she looks upon as very improper, while the remembrance of some of the letters in Humphrey Clinker dimples her broad face with retrospective enjoyment.

If pronouns had been tangible things, Mrs. Aurelia Sparr would long ago have worn out the first person singular. Her sentences begin as regularly with "I," as the town-crier's address does with "O yes," or as a French letter ends with "l'assurance des sentimens distingués." While living with another lady in daily and inevitable intercourse, never was she known to say, "We shall see—we shall hear—we can go —we must read." It was always "I, I, I." In the illusion of her egotism, she once went so far as to make a verbal monopoly of the weather, and exclaimed, on seeing the rosy streaks in the evening sky, "I think I shall have a fine day to-morrow." If you forget yourself so far, in the querulous loquacity of sickness, as to tell her of any ailment, as "My sore-throat is worse than ever to-night,"—she does not rejoin, "What will you take?" or "Colds are always worse of an evening, it may be better to-morrow;" or propose flannel or gargle, or any other mode of alleviation, like an ordinary person; no! she flies back from you to herself with the velocity of a coiled-up spring suddenly let go; and says, "I had just such another sore-throat at Leicester ten years ago, I remember it was when I had taken down my chintz bed-curtains to have them washed and glazed." Then comes a mammoth of an episode, huge, shapeless, and bare of all useful matter: telling all she said to the laundress, with the responses of the latter. You are not spared an item of the complete process: first, you are blinded with dust, then soaked in lye, then comes the wringing of your imagination and the calico, then the bitterness of the gall to refresh the colours; then you are extended on the mangle, and may fancy yourself at the court of king Procrustes, or in a rolling-press. All the while you are wondering how she means to get round to the matter in question, your sore-throat.—Not she! *she cures* no more for your sore-throat than the reviewers do for a book with the title of which they head an article; your complaint was the peg, and her discourse the voluminous mantle to be hung on it. Some people talk *with* others, and they are companions; others *at* their company, and they are declaimers or satirists; others *to* their friends, and they are conversationists or gossips, according as they talk of things or persons. Mrs. Aurelia Sparr talks neither to you, nor with you, nor at you. Listen attentively, or show your weariness by twenty devices of fidgetiness and preoccupation, it is all the same to Mrs. Aurelia Sparr. She talks spontaneously, from an abstract love of hearing her own voice; she can no more help talking, than a ball can help rolling down an inclined plane. She will quarrel with you at dinner, for she is extremely peevish and addicted to growling over her meals; and by no means so nice as to what comes out of her mouth as to what goes into it; and then, before you can fold your napkin, push back your chair and try to make good your escape, she begins to lay open the errors, failures, and weaknesses of her oldest and best friends to your cold-blooded inspection, with as little reserve as an old practitioner lecturing over a "subject." Things that no degree of intimacy could justify her in imparting, she pours forth to a person whom she does not even treat as a friend; but talk she must, and she had no other topic at hand. Thus, at the end of a siege, guns are charged with all sorts of rubbish for lack of ammunition.

Mrs. Aurelia Sparr not only knows all the modern languages, but enough of the ancient to set up a parson, and every dialect of every county she has ever been in. If you ask her the name of any thing, she will give you a polyglot answer; you may have the satisfaction to know how the citizens of every town and the peasants of every province express themselves, on a matter you may never have occasion to name again But I earnestly recommend you never to ask anything; it is better to go without hearing one thing you do want to hear, than to be constrained to hear fifty things that are no more to you than I to Hecuba—not half so much as Hecuba is to me. Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is not easy to deal with; she looks upon all politeness as affectation, and all affectation as perfidy: she palsies all the courtesies of life by a glum air of disbelief and dissatisfaction. When one sees nobody else, one forgets that such qualities as urbanity, grace, and benignity exist, and is really obliged to say civil things to one's self, to keep one's hand in. Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is more eminent as a chronicler than as a logician; some of her conclusions and deductions are not self-evident. For instance—she interprets a reasonable conformity to the dress and manners of persons of other countries, while sojourning among them, into "hating one's own country." Command of temper is "an odious, cold disposition." Address, and dexterity in female works, what good

ladies in England term notability, are deemed by her "frivolous vanity," &c. &c. &c. She has learnt chemistry, and she distils vexation and bitterness from every person and every event—geometry, and she can never measure her deportment to circumstances—algebra, merely to multiply the crosses of all whose fate makes them parallel with her—navigation, and she does but tack from one absurdity to another, without making any way—mathematics, and she never calculates how much more agreeable a little good-nature would make her than all her learning—history, and that of her own heart is a blank—perspective, without ever learning to place self at the "vanishing point"—and all languages, without ever uttering in any one of them a single phrase that could make the eyes of the hearer glisten, or call a glow on the cheek of sympathy. Every body allows that Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is very clever—poor, arid praise, what is it worth?

N.

Wine.

EWART'S OLD PORT.

To J. C——y, Esq.

On receiving from him a Present of a Wine-strainer.—1825.

This life, dear C——y,—who can doubt?—
Resembles much friend Ewart's* wine;
When first the ruby drops flow out,
How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,
So free from ev'n a shade,—that some
Would smile, did you but dare to hint,
That darker drops would ever come.

But soon, alas, the tide runs short;—
Each minute makes the sad truth plainer;
Till Life, like Ewart's crusty Port,
When near its close, requires a *strainer*.

This, Friendship, can, alone, supply,—
Alone can teach the drops to pass,
If not with all their rosiest dye,
At least, unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, C——y, could a boon be mine,
Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,
Than thus, if Life be like old wine,
To have thy friendship for its strainer!

E.

* A vender of capital old Port in Swallow-street.

For many years the goodness of Mr. Ewart's old Port has been duly appreciated by his private friends. The preceding verses, in *The Times* of Monday, (March 5, 1827,) have disclosed "the secret," and now, probably, he will "blush to find it fame." The knowledge of his "ruby drops" should be communicated to all who find it necessary to "use a little wine for their stomach's sake, and their often infirmities." Can the information be conveyed in more agreeable lines?

Beauty.

A NATURAL COMPLIMENT.

As the late beautiful duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" It is said that the duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

By Sir William Jones.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:—
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;—
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest;
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:—
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear,—
(Youth shall attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

"OUR LIVES AND PROPERTIES."

By Mr. William Hutton, F. A. S. S.

If we survey this little world, vast in our idea, but small compared to immensity, we shall find it crusted over with property, fixed and movable. Upon this crusty world subsist animals of various kinds; one of which, something short of six feet, moves erect, seems the only one without a tail, and takes the lead in the command of this property. Fond of power, and conscious that possessions give it, he is ever attempting, by force, fraud, or laudable means, to arrive at both.

Fixed property bears a value according to its situation; 10,000 acres in a place like London, and its environs, would be an immense fortune, such as no man ever possessed; while 10,000, in some parts of the globe, though well covered with timber, would not be worth a shilling—no king to govern, no subject to submit, no market to exhibit property, no property to exhibit; instead of striving to get possession, he would, if cast on the spot, strive to get away. Thus assemblages of people mark a place with value.

Movable property is of two sorts; that which arises from the earth, with the assistance of man; and the productions of art, which wholly arise from his labour. A small degree of industry supplies the wants of nature, a little more furnishes the comforts of life, and a farther proportion affords the luxuries. A man, by labour first removes his own wants, and then, with the overplus of that labour, purchases the labour of another. Thus, by furnishing a hat for the barber, the hatter procures a wig for himself: the tailor, by making a coat for another, is enabled to buy cloth for his own. It follows, that the larger the number of people, the more likely to cultivate a spirit of industry; the greater that industry, the greater its produce; consequently, the more they supply the calls of others, the more lucrative will be the returns to themselves.

It may be asked, what is the meaning of the word *rich*? Some have termed it, a little more than a man has; others, as much as will content him; others again, the possession of a certain sum, not very *small*. Perhaps all are wrong. A man may be rich, possessed only of one hundred pounds; he may be poor, possessed of one hundred thousand. He alone is rich, whose *income* is more than he uses.

Industry, though excellent, will perform but half the work; she must be assisted by economy; without this, a ministerial fortune will be defective. These two qualities, separated from each other, like a knife from the handle, are of little use; but, like these, they become valuable when united. Economy without industry will barely appear in a whole coat; industry without economy will appear in rags. The first is detrimental to the community, by preventing the circulation of property; the last is detrimental to itself. It is a singular remark, that even industry is sometimes the way to poverty. Industry, like a new cast guinea, retains its sterling value; but, like that, it will not pass currently till it receives a sovereign stamp: economy is the stamp which gives it currency. I well knew a man who began business with 1500*l*. Industry seemed the end for which he was made, and in which he wore himself out. While he laboured from four in the morning till eight at night, in the making of gimlets, his family consumed twice his produce. Had he spent less time at the anvil, and more in teaching the lessons of frugality, he might have lived in credit. Thus the father was ruined by industry, and his children have, for many years, appeared on the parish books. Some people are more apt to *get* than to *keep*.

Though a man, by his labour, may treat himself with many things, yet he seldom grows rich. Riches are generally acquired by purchasing the labour of others. He who buys the labour of one hundred people, may acquire ten times as much as by his own.

What then has that capricious damsel, *Fortune*, to do in this chain of argument? Nothing. He who has capacity, attention, and economy, has a fortune within himself. She does not command *him*, he commands *her*.

Having explained the word *riches*, and pointed out the road to them, let us examine their use. They enable a man with great facility to shake off an old friend, once an equal; and forbid access to an inferior, except a toad-eater. Sometimes they add to his name, the pretty appendage of Right Honourable, Bart. or Esq. additions much coveted, which, should he happen to become an author, are an easy passport through the gates of fame. His very features seem to take a turn from his fortune, and a curious eye may easily read in his face, the word *consequence*. They change the tone of his voice from the submissive to the commanding, in which he well knows how to throw in a few graces. His style is convincing. Money is of singular efficacy; it clears his head, refines his sense, points his joke. The weight of his fortune adds weight to his argument. If, my dear reader, you have been a silent spectator at meetings for public business, or public dinners, you may have observed many a smart thing said unheeded, by the man without money; and many a paltry one echoed with applause, from the man with it. The room in silent attention hears one, while the other can scarcely hear himself. They direct a man to various ways of being carried who is too idle to carry himself; nay, they invert the order of things, for we often behold two men, who seem hungry, carry one who is full fed. They add refinement to his palate, prominence to his front, scarlet to his nose. They frequently ward off old age. The ancient rules of moderation being broken, luxury enters in all her pomp, followed by a group of diseases, with a physician in *their* train, and the rector in *his*. Phials, prayers, tears, and galley-pots, close the sad scene, and the individual has the honour to *rot* in state, *before* old age can advance. His place may be readily supplied with a *joyful mourner*.*

* History of Birmingham.

A MUSICAL CRASH.

The Rev. Mr. B——, when residing at Canterbury, was reckoned a good violoncello player; but he was not more distinguished for his expression on the instrument, than for the peculiar appearance of feature whilst playing it. In the midst of the adagios of Corelli or Avison, the muscles of his face sympathised with his fiddlestick, and kept reciprocal movement. His sight, being dim, obliged him often to snuff the candles; and, when he came to a bar's rest, in lieu of snuffers, he generally employed his fingers in that office; and, lest he should offend the good housewife by this dirty trick, he used to thrust the *spoils* into the *sound-holes* of his violoncello. A waggish friend resolved to enjoy himself "at the parson's expense," as he termed it; and, for that purpose, popped a quantity of gunpowder into B.'s instrument. Others were informed of the trick, and of course kept a respectable distance. The tea equipage being removed, music became the order of the evening; and, after B—— had tuned his instrument, and drawn his stand near enough to snuff his candles with ease, feeling himself in the meridian of his glory, he dashed away at Vanhall's 47th. B—— came to a bar's rest, the candles were snuffed, and he thrust the ignited wick into the usual place; *fit fragor*, bang went the fiddle to pieces, and there was an end of harmony that evening.

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.

A French gentleman, equally tenacious of his character for gallantry and devotion, went to hear mass at the chapel of a favourite saint at Paris; when he came there, he found repairs were doing in the building which prevented the celebration. To show that he had not been defective in his duty and attentions, he pulled out a richly decorated pocket-book, and walking with great gravity and many genuflexions up the aisle, very carefully placed a card of his name upon the principal altar.

A POLITE TOWN.

Charles II. on passing through Bodmin, is said to have observed, that "this was the politest town he had ever seen, as one half of the houses appeared to be *bowing*, and the other half *uncovered*." Since the days of Charles, the houses are altered, but the inhabitants still retain their politeness, especially at elections.

Ancient British Pillar, Valle Crucis Abbey, North Wales.

Who first uprear'd this venerable stone,
And how, by ruthless hands, the column fell,
And how again restor'd, I fain would tell.

*

A few years ago, an artist made a water-colour sketch of this monument, as a picturesque object, in the romantic vicinage of Llangollen; from that drawing he permitted the present, and the following are some particulars of the interesting memorial.

Mr. Pennant, during his "Tour in Wales," entered Merionethshire, "into that portion for ever to be distinguished in the Welsh annals, on account of the hero it produced, who made such a figure in the beginning of the fifteenth century." This tract retains its former title, "Glyndyrdwy," or the valley of the Dee. It once belonged to the lords of Dinas Brân. After the murder of the two eldest sons of the last lord, the property had been usurped by the earl of Warren, and that nobleman, who appears to have been seized with remorse for his crime, instead of plunging deeper in guilt, procured from Edward I. a grant of the territory to the third son, from whom the fourth in descent was the celebrated Owen Glyndwr.*

In this valley, about a quarter of a mile from Valle Crucis Abbey, Mr. Pennant

* His quarrel with Howel Sele forms an article in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 1021—1032.

found the present monument. It was thrown from its base, and lay in the hedge of a meadow. He figures it by an engraving of the pillar in an upright position, showing the fracture of the lower part as it then appeared in relation to the square socket-stone, its original supporter. Mr. Pennant calls it the "remainder of a round column, perhaps one of the most ancient of any British inscribed pillar now existing;" and he thus proceeds :—

"It was entire till the civil wars of the last century, when it was thrown down and broken, by some ignorant fanatics, who thought it had too much the appearance of a cross to be suffered to stand. It probably bore the name of one; for the field it lies in is still called 'Llwyn-y-Groes,' or the Grove of the Cross, from the wood that surrounded it. It was erected at so early a period, that there is nothing marvellous if we should perceive a tincture of the old idolatry, or at least of the primeval customs of our country, in the mode of it when perfect.

"The pillar had never been a cross; notwithstanding folly and superstition might, in later times, imagine it to have been one, and have paid it the usual honours. It was a memorial of the dead; an improvement on the rude columns of Druidical times, and cut into form, and surrounded with inscriptions. It is among the first lettered stones that succeeded the 'Meinihirion,' 'Meini Gwyr,' and 'Llechau.' It stood on a great tumulus; perhaps always environed with wood, (as the mount is at present,) according to the custom of the most ancient times, when standing pillars were placed 'under every green tree.'

"It is said that the stone, when complete, was twelve feet high. It is now reduced to six feet eight. The remainder of the capital is eighteen inches long. It stood enfixed in a square pedestal, still lying in the mount; the breadth of which is five feet three inches; the thickness eighteen inches.

"The beginning of the inscription gives us nearly the time of its erection, 'Concenn filius Cateli, Cateli filius Brochmail, Brochmail filius Eliseg, Eliseg filius Cnoillaine, Concenn itaque pronepos Eliseg edificavit hunc lapidem proavo suo *Eliseg*.'

"This Concenn, or Congen, was the grandson of Brochmail Yseithroc, the same who was defeated in 607, at the battle of Chester. The letters on the stone were copied by Mr. Edward Llwyd: the inscription is now illegible; but, from the copy taken by that great antiquary, the alphabet nearly resembles one of those in use in the sixth century.

"One of the seats of Concenn and Eliseg was in this country. A township adjacent to the column bears, from the last, the name of Eglwyseg; and the picturesque tiers of rocks are called Glisseg for the same reason. The habitation of this prince of Powys in these parts was probably Dinas Brân, which lies at the head of the vale of Glisseg. Mr. Llwyd conjectures that this place took its name from the interment of Eliseg."

Mr. Pennant continues to relate that "There are two ways from this pillar: the usual is along the vale, on an excellent turnpike road leading to Ruthyn; the other is adapted only for the travel of the horsemen, but far the more preferable, on account of the romantic views. I returned by Valle Crucis; and, after winding along a steep midway to the old castle, descended; and, then crossing the rill of the Brân, arrived in the valley of Glisseg; long and narrow, bounded on the right by the astonishing precipices, divided into numberless parallel strata of white limestone, often giving birth to vast yew-trees; and, on the left, by smooth and verdant hills, bordered by pretty woods. One of the principal of the Glisseg rocks is honoured with the name of Craig-Arthur; another, at the end of the vale called Craig y Forwyn, or the Maiden's, is bold, precipitous, and terminates with a vast natural column. This valley is chiefly inhabited (happily) by an independent race of warm and wealthy yeomanry, undevoured as yet by the great men of the country."

The "Tour in Wales" was performed by Mr. Pennant in 1773; and his volume, containing the preceding account of the "Pillar of Eliseg," was published in 1778. In the following year, the shaft was reared from its prostrate situation on its ancient pedestal, as appears by the following inscription on the column, copied by the artist who made the present drawing of the monument.

QUOD HUJUS VETERIS MONUMENTI
SUPEREST
DIU EX OCULIS REMOTUM
ET NEGLECTUM
TANDEM RESTITUIT
T. LLOYD
DE
TREVOR HALL
A. D.
M.DCC.LXX.IX.

It is not in my power to add more respecting this venerable memorial of early ages than, that, according to a printed itinerary, its neighbourhood is at this time further remarkable for the self-seclusion of two ladies of rank. At about two miles' distance is an elegant cottage, situated on a knoll, the retreat of lady Elizabeth Butler and Miss Ponsonby; who, turning from the vanity of fashionable life, have fixed their residence in this beautiful vale.

Hard Fare.

ACCOUNT OF A STONE-EATER.

By Father Paulian.

The beginning of May, 1760, was brought to Avignon, a true lithophagus or stone-eater. He not only swallowed flints of an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick; but such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marble, pebbles, &c. he made up into paste, which was to him a most agreeable and wholesome food. I examined this man with all the attention I possibly could; I found his gullet very large, his teeth exceedingly strong, his saliva very corrosive, and his stomach lower than ordinary, which I imputed to the vast number of flints he had swallowed, being about five and twenty, one day with another.

Upon interrogating his keeper, he told me the following particulars. "This stone-eater," says he, "was found three years ago in a northern inhabited island, by some of the crew of a Dutch ship, on Good Friday. Since I have had him, I make him eat raw flesh with his stones; I could never get him to swallow bread. He will drink water, wine, and brandy; which last liquor gives him infinite pleasure. He sleeps at least twelve hours in a day, sitting on the ground with one knee over the other, and his chin resting on his right knee. He smokes almost all the time he is not asleep, or is not eating." The keeper also tells me, that some physicians at Paris got him blooded; that the blood had little or no serum, and in two hours' time became as fragile as coral.

This stone-eater hitherto is unable to pronounce more than a few words, *Oui, non, caillou, bon.* I showed him a fly through a microscope: he was astonished at the size of the animal, and could not be induced to examine it. He has been taught to make the sign of the cross, and was baptized some months ago in the church of St Côme, at Paris. The respect he shows to ecclesiastics, and his ready disposition to please them, afforded me the opportunity of satisfying myself as to all these particulars; and I am fully convinced that he is no cheat.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STONE EATER.

A Fragment.

I was born by the side of a rocky cave in the Peak of Derbyshire; before I was born, my mother dreamed I should be an ostrich. I very early showed a disposition to my present diet; instead of eating the pap offered to me, I swallowed the spoon, which was of hard stone ware, made in that country, and had the handle broken off. My coral served me in the double capacity of a plaything and a sweetmeat; and as soon as I had my teeth, I nibbled at every pan and mug that came within my reach, in such a manner, that there was scarcely a whole piece of earthenware to be found in the house. I constantly swallowed the flints out of the tinder-box, and so deranged the economy of the family, that my mother forced me to seek subsistence out of the house.

Hunger, they say, will break stone walls: this I experienced; for the stone fences lay very temptingly in my way, and I made many a comfortable breakfast on them. On one occasion, a farmer who had lost some of his flock the night before, finding me early one morning breaking his fences, would hardly be persuaded that I had no design upon his mutton—I only meant to regale myself upon his wall.

When I went to school, I was a great favourite with the boys; for whenever there was damson tart or cherry pie, I was well content to eat all the stones, and leave them the fruit. I took the shell, and gave my companions the oyster, and whoever will do so, I will venture to say, will be well received through life. I must confess, however, that I made great havock among the marbles, of which I swallowed as many as the other boys did of sugar-plums. I have many a time given a stick of barley-sugar for a delicious white alley; and it used to be the diversion of the bigger boys to shake me, and hear them rattle in my

* *Gentleman's Magazine.*

stomach. While I was there, I devoured the greatest part of a stone chimney-piece, which had been in the school time out of mind, and borne the memorials of many generations of scholars, all of which were more swept away by my teeth, than those of time. I fell, also, upon a collection of spars and pebbles, which my master's daughter had got together to make a grotto. For both these exploits I was severely flogged. I continued, however, my usual diet, except that for a change I sometimes ate Norfolk dumplins, which I found agree with me very well. I have now continued this diet for thirty years, and do affirm it to be the most cheap, wholesome, natural, and delicious of all food.

I suspect the Antediluvians were Lithophagi: this, at least, we are certain of, that Saturn, who lived in the golden age, was a stone-eater! We cannot but observe, that those people who live in fat rich soils are gross and heavy; whereas those who inhabit rocky and barren countries, where there is plenty of nothing but stones, are healthy, sprightly, and vigorous. For my own part, I do not know that ever I was ill in my life, except that once being over persuaded to venture on some Suffolk cheese, it gave me a slight indigestion.

I am ready to eat flints, pebbles, marbles, freestone, granite, or any other stones the curious may choose, with a good appetite and without any deception. I am promised by a friend, a shirt and coarse frock of the famous Asbestos, that my food and clothing may be suitable to each other.

FRANCIS BATTALIA.

In 1641, Hollar etched a print of Francis Battalia, an Italian, who is said to have eaten half a peck of stones a day. Respecting this individual, Dr. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," says he saw the man, that he was at that time about thirty years of age; and that "he was born with two stones in one hand, and one in the other, which the child took for his first nourishment, upon the physician's advice; and afterwards nothing else but three or four pebbles in a spoon, once in twenty-four hours." After his stone-meals, he was accustomed to take a draught of beer: "and in the interim, now and then, a pipe of tobacco; for he had been a soldier in Ireland, at the siege of Limerick; and upon his return to London was confined for some time upon suspicion of imposture."

Garrick Plays.

No. IX.

[From the "Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a Comedy, by Henry Porter, 1599.]

Proverb-monger.

This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but Proverbs;
And, speak men what they can to him, he'll answer
With some rhyme-rotten sentence, or old saying,
Such spokes as th' Ancient of the Parish use
With "Neighbour, it's an old Proverb and a true,
Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new:"
Then says another, "Neighbour, that is true."
And when each man hath drunk his gallon round,
(A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon),
Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,
That's glued together with the slavering drops
Of yesty ale; and when he scarce can trim
His gouty fingers, thus he'll fillip it,
And with a rotten hem say, "Hey my hearts,"
"Merry go sorry," "Cock and Pye, my hearts;"
And then their saving-penny-proverb comes,
And that is this, "They that will to the wine,
By'r Lady, mistress, shall lay their penny to mine."
This was one of this penny-father's bastards;
For on my life he was never begot
Without the consent of some great Proverb-monger.

She Wit.

Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush
The boldest face of man that ever man saw.
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his brain-pan fraught with bitter jests
(Or of his own, or stol'n, or howsoever),
Let him stand ne'er so high in's own conceit,
Her wit's a sun that melts him down like butter,
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,
Flat, flat, and ne'er a word to say;
Yet she'll not leave him then, but like a tyrant
She'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,
And so be-bang him with dry bobs and scoffs,
When he is down (most cowardly, good faith!)
As I have pitied the poor patient.
There came a Farmer's Son a wooing to her,
A proper man, well-landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to ask
What time a year 'twere need to sow his oats,
Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reap,
To plow his fallows, or to fell his trees,
Well experienced thus each kind of way;
After a two months' labour at the most,
(And yet 'twas well he held it out so long),
He left his Love; she had so laced his lips,
He could say nothing to her but "God be with ye."
Why, she, when men have dined, and call'd for cheese
Will strait maintain jests bitter to digest;
And then some one will fall to argument,

Who if he ov..-master her with reason,
Then she'll begin to buffet him with mocks.

Master Goursey proposes to his Son a Wife.

Frank Goursey. Ne'er trust me, father, the shape of marriage,
Which I do see in others, seems so severe,
I dare not put my youngling liberty
Under the awe of that instruction;
And yet I grant, the limits of free youth
Going astray are often restrain'd by that.
But Mistress Wedlock, to my summer thoughts,
Will be too curst, I fear: O should she snip
My pleasure-aiming mind, I shall be sad;
And swear, when I did marry, I was mad.

Old Goursey. But, boy, let my experience teach thee this;
(Yet in good faith thou speak'st not much amiss);
When first thy mother's fame to me did come,
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son,
And ev'n my words to thee to me he said;
And, as thou say'st to me, to him I said,
But in a greater huff and hotter blood:
I tell ye, on youth's tiptoes then I stood.
Says he (good faith, this was his very say),
When I was young, I was but Reason's fool;
And went to wedding, as to Wisdom's school:
It taught me much, and much I did forget;
But, beaten much by it, I got some wit:
Though I was shackled from an often-scout,
Yet I would wanton it, when I was out;
'Twas comfort old acquaintance then to meet,
Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet,
Thus said my father to thy father, son;
And thou may'st do this too, as I have done.

Wandering in the dark all night.

O when will this same Year of Night have end?
Long-look'd for Day's Sun, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this thief-friend misty veil of night
Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light;
Whilst thou comest tardy from thy Thetis' bed,
Blush forth golden-hair and glorious red.
O stay not long, bright lanthern of the day,
To light my mist-way feet to my right way.

The pleasant Comedy, from which these Extracts are taken, is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakspeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the Comedy of Errors, or the Taming of the Shrew, for instance. It is full of business, humour, and merry malice. Its night-scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful. The versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets. Why do we go on with ever new Editions of Ford, and Massinger, and the thrice reprinted Selections of Dodsley? what we want is as many volumes more, as these latter consist of, filled with plays (such as this), of which we know comparatively nothing. Not a third part of the Treasures of old English Dramatic literature has been exhausted. Are we afraid that the genius of Shakspeare would suffer in our estimate by the disclosure? He would indeed be somewhat lessened as a miracle and a prodigy. But he would lose no height by the confession. When a Giant is shown to us, does it detract from the curiosity to be told that he has at home a gigantic brood of brethren, less only than himself? Along *with* him, not *from* him, sprang up the race of mighty Dramatists who, compared with the Otways and Rowes that followed, were as Miltons to a Young or an Akenside. That he was their elder Brother, not their Parent, is evident from the fact of the very few direct imitations of him to be found in their writings. Webster, Decker, Heywood, and the rest of his great contemporaries went on their own ways, and followed their individual impulses, not blindly prescribing to themselves his tract. Marlowe, the true (though imperfect) Father of our *tragedy*, preceded him. The *comedy* of Fletcher is essentially unlike to that of his. 'Tis out of no detracting spirit that I speak thus, for the Plays of Shakspeare have been the strongest and the sweetest food of my mind from infancy; but I resent the comparative obscurity in which some of his most valuable co-operators remain, who were his dear intimates, his stage and his chamber-fellows while he lived, and to whom his gentle spirit doubtlessly then awarded the full portion of their genius, as from them toward himself appears to have been no grudging of his acknowledged excellence.

C. L.

Characters.

AGRESTILLA.

For the Table Book.

There is a story in the Rambler of a lady whom the great moralist calls Althea, who perversely destroyed all the satisfaction of a party of pleasure, by not only finding, but seeking for fault upon every occasion, and affecting a variety of frivolous fears and apprehensions without cause. Female follies, like "states and empires, have their periods of declension;" and nearly half a century has passed away since it has been deemed elegant, or supposed interesting, to scream at a spider, shudder in a boat, or

assert, with vehemence of terror, that a gun, though ascertained not to be charged, may still "go off." The tendency to fly from one extreme to the other has ever been the characteristic of weak minds, and the party of weak minds will always support itself by a considerable majority, both among women and men. Something may be done by those minor moralists, modestly termed essayists and novelists, who have brought wisdom and virtue to dwell in saloons and drawing-rooms. Mrs. H. More and Miss Edgeworth have pretty well written down the affectation of assuming "the cap, the whip, the masculine attire," and the rage for varnishing and shoe-making has of itself subsided, by the natural effect of total incongruity between the means and the end. Ladies are now contented to be ladies, that is, rational beings of the softer sex, and do not affect to be artists or mechanics. Nevertheless, some peculiarities of affectation do from time to time shoot up into notice, and call for the pruning-knife of the friendly satirist.

AGRESTILLA is an agreeable, well-informed person of my own sex, from whose society I have derived great pleasure and advantage both in London and Paris. A few weeks since, she proposed to me to accompany her to spend some time in a small town in Normandy, for the benefit of country air: to this plan I acceded with great readiness; an apartment was secured by letter, and we proceeded on our journey.

I have lived too long in the world ever to expect unmixed satisfaction from any measure, and long enough never to neglect any precaution by which personal comfort is to be secured. To this effect I had represented, that perhaps it might be better to delay fixing on lodgings till we arrived, lest we should find ourselves bounded to the view of a market-place or narrow street, with, perchance, a butcher's shop opposite our windows, and a tin-man or tallow-chandler next door to us. Agrestilla replied, that in London or Paris it was of course essential to one's consideration in society to live in a fashionable neighbourhood, but that nobody minded those things "in the country." In vain I replied, that *consideration* was not what I considered, but freedom from noise and bad smells: I was then laughed at for my fastidiousness, —"Who in the world would make difficulties about such trifles in the *country*, when one might be out of doors from morning till night!"

We arrived at the place of our destination; my mind expanded with pleasure at the sight of large rooms, wide staircases, and windows affording the prospect of verdure. The stone-floors and the paucity of window-curtains, to say nothing of blinds to exclude the sun, appeared to me inconveniences to be remedied by the expenditure of a few francs; but Agrestilla, as pertinacious in her serenity as Althea in her querulousness, decided that we ought to take things in the rough, and make anything do "in the country." Scraps of carpet and ells of muslin are attainable by unassisted effort, stimulated by necessity, and I acquired and maintained tolerable ease of mind and body, till we came to discuss together the grand article of society. My maxim is, the best or none at all. I love conversation, but hate feasting and visiting. Agrestilla lays down no maxim, but her practice is, good if possible—if not, second-best; at all events, a number of guests and frequent parties. Though she is not vain of her mind or of her person, yet the display of fine clothes and good dishes, and the secret satisfaction of shining forth the queen of her company, make up her enjoyment: Agrestilla's taste is gregarious. To my extreme sorrow and apprehension, we received an invitation to dine with a family unknown to me, and living nine miles off! To refuse was impossible, the plea of preengagement is inadmissible with people who tell you to "choose your day," and as to pretending to be sick, I hold it to be presumptuous and wicked. The conveyance was to be a cart! the time of departure six in the morning! Terrified and aghast, I demanded, "How are we to get through the day?" No work! no books! no subjects of mutual interest to talk upon!—"Oh! dear me, time soon passes 'in the country;' we shall be three hours going, the roads are very bad, then comes breakfast, and then walking round the garden, and then dinner and coming home early." This invitation hung over my mind like an incubus,—like an eye-tooth firm in the head to be wrenched out, —like settling-day to a defaulter, or auricular confession to a ceremonious papist and bad liver. My only hope was in the weather. The clouds seemed to be for ever filling and for ever emptying, like the pitchers of the Danaides. The street, court, and garden became all impassable, without the loan of Celestine's *sabots* (anglice wooden-shoes.) Celestine is a stout Norman girl, who washes the dishes, and wears a holland-mob and a linsey-woolsey petticoat. Certainly, thought I, in my foolish security, while this deluge continues no-

body will think of visiting "in the country." But vain and illusive was my hope! Agrestilla declared her intention of keeping her engagement "if it rained cats and dogs;" and the weather cleared up on the eve of my execution, and smiled in derision of my woe. The cart came. Jemmy Dawson felt as much anguish in his, but he did not feel it so long. We were lumbered with inside packages, bundles, boxes, and baskets, accumulated by Agrestilla; I proposed their being secured with cords (*lashed* is the sea-term) to prevent them from rolling about, crushing our feet and grazing our legs at every jolt. Agrestilla's politeness suppress an exclamation of amazement, that people could mind such trifles "in the country!"—for her part, she never made difficulties.—Being obliged to maintain the equilibrium of my person by clinging to each side of the cart with my two hands, I had much to envy those personages of the Hindû mythology, who are provided with six or seven arms: as for my bonnet it was crushed into all manner of shapes, my brain was jarred and concussed into the incapacity to tell whether six and five make eleven or thirteen, and my feet were "all murdered," as the Irish and French say. What exasperated my sufferings was the reflection on my own folly in incurring so much positive evil, to pay and receive a mere compliment! Had it been to take a reprieve to a dear friend going to be hanged, to carry the news of a victory, or convey a surgeon to the wounded, I should have thought nothing and said less of the matter; but for a mere dinner among strangers, a long day without interest and occupation! —really I consider myself as having half incurred the guilt of suicide. Six or seven times at least, the horse, painfully dragging us the whole way by the strain of every nerve and sinew, got stuck in the mud, and was to be flogged till he plunged out of it. More than once we tottered upon ridges of incrusted mud, when a very little matter would have turned us over. I say nothing about *Rut*land—I abhor and disdain a pun —but we did nothing but cross ruts to avoid puddles, and cross them back again to avoid stones, and the ruts were all so deep as to leave but one semicircle of the wheel visible. I never saw such roads—the Colossus of Rhodes would have been knee-deep in them. At last we arrived—Agrestilla as much out of patience at my calling it an evil to have my shins bruised black and blue, while engaged in a party of pleasure "in the country," as I to find the expedition all pain and no pleasure. We turned out of the cart in very bad condition; all our dress "clean put on," as the housewives say, rumpled and soiled, our limbs stiff, our faces flushed, and by far too fevered to eat, and too weary to walk. How I thought, like a shipwrecked mariner, not upon my own "fireside," as English novelists always say, but upon my quiet, comfortable room, books, work, independence, and *otium* with or without *dignitate* (let others decide that.) Oh! the *fag* of talking when one has nothing to say, smiling when one is ready to cry, and accepting civilities when one feels them all to be inflictions! Of the habits, the manners, the appearance, and the conversation of our hosts, I will relate nothing; I have eaten their bread, as the Arabs say, and owe them the tribute of thanks and silence. Agrestilla was as merry as possible all day; she has lived in the company of persons of sense and education, but—nobody expects refinement "in the country!" In vain I expostulate with her, pleading in excuse of what she terms my fastidiousness, that I cannot change my fixed notions of elegance, propriety, and comfort, to conform to the habits of those to whom such terms are as *lingua franca* to a Londoner, what he neither understands nor cares for.

It is easy to conform one's exterior to rural habits, by putting on a coarse straw hat, thick shoes, and linen gown, but the taste and feeling of what is right, the mental perception must remain the same. Nothing can be more surprising to an English resident in a country-town of France, than the jumble of ranks in society that has taken place since the revolution. I know a young lady whose education and manners render her fit for polished society in Paris; her mother goes about in a woollen jacket, and dresses the dinner, not from necessity, for that I should make no joke of, but from taste; and is as arrant an old gossip as ever lolled with both elbows over the counter of a chandler's shop.—Her brother is a *garde du corps*, who spends his life in palaces and drawing-rooms, and she has one cousin a little pastry-cook, and another a washerwoman.—They have a lodger, a maiden lady, who lives on six hundred francs per annum, (about twenty-four pounds,) and of course performs every menial office for herself, and, except on Sundays, looks like an old weeding-woman; her brother has been a judge, lives in a fine house, buys books and cultivates exotics. Low company is tiresome in England, because it is ignorant and stupid; in France it is gross and disgusting. The notion of being merry and

entertaining is to tell gross stories; the *demoiselles* sit and say nothing, simper and look pretty: what a pity it is that time should change them into coarse, hard-featured *commères*, like their mothers! The way in Normandy is to dine very early, and remain all the evening in the dinner-room, instead of going into a fresh apartment to take coffee. Agrestilla does not fail to conform to the latter plan in Paris, because people of fashion do so, and Agrestilla is a fashionable woman, but she wonders I should object to the smell of the dinner "in the country." I have been strongly tempted to the crime of sacrilege by robbing the church for wax candles, none being to be got at "the shop." My incapacity for rural enjoyments and simple habits is manifest to Agrestilla, from my absurdly objecting to the smell of tallow-candles "in the country." Agrestilla's rooms are profusely lighted with wax in Paris, "but nobody thinks of such a thing 'in the country' for nearly a month or two,"—as if life were not made up of months, weeks, and hours!

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I may have wearied you by my prolixity, but since all acumen of taste is to disappear, when we pass the bills of mortality, I will hope that my communication may prove good enough to be read—in the *country*.

N.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Joy cannot claim a purer bliss,
Nor grief a dew from stain more clear,
Than female friendship's meeting kiss,
Than female friendship's parting tear.
How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour
To her, whose smile must crown the store!
How sweeter still to tell of woes
To her, whose faithful breast would share
In every grief, in every care,
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!
Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow,
But from thy breath can sweetness borrow;
E'en to the pale and drooping flower
That fades in love's neglected hour;
E'en with her woes can friendship's pow'r
One happier feeling blend:
'Tis from her restless bed to creep,
And sink like wearied babe to sleep,
On the soft couch her sorrows steep,
The bosom of a friend.

Miss Mitford.

LINES TO A SPARROW.

WHO COMES TO MY WINDOW EVERY MORNING FOR HIS BREAKFAST.

Master Dicky, my dear,
You have nothing to fear,
Your proceedings I mean not to check, sir;
Whilst the weather benumbs,
We should pick up our crumbs,
So, I prithee, make free with a *peck*, sir.

I'm afraid it's too plain
You're a villain in *grain*,
But in that you resemble your neighbours,
For mankind have agreed
It is right to *suck seed*,
Then, like you, *hop the twig* with their labours.

Besides this, master Dick,
You of trade have the trick,
In all *branches* you traffic at will, sir,
You have no need of shops
For your samples of *hops*,
And can ev'ry day take up your *bill*, sir.

Then in foreign affairs
You may give yourself *airs*,
For I've heard it reported at home, sir,
That you're on the best terms
With the *diet of Worms*,
And have often been tempted to *Rome*, sir.

Thus you feather your nest
In the way you like best,
And live high without fear of mishap, sir;
You are fond of your *grub*,
Have a taste for some *shrub*,
And for *gin*—there you understand *trap*, sir.

Tho' the rivers won't flow
In the frost and the snow,
And for fish other folks vainly try, sir;
Yet you'll have a treat,
For, in cold or in heat,
You can still take a *perch* with a *fly*, sir.

In love, too, oh Dick,
(Tho' you oft when love-sick
On the course of good-breeding may trample;
And though often henpeck'd,
Yet) you scorn to neglect
To set all mankind an *eggsample*.

Your *opinions*, 'tis true,
Are flighty a few,
But at this I, for one, will not grumble;
So—your breakfast you've got,
And you're off like a *shot*,
Dear Dicky, your humble *cum-tumble*.*

* Examiner Feb. 12, 1815.

Hut. Alderson, Bellman of Durham.

> And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
> Brandy, cinnamon, ale, and cloves,
> That gave me the jolly red nose.
>
> OLD SONG.

THE BISHOP OF BUTTERBY.

A SKETCH, BY ONE OF HIS PREBENDARIES.

For the Table Book

I remember reading in that excellent little periodical, "The Cigar," of the red nose of the friar of Dillow, which served the holy man in the stead of a lantern, when he crossed the fens at night, to visit the fair lady of the sheriff of Gloucestershire. Whether the nose of the well-known eccentric now under consideration ever lighted his path, when returning from Shincliffe feast, or Houghton-le-spring hopping — whether it ever

> "Brightly beam'd his path above,
> And lit his way to his ladye love"—

this deponent knoweth not; but, certainly, if ever nose could serve for such purposes, it is that of Hut. Alderson, which is the reddest in the city of Durham—save and excepting, nevertheless, the nose of fat Hannah, the Elvet orange-woman. Yes, Hut. thou portly living tun! thou animated lump of obesity! thou hast verily a most jolly nose! Keep it out of my sight, I

pray thee! Saint Giles, defend me from its scorchings! there is fire in its mere pictorial representation! Many a time, I ween, thou hast mulled thine ale with it, when sitting with thy pot companions at Morralies!

Hutchinson Alderson, the subject of the present biographical notice, is the well-known bellman of the city of Durham. Of his parentage and education I am ignorant, but I have been informed by him, at one of his "visitations," that he is a native of the place, where, very early in life, he was "bound 'prentice to a shoemaker," and where, after the expiration of his servitude, he began business. During the period of the threatened invasion of this nation by the French, he enlisted in the Durham militia; but I cannot correctly state what office he held in the regiment; the accounts on the subject are very conflicting and contradictory. Some have informed me he was a mere private, others that he was a corporal; and a wanton wag has given out that he was kept by the regiment, to be used as a beacon, in cases of extraordinary emergency. Certain it is that he was in the militia, and that during that time the accident occurred which destroyed his hopes of military promotion, and rendered him unable to pursue his ordinary calling—I allude to the loss of his right hand, which happened as follows:—A Durham lady, whose husband was in the habit of employing Alderson as a shoemaker, had a favourite parrot, which, on the cage door being left open, escaped, and was shortly afterwards seen flying from tree to tree in a neighbouring wood. Alderson, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, proceeded with his gun to the wood, where, placing himself within a few yards of the bird, he fired at it, having previously poured a little water into the muzzle, which he thoughtlessly imagined would have the effect of bringing down the bird, without doing it material injury; but, unhappily, the piece exploded, and shattered his right hand so dreadfully, that immediate amputation was rendered necessary.

For some time after this calamity, Alderson's chief employment consisted in taking care of gentlemen's horses, and cleaning knives. He was then appointed street-keeper; and, during the short time he held that office, discharged its duty in a very impartial manner—I believe to the entire satisfaction of all the inhabitants. He has also, at different periods, been one of the constables of the parish of Saint Mary le Bow. About the year 1822, the office of bellman to the city of Durham became vacant, by resignation, upon which Hut. immediately offered himself as a candidate; and, from there being no opposition, and his being a freeman, he was installed by the unanimous voice of every member of the corporation, and he has accordingly discharged the duties of bellman ever since. It is in that capacity our artist has represented him in the cut at the head of the present sketch. But Hut. Alderson is the wearer of other dignities.

About three miles from Durham is a beautiful little hamlet, called Butterby, and in ancient deeds *Beautrove*,* and *Beautrovensis*, from the elegance of its situation; and certainly its designation is no misnomer, for a lovelier spot the imagination cannot picture. The seclusion of its walks, the deep shade of its lonely glens, and the many associations connected with it, independently of its valuable mineral waters, conspire to render it a favourite place of resort; and, were I possessed of the poetic talent of veterinary doctor Marshall, I should certainly be tempted to immortalize its many charms in a sonnet. Butterby was formerly a place of considerable note; the old manor-house there, whose haunted walls are still surrounded by a moat, was once the residence of Oliver Cromwell, whose armorial bearings still may be seen over one of the huge, antique-fashioned fire-places. In olden time, Butterby had a church, dedicated to saint Leonard, of which not a *visible* vestige is remaining; though occasionally on the spot which antiquaries have fixed upon as its site, divers sepulchral relics have been discovered. Yet, to hear many of the inhabitants of Durham talk, a stranger would naturally believe that the hamlet is still in possession of this sacred edifice; for "Butterby-*church*" is there spoken of, not as a plate adorning the antiquarian page, nor even as a ruin to attract the gaze of the moralizing tourist, but as a real, substantial, *bonâ fide* structure: the fact is, that, in the slang of Durham, (for the modern Zion† has its slang as well as the modern Babylon,) a Butterby church-goer is one who does not frequent any church; and when such an one is asked, "What church have you attended to-day?" the customary answer is, "I have been attending service at Butterby." About the year 1823, there appeared in one of the London journals an account of a marriage, said to have been solemnized at But-

* Vide Mr. Dixon's View of Durham.
† Ibid.

terby-church, between two parties who never existed but in the fertile brain of the writer of the paragraph, "By the Rev. Hutchinson Alderson, rector." From that time, Hut. Alderson began to be designated a clergyman, and was speedily dubbed A. M. Merit *will* rise, and therefore the A. M. became D. D., and Alderson himself enjoyed the waggery, and insisted on the young gentlemen of the place touching their hats, and humbling themselves when his reverence passed.

Not content with the honours which already, like laurel branches, had encircled his brow, Hut. aspired to still greater distinction, and gave out that Butterby was a bishop's see, that the late parochial church was a cathedral, and, in fine, that the late humble rector was a lordly bishop—The Right Reverend Hutchinson Alderson Lord Bishop of Butterby, or Hut. But. Having thus dubbed himself, he next proceeded to the proper formation of his cathedral; named about ten individuals as prebends, (among whom were the writer of this sketch, and his good friend his assistant artist,) chose a dean and archdeacon, and selected a few more humble individuals to fill the different places of sexton, organist, vergers, bell-ringers, &c., and soon began, in the exercise of his episcopal functions, to give divers orders, oral and written, respecting repairs of the church, preaching of sermons, &c. The last I recollect was a notice, delivered to one of the prebends by the bishop in *propriâ personâ*, intimating that, owing to the church having received considerable damage by a high flood, he would not be required to officiate there till further notice.

A cathedral is nothing without a tutelary saint, and accordingly Butterby-church has been dedicated to saint Giles. Several articles have been written, and privately circulated, descriptive of the splendid architecture of this imaginary edifice; every arch has had its due meed of approbation, and its saint has been exalted in song, almost as high as similar worthies of the Roman catholic church. A legend has been written—I beg pardon, *found* in one of the vaults of Bear-park,—containing an account of divers miracles performed by saint Giles; which legend is doubtless as worthy of credit, and equally true, as some of Alban Butler's, or the miracles of prince Hohenlohe and Thomas à Becket. Happening to have a correct copy of the composition to which I allude, I give it, with full persuasion that by so doing I shall confer a signal obligation on the rest of my brother prebends, some of whom are believers in its antiquity, though, I am inclined to think, it is, like the *ancient* poems found in Redcliffe-church, and published by the unfortunate Chatterton—all "*Rowley* powley," &c. I have taken the liberty to modernize the spelling.

SAINT GILES

His Holie Legend:

Written in Latin, by Father Peter, Monk of Beaupaire, and done into English this Year of Redemption, 1555, by Master John Walton, Schoolmaster, St. Magdalene her Chapel Yard Durham: and dedicated to our good Queen Mary, whom God long preserve.

1.

O did ye ne'er hear of saint Giles,
The saint of fam'd Butterby steeple,
There ne'er was his like seen for miles,
Pardie, he astonied the people!
His face was as red as the sun,
His eyne were a couple of sloes, sir,
His belly was big as a tun,
And he had a huge bottle nose, sir;
O what a strange fellow was he!

2.

Of woman he never was born,
And wagers have been laid upon it;
They found him at Finchale one morn,
Wrapp'd up in an heavenly bonnet:
The prior was taking his rounds,
As he was wont after his *brick*fast,
He heard most celestial sounds,
And saw something in a tree stick fast,
Like a bundle of dirty old clothes.

3.

Quite frighten'd, he fell on his knees,
And said thirteen aves and ten credos,
When the thing in the tree gave a sneeze,
And out popp'd a hand, and then three toes:
Now, when he got out of his faint,
He approach'd, with demeanour most humble,
And what should he see but the saint,
Not a copper the worse from his tumble,
But lying all sound wind and limb.

4.

Says the prior, "From whence did you come,
Or how got you into my garden?"
But the baby said nothing but mum—
And for the priest car'd not a *farden*:
At length, the saint open'd his gob,
And said, "I'm from heaven, d'ye see, sir,
Now don't stand there scratching your nob,
But help me down out of the tree, sir,
Or I'll soon set your convent a-blaze!"

5.

The prior stood quite in a maze,
To hear such an infant so queerly call,
So, humbling himself, he gave praise
To our lady for so great a miracle:
Saint Giles from the bush then he took,
And led him away to the priory;
Where for years he stuck close to his book,
A holie and sanctified friar, he
Was thought by the good folks all round.

6.

In sanctity he pass'd his days,
Once or twice exorcis'd a demoniac;
And, to quiet his doubts and his fears,
Applied to a flask of old Cogniac;
To heaven he show'd the road fair,
And, if he saw sinner look glum or sad,
He'd tell him to drive away care,
And say, "Take a swig of good rum, my lad,
And it will soon give your soul ease."

7.

In miracles too the saint dealt,
And some may be seen to this minute;
At his bidding he'd make a rock melt,
Tho' Saint Sathanas might be in it:
One evening when rambling out,
He found himself stopp'd by the river,
So he told it to turn round about,
And let him go quietly over,
And the river politely complied!

8.

To Butterby often he'd stray,
And sometimes look in at the well, sir;
And if you'll attend to the lay,
How it came by its virtues I'll tell, sir:
One morning, as wont, the saint call'd,
And being tremendously faint then,
He drank of the stuff till he stall'd,
And out spake the reverend saint then.
My blessing be on thee for aye!

9.

Thus saying he bent his way home,
Now mark the event which has follow'd,
The fount has from that time become
A cure for sick folks—for its hallow'd:
And many a pilgrim goes there
From many a far distant part, sir,
And, piously uttering a prayer,
Blesses the saint's pious heart, sir,
That gave to the fount so much grace.

10.

At Finchale his sainiship did dwell,
Till the devil got into the cloister,
And left the bare walls as a shell,
And gulp'd the fat monks like an oyster:
So the saint was enforced to quit,
But swore he'd the fell legions all amuse,
And pay back their coin every whit,
Tho' his hide should be flay'd like Bartholemew's,
And red as Saint Dunstan's red nose.

11.

Another church straight he erected,
Which for its sanctity fam'd much is,
Where sinners and saints are protected,
And kept out of Belzebub's clutches:
And thus in the eve of his days
He still paternosters and aves sung,
His lungs were worn threadbare with praise,
Till death, who slays priors, rest gave his tongue,
And sent him to sing in the spheres!

12.

It would be too long to tell here
Of how, when or where, the monks buried him,
Suffice it to say, it seems clear
That somewhere or other they carried him.
His odd life by death was made even,
He popp'd off on one of Lent Sundays,
His corpse was to miracles given,
And his choristers sung "De profundis
Clamavi ad te Domine!"

Finis coronat opus.

Such is the extraordinary legend of saint Giles, which I leave the antiquaries to sit in judgment on, and with which I quit the subject of Butterby-church, wishing that its good bishop may long continue in peaceful possession of the see, and in full enjoyment of all the honours and revenues connected therewith.

As relating to Butterby, I may be allowed perhaps to mention, that this place has afforded considerable amusement to many young men of wit and humour. About twenty years ago, the law students, then in Durham, instituted what they called the "Butterby manor court," and were in the habit of holding a sham court at a public-house there. A gentleman, who is now in London, and one of the most eminent men in the profession, used to preside as steward; and was attended by the happy and cheerful tenantry, who did suit and service, constituted a homage, and performed other acts and deeds, agreeable to the purpose for which they were duly and truly summoned, and assembled.

Hitherto, little has been said respecting the personal appearance and character of Hut. Alderson, and therefore, without further circumvolution, I hasten to add, that he is fifty years of age "and upwards," of the middle size and rather corpulent, of a very ruddy countenance, is possessed of a vast fund of anecdote, and is at all times an agreeable and humorous companion. He may generally be seen parading the streets of Durham, as represented by my brother prebend. Considering his humble rank in society, he is well-informed; and if he has

any failing, it is what has given the beautiful vermilion tint to that which, as it forms the most prominent feature in *his* appearance, is made one of the most prominent features of *my* memoir. As a crier, I never liked him—his voice is too *piano*, and wants a little of the *forte*.

In religion, Hut. is a stanch supporter of the establishment, and regularly attends divine service at St. Mary-le-Bow, where "his reverence" is allowed an exalted seat in the organ gallery, in which place, but for his services, I fear my friend, Mr. Weatherell, the organist, would have difficulty in drawing a single tone from the instrument. His aversion to dissenters is tremendous, and he is unsparing in his censure of those who do not conform to the church; yet, notwithstanding this, both Catholics and Unitarians unaccountably rank amongst his prebends. In politics, he is a whig of the old school, and abominates the radicals. At elections, (for he has a vote both for county and city, being a leaseholder for lives, and a freeman,) he always supports Michael Angelo Taylor and Mr. Lambton. He prides himself on his integrity, and I believe justly, for he is one that will never be bought or sold; if thousands were offered to him to obtain his vote, he would spurn the bribe, and throw the glittering ore in the faces of those who dared to insult his independent spirit.

It may amuse the reader, if I offer the following as a specimen of the ridiculous interruptions Hut. meets with when crying.

THREE RINGS—*Ding dong! ding dong! ding dong!*

Hut. To be sold by auction—

1 *Boy.* Speak up! speak up! Hut.

Hut. Hod your jaw—at the Queen's *heed* in—

2 *Boy.* The town of Butterby.

Hut. I'll smash your heed wi' the bell—the Queen's *heed* in the *Bailya*—a large collection of—

3 *Boy.* Pews, pulpits, and organs.

Hut. I'll rap your canister—of valuable—*buiks* the property of—

1 *Boy.* The bishop of Butterby.

Hut. Be quiet, you scamp—of a gentleman from Lunnon—the buiks may be viewed any time between the hours of one and three, by applying to—

2 *Boy.* Tommy Sly—

Hut. Mr. Thwaites on the premises: the sale to commence at seven o'clock in the evening *prizizely*.

All. Huih! hooeh! hooeh!

Hut. I'll smash some o' your heeds wi' the bell—I knaw thee, Jack!—mind, an' I doant tell thee mither noo, thou daft fule!

This farce is usually acted every day in the streets of Durham; and to be truly enjoyed it should be witnessed. Having nothing more of my own to say, I shall conclude this sketch in the language of Rousseau.—"Voilà ce que j'ai fait, ce que j'ai pensé. J'ai dit le bien et le mal avec la même franchise. Je n'ai rien tû de mauvais, rien ajouté de bon; et s'il m'est arrivé d'employer quelque ornement indifférent, ce n'a jamais été que pour remplir un ruide occasionné par mon défaut de mémoire; j'ai pu supposer vrai ce que je savois, avoir pu l'être jamais ce que je savois être faux."*

R. I. P.

To show the high estimation in which the above character is held by the inhabitants of Durham and Northumberland, a correspondent relates, that on Saturday last a select party of gentlemen connected with the above counties, and chiefly of the legal and medical professions, dined at the Queen's-head tavern, Holborn; where, after the healths of the king and royal family, a gentleman present proposed the health of "the Rev. Dr. Alderson, bishop of Butterby." In the course of the introductory speech, allusion was made to Hut.'s many acquirements, and to his lustrous qualities as a living ornament of the ancient city of Durham. The toast was drunk amid the most enthusiastic applause, and a dignitary of "Butterby-church" returned thanks for the honour conferred on his exalted diocesan.

March 12, 1827.

THE DRAYMAN.

For the Table Book.

> Lie heavy on him, *earth!* for he
> Laid many a *heavy load* on thee.
> *Epig.* 23, CHRISTMAS *Treat.*

The drayman is a being distinct from other men, as the brewer's horse is distinct from other horses—each seems adapted to the other's use: the one eats abundantly of grains, and prospers in its traces—the other drinks porter by the canful, and is hardly able to button his jerkin. Much of a dray-

* See Confessions, part. i. liv. i.

man's life is spent with his master's team and barrels. Early rising is his indispensable duty; and, long ere the window-shutters of London shopkeepers are taken down, he, with his fellow stavesmen, are seen half way through the streets to the vender of what is vulgarly called "heavy wet." Woe to the patience of a crowd, waiting to cross the roadway, when the long line, in clattering gear, are passing review, like a troop of unyielding soldiers. The driver, with his whip, looks as important as a sergeant-major; equipped in his coat of mail, the very pavement trembles with his gigantic tread.* Sometimes his comrades ride on the shaft and sleep, to the imminent risk of their lives. Arrived at their destination, they move a slow and sure pace, which indicates that "all things should be taken easy," for "the would was not made in a day."

The cellar being the centre of gravity, the empty vessels are drawn out, and the full ones drawn in; but with as much science as would require Hercules himself to exercise, and Bacchus to improve. After these operations are performed, what a sight it is to behold the drayman at work over his breakfast, in the taproom if the weather is cold, or on a bench in view of a prospect, if the sunshine appears: the hunch of bread and meat, or a piece of cheese deposited in the hollow of his hand, which he divides into no small portions, are enough to pall the appetite. The manner in which he clenches the frothy pot, and conducts it to his mouth, and the long draft he takes, in gurgles down his unshorn, summer-like throat, almost warrant apprehensions of supply not being equal to demand, and consequent advance of price. He is an entire proof of the lusty quality of his master's porter, for he is the largest opium-pill in the brewhouse dispensary. While feeding on the fat of the publican's larder, his horses are shaking up the corn, so unfeelingly crammed in hair-bags, to their reeking nostrils. The drayman is a sort of rough give and take fellow; he uses the whip in a brangle, and his sayings are sometimes, like himself, rather dry. When he returns to the brewhouse, he is to be found in the stable, at the vat, and in the lower apartments. To guard against cold, he prefers a red nightcap to a Welsh wig, and takes great care of the grains, without making scruples. He is a good preparer, well versed in the art of refinement—knows when his articles work well, and is an excellent judge of brown stout. At evening, as his turn relieves him, he takes his next day's orders at the counting-house, and with clean apron and face, goes to his club, and sometimes even ventures to make a benefit speech in behalf of the sick members, or a disconsolate widow. Now and then, in his best white "foul weather," he treats his wife and nieces to "the Wells," or "the Royalty," taking something better than beer in his pocket, made to hold his "bunch of fives," or any other esteemed commodity. At a "free and easy," he sometimes "rubs up," and enjoys a "bit of 'bacco" out of the tin box, wherein he drops his halfpenny before he fills; and then, like a true Spectator, smokes the company in a genteel way. If called upon for a song, he either complains of hoarseness, or of a bad memory; but should he indulge the call of his Vice on his right hand, he may be heard fifty yards in the wind, after which he is "knocked down" with thund'rous applause. He shakes his collops at a good joke about the "tap," and agrees with Joe Miller, that

> "Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
> But every grin of laughter draws one out."

An old dog's-eared song-book is the companion to a bung-plug, a slate memoranda, and sundry utensils, which are his pocket residents. He is proud to wear a pair of fancy garters below knee, and on Mondays his neckcloth and stockings show that he was "clean as a new pin *yesterday*." Like an undertaker, he smells of the beer to which he is attached, and rarely loses sight of "Dodd's Sermon on Malt." He ventures to play sly tricks with his favourite horse, and will give kick for kick when irritated. His language to his team is pure low Dutch, untranslatable, but perfectly understood when illustrated by a cut. It may be said that he moves in his own sphere; for, though he drives through the porter world, he spends much of his time *out of* the public-house, and is rarely *te-ipse*. What nature denies to others, custom sanctions in him, for "he eats, drinks, and is *merry*." If a *rough* specimen of an unsophisticated John Bull were required, I would present the drayman.

J. R. P

* I am here reminded of an old epigram on a "Fat Doctor," in the *Christmas Treat*, xxxiii.

> "When Tadloo treads the streets, the paviers cry
> '*God bless you, sir!*' and lay their rammers by."

SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF QUEVEDO.

For the Table Book.

"*En el mundo naciste, no a emmendarlo.*"

In this wide world, beware to think, my friend,
Thy lot is cast to change it, or amend;
But to perform thy part, and give thy share
Of pitying aid; not to subdue, but bear.

If prudent, thou may'st know the world; if wise,
In virtue strong, thou may'st the world despise;
For good, be grateful—be to ill resign'd,
And to the better world exalt thy mind.

The peril of thy soul in this world fear,
But yet th' Almighty's wondrous work revere;
See all things good but man; and chiefly see,
With eye severe, the faults that dwell in thee.
On them exert thine energies, and try
Thyself to mend, ere judge the earth and sky.

ACQUAINTANCE TABLE.

2 Glances make	1 Bow.
2 Bows	1 How d'ye do.
6 How d'ye do's .	1 Conversation.
4 Conversations . ,	1 Acquaintance.

The Royal Table.

ORIGIN OF

MARKING THE KING'S DISHES

WITH THE COOKS' NAMES.

King George II. was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions with the greater part of the officers of his household, and especially those belonging to the kitchen. Once on his passage at sea, his first cook was so ill with the sea-sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his majesty's dinner; this being told to the king, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a Rhenish soup, which his majesty was very fond of; he therefore ordered inquiry to be made among the assistant-cooks, if any of them could make the above soup. One named Weston (father of Tom Weston, the player) undertook it, and so pleased the king, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook. Soon after the king's return to England, the first cook died; when the king was informed of it, he said, that his steward of the household always appointed his cooks, but that he would now name one for himself, and therefore asking if one Weston was still in the kitchen, and being answered that he was, "That man," said he, "shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent Rhenish soup." This favour begot envy among all the servants, so that, when any dish was found fault with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing: the king took notice of this, and said to the servants, it was very extraordinary, that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's; "in future," said he, "let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it." By this means the king detected their arts, and from that time Weston's dishes pleased him most. The custom has continued ever since, and is still practised at the king's table.

MONEY—WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

POUND, is derived from the Latin word *pondus*.

OUNCE, from *uncia*, or twelfth, being the twelfth of a pound troy.

INCH, from the same word, being the twelfth of a foot.

YARD, from the Saxon word *gyrd*, or *girth*, being originally the circumference of the body, until Henry I. decreed that it should be the length of his arm.

HALFPENNY and FARTHING. In 1060, when William the Conqueror began to reign, the PENNY, or sterling, was cast, with a deep cross, so that it might be broken in half, as a HALF-penny, or in quarters, for *Four*things, or *Far*things, as we now call them.

OLD MUG-HOUSES.

The internal economy of a mug-house in the reign of George I. is thus described by a foreign traveller:—

At the mug-house club in Long-acre, where on Wednesdays a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen meet in a great room, a grave old gentleman in his grey hairs, and nearly ninety years of age, is their president, and sits in an armed chair some steps higher than the rest. A harp plays all the while at the lower end of the room; and now and then some one of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song, (and by the by some are good masters.) Here is nothing drank but ale, and every gentleman chalks on the table as it is brought in: every one also, as in a coffee-house, retires when he pleases.

N. B. In the time of the parliament's

sitting, there are clubs composed of the members of the commons, where most affairs are digested before they are brought into the house.

"AS DRUNK AS DAVID'S SOW."

A few years ago, one David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs, which occasioned great resort to the house. David also had a wife who was much addicted to drunkenness, and for which he used frequently to bestow on her an admonitory drubbing. One day, having taken an extra cup which operated in a powerful manner, and dreading the usual consequences, she opened the stye-door, let out David's sow, and lay down in its place, hoping that a short unmolested nap would sufficiently dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, however, a company arrived to view the so much talked of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, ushered them to the stye, exclaiming, "Did any of you ever see such a creature before?"—"Indeed, Davy," said one of the farmers, "I never before saw a sow so drunk as thine in all my life!"—Hence the term "as drunk as David's sow."

SINGULAR RETURN.

For the Table Book.

An inhabitant of the parish of Clerkenwell being called upon, a short time ago, to fill up the blanks of a printed circular under the following heads, in pursuance of an act of parliament passed in the sixth year of his present majesty's reign, entitled "An Act for consolidating and amending the Laws relative to Jurors and Juries," sent in his return as follows:—

"STREET."

Baker-street — badly paved — rascally lighted—with one old woman of a watchman.

"TITLE, QUALITY, CALLING, OR BUSINESS."

No *title*—no *quality*—no *calling*, except when my wife and sixteen children call for bread and butter—and as for *business*, I *have* none. Times are bad, and there's no *business* to be done.

"NATURE OF QUALIFICATION; WHETHER FREEHOLD, COPYHOLD, OR LEASEHOLD PROPERTY."

No *freehold* property—no *copyhold* property—no *leasehold* property. In fact, no *property* at all! I live by my *wits*, as one half of the world live, and am therefore NOT *qualified*.

GASPARD.

Suburban Sonnets.

I.

ISLINGTON.

Thy fields, fair Islington! begin to bear
Unwelcome buildings, and unseemly piles;
The streets are spreading, and the Lord knows where
Improvement's hand will spare the neighb'ring stiles:
The rural blandishments of Maiden Lane
Are ev'ry day becoming less and less,
While kilns and lime roads force us to complain
Of nuisances time only can suppress.
A few more years, and COPENHAGEN HOUSE
Shall cease to charm the tailor and the snob;
And where attornies' clerks in smoke carouse,
Regardless wholly of to-morrow's job,
Some Claremont Row, or Prospect-Place shall rise,
Or terrace, p'rhaps, misnomer'd PARADISE!

II.

HAGBUSH LANE.

Poor HAGBUSH LANE! thy ancient charms are going
To rack and ruin fast as they can go;
And where but lately many a flow'r was growing,
Nothing shall shortly be allow'd to grow!
Thy humble cottage, where as yet they sell
No "nut-brown ale," or luscious Stilton cheese—
Where dusky gipsies in the summer dwell,
And donkey drivers fight their dogs at ease,
Shall feel ere long the lev'lling hand of taste,
If that be *taste* which darkens ev'ry field;
Thy garden too shall likewise be displac'd,
And no more "cabbage" to its master yield;
But, in its stead, some new Vauxhall perchance
Shall rise, renown'd for pantomime and dance!

III.

HIGHGATE.

Already, HIGHGATE! to thy skirts they bear
Bricks, mortar, timber, in no small degree,
And thy once pure, exhilarating air
Is growing pregnant with impurity!
The would-be merchant has his "country box"
A few short measures from the dusty road,
Where friends on Sunday talk about the stocks
Or praise the beauties of his "neat abode:"
One deems the wall-flow'r garden, in the front,
Unrivall'd for each aromatic bed;
Another fancies that his old sow's grunt
"Is so much *like* the country," and instead
Of living longer down in Crooked-lane,
Resolves, at once, to "ruralise" again!

Islington. **J. G.**

Shepherd's Well, Hampstead.

The verdant lawns which rise above the rill
Are not unworthy Virgil's past'ral song.

On the west side of Hampstead, in the middle of one of the pleasant meadows called Shepherd's fields, at the left-hand of the footpath going from Belsize-house towards the church, this arch, embedded above and around by the green turf, forms a conduit-head to a beautiful spring: the specific gravity of the fluid, which yields several tuns a day, is little more than that of distilled water. Hampstead abounds in other springs, but they are mostly impregnated with mineral substances. The water of "Shepherd's well," therefore, is in continual request, and those who cannot otherwise conveniently obtain it, are supplied through a few of the villagers, who make a scanty living by carrying it to houses for a penny a pail-full. There is no carriage-way to the spot, and these poor things have much hard work for a very little money.

I first knew this spring in my childhood, when domiciled with a relation, who then occupied Belsize-house, by being allowed to go with Jeff the under-gardener, whose duty it was to fetch water from the spring. As I accompanied *him*, so a tame magpie accompanied *me*: Jeff slouched on with his pails and yoke, and my ardour to precede was restrained by fear of some ill happening to Mag if I did not look after the rogue. He was a wayward bird, the first to follow wherever I went, but always according to his own fashion; he never put forth his speed till he found himself a long way behind, so that Jeff always led the van, and Mag always brought up

the rear, making up for long lagging by long hopping. On one occasion, however, as soon as we got out of the side-door from the out-house yard into Belsize-lane, Mag bounded across the road, and over the wicket along the meadows, with quick and long hops, throwing "side-long looks behind," as if deriding my inability to keep up with him, till he reached the well: there we both waited for Jeff, who for once was last, and, on whose arrival, the bird took his station on the crown of the arch, looking alternately down to the well and up at Jeff It was a sultry day in a season of drought, and, to Jeff's surprise, the water was not easily within reach; while he was making efforts with the bucket, Mag seemed deeply interested in the experiment, and flitted about with tiresome assiduity. In a moment Jeff rose in a rage, execrated poor Mag, and vowed cruel vengeance on him. On our way home the bird preceded, and Jeff, to my continual alarm in behalf of Mag, several times stopped, and threw stones at him with great violence. It was not till we were housed, that the man's anger was sufficiently appeased to let him acquaint me with its cause: and then I learned that Mag was a "wicked bird," who knew of the low water before he set out, and was delighted with the mischief. From that day, Jeff hated him, and tried to maim him: the creature's sagacity in eluding his brutal intent, he imputed to diabolical knowledge; and, while my estimation of Jeff as a good-natured fellow was considerably shaken, I acquired a secret fear of poor Mag. This was my first acquaintance with the superstitious and dangerous feelings of ignorance.

The water of Shepherd's well is remarkable for not being subject to freeze. There is another spring sometimes resorted to near Kilburn, but this and the ponds in the Vale of Health are the ordinary sources of public supply to Hampstead. The chief inconvenience of habitations in this delightful village is the inadequate distribution of good water. Occasional visitants, for the sake of health, frequently sustain considerable injury by the insalubrity of private springs, and charge upon the fluid they breathe the mischiefs they derive from the fluid they drink. The localities of the place afford almost every variety of aspect and temperature that invalids require: and a constant sufficiency of wholesome water might be easily obtained by a few simple arrangements.

March 19, 1827.

Garrick Plays.

No. X.

[From the "Fair Maid of the Exchange," a Comedy, by Thomas Heywood, 1637.]

Cripple offers to fit Frank Golding with ready made Love Epistles.

Frank. Of thy own writing?
Crip. My own, I assure you, Sir.
Frank. Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book or other,
And now would'st make me think they are thy own.
Crip. Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a Letter,
Ditty, or Sonnet, with judicial phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, and pathetical,
As the best Ovid-imitating dunce
In the whole town?
Frank. I think thou can'st not.
Crip. Yea, I'll swear I cannot.
Yet, Sirrah, I could coney-catch the world,
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,
And be admired for my dexterity,
Were I disposed.
Frank. I prithee, how?
Crip. Why, thus. There lived a Poet in this town,
(If we may term our modern writers Poets),
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued; his pen, of steel;
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice
And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew;
He never wrote but when the elements
Of fire and water tilted in his brain.
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost
To Lucia's bosom, did bequeath to me
His Library, which was just nothing
But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Paul's Church Yard.
Amongst 'em all I lighted on a quire
Or two of paper, fill'd with Songs and Ditties,
And here and there a hungry Epigram;
These I reserve to my own proper use,
And Pater-noster-like have conn'd them all.
I could now, when I am in company,
At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary,
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty
(Or one at least should seem extemporal),
Out of the abundance of this Legacy,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sudden wit,
And then were I an admirable fellow.
Frank. This were a piece of cunning.
Crip. I could do more; for I could make enquiry,
Where the best-witted gallants use to dine,
Follow them to the tavern, and there sit
In the next room with a calve's head and brimstone,
And over-hear their talk, observe their humours.
Collect their jests, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I have filch'd from them. This I could do

But O for shame that man should so arraign
Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft!
Yet men there be that have done this and that,
And more by much more than the most of them.*

After this Specimen of the pleasanter vein of Heywood, I am tempted to extract some lines from his "Hierarchie of Angels, 1634;" not strictly as a Dramatic Poem, but because the passage contains a string of names, all but that of *Watson*, his contemporary Dramatists. He is complaining in a mood half serious, half comic, of the disrespect which Poets in his own times meet with from the world, compared with the honors paid them by Antiquity. *Then* they could afford them three or four sonorous names, and at full length; as to Ovid, the addition of Publius Naso Sulmensis; to Seneca, that of Lucius Annæas Cordubensis; and the like. *Now*, says he,

Our modern Poets to that pass are driven,
Those names are curtail'd which they first had given;
And, as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them half their sound.
Greene, who had in both Academies ta'en
Degree of Master, yet could never gain
To be call'd more than Robin: who, had he
Profest ought save the Muse, served, and been free
After a sev'n years prenticeship, might have
(With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.
Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit;
Although his Hero and Leander did
Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson; though he wrote
Able to make Apollo's self to dote
Upon his Muse; for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.
Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteem)
Could not a second syllable redeem.
Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
Of the rarest wits, was never more than Frank.
Mellifluous SHAKSPEARE, whose inchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but WILL;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher, and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, neither was but Jack;
Decker but Tom; nor May, nor Middleton;
And he's now but Jack Ford, that once were John.

Possibly our Poet was a little sore, that this contemptuous curtailment of their Baptismal Names was chiefly exercised upon his Poetical Brethren of the *Drama*. We hear nothing about Sam Daniel, or Ned Spenser, in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the Dramatic Poets, as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the Stage Actors. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness; as we say Harry the Fifth, rather than Henry, when we would express good will? —as himself says, in those reviving words put into his mouth by Shakspeare, where he would comfort and confirm his doubting brothers:

> Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
> But Harry Harry!

And doubtless Heywood had an indistinct conception of this truth, when (coming to his own name), with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one that, not Satirically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say:

Nor speak I this, that any here exprest
Should think themselves less worthy than the rest.
Whose names have their full syllables and sound;
Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Think others what they please) accept that heart,
Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
And that it takes not from my pains or praise,
If any one to me so bluntly come:
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

C. L.

* The full title of this Play is "The Fair Maid of the Exchange, with the humours of the Cripple of Fenchurch." The above Satire against some Dramatic Plagiarists of the time, is put into the mouth of the Cripple, who is an excellent fellow, and the Hero of the Comedy. Of his humour this extract is a sufficient specimen; but he is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing his Mistress (the Fair Maid) from three robbers by the main force of one crutch lustily applied; and the former by his foregoing the advantages which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesse in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend Golding, more worthy of her beauty, than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a Character; and some luck in finding a sufficient Actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the Noble Cripple.

ERRATA.

GARRICK PLAYS, No. IX.

Col. 357. Last line but two of the last extract—

"Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red"—

a sun-bright line spoiled:—

Blush for *Blushing*.

Last line but two of the extract preceding the former, (the end of the old man's speech)—

"Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet,"

should have a full stop.

These little blemishes kill such delicate things: prose feeds on grosser punctualities.

Will the reader be pleased to make the above corrections with a pen, and allow the fact of illness in excuse for editorial mischance?

SNUFF AND TOBACCO.

For the Table Book.

In the year 1797 was circulated the following:—

PROPOSALS for Publishing by Subscription, a HISTORY OF SNUFF AND TOBACCO, in two Volumes.

Vol. I. to contain a Description of the Nose—Size of Noses—A Digression on Roman Noses—Whether long Noses are symptomatic—Origin of Tobacco—Tobacco first manufactured into Snuff—Enquiry who took the first Pinch—Essay on Sneezing—Whether the ancients sneezed, and at what—Origin of Pocket-handkerchiefs—Discrimination between Snuffing and taking Snuff; the former applied only to Candles—Parliamentary Snufftakers—Troubles in the time of Charles the First, as connected with Smoking.

Vol. II. Snufftakers in the Parliamentary army—Wit at a Pinch—Oval Snuff-boxes first used by the Round-heads—Manufacture of Tobacco Pipes—Dissertation on Pipe Clay—State of Snuff during the Commonwealth—The Union—Scotch Snuff first introduced—found very pungent and penetrating—Accession of George the Second—Snuff-boxes then made of Gold and Silver—George the Third—Scotch Snuff first introduced at Court—The Queen—German Snuffs in fashion—Female Snufftakers—Clean Tuckers, &c. &c.—Index and List of Subscribers.

In connection with this subject I beg to mention an anecdote, related to me by an old Gentleman who well remembered the circumstance:—

"When every Shopkeeper had a Sign hanging out before his door, a Dealer in Snuff and Tobacco on Fish Street Hill, carried on a large trade, especially in Tobacco, for his Shop was greatly frequented by Sailors from the Ships in the River. In the course of time, a Person of the name of Farr opened a Shop nearly opposite, and hung out his Sign inscribed 'The best Tobacco *by Farr*.' This (like the Shoemaker's inscription, 'Adam Strong Shoemaker,' so well known) attracted the attention of the Sailors, who left the old Shop to buy 'the best Tobacco by far.' The old Shopkeeper observing that his opponent obtained much custom by his Sign, had a new one put up at his Door inscribed '*Far better* Tobacco than the best Tobacco *by Farr*.' This had its effect; his trade returned, and finally his opponent was obliged to give up business."

W. P.

THE SMOKER'S SONG.

For the Table Book.

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die!
CHARLES LAMB.

1.

There is a tiny weed, man,
That grows far o'er the sea man;
The juice of which does more bewitch
Than does the gossip's tea, man.

2.

Its name is call'd tobacco,
'Tis used near and far man;
The car-man chews—but I will choose
The daintier cigar, man.

3.

'Tis dainty ev'n in shape, man—
So round, so smooth, so long, man!
If you're a churl, 'twill from you hurl
Your spleen—you'll sing a song, man!

4.

If you will once permit it
To touch your swelling lip, man,
You soon shall see 'twill sweeter be
Than what the bee doth sip, man!

5.

If e'er you are in trouble,
This will your trouble still, man,
On sea and land 'tis at command,
An idle hour to kill, man!

6.

And if the blind god, Cupid,
Should strike you to the heart, man,
Take up a glass, and toast your lass—
And—ne'er from smoking part, man!

7.

And also if you're married,
In Hymen's chains fast bound, man;
To plague your wife out of her life,
Smoke still the whole year round, man!

8.

How sweet 'tis of an evening
When wint'ry winds do blow, man,
As 'twere in spite, to take a pipe,
And smoke by th' fire's glow, man!

9.

The sailor in his ship, man,
When wildly rolls the wave, man,
His pipe will smoke, and crack his joke
Above his yawning grave, man!

10.

The soldier, in the tavern,
Talks of the battle's roar, man;
With pipe in hand, he gives command,
And thus he lives twice o'er man!

11.

All classes in this world, man,
Have each their own enjoyment,
But with a pipe, they're *all* alike—
'Tis every one's employment!

12.

Of all the various pleasures
That on this earth there are, man,
There's nought to *me* affords such glee
As a pipe or sweet cigar, man!

O. N. Y.

Old Customs and Manners.

By JOHN AUBREY, 1678

Ex MS. Coll. Ashmol. Mus. Oxford.

Education.

There were very few free-schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were generally taught Latin in the monasteries, and young women had their education not at Hackney, as now, scilicit, anno 1678, but at nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic, (apothecaries and surgeons being at that time very rare,) writing, drawing, &c. Old Jackquar, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the Nymph Hay with their rocks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of threescore and ten, all whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for their education.

Chimneys.

Anciently, before the Reformation, ordinary men's houses, as copyholders, and the like, had no chimneys, but flues like louver-holes; some of them were in being when I was a boy.

Painted Cloths.

In the halls and parlours of great houses were wrote texts of Scripture on the painted cloths.

Libels.

The lawyers say, that, before the time of king Henry VIII., one shall hardly find an action on the case as for slander, &c. once in a year, quod nota.

Christmas.

Before the last civil wars, in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to the table was a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth. At Queen's College in Oxford they still retain this custom; the bearer of it brings it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, "Caput apri defero," &c. The first dish that was brought up to the table on Easter-day was a red herring riding away on horseback, i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn salad.

Easter.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, which is still kept up in many parts of England, was founded on this, viz to show their abhorrence to Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection. In the Easter holydays was the clerk's ale for his private benefit, and the solace of the neighbourhood.

Salutations.

The use of "Your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from *Votre très humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you!" "God be with you!" and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

Court Rudeness.

Till this time the court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay the queen herself, could hardly pass by the king's apartment without receiving some affront.

Travellers in France.

At the parish priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc, the table-cloth is on the board all day long, and ready for what is in the house to be put thereon for strangers, travellers, friars, and pilgrims; so 'twas, I have heard my grandfather say, in his grandfather's time.

Private Heralds.

Heretofore noblemen and gentlemen o fair estates had their heralds, who wore their coat of arms at Christmas, and at other solemn times, and cried "Largesse" thrice.

At Tomarton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Rivers, is a dungeon thirteen or fourteen feet deep; about four feet high are iron rings fastened to the wall, which was probably to tie offending villains to, as all lords of manors had this power over their villains,(or soccage tenants,) and had all of them no doubt such places for their punishment. It is well known, all castles had dungeons, and so I believe had monasteries, for they had often within themselves power of life and death

In days of yore, lords and gentlemen lived in the country like petty kings; had jura regalia belonging to their seigniories, had their castles and boroughs, had gallows within their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute. Never went to London but in parliament-time, or once a year to do their homage to the king. They always ate in gothic halls, at the high table or *oreille*, (which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stands a table,) with the folks at the side-tables. The meat was served up by watchwords. Jacks are but of late invention. The poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of the men-servants and retainers were in the hall, as now in the grand or privy chamber.

Here in the hall, the mumming and the loaf-stealing, and other Christmas sports, were performed.

The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying, "Round about our coal-fire."

A neat-built chapel, and a spacious hall, were all the rooms of note, the rest more small.

Private Armories.

Every baron and gentleman of estate kept great horses for men at arms. Some had their armories sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men.

Justices' Halls.

The halls of the justices of peace were dreadful to behold; the screen was garnished with corselets and helmets gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberds, brown bills, batterdastors, and buckles.

Inns.

Public inns were rare. Travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served.

Gentry Meetings.

The meeting of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with hawks and hounds, and their bugle-horns, in silken bawderies.

Hawking.

In the last age every gentleman-like man kept a sparrow-hawk, and the priest a hobby, as dame Julian Berners teaches us, (who wrote a treatise on field-sports, temp. Henry VI.:) it was a divertisement for young gentlewomen to manne sparrow-hawks and merlines.

Church-houses—Poor-rates.

Before the Reformation there were no poor's rates; the charitable doles given at religious houses, and church-ale in every parish, did the business. In every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, pots, crocks, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me, there were few or no alms-houses before the time of king Henry VIII.; that at Oxford, opposite to Christ church, is one of the most ancient in England. In every church was a poor man's box, and the like at great inns.

In these times, besides the jollities above-mentioned, they had their pilgrimages to several shrines, as to Walsingham, Canterbury, Glastonbury, Bromholm, &c. Then the crusades to the holy wars were magnificent and splendid, and gave rise to the adventures of the knight-errant and romances; the solemnity attending processions in and about churches, and the perambulations in the fields, were great diversions also of those times.

Glass Windows.

Glass windows, except in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry VIII. In my own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none.

Men's Coats.

About ninety years ago, noblemen's and gentlemen's coats were of the bedels and yeomen of the guards, i. e. gathered at the middle. The benchers in the inns of court yet retain that fashion in the make of their gowns.

Church-building.

Captain Silas Taylor says, that in days of yore, when a church was to be built, they

watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that point of the horizon where the sun arose for the east, which makes that variation, so that few stand true, except those built between the two equinoxes. I have experimented some churches, and have found the line to point to that part of the horizon where the sun rises on the day of that saint to whom the church was dedicated.

Before the wake, or feast of the dedication of the church, they sat up all night fasting and praying, (viz.) on the eve of the wake.

New Moon.

In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a courtesy to the new moon; and our English women in this country have a touch of this, some of them sitting astride on a gate or style the first evening the new moon appears, and say, "A fine moon, God bless her!" The like I observed in Herefordshire.

Husbandry—Shepherds.

The Britons received the knowledge of husbandry from the Romans; the foot and the acre, which we yet use, is the nearest to them. In our west country, (and I believe so in the north,) they give no wages to the shepherd, but he has the keeping so many sheep with his master's flock. Plautus hints at this in his Asinaria, act 3, scene 1, "etiam Opilio," &c.

Architecture.

The Normans brought with them into England civility and building, which, though it was gothic, was yet magnificent.

Mr. Dugdale told me, that, about the time of king Henry III., the pope gave a bull, or patent, to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe to build churches.

Trumpets—Sheriffs' Trumpets.

Upon occasion of bustling in those days, great lords sounded their trumpets, and summoned those that held under them. Old sir Walter Long, of Draycot, kept a trumpeter, rode with thirty servants and retainers. Hence the sheriffs' trumpets at this day.

Younger Brothers.

No younger brothers were to betake themselves to trades, but were churchmen or retainers to great men.

Learning, and learned Men.

From the time of Erasmus till about twenty years last past, the learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starched as their bands and square beards, and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old boys, when quibbles passed for wit, even in their sermons.

Gentry and their Children.

The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as their schoolmasters, and their schoolmasters as masters of the house of correction: the child perfectly loathed the sight of his parents as the slave his torture.

Gentlemen of thirty and forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools bareheaded before their parents; and the daughters (grown women) were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of her proud mother's visit, unless (as the fashion was) leave was desired forsooth that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving-man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing.

The boys (I mean the young fellow) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle: they were to stand mannerly forsooth thus, the foretop ordered as before, with one hand at the bandstring, and the other behind.

Fans.

The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least half a yard long; with these the daughters were oftentimes corrected, (sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice, rode the circuit with such a fan; sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The earl of Manchester also used such a fan,) but fathers and mothers slashed their daughters in the time of their besom discipline, when they were perfect women.

University Flogging.

At Oxford (and I believe at Cambridge) the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity college, I knew right well, whipped his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court.

Young Lambs to sell.

Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I'd not come here with lambs to sell!
Dolly and Molly, Richard and Nell,
Buy my young lambs, and I'll use you well!

This is a "London cry" at the present time: the engraving represents the crier, William Liston, from a drawing for which he purposely *stood*.

This "public character" was born in the Gallowgate in the city of Glasgow. He became a soldier in the waggon-train, commanded by colonel Hamilton, and served under the duke of York in Holland, where, on the 6th of October, 1799, he lost his right arm and left leg, and his place in the army. His misfortunes thrust distinction upon him. From having been a private in the ranks, where he would have remained a single undistinguishable cipher 0, amongst a row of ciphers 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 he now makes a figure in the world; and is perhaps better known throughout England than any other individual of his order in society, for he has visited almost every town with "young lambs to sell." He has a wife and four children; the latter are constantly employed in making the "young lambs," with white cotton wool for fleeces, spangled with Dutch gilt, the head of flour paste, red paint on the cheeks, two jet black spots for eyes, horns of twisted shining tin, legs to correspond, and pink tape

tied round the neck for a graceful collar. A full basket of these, and his song-like cry, attract the attention of the juvenile population, and he contrives to pick up a living, notwithstanding the "badness of the times." The day after last Christmas-day, his cry in Covent-garden allured the stage-manager to purchase four dozen of "young lambs," and at night they were "brought out" at that theatre, in the basket of a performer who personated their old proprietor, and cried so as to deceive the younger part of the audience into a belief that he was their real favourite of the streets.

I remember the *first* crier of "young lambs to sell!" He was a maimed sailor; and with him originated the manufacture. If I am not mistaken, this man, many years after I had ceased to be a purchaser of his ware, was guilty of some delinquency, for which he forfeited his life: *his* cry was

Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell!
Two for a penny young lambs to sell!
Two for a penny young lambs to sell—
Two for a penny young lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I wouldn't cry young lambs to sell!
Young lambs to sell—young lambs to sell—
Two for a penny young lambs to sell!
Young lambs to se—e—ll,
Young la—a—mbs to sell!

Though it is five and thirty years ago since I heard the sailor's musical "cry," it still sings in my memory; it was a tenor of modulated harmonious tune, till, in the last line but one, it became a thorough bass, and rolled off at the close with a loud swell that filled urchin listeners with awe and admiration. During this chant his head was elevated, and he gave his full voice, and apparently his looks, to the winds; but the moment he concluded, and when attention was yet rivetted, his address became particular: his persuasive eye and jocular address flashed round the circle of "my little masters and mistresses," and his hand presented a couple of his snow white "fleecy charge," dabbled in gold, "two for a penny!" nor did he resume his song till ones and twos were in the possession of probably every child who had a halfpenny or penny at command.

The old sailor's "young lambs" were only half the cost of the poor soldier's. It may be doubted whether the materials of their composition have doubled in price, but the demand for "young lambs" has certainly lessened, while the present manufacturer has quite as many wants as the old one, and luckily possessing a monopoly of the manufacture, he therefore raises the price of his articles to the necessity of his circumstances. It is not convenient to refer to the precise chapter in the "Wealth of Nations," or to verified tables of the increased value of money, in order to show that the new lamb-seller has not exceeded "an equitable adjustment" in the arrangement of his present prices; but it is fair to state in his behalf, that he declares, notwithstanding all the noise he makes, the carrying on of the lamb business is scarcely better than pig-shaving; "Sir," says he, "it's great *cry*, and little *wool*." From a poor fellow, at his time of life, with only half his limbs to support a large family this is no joke. Not having been at his native place for two and twenty years, the desire to see it once more is strong within him, and he purposes next Easter to turn his face northwards, with his family, and "cry" all the way from London to Glasgow. Let the little ones, therefore, in the towns of his route, keep a penny or two by them to lay out in "young lambs," and so help the poor fellow along the road, in this stage of his struggle through life.

March 19, 1827.

LINES ON HAPPINESS.

For the Table Book.

Like a frail shadow seen in maze,
Or some bright star shot o'er the ocean,
Is happiness, that meteor's blaze,
For ever fleeting in its motion.

It plays within our fancied grasp,
Like a phantasmagorian shade,
Pursued, e'en to the latest gasp,
It still seems hovering in the glade.

'Tis but like hope, and hope's, at best,
A star that leads the weary on,
Still pointing to the unpossess'd
And palling that it beams upon.

J. B. O.

HUMAN LIFE.

By Goethe.

That life is but a dream is the opinion of many; it is mine. When I see the narrow limits which confine the penetrating, active genius of man; when I see that all his powers are directed to satisfy mere necessities, the only end of which is to prolong a precarious or painful existence; that his greatest care, with regard to certain inquiries, is but a blind resignation; and that

we only amuse ourselves with painting brilliant figures and smiling landscapes on the walls of our prison, whilst we see on all sides the boundary which confines us; when I consider these things I am silent: I examine myself; and what do I find? Alas! more vague desires, presages, and visions, than conviction, truth, and reality.

The happiest are those, who, like children, think not of the morrow, amuse themselves with playthings, dress and undress their dolls, watch with great respect before the cupboard where mamma keeps the sweetmeats, and when they get any, eat them directly, and cry for more; these are certainly happy beings. Many also are to be envied, who dignify their paltry employments, sometimes even their passions, with pompous titles; and who represent themselves to mankind as beings of a superior order, whose occupation it is to promote their welfare and glory. But the man who in all humility acknowledges the vanity of these things; observes with what pleasure the wealthy citizen transforms his little garden into a paradise; with what patience the poor man bears his burden; and that all wish equally to behold the sun yet a little longer; he too may be at peace. He creates a world of his own, is happy also because he is a man; and, however limited his sphere, he preserves in his bosom the idea of liberty.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

For the Table Book.

The flower is faded,
The sun-beam is fled,
The bright eye is shaded,
The loved one is dead:
Like a star in the morning—
When, mantled in gray,
Aurora is dawning—
She vanish'd away.

Like the primrose that bloometh
Neglected to die,
Though its sweetness perfumeth
The ev'ning's soft sigh—
Like lightning in summer,
Like rainbows that shine
With a mild dreamy glimmer
In colours divine—

The kind and pure hearted,
The tender, the true,
From our love has departed
With scarce an adieu:
So briefly, so brightly
In virtue she shone,
As shooting stars nightly
That blaze and are gone.

The place of her slumber
Is holy to me,
And oft as I number
The leaves of the tree,
Whose branches in sorrow
Bend over her urn,
I think of to-morrow
And silently mourn.

The farewell is spoken,
The spirit sublime
The last tie has broken,
That bound it to time;
And bright is its dwelling
Its mansion of bliss—
How far, far excelling
The darkness of this!

Yet hearts still are beating,
And eyes still are wet—
True, our joys are all fleeting.
But who can forget?
I know they must vanish
As visions depart,
But oh, can this banish
The thorn from my heart?

The eye of affection,
Its tribute of tears
Sheds, with fond recollection
Of life's happy years;
And tho' vain be the anguish
Indulg'd o'er the tomb,
Yet nature will languish
And shrink from its gloom.

Those lips—their least motion
Was music to me,
And, like light on the ocean,
Those eyes seem'd to be:
Are they mute—and for ever?
The spell will not break;
Are they closed—must I never
Behold them awake?

When distress was around me
Thy smiles were as balm,
That in misery found me,
And left me in calm:
Success became dearer
When thou wert with me,
And the clear sky grew clearer
When gaz'd on with thee.

Thou art gone—and tho' reason
My grief would disarm,
I feel there's a season
When grief has a charm;
And 'tis sweeter, far sweeter
To sit by thy grave,
Than to follow Hope's meteor
Down time's hasty wave.

In darkness we laid thee—
The earth for thy bed—
The couch that we made thee
Is press'd by thee dead:

In sorrow's film shrouded,
Our eyes could not see
The glory unclouded
That opened on thee.

Thou canst not, pure spirit,
Return to the dust,
But we may inherit—
So humbly we trust—
The joys without measure
To which thou art gone,
The regions of pleasure
Where tears are unknown.

H.

EFFECT OF CONSCIENCE.

On the 30th of March, 1789, 360*l.* was carried to the account of the public, in consequence of the following note received by the chancellor of the exchequer.

"Sir—You will herewith receive bank notes to the amount of 360*l.* which is the property of the nation, and which, as an honest man, you will be so just as to apply to the use of the state in such manner that the nation may not suffer by its having been detained from the public treasury. You are implored to do this for the ease of conscience to an honest man."

Anecdotes
OF
HENRY THE GREAT.

Public Libel.

About 1605, Henry IV. of France attempting to enforce some regulations respecting the annuities upon the Hotel de Ville, of Paris, several assemblies of the citizens were held, in which Francis Miron, the prévôt des marchands, addressed the king's commissioners against the measures with fervour and firmness. It was rumoured amongst the people of Paris, that their magistrate was threatened, for having exerted himself too warmly in their behalf; they crowded about his house, in order to defend him, but Miron requested them to retire, and not to render him really criminal. He represented that nothing injurious was to be apprehended, for they had a king as great and wise, as he was beneficent and just, who would not suffer himself to be hurried away by the instigations of evil counsellors. Yet those whose conduct Miron had arraigned, endeavoured to persuade Henry to punish him, and deprive him of his office, for disobedient actions, and seditious discourse. The king's answer contained memorable expressions:—"Authority does not always consist in carrying things with a high hand: regard must be paid to times, persons, and the subject-matter. I have been ten years in extinguishing civil discord, I dread its revival, and Paris has cost me too much for me to risk its loss; in my opinion, it would unquestionably be the case, were I to follow your advice; for I should be obliged to make terrible examples, which, in a few days, would deprive me of the glory of clemency, and the affection of my people; and these I prize as much, and even more than my crown. I have experienced, on many occasions, the fidelity and probity of Miron, who harbours no ill intentions, but undoubtedly deemed himself bound, by the duties of his office, to act as he has acted. If unguarded expressions have escaped him, I pardon them, on account of his past services; and, should he even desire a martyrdom in the public cause, I will disappoint him of the glory, by avoiding to become a persecutor and a tyrant."

Henry ended the affair by receiving the apology and submission of Miron, and revoking the orders concerning the annuities, which had occasioned the popular alarm.*

Libellous Drama.

On the 26th of January, 1607, a pleasant farce was acted at the Hotel de Bourgogne, at Paris, before Henry IV., his queen, and the greater part of the princes, lords, and ladies of the court. The subject of the piece was a quarrel between a married man and his wife. The wife told her husband, that he staid tippling at the tavern while executions were daily laid upon their goods, for the tax which must be paid to the king, and that all their substance was carried away. "It is for that very reason," said the husband in his defence, "that we should make merry with good cheer; for of what service would all the fortune we could amass be to us, since it would not belong to ourselves, but to this same noble king. I will drink the more, and of the very best: monsieur the king shall not meddle with that; go fetch me some this minute; march." "Ah, wretch!" replied the wife, "would you bring me and your children to ruin?" During this dialogue, three officers of justice came in, and demanded the tax, and, in default of payment, prepared to carry away the furniture. The wife began a loud

* Perefixe.

lamentation; at length the husband asked them who they were? "We belong to Justice," said the officers: "How, to *Justice!*" replied the husband; "they who belong to Justice act in another manner; I do not believe that you are what you say." During this altercation the wife seized a trunk, upon which she seated herself. The officers commanded her, "in the king's name," to open it; and after much dispute the trunk was opened, and out jumped three devils, who carry away the three officers of justice.

The magistrates, conceiving themselves to have been insulted by this performance, caused the actors to be arrested, and committed them to prison. On the same day they were discharged, by express command of the king, who magnanimously told those that complained of the affront, "You are fools! If any one has a right to take offence, it is I, who have received more abuse than any of you. I pardon the comedians from my heart; for the rogues made me laugh till I cried again."*

CUSTOM AT SCARBOROUGH.

The fish-market is held on the sands, by the sides of the boats, which, at low water, are run upon wheels with a sail set, and are conducted by the fishermen, who dispose of their cargoes in the following manner.

One of the female fishmongers inquires the price, and bids a groat; the fishermen ask a sum in the opposite extreme: the one bids up, and the other reduces the demand, till they meet at a reasonable point, when the bidder suddenly exclaims, "Het!" This practice seems to be borrowed from the Dutch. The purchase is afterwards retailed among the regular, or occasional surrounding customers.

LINES TO A BARREL ORGAN.

For the Table Book.

How many thoughts from thee I cull,
Music's humblest vehicle!
From thy caravan of sounds,
Constant in its daily rounds,
Some such pleasure do I find
As when, borne upon the wind,
The well-known "bewilder'd chimes"
Plaintively recall those times,
(Long since lost in sorrow's shade,)
When, in some sequester'd glade,
Their simple, stammering tongues would try
Some heart-moving melody.—
Oldest musical delight
Of my boyish days! the sight
Or sound of thee would charm my feet,
And make my joy of heart complete—
How thou luredst listeners
To thy crazy, yearning airs!—
Harmonious, grumbling volcano!
Murm'ring sounds in small *piano*,
Or screaming forth a shrill *soprano*,
Mingled with the growling bass.
Fragments of some air I trace,
Stifled by the notes which cram it—
Scatter'd ruins of the gamut!—
Sarcophagus of harmony!
Orpheus' casket! guarded by
A swain who lives by what he earns
From the music which he churns:
Every note thou giv'st *by turns*.—
Not Pindar's lyre more variety
Possess'd than thou! no cloy'd satiety
Feel'st thou at thy perpetual feast
Of sound; nor weariness the least:
Thy task's perform'd with right goodwill—
Thou art a melodious mill!
Notes, like grain, are dribbled in,
Thou *grindest* them, and fill'st the bin
Of melody with plenteous store.
Thy tunes are like the parrot's lore,
Nothing of them dost thou wot,
But repeatest them by rote.—
Curious, docile instrument!
To skilless touch obedient:
Like a mine of richest ore,
Inexhaustible in store,
Yielding at a child's command
All thy wealth unto its hand.
Harmonicon peripatetic!
What clue to notes so oft erratic
Hast thou, by which the ear may follow
Through thy labyrinthine hollow,
Which its own echo dost consume,
As stoves devour their own fume.—
Mysterious fabric! cage-like chest!
Behind whose gilded bars the nest
Of unfledg'd melodies is hid
'Neath that brazen coverlid.—
In thy bondage-house of song,
Bound in brazen fetters strong,
Immortal harmonies do groan!
Doleful sounds their stifled moan.
A vulture preys upon their pangs,
Round whose neck their prison hangs;
Like that tenanted strong box
By eagle found upon the rocks
Of Brobdingnag's gigantic isle.
Like Sysiphus, their endless toil
Is hopeless: their tormentor's claw
Turns the wheel (his will's their law)
Which all their joints and members racks,
Ne'er will his cruelty relax.—
Miniature in shape and sound
Of that grand instrument, which round
Old cathedral walls doth send
Its pealing voice; whose tones do blend
The clangor of the trumpet's throat,
And the silver-stringed lute.—

* L'Etoile, Hist. d'Henri IV.

To what else shall I compare thee?—
Further epithets I'll spare thee.
Honest and despised thing,
To thy memory I cling.
Spite of all thy faults, I owu
I love thy "old, familiar" tone.

GASTON.

MINISTERIAL FAVOUR.

A gentleman who had been long attached to cardinal Mazarine, reminded the cardinal of his many promises, and his dilatory performance. Mazarine, who had a great regard for him, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and explained the many demands made upon a person in his situation as minister, which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. The cardinal's adherent, not very confident in his veracity, replied, "My lord, all the favour I now ask at your hand is, that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in an unreserved manner." The cardinal smiled, and in the course of two or three years tapping, his friend became a wealthy man, on the credit of these attentions to him; and Mazarine and his confidant laughed at the public security which enriched the courtier at so little expense to the state.

DUDLEY OF PORTSMOUTH.

"I'M A GOING!"

For the Table Book.

Barbers are not more celebrated by a desire to become the most busy citizens of the state, than by the expert habit in which they convey news. Many a tale is invented out of a mere surmise, or whisper, for the gratification of those who attend barbers' shops. An old son of the scissors and razor, well known at Portsmouth, was not, however, quite so perfect a *phiziologist*, as his more erudite and bristling fraternity. One evening, as he was preparing his fronts, and fitting his comb "to a hair," two supposed gentlemen entered his shop to be dressed; this being executed with much civility and despatch, a wager was laid with old Dudley, (for that was his name,) that he could not walk in a ring three feet in diameter, for one hour, and utter no other words than "I'm a going!" Two pounds on each side was on the counter; the ring was drawn in chalk; the money chinked in the ear, and old Dudley moved in the circle of his orbit. "I'm a going!—I'm a going!—I'm a going!" were the only words which kept time with his feet during the space of fifty-five minutes, when, on a sudden, one of the gentlemen sprang forward, and taking up the money, put it into his pocket. This device threw old Dudley off his guard, and he exclaimed, "That's not fair!"—"Enough!" rejoined the sharpers, "you've lost the wager." They departed, leaving him two pounds minus, and to this day old Dudley is saluted by the appellation of "I'm a going!"

JEHOIADA.

ROYAL DECISION.

In the reign of George I. the sister of judge Dormer being married to a gentleman who afterwards killed a man very basely, the judge went to move the king for a pardon. It was impossible that he could offer any thing to the royal ear in extenuation of the crime, and therefore he was the more earnest in expressing his hope that his majesty would save him and his family from the infamy the execution of the sentence would bring upon them. "So, Mr. Justice," said the king, "what you propose to me is, that I should transfer the infamy from you and your family, to me and my family; but I shall do no such thing." Motion refused.

Biographiana.

REV. THOMAS COOKE.

To the Editor.

Sir—In reply to the inquiries of your correspondent G. J. D. at p. 136, I beg to state, that the person he alludes to was the translator of Hesiod, immortalized by Pope in his Dunciad.

The Rev. Thomas Cooke was a profound Greek and Latin scholar, and consequently much better versed in the beauties of Homer, &c. than the irritable translator of the Iliad and Odyssey: his remarks on, and expositions of Pope's glaring misconceptions of many important passages of the ancient bard drew down the satirical vengeance of his illustrious translator.

It would, however, appear that Pope was not the assailant in the first instance, for in the Appendix to the Dunciad we find "A list of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our author (Pope) was abused, before the publication of that Poem;" and among the said works "The Battle of the

Poets, an heroic Poem, by Thomas Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725," is particularly mentioned. In book ii. of the Dunciad, we have the following line,—

" Cooke shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift ;"

to which the following note is appended:—

" The man here specified was a thing called *The Battle of the Poets*, which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed."

Cooke also published some " malevolent things in the British, London, and daily journals, and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence."

His chief work was a translation of " Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned."

Again, in the testimonies of authors, which precede the Dunciad, we find the following remark :—

" *Mr. Thomas Cooke,*

" After much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out

" But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live t' enlighten future days!"

I have somewhere read that Cooke was a native of Sussex; that he became famous for his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages while at Cambridge; and was ultimately settled in some part of Shropshire, where he soon became acquainted with the family of the young lady celebrated by his muse, in the fifth number of the *Table Book*, and where he also greatly distinguished himself as a clergyman, and preceptor of the younger branches of the neighbouring gentry and nobility This may in some measure account for the respectable list of subscribers alluded to by G. J. D.

It is presumed, however, that misfortune at length overtook him; for we find, in the " Ambulator, or London and its Environs," under the head " Lambeth," that he lies interred in the church-yard of that parish, and that he died extremely poor: he is, moreover, designated " the celebrated translator of Hesiod, Terence, &c."

I have seen the poem entitled " The Immortality of the Soul," mentioned by G. J. D., though I have no recollection of its general features or merit; but of " The Battle of the Poets " I have a copy; and what renders it more rare and valuable is, that it was Mr. Cooke's own impression of the work, and has several small productions upon various occasions, written, I presume, with his own hand, each having the signature " Thomas Cooke," on the blank leaves at the commencement of the book.

On my return from the continent, I shall have no objection to intrust this literary curiosity to your care for a short time, giving you the liberty of extracting any (and all if you think proper) of the pieces written on the interleaves: and, in the mean time, I will do myself the pleasure of selecting one from the number, for insertion in the *Table Book*, which will, at least, prove that Mr. Cooke's animosity was of transient duration, and less virulent than that of Pope.

It is possible that at some future time I may be able to enlarge upon this subject, for the better information of your correspondent; and I beg, in the interim, to remark that there is no doubt the Annual Register, from about the year 1750 to 1765, or works of that description, will fully satisfy his curiosity, and afford him much more explanation relative to Mr. Cooke than any communications from existing descendants.

In Mr. Cooke's copy of " The Battle of the Poets," the lines before quoted run thus :—

" But in his other works what beauties shine—
What sweetness also dwells in ev'ry line!
These all admire—these bring him endless praise,
And crown his temples with unfading bays!"

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant and subscriber,

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Oxford, Jan. 29, 1827.

VERSES,

Occasioned by the lamented Death of Mr. Alexander Pope.

Pope! though thy pen has strove with heedless rage
To make my name obnoxious to the age,
While, dipp'd in gall, and tarnish'd with the spleen,
It dealt in taunts ridiculous and mean,
Aiming to lessen what it could not reach,
And giving license to ungrateful speech,
Still I forgive its enmity, and feel
Regrets I would not stifle, nor conceal;
For though thy temper, and imperious soul,
Needed, at times, subjection and controul,
There was a majesty—a march of sense—
A proud display of rare intelligence,
In many a line of that transcendent pen,
We never, perhaps, may contemplate again—
An energy peculiarly its own,
And sweetness perfectly before unknown!

Then deign, thou mighty master of the lyre!
T' accept what justice and remorse inspire;
Justice that prompts the willing muse to tell,
None ever wrote so largely and so well—
Remorse that feels no future bard can fill
The vacant chair with half such Attic skill,
Or leave behind so many proofs of taste,
As those rich poems dulness ne'er disgrac'd!

Farewell, dear shade! all enmity is o'er,
Since Pope has left us for a brighter shore,
Where neither rage, nor jealousy, nor hate,
Can rouse the little, nor offend the great;
Where worldly contests are at once forgot,
In the bright glories of a happier lot;
And where the dunces of the Dunciad see
Thy genius crown'd with immortality!

THOMAS COOKE.

DUKE OF YORK

ALBANY AND CLARENCE.

For the Table Book.

In the History of Scotland, there is a remark which may be added to the account of the dukes of York, at col. 103; viz.

Shire of Perth.—That part of the county called Braidalbin, or Breadalbane, lies amongst the Grampian-hills, and gives title to a branch of the family of Campbell; where note that Braid Albin, in old Scotch, signifies the highest part of Scotland, and Drum-Albin, which is the name of a part thereof, signifies the ridge or back of Scotland. Hence it is collected that this is the country which the ancients called *Albany*, and part of the residence of the ancient Scots, who still retain the name, and call themselves "Albinkich," together with the ancient language and habit, continuing to be a hardy, brave, and warlike people, and very parsimonious in their way of living; and from this country the sons of the royal family of Scotland took the title of "duke of *Albany*;" and since the union of the two crowns, it has been found amongst the royal titles of the dukes of York.

Respecting the dukedom of *Clarence*, which is originally derived from Clare, in Suffolk, king Edward III. in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, for default of issue male in the former family, created his third son, Lionel, by reason of his marriage with the grandaughter of the late earl of *Clare*, duke of Clarence, being a word of a fuller sound than the monosyllable "Clare."

M.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Lord George Germain was of a remarkably amiable disposition; and his domestics lived with him rather as humble friends than menial servants. One day entering his house in Pall-mall, he observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, "They are *ours*, my lord, from *our* country-house."—"Very well," rejoined his lordship. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was? "*Ours*," said honest John. "And are the children in it *ours* too?" said his lordship, smiling. "*Most certainly*, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

Riddle.

A LITERARY CHARACTER.

I have long maintained a distinguished station in our modern days, but I cannot trace my origin to ancient times, though the learned have attempted it. After the revolution in 1688, I was chief physician to the king; at least in my absence he ever complained of sickness. Had I lived in ancient days, so friendly was I to crowned heads, that Cleopatra would have got off with a sting; and her cold arm would have felt a reviving heat. I am rather a friend to sprightliness than to industry; I have often converted a neutral pronoun into a man of talent: I have often amused myself with reducing the provident ant to indigence; I never meet a post horse without giving him a blow; to some animals I am a friend, and many a puppy has yelped for aid when I have deserted him. I am a patron of architecture, and can turn every thing into brick and mortar; and so honest withal, that whenever I can find a pair of stockings, I ask for their owner. Not even Lancaster has carried education so far as I have: I adopt always the system of interrogatories. I have already taught my hat to ask questions of fact; and my poultry questions of chronology. With my trees I share the labours of my laundry; they scour my linen; and when I find a rent, 'tis I who make it entire.

In short, such are my merits, that whatever yours may be, you can never be more than half as good as I am.

ANSWER

TO THE PRECEDING.

A *literary* character you view,
Known to the moderns only—W:
I was physician to king William;
When absent, he would say, "how—ill I am!"
In ancient days if I had liv'd, the asp
Which poison'd Egypt's queen, had been a—Wasp;
And the death-coldness of th' imperial arm
With life reviving had again been—Warm.
A friend to sprightliness, that neuter it
By sudden pow'r I've chang'd into a—Wit.
The vainly-provident industrious ant
With cruel sport I oft reduce to—Want;
Whene'er I meet with an unlucky hack,
I give the creature a tremendous—Whack:
And many a time a puppy cries for help,
If I desert capriciously the—Whelp.
A friend to architecture, I turn all
(As quick as Chelt'nham builders) into—Wall.
I'm honest, for whene'er I find some hose,
I seek the owner, loud exclaiming—Whose?
Farther than Lancaster I educate,
My system's always to interrogate;
Already have I taught my very hat
Questions of fact to ask, and cry out—What?
Questions of time my poultry, for the hen
Cackles chronology, enquiring—When?
My laundry's labour I divide with ashes;
It is with them the laundress scours and—Washes:
And if an ugly rent I find, the hole
Instantly vanishes, becoming—Whole.

In short, my merits are so bright to view
How good soe'er you may be, just or true,
You can but halve my worth, for I am—*double you*.

Cheltenham.

THE MERRY MONARCH, AND "BLYTHE COCKPEN."

While Charles II. was sojourning in Scotland, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the laird of Cockpen, called by the nick-naming fashion of the times, "Blythe Cockpen." He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scottish tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted the merry monarch. Charles's favourite air was "Brose and Butter;" it was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened by it. At the restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen shared the fate of many other of the royal adherents; he was forgotten, and wandered upon the lands he once owned in Scotland, poor and unfriended. His letters to the court were unpresented, or disregarded, till, wearied and incensed, he travelled to London; but his mean garb not suiting the rich doublets of court, he was not allowed to approach the royal presence. At length, he ingratiated himself with the king's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he requested him to play on the organ before the king at divine service. His exquisite skill did not attract his majesty's notice, till, at the close of the service, instead of the usual tune, he struck up "Brose and Butter," with all its energetic merriment. In a moment the royal organist was ordered into the king's presence. "My liege, it was not me! it was not me!" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. "You!" cried his majesty, in a rapture, "you could never play it in your life—where's the man? let me see him." Cockpen presented himself on his knee. "Ah, Cockpen, is that you?—Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church!"—"I once danced too," said Cockpen, "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on."—"Come with me," said Charles taking him by the hand, "you shall dance to ***Brose and Butter*** on your own lands again to the nineteenth generation;" and as far as he could, the king kept his promise.

Topography.

SINGULAR INTERMENT.

The following curious entry is in the register of Lymington church, under the year 1736:—

"Samuel Baldwin, esq. sojourner in this parish, was *immersed*, without the Needles, *sans cérémonie*, May 20."

This was performed in consequence of an earnest wish the deceased had expressed, a little before his dissolution, in order to disappoint the intention of his wife, who had repeatedly assured him, in their domestic squabbles, (which were very frequent,) that if she survived him, she would revenge her conjugal sufferings, by dancing on his grave.

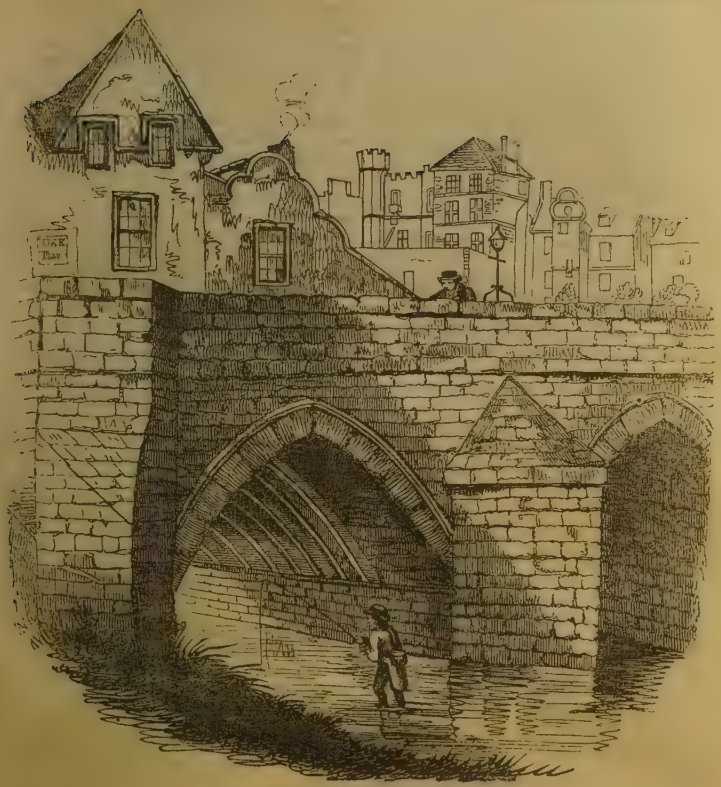
ODD SIGNS.

A gentleman lately travelling through Grantham, in Lincolnshire, observed the following lines under a sign-post, on which was placed an inhabited bee-hive.

Two wonders, Grantham, now are thine,
The highest spire, and a living sign.

The same person, at another public-house in the country, where London porter was sold, observed the figure of Britannia engraved upon a tankard, in a reclining posture; underneath was the following motto:—

Pray Sup-Porter.



Elvet Bridge, Durham.

The above engraving is from a lithographic view, published in Durham in 1820: it was designed by Mr. Bouet, a very ingenious French gentleman, resident there, whose abilities as an artist are of a superior order.

Elvet bridge consists of nine or ten arches, and was built by the excellent bishop Pudsey, about the year 1170. It was repaired in the time of bishop Fox, who held the see of Durham from 1494 to 1502, and granted an "indulgence" to all who should contribute towards defraying the expense; an expedient frequently resorted to in Catholic times for the forwarding of great undertakings. It was again improved, by widening it to twice its breadth, in 1806.

Upon this bridge there were two chapels, dedicated respectively to St. James and St. Andrew, one of which stood on the site of the old house close to the bridge, at present inhabited by Mr. Adamson, a respectable veterinary surgeon; the other stood on the site of the new houses on the south side of the bridge, occupied by Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Hopper. About three years ago, while clearing away the rubbish, preparatory to the erection of the latter houses, some remains of the old chapel

were discovered: an arch was in a very perfect state, but unfortunately no drawing was made.

It is believed by some, that another chapel stood on, or near Elvet bridge, dedicated to St. Magdalen; and the name of the flight of steps leading from Elvet bridge to Saddler-street, viz. the Maudlin, or Magdalen-steps, rather favours the supposition. On the north side of Elvet bridge is a building, erected in 1632, formerly used as the house of correction, but which, since the erection of the new gaol, was sold to the late Stephen Kemble, Esq., and is now the printing and publishing office of the Durham Chronicle. The ground cells are miserable places: some figures, still visible on many of the walls, as faces, ships, &c. show to what resources the poor fellows confined there were driven to amuse themselves. This building is said to be haunted by the restless sprite of an old piper, who, as the story is, was brought down the river by a flood, and, on being rescued from the water, became an inmate of the house of correction, where he died a few years afterwards. The credulous often hear his bagpipes at midnight. Every old bridge seems to have its legend, and this is the legend of Elvet bridge.

The buildings represented by the engraving in the distance are the old gaol, and a few of the adjoining houses. This gaol, which stood to the east of the castle, and contiguous to the keep, was originally the great north gateway to the castle, and was erected by bishop Langley, who held the see of Durham from 1406 to 1437. It divided Saddler-street from the North Bailey, and was a fine specimen of the architecture of the age, but, from its confined situation, in a public part of the city, it was adjudged to be a nuisance, and was accordingly destroyed in 1820. On the west side of it is erected an elegant subscription library and news-room, and on the opposite a spacious assembly-room; these form a striking contrast to the spot in the state here represented. The present county gaol is at the head of Old Elvet; it is a splendid edifice, and so it should be, considering that it cost the county 120,000*l.*

Of bishop Pudsey, the builder of Elvet bridge, the following account is given in Hegg's Legend of St. Cuthbert. Speaking of St. Goodrick, of whom there are particulars in the *Every-Day Book*, Hegg says, "Thus after he had acted all the miracles of a legend, he ended his scene in the yeare 1170, not deserving that honour conferred on his cell by the forenamed bishop Pusar (Pudsey), who told him he should be seven yeares blind before his death, so that the bishop deferring his repentance till the tyme of his blindness, (which Goodrick meant of the eyes of his understanding) dyed unprovided for death. But if good works be satisfactorie, then died he not in debt for his sinnes, who repayred and built many of the episcopall manors, and founded the manor and church at Darlington, and two hospitals, one at Alverton, and the other at *Sherburne*, neare Durham. He built also Elvet bridge, with two chapels upon it, over the Weer; and, lastly, built that beautiful work the Galilee, now the bishop's consistory, and hither translated saint Bede's bones, which lye enterred under a tomb of black marble."

From the above extract, as punctuated in all the printed copies I have seen, it would appear that Hegg intended to represent both the chapels as being *over the Weer*, whereas only one was so situated, the other being on one of the land arches. To render this passage correct, the words "with two chapels upon it" should have been inserted in a parenthesis, which would make the passage stand thus, "He built also Elvet bridge, (with two chapels upon it,) over the Weer." Hegg, with all his humour, is frequently obscure; and his legend, which was for some time in manuscript, has suffered by the inattention of transcribers; there are three different copies in print, and all vary. The edition printed by the late Mr. Allan of Darlington, from a manuscript in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and since reprinted by Mr. Hogget of Durham, is the most correct one, and from that the above extract is taken.

Bishop Pudsey's memory must always be dear to the inhabitants of the county of Durham, as probably no man ever conferred greater service on the county. It was he who, in order to supply the deficiency of Doomsday-book, caused a general survey to be made of all the demesne lands and possessions in his bishopric. This survey is recorded in a small folio of twenty-four pages, written in a bad hand, and called "Bolden Buke," now in the archives at Durham. It contains inquisitions, or verdicts of all the several tenures of lands, services, and customs; all the tenants' names of every degree; how much each of them held at that time, and what rents were reserved for the same. This book has been produced, and read in evidence on several trials at law, on the part of the succeeding bishops, in order to ascertain their property.

Garrick Plays.

No. XI.

[From "Jack Drum's Entertainment," a Comedy, Author unknown, 1601.]

The free humour of a Noble Housekeeper.

Fortune (*a Knight*). I was not born to be my cradle's drudge,
To choke and stifle up my pleasure's breath,
To poison with the venom'd cares of thrift
My private sweet of life: only to scrape
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren virtues of my progeny,
And make them sprout 'spite of their want of worth;
No, I do wish my girls should wish me live;
Which few do wish that have a greedy sire,
But still expect, and gape with hungry lip,
When he'll give up his gouty stewardship.

Friend. Then I wonder,
You not aspire unto the eminence
And height of pleasing life. To Court, to Court—
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pomp,
Like a bright diamond in a Lady's brow.
There plant your fortunes in the flowring spring,
And get the Sun before you of Respect.
There trench yourself within the people's love,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace.
What's wealth without respect and mounted place?

Fortune. Worse and worse!—I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeez'd with my own weight,
Nor hoist up all my sails to catch the wind
Of the drunk reeling Commons. I labour not
To have an awful presence, nor be feared,
Since who is fear'd still fears to be so feared.
I care not to be like the Horeb calf,
One day adored, and next pasht all in pieces.
Nor do I envy Polyphemian puffs,
Switzers' slopt greatness. I adore the Sun,
Yet love to live within a temperate zone.
Let who will climb ambitious glibbery rounds,
And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,
I'll not corrival him. The sun will give
As great a shadow to my trunk as his;
And after death, like Chessmen having stood
In play, for Bishops some, for Knights, and Pawns,
We all together shall be tumbled up
Into one bag.
Let hush'd-calm quiet rock my life asleep;
And, being dead, my own ground press my bones;
Whilst some old Beldame, bobbling o'er my grave,
May mumble thus:
'Here lies a Knight whose Money was his Slave.'

[From the "Changes," a Comedy, by James Shirley, 1632.]

Excess of Epithets, enfeebling to Poetry.

Friend. Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me,
Have your verses any Adjectives?

Caperwit. Adjectives! would you have a poem without
Adjectives? they're the flower, the grace of all our language.
A well-chosen Epithet doth give new soul
To fainting Poesy, and makes every verse
A Bride! With Adjectives we bait our lines,
When we do fish for Gentlewomen's loves,
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear
Of amorous ladies; with the music of
These ravishing nouns we charm the silken tribe,
And make the Gallant melt with apprehension
Of the rare Word. I will maintain 't against
A bundle of Grammarians, in Poetry
The Substantive itself cannot *subsist*
Without its Adjective.

Friend. But for all that,
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are not
So larded; and if I might counsel you,
You should compose a Sonnet clean without 'em.
A row of stately Substantives would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em;
Carry their weight; shew fair, like Deeds Enroll'd;
Not Writs, that are first made and after fill'd.
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse;—
You know, Sir, what Blank signifies?—when the sense,
First framed, is tied with Adjectives like points,
And could not hold together without wedges:
Hang 't, 'tis pedantic, vulgar Poetry.
Let children, when they versify, stick here
And there these piddling words for want of matter
Poets write Masculine Numbers.

[From the "Guardian," a Comedy, by Abraham Cowley, 1650. This was the first Draught of that which he published afterwards under the title of the "Cutter of Coleman Street;" and contains the character of a Foolish Poet, omitted in the latter. I give a few scraps of this character, both because the Edition is scarce, and as furnishing no unsuitable corollary to the Critical Admonitions in the preceding Extract.—The "Cutter" has always appeared to me the link between the Comedy of Fletcher and of Congreve. In the elegant passion of the Love Scenes it approaches the former; and Puny (the character substituted for the omitted Poet) is the Prototype of the half-witted Wits, the Brisks and Dapper Wits, of the latter.]

Doggrell, the foolish Poet, described.

Cutter. ——— the very Emblem of poverty and poor poetry. The feet are worse patched of his rhymes, than of his stockings. If one line forget itself, and run out beyond his elbow, while the next keeps at home (like *Aim*), and dares not show his head, he calls that an Ode. * * *

Tabitha. Nay, they mocked and fleered at us, as we sung the Psalm the last Sunday night.

Cutter. That was that mungrel Rhymer; by this light he envies his brother poet John Sternhold, because he cannot reach his heights. * * *

Doggrell (reciting his own verses.) Thus pride doth still with beauty dwell,
And like the Baltic ocean swell.

Blade. Why the Baltic, Doggrell?

Doggrell. Why the Baltic!—this 'tis not to have read the Poets. * * *

She looks like Niobe on the mountain's top.

Cutter. That Niobe, Doggrell, you have used worse than Phœbus did. Not a dog looks melancholy but he's compared to Niobe. He beat a villainous Tapster 'tother day, to make him look like Niobe.

C. L.

ANCIENT WAGGERY.

For the Table Book.

[From the "Pleasant Conceits of old Hobson, the merry Londoner; full of humourous Discourses and merry Merriments:—1607."]

How Maister Hobson hung out a lanterne and candlelight.

In the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, when the order of hanging out lanterne and candlelight first of all was brought up,* the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a dark evening, crieing up and down, "Hang out your lauternes! Hang out your lanternes!" using no other wordes, Maister Hobson tooke an emptie lanterne, and, according to the bedells call, hung it out. This flout, by the lord mayor, was taken in ill part, and for the same offence Hobson was sent to the Counter, but being released, the next night following, thinking to amend his call, the bedell cryed out, with a loud voice, "Hang out your lanternes and candle!" Maister Hobson, hereupon, hung out a lanterne and candle unlighted, as the bedell again commanded; whereupon he was sent again to the Counter; but the next night, the bedell being better advised, cryed "Hang out your lanterne and candle light! Hang out your lanterne and candle light!" which Maister Hobson at last did, to his great commendations, which cry of lanterne and candle light is in right manner used to this day.

How Maister Hobson found out the Pye-stealer.

In Christmas Holy-dayes when Maister Hobson's wife had many pyes in the oven, one of his servants had stole one of them out, and at the tauerne had merrilie eat it. It fortuned, the same day, that some of his friends dined with him, and one of the best pyes were missing, the stealer thereof, after dinner, he found out in this manner. He called all his servants in friendly sort together into the hall, and caused each of them to drinke one to another, both wine, ale, and beare, till they were all drunke; then caused hee a table to be furnished with very goode cheare, whereat hee likewise pleased them. Being set altogether, he saide, "Why sit ye not downe fellows?"—"We bee set already," quoth they.—"Nay," quoth Maister Hobson, "he that stole the pye is not yet set."—"Yes, that I doe!" quoth he that stole it, by which means Maister Hobson knewe what was become of the pye; for the poor fellowe being drunke could not keepe his owne secretts.

* The custom of hanging out lanterns before lamps were in use was earlier than queen Elizabeth's reign.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

The spring is come: the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower—
And she lifts up her head of dewy blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers—that flower beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dim December—
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours.
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin—virgin violet.

YORKSHIRE SAYING.

For the Table Book.

"LET'S BEGIN AGAIN LIKE THE CLERK OF BEESTON."

The clerk of Beeston, a small village near Leeds, one Sunday, after having sung a psalm about half way through the first verse, discovered he had chosen a wrong tune, on which he exclaimed to the singers, "Stop lads, we've got into a wrong metre, let's begin again!" Hence the origin of the saying, so common in Leeds and the neighbourhood, "Let's begin again, like the clerk of Beeston."

T. Q. M

TO CONTENTMENT.

I.

Spark of pure celestial fire,
Port of all the world's desire,
Paradise of earthly bliss,
Heaven of the other world and this;
Tell me, where thy court abides,
Where thy glorious chariot rides?

II.

Eden knew thee for a day,
But thou wouldst no longer stay;
Outed for poor Adam's sin,
By a flaming cherubin;
Yet thou lov'st that happy shade
Where thy beauteous form was made,
And thy kindness still remains
To the woods, and flow'ry plains.

III.

Happy David found thee there,
Sporting in the open air;
As he led his flocks along,
Feeding on his rural song:
But when courts and honours had
Snatch'd away the lovely lad,
Thou that there no room cou'dst find,
Let him go and staid behind.

IV.

His wise son, with care and pain,
Search'd all nature's frame in vain;
For a while content to be,
Search'd it round, but found not thee;
Beauty own'd she knew thee not,
Plenty had thy name forgot:
Music only did aver,
Once you came and danc'd with her.*

Biography.

PIETRE METASTASIO.

This celebrated Italian lyric and dramatic poet was born at Rome, in 1698, of parents in humble life, whose names were Trapassi. At ten years of age, he was distinguished by his talents as an *improvvisatore*. The eminent jurist, Gravina, who amused himself with writing bad tragedies, was walking near the Campus Martius one summer's evening, in company with the abbé Lorenzini, when they heard a sweet and powerful voice, modulating verses with the greatest fluency to the measure of the canto *improvviso*. On approaching the shop of Trapassi, whence the melody proceeded, they were surprised to see a lovely boy pouring forth elegant verses on the persons and objects which surrounded him, and their admiration was increased by the graceful compliments which he took an opportunity of addressing to themselves. When the youthful poet had concluded, Gravina called him to him, and, with many encomiums and caresses, offered him a piece of money, which the boy politely declined. He then inquired into his situation and employment, and being struck with the intelligence of his replies, proposed to his parents to educate him as his own child. They consented, and Gravina changed his name from Trapassi to Metastasio, and gave him a careful and excellent education for his own profession.

At fourteen years of age, Metastasio produced his tragedy of "Giustino," which so pleased Gravina, that he took him to Naples, where he contended with and excelled some of the most celebrated improvisatori of Italy. He still, however, continued his study of the law, and with a view to the only two channels of preferment which prevail at Rome, also assumed the minor order of priesthood, whence his title of abate. In 1718, death deprived him of his patron, who bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property, amounting to fifteen thousand crowns. Of too liberal and hospitable a disposition, he gradually made away with this provision and then resolved to apply more closely to the law. He repaired to Naples, to study for that purpose, but becoming acquainted with Brugnatelli, usually called "the Romanina," the most celebrated actress and singer in Italy, he gave himself up entirely to harmony and poetry. The extraordinary success of his first opera, "Gli Orti Esperidi," confirmed him in this resolution, and joining his establishment to that of "the Romanina" and her husband, in a short time he composed three new dramas, "Cato in Utica," "Ezio," and "Semiramide." He followed these with several more of still greater celebrity, until, in 1730, he received and accepted an invitation from the court of Vienna, to take up his residence in that capital, as coadjutor to the imperial laureate, Apostolo Zeno, whom he ultimately succeeded. From that period, the life of Metastasio presented a calm uniformity for upwards of half a century. He retained the favour of the imperial family undiminished, for his extraordinary talents were admirably seconded by the even tenor of

* From Dunton's "Athenian Sport."

his private character, and avoidance of court intrigue. Indefatigable as a poet, he composed no less than twenty-six operas, and eight oratorios, or sacred dramas, besides cantatas, canzoni, sonnets, and minor pieces to a great amount. The poetical characteristics of Metastasio are sweetness, correctness, purity, simplicity, gentle pathos, and refined and elevated sentiment. There is less of nature than of elegance and beauty in his dramas, which consequently appear insipid to those who have been nourished with stronger poetic aliment.

Dr. Burney, who saw Metastasio at the age of seventy-two, describes him as looking like one of fifty, and as the gayest and handsomest man, of his time of life, he had ever beheld. He died after a short illness at Vienna, in April 1782, having completed his eighty-fourth year, leaving a considerable property in money, books, and valuables. Besides his numerous works, which have been translated into most of the European languages, a large collection of his letters, published since his death, supplied copious materials for his biography.*

Mrs. Piozzi gives an amusing account of Metastasio in his latter days. She says:—

'Here (at Vienna) are many ladies of fashion very eminent for their musical abilities, particularly mesdemoiselles de Martinas, one of whom is member of the academies of Berlin and Bologna: the celebrated Metastasio died in their house, after having lived with the family sixty-five years more or less. They set his poetry and sing it very finely, appearing to recollect his conversation and friendship with infinite tenderness and delight. He was to have been presented to the pope the very day he died, and in the delirium which immediately preceded dissolution, raved much of the supposed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted to mention it before him; and nothing put him so certainly out of humour, as finding that rule transgressed. Even the small-pox was not to be named in his presence, and whoever did name that disorder, though unconscious of the offence he had given, Metastasio would see no more."

Mrs. Piozzi adds, "The other peculiarities I could gather from Miss Martinas were these: that he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas English money in all that time to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody dared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, but who, in the end, were his debtors, for solid benefits as well as for elegant presents, which it was his delight to be perpetually making. He left to them at last all he had ever gained, without the charge even of a single legacy; observing in his will, that it was to them he owed it, and that other conduct would in him have been injustice. He never changed the fashion of his wig, or the cut or colour of his coat, so that his portrait, taken not very long ago, looks like those of Boileau or Moliere at the head of their works. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined, at the same hours, for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy sweetness of temper, or habitual gentleness of manners, which was never ruffled, except when his sole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any person whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him *eat* more than a biscuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even mysterious privacy to the last. When his end approached by rapid steps, he did not in the least suspect that it was coming; and mademoiselle Martinas has scarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he escaped the preparations he so dreaded. Latterly, all his pleasures were confined to music and conversation; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, was visible to every one. An Italian abate here said, comically enough, 'Oh! he always looked like a man in the state of beatification when mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger.' The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and took pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation left in the world."

We have a life of Metastasio, chiefly derived from his correspondence, by Dr. Burney.

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* General Biog. Dict. Dict. of Musicians.

A DEATH-BED:

In a Letter to R. H. Esq. of B——.

For the Table Book.

I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor N. R. has lain dying now for almost a week; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed through life a strong constitution. Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his Wife, their two Daughters, and poor deaf Robert, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. R. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time it must be all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend, and my father's friend, for all the life that I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships, which outlast a second generation. Old as I am getting, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Jemmy. I have none to call me Jemmy now. He was the last link that bound me to B——. You are but of yesterday. In him I seem to have lost the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Lettered he was not; his reading scarcely exceeding the Obituary of the old Gentleman's Magazine, to which he has never failed of having recourse for these last fifty years. Yet there was the pride of literature about him from that slender perusal; and moreover from his office of archive keeper to your ancient city, in which he must needs pick up some equivocal Latin; which, among his less literary friends assumed the airs of a very pleasant pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which having tried to puzzle out the text of a Black lettered Chaucer in your Corporation Library, to which he was a sort of Librarian, he gave it up with this consolatory reflection—"Jemmy," said he, "I do not know what you find in these very old books, but I observe, there is a deal of very indifferent spelling in them." His jokes (for he had some) are ended; but they were old Perennials, staple, and always as good as new. He had one Song, that spake of the "flat bottoms of our foes coming over in darkness," and alluded to a threatened Invasion, many years since blown over; this he reserved to be sung on Christmas Night, which we always passed with him, and he sang it with the freshness of an impending event. How his eyes would sparkle when he came to the passage:

> We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
> In spite of the devil and Brussels' Gazette!

What is the Brussels' Gazette now? I cry, while I endite these trifles. His poor girls who are, I believe, compact of solid goodness, will have to receive their afflicted mother at an unsuccessful home in a petty village in ——shire, where for years they have been struggling to raise a Girls' School with no effect. Poor deaf Robert (and the less hopeful for being so) is thrown upon a deaf world, without the comfort to his father on his death-bed of knowing him provided for. They are left almost provisionless. Some life assurance there is; but, I fear, not exceeding——. Their hopes must be from your Corporation, which their father has served for fifty years. Who or what are your Leading Members now, I know not. Is there any, to whom without impertinence you can represent the true circumstances of the family? You cannot say good enough of poor R., and his poor Wife. Oblige me, and the dead, if you can.

London, 10 *Feb.* 1827. L.

LINES

FOR THE

Table Book.

What seek'st thou on the heathy lea,
So frequent and alone?
What in the violet cans't thou see?
What in the mossy stone?

Yon evening sky's empurpled dye
Seems dearer to thy gaze
Than wealth or fame's enrapt'ring name,
Or beauty's 'witching blaze

Go, mingle in the busy throng
That tread th' imperial mart;
There listen to a sweeter song
Than ever thrill'd thy heart.

The treasures of a thousand lands
Shall pour their wealth before thee;
Friends proffer thee their eager hands
And envious fools adore thee.

Ay—I will seek that busy throng.
And turn, with aching breast,
From scenes of tort'ring care and wrong—
To solitude and rest!

February 21, 1827. Amicus.

WAVERLEY.

It is a curious, yet well authenticated fact, that the novel of "Waverley"—the first, and perhaps the best, of the prose writing of sir Walter Scott—remained for more than ten years unpublished. So far back as 1805, the late talented Mr. John Ballantyne announced "Waverley" as a work preparing for publication, but the announce excited so little attention, that the design was laid aside for reasons which every reader will guess. In those days of peace and innocence, the spirit of literary speculation had scarcely begun to dawn in Scotland; the public taste ran chiefly on poetry; and even if gifted men had arisen capable of treading in the footsteps of Fielding, but with a name and reputation unestablished, they must have gone to London to find a publisher. The "magician" himself, with all his powers, appears to have been by no means over sanguine as to the ultimate success of a tale, which has made millions laugh, and as many weep; and in autumn he had very nearly delivered a portion of the MSS. to a party of sportsmen who visited him in the country, and were complaining of a perfect famine of wadding. *

A Young Artist's Letter

FROM SWITZERLAND.

From the letter of an English artist, now abroad, accompanied by marginal sketches with the pen, addressed to a young relation, I am obligingly permitted to take the following—

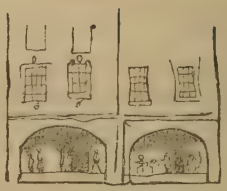
EXTRACT,

Interlaken, Switzerland.

Sunday, Sept. 10, 1826.

I arrived at Geneva, after a ride of a day and a night, from Lyons, through a delightful mountainous country. The steam-boat carried me from Geneva to Lausanne, a very pretty town, at the other end of the fine lake, from whence I went to Berne, one of the principal towns in Switzerland, and the most beautiful I have seen yet. It is extremely clean, and therefore it was quite a treat, after the French towns, which are filthy.

Berne is convenient residence, both in sunny and wet weather, for all the streets have arcades, under which the shops are in this way,



so that people are not obliged to walk in the middle of the street at all. The town is protected by strong fortifications, but the ramparts are changed into charming lawns and walks. There are also delightful terraces on the river side, commanding the surrounding country, which is enchanting—rich woods and fertile valleys, swelling mountains, and meadows like velvet; and, beyond all, the snowy Alps.

At Berne I equipped myself as most persons do who travel on foot through Switzerland; I have seen scores of young men all in the same pedestrian costume. I give you a sketch, that you may have a better idea of it.

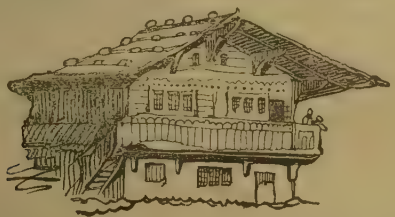
The dress is a light sort of smock-frock, with a leather belt round the waist, a straw hat, a knapsack on the back, and a small bottle, covered with leather, to carry spirits, fastened round the neck by a leather strap The long pole is for climbing up the mountains, and jumping over the ice.

From Berne I arrived at Thun. The fine lake of Thun is surrounded by mountains of various forms, and I proceeded along it to this place. I have been on the lake of Brientys and to Lauterbrunnen, where there is the celebrated waterfall, called the "Stubach;" it falls about 800 feet; the rocks about it are exceedingly romantic, and close to it are the snowy mountains, among which I should particularize the celebrated "Yung frow," which has never been ascended.

Interlaken is surrounded by mountains,

* The Times, 26th March, from an "Edinburgh paper."

and its scenery for sketches delicious. It is a village, built nearly all of wood; the houses are the prettiest things I ever saw: they are in this way,



but much more beautiful than I can show in a small sketch. They are delicately clean, and mostly have fine vines and plenty of grapes about them. The stones on the roof are to keep the wood from being blown off. Then the people dress so well, and all look so happy, that it is a pleasure to be among them. I cannot understand a word they say, and yet they are all civil and obliging. If any children happen to see me drawing out of doors, they always run to fetch a chair for me The women are dressed in this manner.

The poor people and ladies are in the same style exactly: the caps are made of horsehair, and the hair dressed quite plain in front, and plaited behind almost to the ground with black ribbons. They wear silver chains from each side of the bosom, to pass under the arms, and fasten on the back. They are not all pretty, but they are particularly clean and neat. There is nothing remarkable in the men's dress, only that I observe on a Sunday they wear white nightcaps: every man that I can see now out of my window has one on; and they are all playing at ball and nine-pins, just as they do in France. There is another kind of cap worn here made of silk; this is limp, and does not look so well They have also a flat straw hat.

The women work much more than the men; they even row the boats on the lakes. All the Swiss, however, are very industrious; and I like Switzerland altogether exceedingly. I leave this place tomorrow, and am going on to the beautiful valley of Sornen, (there was a view of it in the Diorama,) and then to the lake of the four cantons, or lake of Lucerne, and round the canton of the Valais to Geneva, and from thence for the lakes of Italy. If you examine a map for these places, it will be an amusement for you.

Lady Byron has been here for two days; she is making a tour of Switzerland. There are several English passing through. I can scarcely give you a better notion of the situation of this beautiful little village, than by saying that it is in a valley between two lakes, and that there are the most charming walks you can imagine to the eminences on the river side, and along the borders of the lakes. There are more goats here than in Wales: they all wear a little bell round their neck; and the sheep and cows being similarly distinguished, the movement of the flocks and herds keep an incessant tinkling, and relieve the stillness of the beauteous scenery.

Gretna Green Marriages.

THE BLACKSMITH.

On Friday, March 23, at Lancaster Lent assizes 1827, before Mr. baron Hullock, came on the trial of an indictment against Edward Gibbon Wakefield and William Wakefield, (brothers,) Edward Thevenot, (their servant,) and Frances the wife of Edward Wakefield, (father of the brothers,) for conspiring by subtle stratagems and false representations to take and carry away Ellen Turner, a maid, unmarried, and within the age of sixteen years, the only child and heiress of William Turner, from the care of the Misses Daulby, who had the education and governance of Miss Turner, and causing her to contract matrimony with the said Edward Gibbon Wakefield, without the knowledge and consent of her father, to her great disparagement, to her father's discomfort, and against the king's peace. Thevenot was acquitted; the other defendants were found "guilty," and the brothers stood committed to Lancaster-castle.

To a second indictment, under the statute of 4 and 5 Philip and Mary, against the brothers, for the abduction of Miss Turner, they withdrew their plea of "not guilty," and pleaded "guilty" to the fifth count.

In the course of the defence to the first indictment, David Laing, the celebrated blacksmith of Gretna-green, was examined; and, indeed, the trial is only mentioned in these pages, for the purpose of sketching this anomalous character as he appeared in the witness-box, and represented his own proceedings, according to *The Times'* report:—viz.

In appearance this old man was made to assume a superiority over his usual companions. Somebody had dressed him in a black coat, and velvet waistcoat and breeches of the same colour, with a shining pair of top boots—the shape of his hat, too, resembled the clerical fashion. He seemed a vulgar fellow, though not without shrewdness and that air of familiarity, which he might be supposed to have acquired by the freedom necessarily permitted by persons of a better rank of life, to one who was conscious he had the power of performing for them a guilty, but important ceremony.

On entering the witness-box, he leaned forward towards the counsel employed to examine him, with a ludicrous expression of gravity upon his features, and accompanied every answer with a knitting of his wrinkled brow, and significant nodding of his head, which gave peculiar force to his quaintness of phraseology, and occasionally convulsed the court with laughter.

He was interrogated both by Mr. Scarlett and Mr. Coltman in succession.

Who are you, Laing?

Why, I live in Springfield.

Well, what did you do in this affair?

Why, I was sent for to Linton's, where I found two gentlemen, as it may be, and one lady.

Did you know them?

I did not.

Do you see them in court?

Why, no I cannot say.

What did you do?

Why I joined them, and then got the lady's address, where she come from, and the party's I believe.

What did they do then?

Why, the gentleman wrote down the names, and the lady gave way to it.

In fact, you married them after the usual way?

Yes, yes, I married them after the Scotch form, that is, by my putting on the ring on the lady's finger, and that way.

Were they both agreeable?

O yes, I joined their hands as man and wife.

Was that the whole of the ceremony—was it the end of it?

I wished them well, shook hands with them, and, as I said, they then both embraced each other very agreeably.

What else did you do?

I thinkI told the lady that I generally had a present from 'em, as it may be, of such a thing as money to buy a pair of gloves, and she gave me, with her own hand, a twenty-shilling Bank of England note to buy them.

Where did she get the note?

How do I know.

What did the gentleman say to you?

Oh, you ask what did he treat me with.

No, I do not; what did he say to you?

He did nothing to me; but I did to him what I have done to many before, that is, you must know, to join them together; join hands, and so on. I bargained many in that way, and she was perfectly agreeable, and made no objections.

Did you give them a certificate?

Oh! yes, I gave it to the lady.

[Here a piece of paper was identified by this witness, and read in evidence, purporting to certify that Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Ellen Turner had been duly married according to the form required by the Scottish law. This paper, except the names and dates.

was a printed register, at the top of which was a rudely executed wood-cut, apparently of the royal arms.]

Did the gentleman and lady converse freely with you?

O, yes; he asked me what sort of wine they had in Linton's house, and I said they had three kinds, with the best of *Shumpine* (Champagne.) He asked me which I would take, and I said *Shumpine*, and so and so; while they went into another room to dine, I finished the wine, and then off I came. I returned, and saw them still in the very best of comfortable spirits.

Mr. SCARLETT.—We have done with you, Laing.

Mr. BROUGHAM.—But *my* turn is to come with you, my gentleman. What did you get for this job besides the *Shumpine*? Did you get money as well as *Shumpine*?

Yes, sure I did, and so and so.

Well, how much?

Thirty or forty pounds or thereabouts, as may be.

Or fifty pounds, as it may be, Mr. Blacksmith?

May be, for I cannot say to a few pounds. I am dull of hearing.

Was this marriage ceremony, which you have been describing, exactly what the law and church of Scotland require on such occasions, as your certificate (as you call it) asserts?

O yes, it is in the old common form.

What! Do you mean in the old common form of the church of Scotland, fellow?

There is no prayer-book required to be produced, I tell you.

Will you answer me when I ask you, what do you mean by the old ordinary form of the church of Scotland, when this transaction has nothing whatever to do with that church? Were you never a clergyman of that country?

Never.

How long are you practising this delightful art?

Upwards of forty-eight years I am doing these marriages.

How old are you?

I am now beyond seventy-five.

What do you do to get your livelihood?

I do these.

Pretty doing it is; but how did you get your livelihood, say, before these last precious forty-eight years of your life?

I was a gentleman.

What do you call a gentleman?

Being sometimes poor, sometimes rich.

Come now, say what was your occupation before you took to this trade?

I followed many occupations

Were you not an ostler?

No, I were not.

What else were you then?

Why, I was a merchant once.

That is a travelling vagrant pedlar, as I understand your term?

Yes, may be.

Were you ever any thing else in the way of calling?

Never.

Come back now to what you call the marriage. Do you pretend to say that it was done after the common old form of the church of Scotland? Is not the general way by a clergyman?

That is not the general way altogether.

Do you mean that the common ordinary way in Scotland is not to send for a clergyman, but to go a hunting after a fellow like you?

Scotland is not in the practice altogether of going after clergymen. Many does not go that way at all.

Do you mean to swear, then, that the regular common mode is not to go before a clergyman?

I do not say that, as it may be.

Answer me the question plainly, or else you shall not so easily get back to this good old work of yours in Scotland as you think?

I say as it may be, the marriages in Scotland an't always done in the churches.

I know that as well as you do, for the clergyman sometimes attends in private houses, or it is done before a justice depute; but is this the regular mode?

I say it ent no wrong mode—it is law.

Re-examined by Mr. SCARLETT.

Well, is it the irregular mode?

No, not irregular, but as it may be unregular, but its right still.

You mean your own good old unregular mode?

Yes; I have been both in the courts of Edinburgh and Dublin, and my marriages have always been held legal.

What form of words do you use?

Why, you come before me, and say—

Mr. SCARLETT.—No, I will not, for I do not want to be married; but suppose a man did who called for your services, what is he to do?

Why, it is I that do it. Surely I ask them, before two witnesses, do you take one and other for man and wife, and they say they do, and I then declare them to be man and wife for ever more, and so and so, in the Scotch way you observe.

The COURT.—Mr. Attorney, (addressing Mr. Scarlett, who is attorney-general for the county palatine,) is it by a fellow like this, that you mean to prove the custom of the law of Scotland as to valid marriage?

Here the blacksmith's examination terminated.

SPRING.

Oh, how delightful to the soul of man,
How like a renovating spirit comes,
Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant Spring!
Morning awakens in the orient sky
With purpler light, beneath a canopy
Of lovely clouds, their edges tipped with gold;
And from his palace, like a deity,
Darting his lustrous eye from pole to pole,
The glorious sun comes forth, the vernal sky
To walk rejoicing. To the bitter north
Retire wild winter's forces—cruel winds—
And griping frosts—and magazines of snow—
And deluging tempests. O'er the moisten'd fields
A tender green is spread; the bladed grass
Shoots forth exuberant; th' awakening trees,
Thawed by the delicate atmosphere, put forth
Expanding buds; while, with mellifluous throat,
The warm ebullience of internal joy,
The birds hymn forth a song of gratitude
To him who sheltered, when the storms were deep,
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.

Beside the garden path, the crocus now
Puts forth its head to woo the genial breeze,
And finds the snowdrop, hardier visitant,
Already basking in the solar ray.
Upon the brook the water-cresses float
More greenly, and the bordering reeds exalt
Higher their speary summits. Joyously,
From stone to stone, the ouzel flits along,
Startling the linnet from the hawthorn bough;
While on the elm-tree, overshadowing deep
The low-roofed cottage white, the blackbird sits
Cheerily hymning the awakened year.

Turn to the ocean—how the scene is changed!
Behold the small waves melt upon the shore
With chastened murmur! Buoyantly on high
The sea-gulls ride, weaving a sportive dance,
And turning to the sun their snowy plumes.
With shrilly pipe, from headland or from cape,
Emerge the line of plovers, o'er the sands
Fast sweeping; while to inland marsh the hern,
With undulating wing scarce visible,
Far up the azure concave journies on!
Upon the sapphire deep, its sails unfurl'd,
Tardily glides along the fisher's boat,
Its shadow moving o'er the moveless tide;
The bright wave flashes from the rower's oar,
Glittering in the sun, at measured intervals;
And, casually borne, the fisher's voice,
Floats solemnly along the watery waste;
The shepherd boy, enveloped in his plaid,
On the green bank, with blooming furze o'ertopped,
Listens, and answers with responsive note.

Eccentric Biography.

JAMES CHAMBERS.

This unfortunate being, well known by the designation of "the poor poet," was born at Soham, in Cambridgeshire, in 1748, where his father was a leather-seller, but having been unfortunate in business, and marrying a second wife, disputes and family broils arose. It was probably from this discomfort in his paternal dwelling-place, that he left home never to return. At first, and for an uncertain period, he was a maker and seller of nets and some small wares. Afterwards, he composed verses on birth-days and weddings, acrostics on names, and such like matters. Naturally mild and unassuming in his manners, he attracted the attention and sympathy of many, and by this means lived, or, rather, suffered life! That his mind was diseased there can be no doubt, for no sane being would have preferred an existence such as his. What gave the first morbid turn to his feelings is perhaps unknown. His sharp, lively, sparkling eye might have conveyed an idea that he had suffered disappointment in the *tender* passion; while, from the serious tendency of many of his compositions, it may be apprehended that religion, or false notions of religion, in his very young days, operated to increase the unhappiness that distressed his faculties. Unaided by education of any kind, he yet had attained to write, although his MSS. were scarcely intelligible to any but himself; he could spell correctly, was a very decent grammarian, and had even acquired a smattering of Latin and Greek.

From the age of sixteen to seventy years, poor Chambers travelled about the county of Suffolk, a sort of wandering bard, gaining a precarious subsistence by selling his own effusions, of which he had a number printed in cheap forms. Among the poorer people of the country, he was mostly received with a hearty welcome; they held him in great estimation as a poet, and sometimes bestowed on him a small pecuniary recompense for the ready adaptation of his poetical qualities, in the construction of verses on certain occasions suitable to their taste or wishes. Compositions of this nature were mostly suggested to him by his muse during the stillness of night, while reposing in some friendly barn or hay-loft. When so inspired, he would immediately arise and commit the effusion to paper. His memory was retentive, and, to amuse his hearers, he would repeat most of his pieces by heart.

He wandered for a considerable time in the west of Suffolk, particularly at Haverhill; and Mr. John Webb, of that place, in his poem entitled "Haverhill," thus notices him:—

An hapless outcast, on whose natal day
No star propitious beam'd a kindly ray.
By some malignant influence doom'd to roam
The world's wide dreary waste, and know no home.
Yet heav'n to cheer him as he pass'd along,
Infus'd in life's sour cup the sweets of song.
Upon his couch of straw, or bed of hay,
The poetaster tun'd the *acrostic lay*:
On him an humble muse her favours shed,
And nightly musings earn'd his daily bread.
Meek, unassuming, modest shade! forgive
This frail attempt to make thy memory live.
Minstrel, adieu!—to me thy fate's unknown;
Since last I saw you, many a year has flown.
Full oft has summer poured her fervid beams,
And winter's icy breath congeal'd the streams.
Perhaps, lorn wretch! unfriended and alone
In hovel vile, thou gav'st thy final groan!
Clos'd the blear'd eye, ordain'd no more to weep,
And sunk, unheeded sunk, in death's long sleep!

Chambers left Haverhill, never to return to it, in the year 1790. In peregrinating the country, which he did in every change of sky, through storms, and through snow, or whatever might betide, he was often supported entirely by the spontaneous benevolence of those who witnessed his wanderings. In his verses on a snow-storm, he says:—

This vile raiment hangs in tatters;
No warm garment to defend:
O'er my flesh the chill snow scatters;
No snug hut!—no social friend!

About four years before his death, while sojourning in Woodbridge, sleeping in a miserable hut on the barrack ground, and daily wandering about the town, with every visible mark of misery to distress the eye, his condition became a libel upon the feelings of the inhabitants of the place; a few gentlemen determined he should no longer wander in such a state of wretchedness, offered to clothe and cleanse him, and provide a comfortable room, bed, &c. and a person to shave him and wash for him; and they threatened, if he would not comply, to take him home to where he belonged.

His aversion to a poor-house amounted to horror: he expresses somewhat to that effect in one of his poems—

'Moogst Belial's sons of contention and strife,
To breathe out the transient remains of my life!

This dread operated in behalf of those who desired to assist him. His wretched hovel was emptied, its miserable accumulations were consigned to the flames, and he was put into a new habitation, clothed from head to foot, and so metamorphosed, that but few knew him at first sight. A bedstead and bedding, a chair, table, and necessary crockery were provided for his comfort, but the poor creature was often heard to exclaim, of the cleansing and burning, that "it was the worst day's work he ever met with." After a few short weeks he left this home, and a shilling a week allowed him by a gentleman, besides some weekly pence, donations from ladies in the town, for a life of wandering privation and, at times, of absolute want, until the closing scene of his weary pilgrimage. He breathed his last on the 4th of January, 1827, in an unoccupied farm-house belonging to Mr Thurston of Stradbroke, where he had been permitted the use of two rooms. Within a few days before, he had been as well as usual, but he suddenly became ill, and had the attention of two women, neighbours, who provided him warm gruel, and a few things his situation required. Some one had given him a warm blanket, and when he died there was food in the house, with tenpence halfpenny in money, a few scraps of poetry, and a bushel of wheat which he had gleaned in the harvest. A decent coffin and shroud were provided, and he was buried in Stradbrook churchyard.*

Chambers was literally one of the poor at all times; and hence his annals are short and simple. Disregard of personal appearance was natural to his poverty-stricken circumstances and melancholy disposition; for the wheel of his fortune was fixed by habit, as by a nail in a sure place, to constant indigence. Neglected in his youth, and without fixed employment, he brooded throughout life on his hopeless condition, without a friend of his own rank who could participate in his sorrows. He was a lonely man, and a wanderer, who had neither act nor part in the common ways of the world.

* The Ipswich Journal, January 31, 1827.

Vauxhall.

A Dramatic Sketch.

For the Table Book

Characters—Mr. Greenfat, Mrs. Greenfat, Masters Peter and Humphrey Greenfat, Misses Theodosia and Arabella Greenfat, and Mr. John Eelskin.

Seen dispersedly in various parts of the gardens.

Master Peter. Oh my! what a sweet place! Why, the lamps are thicker than the pears in our garden, at Walworth: what a load of oil they must burn!

Miss Arabella. Mamma, is that the lady mayoress, with the *ostridge* feathers, and the pink satin gown?

Mrs. Greenfat. No, my love; that's Miss Biddy Wilkins, of Gutter-lane! (*To a waiter.*) You rude fellow, you've trod on my dress, and your nasty foot has torn off one of my flounces.

Miss Theodosia. John, (*to Mr. Eelskin,*) how very pretty that hilluminated walk looks. Dear me! do you see the fountain? How vastly reviving this hot weather, isn't it?

Mr. Eelskin. Ah, my beloved Theodosia! how should I notice the beauties of the scene in your company—when your eyes are brighter than the lamps, and your voice is sweeter than the music? In vain the fiddlers fiddle, and the singers sing, I can hear nothing—listen to nothing—but my adorable Theodosia!

Master Humphrey. La, papa, what's that funny round place, with flags on the top, and ballad women and men with cocked hats inside?

Mr. Greenfat. That's the *Hawkestraw.*

Mrs. Greenfat. Hush, my dear; it's vulgar to talk loud. Dosee, my love, don't hang so on Mr. John's arm, you'll quite fatigue him. That's Miss Tunstall—Miss Tunstall's going to sing. Now, my pretty Peter, don't talk so fast.

Miss Arabella. Does that lady sing in French, mamma?

Mrs. Greenfat. No, child, it's a *senthemental* air, and they never have no meaning?

Miss Theodosia. That's the *overthure* to *Friedshots;* Eelskin, do you like it?

Mr. Eelskin. On your *piano* I should. But shall I take you out of this glare of light? Would you choose a ramble in the dark walk, and a peep at the puppet-show-cosmoramas?

Mr. Greenfat. I hates this squalling. (*Bell rings.*) What's that for?

Mr. Eelskin. That's for the *fant-toe-sheeni,* and the balancing man.

Mr. Greenfat. Well then, let's go and look at Mr. *Fant-toe-sheeni.*

Mrs. Greenfat. Oh, goodness, how I'm squeedged. Pray don't push so, sir—I'm astonished at your rudeness, mam! You've trod on my corn, and lamed me for the evening!

Mr. Greenfat. Sir, how dare you suffer your wife to tread on my wife's toes?

Master Peter. My stars, sister, he's got a *bagginette* on his nose!

Mrs. Greenfat. Mr. John, will you put little Humphy on your shoulder, and show him the *fant-oh-see-ne?*

Master Humphrey. I can see now, mamma; there's Punch and Judy, mamma! Oh, my! how well they do dance!

Mr. Greenfat. I can see this in the streets for nothing.

Mrs. Greenfat. Yes, Mr. Greenfat, but not in such good company!

Mr. Eelskin. This, my beautiful Theodosia, is the musical temple; it's very elegant—only it never plays. Them paintings on the walls were painted by Mungo Parke and Hingo Jones; the *archatechture* of this room is considered very fine!

Master Peter. Oh, I'm so hot. (*Bell rings.*)

Mr. Eelskin. That's for the *hyder-hawlics.* We'd better go into the gallery, and then the ladies won't be in the crowd.

Mr. Greenfat. Come along then; we want to go into the gallery. A shilling a-piece, indeed! I wonder at your impudence! Why, we paid three and sixpence a head at the door.

Mr. Eelskin. Admission to the gallery is *hextra.*

Mr. Greenfat. Downright robbery!—I won't pay a farthing more.

Miss Arabella. See, mamma, water and fire at once!—how droll!

Mrs. Greenfat. Pray be kind enough to take off your hat, sir; my little boy can't see a bit. Humphy, my dear, hold fast by the railing, and then you won't lose your place. Oh, Mr. John, how very close and sultry it is!

Mr. Greenfat. What outlandish hussey's that, eh, John?

Mr. Eelskin. That's the female juggler, sir.

Miss Theodosia. Are those real knives, do you think, John?

Mr. Eelskin. Oh, no doubt of it; only the edges are blunt to prevent mischief. Who's this wild-looking man? Oh, this is the male juggler: and now we shall have a duet of juggling!

Mrs. Greenfat. Can you see, Peter?—Bella, my love, can you see? Mr. John, do you take care of Dosee? Well, I *purtest* I never saw any thing half so wonderful: did you, Mr. Greenfat?

Mr. Greenfat. Never: I wonder when it will be over?

Mr. Eelskin. We'd better not go away; the ballet will begin presently, and I'm sure you'll like the dancing, Miss, for, excepting the *Westrisis*, and your own sweet self, I never saw better dancing.

Miss Theodosia. Yes, I loves dancing; and at the last Cripplegate ball, the master of the ceremonies paid me several compliments.

Miss Arabella. Why do all the dancers wear plaids, mamma?

Mrs. Greenfat. Because it's a cool dress, dear.

Mr. Greenfat. Well, if a girl of mine whisked her petticoats about in that manner, I'd have her horsewhipped.

Mr. Eelskin. Now we'll take a stroll till the concert begins again. This is the marine cave—very natural to look at, Miss, but nothing but paint and canvass, I assure you. This is the *revolving* evening war for the present; after the fire-works, it still change into his majesty, King George. Yonder's the hermit and his cat.

Master Peter. Mamma, does that old man always sit there?

Mrs. Greenfat. I'm sure I don't know, child; does he, Mr. Eelskin?

Mr. Greenfat. Nonsense—it's all gammon!

Mr. Eelskin. This way, my angel; the concert has recommenced.

Miss Theodosia. Oh, that's Charles Taylor; I likes his singing; he's such a merry fellow: do *hancore* him, John.

Mrs. Greenfat. Dosee, my dear, you're too bold; it was a very *impurent* song: I declare I'm quite ashamed of you!

Mr. Greenfat. Never mince matters; always speak your mind, girl.

Mr. Eelskin. The fire-works come next. Suppose we get nearer the Moorish tower, and look for good places, as Mr. G. dislikes paying for the gallery. Now you'll not be *afeard*; there'll not be the least danger, depend.

Mrs. Greenfat. Is there much smoke, Mr. John?—Do they fire many cannons?—I hates cannons—and smoke makes me cough. (*Bell rings.*) Run, run, my dears—Humphy, Peter, Bella, run! Mr. Greenfat, run, or we shall be too late! Eelskin and Dosee are a mile afore us! What's that *red light?* Oh, we shall all be burnt! What noise is that?—Oh, it's the bomb in the Park!—We shall all be burnt!

Mr. Greenfat. Nonsense, woman, don't frighten the children!

Miss Theodosia. Now you're sure the rockets won't fall on my new pink bonnet, nor the smoke soil my *French* white dress, nor the smell of the powder frighten me into fits?—Now you're quite sure of it, John?

Mr. Eelskin. Quite sure, my charmer: I have stood here repeatedly, and never had a hair of my head hurt. See, Blackmore is on the rope; there he goes up—up—up!—Isn't it pretty, Miss?

Miss Theodosia. Oh, delightful!—Does he never break his neck?

Mr. Eelskin. Never—it's insured! Now he descends. How they shoot the maroons at him! Don't be afeard, lovee, they sha'n't hurt you. See, Miss, how gracefully he bows to you.—Isn't it terrific?

Miss Theodosia. Is this *all*?—I thought it would last for an hour, at least. John, I'm so hungry; I hope papa means to have supper?

Master Peter. Mamma, I'm so hungry.

Master Humphrey. Papa, I'm so dry.

Miss Arabella. Mamma, I want somewhat to eat.

Mrs. Greenfat. Greenfat, my dear, we must have some refreshments.

Mr. Greenfat. Refreshments! where will you get them? All the boxes are full.—Oh, here's one. Waiter! what, the devil, call this a dish of beef?—It don't weigh three ounces! Bring half a gallon of stout, and plenty of bread. Can't we have some water for the children?

Mr. Eelskin. Shouldn't we have a little *wine*, sir?—it's more genteeler.

Mr. Greenfat. Wine, Eelskin, wine!—Bad sherry at six shillings a bottle!—Couldn't reconcile it to my conscience—We'll stick to the stout.

Mrs. Greenfat. Eat, my loves.—Some more bread for Bella.—There's a bit of fat for you, Peter.—Humphy, you shall have my crust.—Pass the stout to Dosee, Mr. John.—Don't drink it *all*, my dear!

Mr. Greenfat. Past two o'clock!—Shameful!—Waiter, bring the bill. Twelve shillings and eightpence—abominable!—Charge a shilling a pot for stout—monstrous! Well, no matter; we'll walk home. Come along.

Master Peter. Mamma, I'm so tired.

Miss Arabella. Mamma, my legs ache so.

Master Humphrey. Papa, I wish you'd carry me.

Mr. Greenfat. Come along—it will be five o'clock before we get home!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

H.

TO MY TEA-KETTLE.

For the Table Book.

1.

For many a verse inspired by tea,
(A never-failing muse to me)
My Kettle, let this tribute flow,
Thy charms to blazon,
And tell thy modest worth, although
Thy face be *brazen*.

2.

Let others boast the madd'ning bowl,
That raises but to sink the soul,
Thou art the Bacchus that alone
I wish to follow:
From thee I tipple Helicon,
My best Apollo!

3.

'Tis night—my children sleep—no noise
Is heard, except thy cheerful voice;
For when the wind would gain mine ear,
Thou sing'st the faster—
As if thou wert resolv'd to cheer
Thy lonely master.

4.

And so thou dost: those brazen lungs
Vent no deceit, like human tongues:
That honest breath was never known
To turn informer:
And for thy feelings—all must own
That none are warmer.

5.

But late, another eye and ear
Would mark thy form, thy music hear:
Alas! how soon our pleasures fly,
Returning never!
That ear is deaf—that friendly eye
Is clos'd for ever!

6.

Be thou then, now, my friend, my guide,
And humming wisdom by my side,
Teach me so patiently to bear
Hot-water troubles,
That they may end, like thine, in air,
And turn to bubbles.

7.

Let me support misfortune's fire
Unhurt; and, when I fume with ire,
Whatever friend my passion sees,
And near me lingers,
Let him still handle me with ease,
Nor burn his fingers.

8.

O! may my memory, like thy front,
When I am cold, endure the brunt
Of vitriol envy's keen assaults,
And shine the brighter,
And ev'ry rub—that makes my faults
Appear the lighter.

Sam Sam's Son.

TO MY TEA-POT.

For the Table Book.

1.

My Tea-pot! while thy lips pour forth
For me a stream of matchless worth,
I'll pour forth my rhymes for thee:
Don Juan's verse is gross, they say;
But I will pen a *grocer* lay,
Commencing—"Amo *tea*."

2.

Yes—let Anacreon's votary sip
His flowing bowl with feverish lip,
And breathe abominations;
Some day he'll be *bowl'd out* for it—
He's brewing mischief, while I sit
And brew my *Tea-pot-ations*.

3.

After fatigue, how dear to me
The maid who suits me to a T,
And makes the water bubble.
From her red hand when I receive
The evergreen, I seem to give
At T. L. no trouble.

4.

I scorn the hop, disdain the malt,
I hate solutions sweet and salt,
Injurious I vote 'em;
For tea my faithful palate yearns;
Thus—though my fancy never *turns*,
It always is *tea-totum!*

5.

Yet some assure me whilst I sip,
That thou hast stain'd thy silver lip
With sad adulterations—
Slow poison drawn from leaves of sloe,
That quickly cause the quick to go,
And join their dead relations.

6.

Aunt Malaprop now drinks noyeau
Instead of Tea, and well I know
That she prefers it greatly:
She says, "Alas! I give up Tea,
There's been so much *adultery*
Among the grocers lately!"

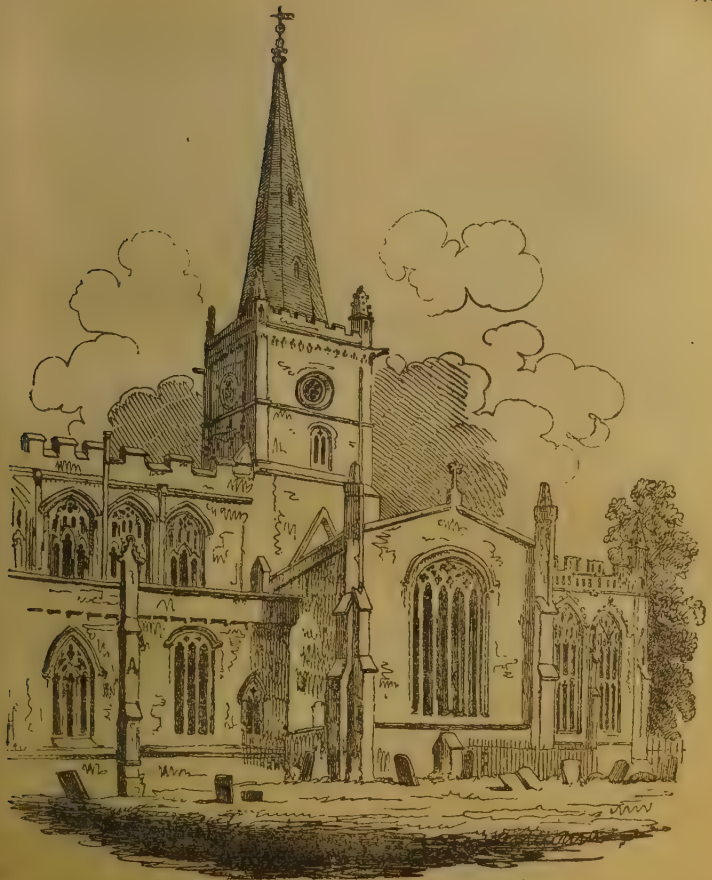
7.

She warns me of Tea-dealers' tricks—
Those double-dealing men, who mix
Unwholesome drugs with *some* Tea
'Tis bad to sip—and yet to give
Up sipping's worse, we cannot live
"Nec sine *Tea*, nec cum *Tea*."

8.

Yet still, tenacious of my Tea,
I think the grocers send it me
Quite pure. ('tis what they *call* so.)
Heedless of warnings, still I get
"Tea veniente die, et
Tea decedente," also.

Sam Sam's Son.



Stratford upon Avon Church.

From a sepia drawing, obligingly communicated by J. S. J., the reader is presented with this view of a church, "hallowed by being the sepulchral enclosure of the remains of the immortal Shakspeare." It exemplifies the two distinct styles, the early pointed and that of the fourteenth century. The tower is of the first construction; the windows of the transepts possess a preeminent and profuse display of the mullions and tracery characteristic of the latter period.*

This structure is spacious and handsome, and was formerly collegiate, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. A row of limes trained so as to form an arched avenue form an approach to the great door. A representation of a portion of this plea it entrance is in an engraving of the church in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1807

Another opportunity will occur for relating particulars respecting the venerable edifice, and the illustrious bard, whose birth and burial at Stratford upon Avon confer on the town imperishable fame.

* Mr. Carter, in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1816.

Garrick Plays.

No. XII.

[From the "Brazen Age," an Historical Play, by Thomas Heywood, 1613.]

Venus courts Adonis.

Venus. Why doth Adonis fly the Queen of Love,
And shun this ivory girdle of my arme?
To be thus scarf'd the dreadful God of War
Would give me conquer'd kingdoms. For a kiss,
But half like this, I could command the Sun
Rise 'fore his hour, to bed before his time;
And, being love-sick, change his golden beams,
And make his face pale as his sister Moon.
Look on me, Adon, with a stedfast eye,
That in these chrystal glasses I may see
My beauty that charms Gods, makes Men amazed
And stown'd with wonder. Doth this roseat pillow
Offend my Love?
With my white fingers will I clap thy cheek;
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thy ear.

Adonis. Madam, you are not modest. I affect
The unseen beauty that adorns the mind:
This looseness makes you foul in Adon's eye.
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Read blusfulness and fear; a modest fear
Would make your cheek seem much more beautiful.

Venus. ——wert thou made of stone,
I have heat to melt thee; I am Queen of Love.
There is no practive art of dalliance
Of which I am not mistress, and can use.
I have kisses that can murder unkind words,
And strangle hatred that the gall sends forth;
Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits half dead;
Words that can pour affection down thy ears.
Love me! thou can'st not chuse; thou shalt not chuse.

Adonis. Madam, you woo not well. Men covet not
These proffer'd pleasures, but love sweets denied.
These prostituted pleasures surfeit still;
Where's fear, or doubt, men sue with best good will.

Venus. Thou canst instruct the Queen of Love in love.
Thou shalt not, Adon, take me by the hand;
Yet, if thou needs will force me, take my palm.
I'll frown on him: alas! my brow's so smooth,
It will not bear a wrinkle.—Hie thee hence
Unto the chace, and leave me; but not yet:
I'll sleep this night upon Endymion's bank,
On which the Swain was courted by the Moon.
Dare not to come; thou art in our disgrace:
Yet, if thou come, I can afford thee place!

Phœbus jeers Vulcan.

Vul. Good morrow, Phœbus; what's the news abroad?—
For thou see'st all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the sight of sun.

Phœb. Sometime I cast my eye upon the sea,
To see the tumbling seal or porpoise play.
There see I merchants trading, and their sails
Big-bellied with the wind; sea fights sometimes
Rise with their smoke-thick clouds to dark my beams.
Sometimes I fix my face upon the earth,
With my warm fervour to give metals, trees,
Herbs, plants and flowers, life. Here in gardens walk
Loose Ladies with their Lovers arm in arm.
Yonder the laboring Plowman drives his team.
Further I may behold main battles pitcht;
And whom I favour most (by the wind's help)
I can assist with my transparent rays.
Here spy I cattle feeding; forests there
Stored with wild beasts; here shepherds with their lasses,
Piping beneath the trees while their flocks graze.
In cities I see trading, walking, bargaining,
Buying and selling, goodness, badness, all things—
And shine alike on all.

Vul. Thrice happy Phœbus,
That, whilst poor Vulcan is confin'd to Lemnos,
Hast every day these pleasures. What news else?

Phœb. No Emperor walks forth, but I see his state;
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold.
I see all coronations, funerals,
Marts, fairs, assemblies, pageants, sights and shows.
No hunting, but I better see the chace
Than they that rouse the game. What see I not?
There's not a window, but my beams break in;
No chink or cranny, but my rays pierce through;
And there I see, O Vulcan, wondrous things:
Things that thyself, nor any God besides,
Would give belief to.
And, shall I tell thee, Vulcan, 'tother day
What I beheld?—I saw the great God Mars—

Vul. God Mars—

Phœb. As I was peeping through a cranny, a-bed—

Vul. Abed! with whom?—some pretty Wench, I warrant.

Phœb. She was a pretty Wench.

Vul. Tell me, good Phœbus,
That, when I meet him, I may flout God Mars;
Tell me, but tell me truly, on thy life.

Phœb. Not to dissemble, Vulcan, 'twas thy Wife!

The Peers of Greece go in quest of Hercules, and find him in woman's weeds, spinning with Omphale.

Jason. Our business was to Theban Hercules.
'Twas told us, he remain'd with Omphale,
The Theban Queen.

Telamon, Speak, which is Omphale? or which Alcides?

Pollux. Lady, our purpose was to Hercules;
Shew us the man.

Omphale. Behold him here.

Atreus. Where?

Omphale. There, at his task.

Jason. Alas, *this* Hercules!
This is some base effeminate Groom, not he
That with his puissance frighted all the earth.

Hercules. Hath Jason, Nestor, Castor, Telamon,
Atreus, Pollux, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.

Jason. Woman, we know thee not:
We came to seek the Jove-born Hercules,
That in his cradle strangled Juno's snakes,
And triumph'd in the brave Olympic games.
He that the Cleonean lion slew,

Th' Erimanthian boar, the bull of Marathon.
The Lernean hydra, and the winged hart
Telamon. We would see the Theban
That Cacus slew, Busiris sacrificed,
And to his horses hurl'd stern Diomed
To be devoured.
Pollux. That freed Hesione
From the sea whale, and after ransack'd Troy,
And with his own hand slew Laomedon.
Nestor. He by whom Dercilus and Albion fell;
He that Œcalia and Betricia won.
Atreus. That monstrous Geryon with his three heads vanquisht,
With Linus, Lichas that usurpt in Thebes,
And captived there his beauteous Megara.
Pollux. That Hercules by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great Achelous, the Stymphalides,
And the Gremona giants: where is he?
Telamon. That trait'rous Nessus with a shaft transfixt,
Strangled Anthens, purged Augeus' stalls,
Won the bright apples of th' Hesperides.
Jason. He that the Amazonian baldrick won;
That Achelous with his club subdued,
And won from him the Pride of Caledon,
Fair Deianeira, that now mourns in Thebes
For absence of the noble Hercules!
Atreus. To him we came; but, since he lives not here,
Come, Lords; we will return these presents back
Unto the constant Lady, whence they came.
Hercules. Stay, Lords—
Jason. 'Mongst women?—
Hercules. For that Theban's sake,
Whom you profess to love, and came to seek,
Abide awhile; and by my love to Greece,
I'll bring before you that lost Hercules,
For whom you came to enquire.
Telamon. It works, it works—
Hercules. How have I lost myself!
Did we all this? Where is that spirit become,
That was in us? no marvel, Hercules,
That thou be'st strange to them, that thus disguised
Art to thyself unknown!—hence with this distaff,
And base effeminate chares; hence, womanish tires;
And let me once more be myself again.
Your pardon, Omphale!

I cannot take leave of this Drama without noticing a touch of the truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is wasting away by the operation of the fatal brand, administered to him by his wretched Mother.

My flame encreaseth still—Oh father Œneus;
And you Althea, whom I would call Mother,
But that my genius prompts me thou'rt unkind:
And yet farewell!

What is the boasted "Forgive me, but forgive me!" of the dying wife of Shore in Rowe, compared with these three little words?

C. L.

Topography.

ST. MARGARET'S AT CLIFF.

For the Table Book.

——— Stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—

SHAKSPEARE.

The village of St. Margaret's at Cliff is situated at a small distance from the South Foreland, and about a mile from the high road half way between Dover and Deal. It was formerly of some consequence, on account of its fair for the encouragement of traders, held in the precincts of its priory, which, on the dissolution of the monastic establishments by Henry VIII., losing its privilege, or rather its utility, (for the fair is yet held,) the village degenerated into an irregular group of poor cottages, a decent farm-house, and an academy for boys, one of the best commercial school establishments in the county of Kent. The church, though time has written strange defeatures on its mouldering walls, still bears the show of former importance; but its best claim on the inquisitive stranger is the evening toll of its single bell, which is generally supposed to be the curfew, but is of a more useful and honourable character. It was established by the testament of one of its inhabitants in the latter part of the seventeenth century, for the guidance of the wanderer from the peril of the neighbouring precipices, over which the testator fell, and died from the injuries he received. He bequeathed the rent of a piece of land for ever, to be paid to the village sexton for tolling the bell every evening at eight o'clock, when it should be dark at that hour

The cliffs in the range eastward of Dover to the Foreland are the most precipitous, but not so high as Shakspeare's. They are the resort of a small fowl of the widgeon species, but something less than the widgeon, remarkable for the size of its egg, which is larger than the swan's, and of a pale green, spotted with brown; it makes its appearance in May, and, choosing the most inaccessible part of the precipice, deposits its eggs, two in number, in holes,

how made it is difficult to prove: when the young bird is covered with a thin down, and before any feathers appear, it is taken on the back of the parent, carried to the sea, and abandoned to its own resources, which nature amply supplies means to employ, in the myriads of mackerel fry that at that season colour the surface of the deep with a beautiful pale green and silver. This aquatic wanderer is said to confine its visit to the South Foreland and the seven cliffs at Beachy-head, and is known by the name of Willy. Like the gull, it is unfit for the table, but valuable for the downy softness of its feathers.

It was in this range of Dover cliffs that Joe Parsons, who for more than forty years had exclusively gathered samphire, broke his neck in 1823. Habit had rendered the highest and most difficult parts of these awful precipices as familiar to this man as the level below. Where the overhanging rock impeded his course, a rope, fastened to a peg driven into a cliff above, served him to swing himself from one projection to another: in one of these dangerous attempts this fastening gave way, and he fell to rise no more. Joe had heard of Shakspeare, and felt the importance of a hero. It was his boast that he was a king too powerful for his neighbours, who dared not venture to disturb him in his domain; that nature alone was his lord, to whom he paid no quittance. All were free to forage on his grounds, but none ventured. Joe was twice wedded; his first rib frequently attended and looked to the security of his ropes, and would sometimes terrify him with threats to cast him loose; a promise of future kindness always ended the parley, and a thrashing on the next quarrel placed Joe again in peril. Death suddenly took Judith from this vale of tears; Parsons awoke in the night and found her brought up in an everlasting roadstead: like a true philosopher and a quiet neighbour, Joe took his second nap, and when day called out the busy world to begin its matin labour, Joe called in the nearest gossip to see that all was done that decency required for so good a wife. His last helpmate survives her hapless partner. No one has yet taken possession of his estate. The inquisitive and firm-nerved stranger casts his eyes below in vain: he that gathered samphire is himself gathered. The anchored bark, the skiff, the choughs and crows, the fearful precipice, and the stringy root, growing in unchecked abundance, bring the bard and Joe Parsons to remembrance, but no one now attempts the "dreadful trade."

K. B.

TO A SEA-WEED

PICKED UP AFTER A STORM.

Exotic!—from the soil no tiller ploughs,
Save the rude surge;—fresh stripling from a grove,
Above whose tops the wild sea-monsters rove;
—Have not the genii harbour'd in thy boughs,
Thou filmy piece of wonder!—have not those
Who still the tempest, for thy rescue strove,
And stranded thee thus fair, the might to prove
Of spirits, that the caves of ocean house?

How else, from capture of the giant-spray,
Hurt-free escapest thou, slight ocean-flower?
—As if Arachne wove, thus faultless lay
The full-develop'd forms of fairy-bower;
—Who that beholds thee thus, nor with dismay
Recalls thee struggling thro' the storm's dark hour![*]

MARRIAGE OF THE SEA.

The doge of Venice, accompanied by the senators, in the greatest pomp, marries the sea every year.

Those who judge of institutions by their appearance only, think this ceremony an indecent and extravagant vanity; they imagine that the Venetians annually solemnize this festival, because they believe themselves to be masters of the sea. But the wedding of the sea is performed with the most noble intentions.

The sea is the symbol of the republic: of which the doge is the first magistrate, but not the master; nor do the Venitians wish that he should become so. Among the barriers to his domination, they rank this custom, which reminds him that he has no more authority over the republic, which he governs with the senate, than he has over the sea, notwithstanding the marriage he is obliged to celebrate with her. The ceremony symbolizes the limits of his power, and the nature of his obligations.

OLD COIN INSCRIPTIONS.

To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, is become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire; when red hot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was practised at the Mint to discover the genuine coin when the silver was last called in.

[*] Poems and Translations from Schiller.

THE LADY AND THE TROUBADOUR.

For the Table Book.

[Emeugarde, daughter of Jacques de Tournay, Lord of Croiton, in Provence, becoming enamoured of a Troubadour, by name Enguilbert de Marnef, who was bound by a vow to repair to the Camp of the Crusaders in Palestine, besought him on the eve of his departure to suffer her to accompany him: de Marnef at first resolutely refused; but at length, overcome by her affectionate solicitations, assented, and was joined by her the same night, after her flight from her father's chastel, in the garb of a guild brother of the joyeuse science.

CHRONIQUE DE POUTAILLER.]

Enguilbert! oh Enguilbert, the sword is in thine hand,
Thou hast vowed before our Lady's shrine to seek the Sainted land:
—Thou goest to fight for glory—but what will *glory* be,
If thou lov'st me, and return'st to find a tomb and dust for *me?*

Look on me Enguilbert, for I have lost the shame
That should have stayed these tears and prayers from one of Tournay's name:
—Look on me, my own bright-eyed Love—oh wilt thou leave me—say
To droop as sunless flowers do, lacking thee—light of *my* day?

Oh say that I may wend with thee—I'll doff my woman's 'tire,
Sling my Father's sword unto my side, and o'er my back my lyre:
I'll roam with thee a Troubadour, by day—by night, thy bride—
—Speak Enguilbert—say *yes*, or see my heart break if denied.

Oh shouldst thou fall, my Enguilbert, whose lips thy wounds will close?—
Who but thine own fond Emeugarde should watch o'er thy repose?
And pierced, and cold her faithful breast must be e'er spear or sword
Should ought of harm upon thee wreak, my Troubadour—my Lord.

—Nay smile not at my words, sweet-heart—the Goss hath slender beak
But brings its quarry nobly down—I *love* tho' I am *weak*
—My Blood hath coursed thro' Charlemagne's veins, and better it should *flow*
Upon the field with Infidels', than here *congeal* with woe.

—Ah Enguilbert—my soul's adored! the tear is in thine eye;
Thou wilt not—can'st not leave me like the widowed dove to die:
—No—no—thine arm is round me—that kiss on my hot brow
Spoke thy assent, my bridegroom love,—*we are* ONE *for ever now.*

J. J. K.

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.

In 1593, it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had lost all its teeth, and that a golden tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one.

In 1595, Horstius, professor of medicine in the university of Helmstadt, wrote the history of this golden tooth. He said it was partly a natural event, and partly miraculous, and that the Almighty had sent it to this child, to console the Christians for their persecution by the Turks.

In the same year, Rullandus drew up another account of the golden tooth.

Two years afterwards, Ingosteterus, another learned man, wrote against the opinion which Rullandus had given on this tooth of gold. Rullandus immediately replied in a most elegant and erudite dissertation.

Libavius, a very learned man, compiled all that had been said relative to this tooth, and subjoined his remarks upon it.

Nothing was wanting to recommend these erudite writings to posterity, but proof that the tooth was gold—a goldsmith examined it, and found it a natural tooth artificially gilt.

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged: and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

There is a pathetic narrative, under the preceding title and motto in "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," of the present month, (April, 1827.) It is scarcely possible to abridge or extract from it, and be just to its writer. Perhaps the following specimen may induce curiosity to the perusal of the entire paper in the journal just named.

"I have been *hanged*, and am *alive*," says the narrator. "I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad-street Buildings and Batson's coffee-house, and the London-docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and, in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks—as regularly as I awoke—every morning—and carried, after a very few questions, for examination before the lord mayor. At the Mansion-house I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

"The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months, I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room, on new year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My 'fortune,' however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London grand jury found three bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th, the judge exhorted me to 'prepare for death;' for 'there was no hope that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me.'

"The whole business of my trial and sentence passed over as coolly and formally as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a criminal court before; and I could hardly believe the composure and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill-temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar; and the judge asked, in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion—nor carelessness, nor anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—'If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?' A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly-looking man—stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very 'fairly and forbearingly;' but, as soon as he read the facts from his brief, 'that only'—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me, say—'put the rope about my neck.' My master then was called to give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive. A young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment: but there was nothing to cross-examine upon—I knew that well enough—though I

was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before—'That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had any thing to say.' I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees, and beg for mercy; but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—'That I would not trouble the court with any defence.' Upon this, the judge turned round, with a more serious air still, to the jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the court—all so orderly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the court, stopped his writing when the judge began, but leaned back in his chair, with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand-glass—among them! I lost the whole of the judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to any thing, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the foreman of the jury, as he brought in the verdict—'GUILTY,'—and the last words of the judge, saying—'that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead;' and bidding me 'prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this.' The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice, telling me, to 'Come along!' Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me; and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the judge fold up his papers, and the jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—'The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!'

"I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned.—There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation.—She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

"She had been every where—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the secretary of state! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected—without money to help, or a friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—pennyless—friendless—she would have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.———

"We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression

of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension, when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as ever death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too: I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, and that a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bedstead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word.———

* * * * *

"She was got away, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her."———

The mental and bodily sufferings of the condemned man in his cell, his waking dreams, and his dead sleep till the morning of execution, though of intense interest in the narrative, are omitted here that the reader may at once accompany the criminal to the place of execution ———

"I remember beginning to move forward through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning—for the daylight never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—

'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!'

"It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living———

"I felt once more—and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform and steps at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women, staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared. I never saw so many objects at once so plainly and distinctly in all my life as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

"From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank ————"

To what accident the narrator owes his existence is of little consequence, compared with the moral to be derived from the sad story.—"The words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!"

In the narrative there is more than seems to be expressed. By all who advocate or oppose capital punishment—by every being with a human heart, and reasoning powers—it should be read complete in the pages of "Blackwood."

Blind Willie, the Newcastle Minstrel.

Lang may wor Tyneside lads sae true,
In heart byeth blithe an' mellow,
Bestow the praise that's fairly due
To this bluff, honest fellow—
And when he's hamper'd i' the dust,
Still i' wor memory springin',
The times we've run till like to brust
To hear blind Willie singin'.

NEWCASTLE SONG.

WILLIAM PURVIS, or, as he is generally styled, blind Willie, is a well-known character, and native of Newcastle, where he has resided since his infancy. He was born blind, and is the son of Margaret Purvis, who died in All Saints' workhouse, February 7, 1819, in her hundredth year.

Willie is, indeed, as the ingenious Mr. Sykes calls him in his "Local Records," a "famous musician," for he has long been celebrated for his minstrelsy throughout the northern counties, but more particularly so in Northumberland. In Newcastle, Willie is respected by all—from the rudest to the gentlest heart all love him—children seize his hand as he passes—and he is ever an equally welcome guest at the houses of the rich and the hovels of the pitmen. The hoppings of the latter are cheered by the soul-inspiring sound of his viol: nay, he is, I may truly say, a very particle of a pitman's existence, who, after a hard day's labour, considers it a pleasure of the most exquisite nature to repair to some neighbouring pot-house, there to enjoy Willie's music, and listen to the rude ballads he is

in the habit of composing and singing to the accompaniment of his own music. Poor Willie! may he live long and live happy. When he dies many a tear will fall from eyes that seldom weep, and hearts that know little of the more refined sensations of our nature will heave a sigh. Willie will die, but not his fame will die. In many of those humorous provincial songs, with which Newcastle abounds more than any other town I am acquainted with—the very airs as well as the words of which possess a kind of local nationality—"Blind Willie" is the theme. These songs are the admiration of all who know how to appreciate genuine humour; several of them have been sung for years, and I venture to prophecy, will be sung by future generations.

Among the characters who have noticed "Willie" may be mentioned the present duke of Northumberland, sir Matthew White Ridley, the late Stephen Kemble, Esq. and the admirable comedian Matthews. Sir Matthew White Ridley is a most particular favourite with "Willie," and it is no uncommon occurrence to hear Willie, as he paces along the streets of Newcastle, muttering to himself "Sir Maffa! sir Maffa! canny sir Maffa! God bless sir Maffa!"

One of Willie's greatest peculiarities is thus alluded to by Mr. Sykes:—"He has travelled the streets of Newcastle time out of mind without a covering upon his head. Several attempts have been made, by presenting him with a hat, to induce him to wear one, but after having *suffered* it for a day or two it is thrown aside, and the minstrel again becomes uncovered, preferring the exposure of his pate to the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.'" The likeness that accompanies this notice is from a large quarto engraving, published at Newcastle, and will doubtless be acceptable to numerous readers of that populous district wherein blind Willie is so popular.

FARMERS.

IN

1722.	1822.
Man to the plough;	Man tally-ho;
Wife to the cow;	Miss piano;
Girl to the sow;	Wife silk and satin;
Boy to the mow;	Boy Greek and Latin;

And your rents will be netted. And you'll all be *Gazetted*

G.*

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* *The Times.*

A REVERIE.

For the Table Book.

—— On a cool delightful evening which succeeded one of the scorching days of last summer, I sallied forth for a walk in the neighbourhood of the city of ———. Chance led me along a path usually much frequented, which was then covered thick with the accumulated dust of a long drought; it bore the impression of a thousand busy feet, of every variety of form and size; from the first steps of the infant, whose nurse had allowed it to toddle his little journey to the outstretched arms of her who was almost seated to receive him, to the hobnailed slouch of the carter, whose dangling lash and dusty jacket annoyed the well-dressed throng. But three pair of footsteps, which were so perfect that they could not long have preceded my own, more than all, attracted my attention; those on the left certainly bore the impress of the delicately formed foot of a female; the middle ones were shaped by the ample square-toed, gouty shoe of a senior; and those on the right were as certainly placed there by the Wellington boot of some dandy; they were extravagantly right and left, the heel was small and high, for the middle of the foot did not tread on earth. —My imagination was instantly at work, to tenant these "leathern conveniences;" the last-mentioned I felt so certain were inhabited by an officer of the lancers, or an hussar who had witnessed Waterloo's bloody fight, that I could almost hear the tinkle of his military spur. I pictured him young, tall, handsome, with black mustachios, dark eyes, and, as the poet says,

> "His nose was large with curved line
> Which some men call the aquiline,
> And some do say the Romans bore
> Such noses 'fore them to the war."

The strides were not so long as a tall man would make, but this I accounted for by supposing they were accommodated to the hobbling gait of the venerable gentleman in the centre, who I imagined "of the old school," and to wear one of those few self-important wigs, which remain in this our day of sandy scratches. As these powdered coverings never look well without a three cocked hat, I had e'en placed one upon it, and almost edged it with gold lace, which, however, would not do—it had rather too much of by-gone days:—to my "mind's eye" he was clothed in a snuff-coloured suit, and one of his feet, which

was not too gouty to admit of a leather shoe, had upon it a large silver buckle. My "high fancy" formed the lady a charming creature, sufficiently *en bon point*, with an exceedingly genteel figure; not such as two parallel lines would describe, but rather broad on the shoulders, gently tapering to the waist, then gradually increasing in a delicately flowing outline, such as the "statue that enchants the world" would exhibit, if animated and clothed in the present fashionable dress; her voice, of course, was delightful, and the mild expression of her face to be remembered through life—it could not be forgotten; in short, she was as Sterne says, "all that the heart wishes or the eye looks for in woman." My reverie had now arrived at its height, my canvass was full, my picture complete, and I was enjoying the last delicate touches of creative fancy, when a sudden turn in the road placed before me three persons, who, on a moment's reflection, I felt constrained to acknowledge as the authors of the footsteps which had led me into such a pleasing delusion; but—no more like the trio of my imagination, than "Hyperion to a satyr!" The dandy had red hair, the lady a red nose, and the middle man was a gouty sugar-baker; all very good sort of people, no doubt, except that they overthrew my aerial castle. I instantly retraced my steps, and was foolish enough to be sulky, nay, a very "anatomie of melancholy;" till a draught of "Burton's" liquid amber at supper made me friends with the world again——

ETA.

HIGHLAND TRADITION.

MACGREGOR.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the eldest son of Lamond, of Cowel, in Argyleshire, was hunting the red deer in Glenfine. At the same time the only son of Macgregor, of Glenstrae, the chief of that once powerful clan, was on a similar excursion in the same place, which was the boundary between the extensive territories of these two great families. Young Lamond had pierced a prime hart with an arrow; and the noble animal, galled by the shaft, which stuck in the wound, plunged into the river, and bent his course into Macgregor's country. He was followed by Lamond, who outran all his companions. It unfortunately fell out, that a hart had been wounded by the young Macgregor at the same time, among his own hills. The two deer crossed each other in their flight, and the first that fell was claimed by both the hunters. The youths, flushed by the ardour of the chase, and totally unknown to each other, hotly disputed. They were armed, as was the fashion of those days, and fought, and the young Macgregor fell. Lamond cut his way through the attendants, but was keenly pursued. Having wonderful fleetness of foot, he made his way forward; and ignorant of the country and of the people, and almost exhausted with thirst, hunger, anguish, and fatigue, rushed into the house of Macgregor of Glenstrae, on whose mercy he threw himself, telling him that he had slain a man. Macgregor received him, and had given him refreshment, when the pursuers arrived, and told the unfortunate man the woful tale—that his son had fallen—his only child—the last of his ancient race—the hope of his life—the stay of his age. The old man was at this period left surrounded by enemies crafty and powerful—he, friendless and alone. The youth was possessed of every virtue that a father's heart could wish; his destroyer was now in his hands; but he had pledged his promise for his safety, and that pledge must be redeemed. It required all the power and influence of the aged chief to restrain the fury of his people from slaying young Lamond at the moment; and even that influence, great as it was, could only protect him, on an assurance that on the next morning his life should be solemnly sacrificed for their beloved Gregor.

In the middle of the night, Macgregor led Lamond forth by the hand, and, aware of his danger, himself accompanied him to the shore of Lochfine, where he procured a boat, made Lamond enter it, and ordered the boatmen to convey him safely across the loch into his own country. "I have now performed my promise," said the old man, "and henceforth I am your enemy—beware the revenge of a father for his only son!"

Before this fatal event occurred, the persecution against the unfortunate Macgregors had commenced, and this sad accident did not contribute to diminish it. The old laird of Glenstrae struggled hard to maintain his estate and his independence, but his enemies prevailed against him. The conduct of young Lamond was grateful and noble. When he succeeded to the ample possessions of his ancestors, he beseeched old Macgregor to take refuge under his roof. There the aged chief was treated as a father, and ended his days.

HY-JINKS.

A Scotch Amusement.

This is a drunken sort of game.—The *queff*, or cup, is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and cries "Hy-jinks," and throws. The number he casts points out the person that must drink; he who threw beginning at himself number one, and so round, till the number of the person agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himself, if the number be within twelve,) then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them. He on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small sum of money as forfeit; then he throws and so on: but if he forgets to cry "Hy-jinks" he pays a forfeiture. Now, he, on whom it falls to drink, gets all the forfeited money in the bank, if he drinks, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws. If he errs in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are (1 *drink;*) 2 *draw;* 3 *fill;* 4 *cry* "Hy-jinks;" 5 *count just;* 6 *choose your double man;* viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the person whom you choose must pay double forfeit, and so must you when the dice is in his hand.

A rare project this, and no bubble I can assure you, for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an hour's time.*

S. S. S.

Clubs.

THE SILENT CLUB.

There was at Amadan a celebrated academy. Its first rule was framed in these words:—

"The members of this academy shall think much—write little—and be as mute as they can."

A candidate offered himself—he was too late—the vacancy was filled up—they knew his merit, and lamented their disappointment in lamenting his own. The president was to announce the event; he desired the candidate should be introduced.

He appeared with a simple and modest air, the sure testimony of merit. The president rose, and presented a cup of pure water to him, so full, that a single drop more would have made it overflow; to this emblematic hint he added not a word; but his countenance expressed deep affliction.

The candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete, and the assembly full; yet he maintained his courage, and began to think by what expedient, in the same *kind of language*, he could explain that a supernumerary academician would displace nothing, and make no essential difference in the rule they had prescribed.

Observing at his feet a rose, he picked it up, and laid it gently upon the surface of the water, *so* gently that not a drop of it escaped. Upon this ingenious reply, the applause was universal; the rule slept or winked in his favour. They presented immediately to him the register upon which the successful candidate was in the habit of writing his name. He wrote it accordingly; he had then only to thank them in a single phrase, but he chose to thank them without saying a word.

He figured upon the margin the number of his new associates, 100; then, having put a cipher before the figure 1, he wrote under it—"*their value will be the same*"—0100.

To this modesty the ingenious president replied with a politeness equal to his address: he put the figure 1 before the 100, and wrote, "*they will have eleven times the value they had*—1100."

CHARLESTOWN UGLY CLUB.*

For the Table Book.

By a standing law of this "ugly club," their club-room must always be the ugliest room in the ugliest house of the town. The only furniture allowed in this room is a number of chairs, contrived with the worst taste imaginable; a round table made by a back-woodsman; and a Dutch looking-glass, full of veins, which at one glance would make even a handsome man look a perfect "fright." This glass is frequently sent to such gentlemen as doubt their qualifications, and neglect or decline to take up their freedom in the club.

When an ill-favoured gentleman first arrives in the city, he is waited upon, in a civil and familiar manner, by some of the members of the club, who inform him that they would be glad of his company on the next evening of their meeting; and the

* Notes on Allan Ramsay's Elegy upon Maggy Johnston.

* See col. 263.

gentleman commonly thanks the deputation for the attention of the club, to one so unworthy as himself, and promises to consider the matter.

It sometimes happens, that several days elapse, and the "strange" gentleman thinks no more of the club. He has perhaps repeatedly looked into his own glass, and wondered what, in the name of sense, the club could have seen in his face, that should entitle him to the distinction they would confer on him.

He is, however, waited upon a second time by the most respectable members of the whole body, with a message from the president, requesting him not to be diffident of his qualifications, and earnestly desiring "that he will not fail to attend the club the very next evening—the members will feel themselves highly honoured by the presence of one whose appearance has already attracted the notice of the whole society."

"Zounds!" he says to himself on perusing the billet, "what do they mean by teasing me in this manner? I am surely not so ugly," (walking to his glass,) "as to attract the notice of the whole town on first setting my foot upon the wharf!"

"Your nose is very long," cries the spokesman of the deputation. "Noses," says the strange gentleman, "are no criterion of ugliness: it's true, the tip-end of mine would form an acute angle with a base line drawn horizontally from my under lip; but I defy the whole club to prove, that acute angles were ever reckoned ugly, from the days of Euclid down to this moment, except by themselves."

"Ah, sir," answers the messenger, "how liberal has nature been in bestowing upon you so elegant a pair of lantern jaws! believe me, sir, you will be a lasting honour to the club."

"My jaws," says the ugly man in a pet, "are such as nature made them: and Aristotle has asserted, that all her works are beautiful."

The conversation ends for the present. The deputation leaves the strange gentleman to his reflections, with wishes and hopes that he will consider further.

Another fortnight elapses, and the strange gentleman, presuming the club have forgotten him, employs the time in assuming *petit-maître* airs, and probably makes advances to young ladies of fortune and beauty. At the expiration of this period, he receives a letter from a pretended female, (contrived by the club,) to the following purport:—

"My dear sir,

"There is such a congeniality between your countenance and mine, that I cannot help thinking you and I were destined for each other. I am unmarried, and have a considerable fortune in pine-barren land, which, with myself, I wish to bestow upon some deserving man; and from seeing you pass several times by my window, I know of no one better entitled to both than yourself. I am now almost two years beyond my grand climacteric, and am four feet four inches in height, rather less in circumference, a little dropsical, have lovely red hair and a fair complexion, and, if the doctor do not deceive me, I may hold out twenty years longer. My nose is, like yours, rather longer than common; but then to compensate, I am universally allowed to have charming eyes. They somewhat incline to each other, but the sun himself looks obliquely in winter, and cheers the earth with his glances. Wait upon me, dear sir, tomorrow evening.

"Yours till death, &c.

"M. M."

"What does all this mean?" cries the ugly gentleman, "was ever man tormented in this manner! Ugly clubs, ugly women! imps and fiends, all in combination to persecute me, and make my life miserable! I am to be ugly, it seems, whether I will or not."

At this critical juncture, the president of the club, who is the very pink of ugliness itself, waits upon the strange gentleman, and takes him by the hand. "My dear sir," says he, "you may as well walk with me to the club as not. Nature has designed you for us, and us for you. We are a set of men who have resolution enough to dare to be ugly; and have long let the world know, that we can pass the evening, and eat and drink together with as much social glee and real good humour as the handsomest of them. Look into this Dutch glass, sir, and be convinced that we cannot do without you."

"If it must be so, it must," cries the ugly gentleman, "there seems to be no alternative; I will even do as you say!"

It appears from a paper in "The American Museum" of 1790, that by this mode the "ugly club" of Charleston has increased, is increasing, and cannot be diminished According to the last accounts, "strange" gentlemen who do not comply with invitations to join the club in person are elected "honorary" members, and their names enrolled *nolens volens*.

P. N.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Imperial.

Take two gallons of water, two ounces of ginger bruised, and two lemons; boil them together; when lukewarm, pour the whole on a pound and a half of loaf sugar, and two ounces of cream of tartar; add four table spoonfuls of yeast, and let them work together for six hours; then strain the liquor, and bottle it off in small stone bottles: it will be ready for use in a few hours.

Sherbet.

Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons, grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it till it be almost cold, then put it in a vessel for use.

Lemon Water.

Put two slices of lemon, thinly pared, into a tea-pot, with a little bit of the peel, and a bit of sugar, or a large spoonful of capillaire, pour in a pint of boiling water, and stop it close for two hours.

Ginger Beer.

To four gallons of water, put three pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of ginger, one ounce and a half of hops, and about half a pound of fern-root cut small; boil these together till there be about three gallons. To colour it, burn a little sugar and put it in the liquor. Pour it into a vessel when cold, add two table-spoonfuls of barm, and then proceed as with common beer.

CABBAGE, AND TAILORS.

The Roman name Brassica came, as is supposed, from "præséco," because it was cut off from the stalk: it was also called Caulis in Latin, on account of the goodness of its stalks, and from which the English name Cole, Colwort, or Colewort, is derived. The word cabbage, by which all the varieties of this plant are now improperly called, means the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over each other: from that circumstance we say the cole has cabbaged.—From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the private houses of their customers, where they were often accused of cabbaging: which means the rolling up pieces of cloth instead of the list and shreds, which they claim as their due.*

* Phillips's Hist. of Cultivated Vegetables.

APRIL.

From the French of Remy Belleau.

April! sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befall:
April! fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt
Nursing their tender infancy—

April! that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
Around thee strew,
When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers depaint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er—

April! at whose glad coming zephyrs rise
With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wings brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their aery mesh,
To tangle Flora on her way—

April! it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,
So richly blest,
That earth or heaven can ask no more—

April! thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shining hair
With them hath blent a golden glow—

April! the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine:
And thine the breath, that, from the skies,
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine—

'Tis thou that dost with summons blythe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows, that along the air
Send swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April! the hawthorn and the eglantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streak'd pink, and lily-cup and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April! it is when thou dost come again.
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fires to wake,
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flow'ry wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilizing dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem
And like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him, but my voice shall be,
Sweet month for thee;
Thou that to her do'st owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came.

ETYMOLOGY.

The following are significations of a few common terms:—

Steward literally means the keeper of the place; it is compounded of the two old words, *stede* and *ward:* by the omission of the first *d* and *e* the word steward is formed.

Marshal means one who has the care of horses: in the old Teutonic, *mare* was synonymous with horse, being applied to the kind; *scale* signified a servant.

Mayor is derived from the Teutonic *Meyer*, a lover of might.

Sheriff is compounded of the old words *shyre* and *reve*—an officer of the county, one who hath the overlooking of the shire.

Yeoman is the Teutonic word *gemen*, corrupted in the spelling, and means a commoner.

Groom signifies one who serves in an inferior station. The name of bridegroom was formerly given to the new-married man, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding day.

All our words of necessity are derived from the German; our words of luxury and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, and articles of food, are the same in German as in English; the fashions of dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornament, are taken from the French; and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox, calf, sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table they change their names, and are called *beef, veal, mutton*, after the French.*

ORGANS.

For the Table Book.

A few particulars relative to organs, in addition to those at col. 260, may be interesting to musical readers.

The instrument is of so great antiquity, that neither the time nor place of invention, nor the name of the inventor, is identified; but that they were used by the Greeks, and from them borrowed by the Latins, is generally allowed. St. Jerome describes one that could be heard a mile off; and says, that there was an organ at Jerusalem, which could be heard at the Mount of Olives.

Organs are affirmed to have been first introduced into France in the reign of Louis I., A. D. 815, and the construction and use of them taught by an Italian priest, who learned the art at Constantinople. By some, however, the introduction of them into that country is carried as far back as Charlemagne, and by others still further.

The earliest mention of an organ, in the northern histories, is in the annals of the year 757, when the emperor Constantine, surnamed Copronymus, sent to Pepin of France, among other rich presents, a "musical machine," which the French writers describe to have been composed of "pipes and large tubes of tin," and to have imitated sometimes the "roaring of thunder," and, at others, the "warbling of a flute."

Bellarmine alleges, that organs were first used in churches about 660. According to Bingham, they were not used till after the time of Thomas Aquinas, about A. D. 1250. Gervas, the monk of Canterbury, who flourished about 1200, says, they were in use about a hundred years before his time. If his authority be good, it would countenance a general opinion, that organs were common in the churches of Italy, Germany, and England, about the tenth century.

March, 1827. P.

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* Dutens.

PERPLEXING MARRIAGES.

At Gwennap, in Cornwall, in March 1823, Miss Sophia Bawden was married to Mr. R. Bawden, both of St. Day. By this marriage, the father became brother-in-law to his son; the mother, mother-in-law to her sister; the mother-in-law of the son, his sister-in-law; the sister of the mother-in-law, her daughter-in-law; the sister of the daughter-in-law, her mother-in-law; the son of the father, brother-in-law to his mother-in-law, and uncle to his brothers and sisters; the wife of the son, sister-in-law to her father-in-law, and aunt-in-law to her husband; and the offspring of the son and his wife would be grandchildren to their uncle and aunt, and cousins to their father.

In an account of Kent, it is related that one Hawood had two daughters by his first wife, of which the eldest was married to John Cashick the son, and the youngest to John Cashick the father. This Cashick the father had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hawood married, and by her had a son: with the exception of the former wife of old Cashick, all these persons were living at Faversham in February, 1650, and his second wife could say as follows:—

My father is my son, and | My sister is my daughter,
I'm mother's mother; | I'm grandmother to my brother.

STEPS RE-TRACED.

Catherine de Medicis made a vow, that if some concerns which she had undertaken terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim on foot to Jerusalem, and that at every three steps he advanced, he should go one step back.

It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong and patient to walk, and go back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie, who was a merchant, offered to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupulously, and her majesty promised him an adequate recompense. The queen was well assured by constant inquiries that he fulfilled his engagement with exactness, and on his return, he received a considerable sum of money, and was ennobled. His coat of arms were a cross and a branch of palm-tree. His descendants preserved the arms; but they degenerated from their nobility, by resuming the commerce which their ancestor quitted.*

* Nouv. Hist. de Duch. de Valois.

Street Circulars.

No. I.

For the Table Book.

WHISTLING JOE.

He whistles as he goes for want of *bread.**

Old books declare,—in Plutus' shade,
Whistling was once a roaring trade,—
Great was the call for nerve and gristle;
That Charon, with his Styx in view,
Pierced old Phlegethon through and through,
And whist-led in the ferry-whistle—

That Polyphemus whistled when
He p-layed the pipe-r in a pen,
And sought Ulysses' bark to launch;
That Troy, King Priam had not lost,
But for the whistlers that were horsed†
Within the horse's wooden paunch.

Jupiter was a whist-ling wight,
And Juno heard him with delight;
And Boreas was a reedy swain,
Awak'ning Venus from the sea:
But of the Moderns?—Joe is he
That whistles in the streets for gain.

You wonder as you hear the tone
Sound like a herald in a zone
Distinctly clear, minutely sweet;
You list and Joe is dancing, now
You laugh, and Joe returns a bow
Returning in the crooked street.

He scrapes a stick across his arm
And knocks his knees, in need, to charm;‡
Instead of tabor and a fiddle,
Et omne solis,—on his sole!
He, *solus omnis*, like a pole
Supports his body in the middle.

Thus, of the sprites that creep, or beg,
With wither'd arm, or wooden leg,
Uncatalogued in Bridewell's missal;
Joe is the fittest for relief,
He whistles gladness in his grief,§
And *hardly* earns it for his *whistle*.

J. R. P.

* Vide Dryden's Cymon,
"He whistled as he went for want of *thought*."

† This word rhymes with *lost*, to oblige the cockneys.

‡ Like the punning clown in the stocks, that whistled *Over the wood laddie!*
"Whistle! and I will come to thee, my love."

Maundy Thursday.

THE THURSDAY BEFORE GOOD FRIDAY.

There are ample particulars of the present usages on this day at the chapel royal, St. James's, in the *Every-Day Book*, with accounts of celebrations in other countries; to these may be added the ceremonies at the court of Vienna, recently related by Dr. Bright:—

"On the Thursday of this week, which was the 24th of March, a singular religious ceremony was celebrated by the court. It is known in German catholic countries by the name of the *Fusswaschung*, or the 'washing of the feet.' The large saloon, in which public court entertainments are given, was fitted up for the purpose; elevated benches and galleries were constructed round the room for the reception of the court and strangers; and in the area, upon two platforms, tables were spread, at one of which sat twelve men, and at the other twelve women. They had been selected from the oldest and most deserving paupers, and were suitably clothed in black, with handkerchiefs and square collars of white muslin, and girdles round their waists.

"The emperor and empress, with the archdukes and archduchesses, Leopoldine and Clementine, and their suites, having all previously attended mass in the royal chapel, entered and approached the table to the sound of solemn music. The Hungarian guard followed, in their most splendid uniform, with their leopard-skin jackets falling from their shoulders, and bearing trays of different meats, which the emperor, empress, archdukes, and attendants, placed on the table, in three successive courses, before the poor men and women, who tasted a little, drank each a glass of wine, and answered a few questions put to them by their sovereigns. The tables were then removed, and the empress and her daughters the archduchesses, dressed in black, with pages bearing their trains, approached. Silver bowls were placed beneath the bare feet of the aged women. The grand chamberlain, in a humble posture, poured water upon the feet of each in succession, from a golden urn, and the empress wiped them with a fine napkin she held in her hand. The emperor performed the same ceremony on the feet of the men, and the rite concluded amidst the sounds of sacred music."

Good Friday—Easter.

"VISITING THE CHURCHES" IN FRANCE.

On *Good Friday* the churches are all dressed up; canopies are placed over the altars, and the altars themselves are decorated with flowers and other ornaments, and illuminated with a vast number of wax candles. In the evening every body of every rank and description goes a round of visits to them. The devout kneel down and repeat a prayer to themselves in each; but the majority only go to see and be seen—to admire or to criticise the decorations of the churches and of each other—to settle which are arranged with the most taste, which are the most superb. This may be called the *feast of caps*, for there is scarcely a lady who has not a new *cap* for the occasion.

Easter Sunday, on the contrary, is the *feast of hats*; for it is no less general for the ladies on that day to appear in new *hats*. In the time of the convents, the decoration of their churches for Passion-week was an object in which the nuns occupied themselves with the greatest eagerness. No girl dressing for her first ball ever bestowed more pains in placing her ornaments to the best advantage than they bestowed in decorating their altars. Some of the churches which we visited looked very well, and very showy: but the weather was warm; and as this was the first revival of the ceremony since the revolution, the crowd was so great that they were insupportably hot.

A number of Egyptians, who had accompanied the French army on its evacuation of Egypt, and were settled at Marseilles, were the most eager spectators, as indeed I had observed them to be on *all* occasions of any particular religious ceremonies being performed. I never saw a more ugly or dirty-looking set of people than they were in general, women as well as men, but they seemed fond of dress and ornament. They had swarthy, dirty-looking complexions, and dark hair; but were not by any means to be considered as people of colour. Their hair, though dark, had no affinity with that of the negroes; for it was lank and greasy, not with any disposition to be woolly. Most of the women had accompanied French officers as *chères amies:* the Egyptian ladies were indeed said to have had in general a great taste for the French officers.*

* Miss Plumptre.

PHLEBOTOMY.

Bleeding was much in fashion in the middle ages. In the fifteenth century, it was the subject of a poem; and Robert Boutevylleyn, a founder, claimed in the abbey of Pipewell four bleedings *per annum*. Among the monks this operation was termed "minution."

In some abbeys was a bleeding-house, called "Fleboto-maria." There were certain festivals when this bleeding was not allowed. The monks desired often to be bled, on account of eating meat.

In the order of S. Victor, the brethren were bled five times a year; in September, before Advent, before Lent, after Easter, and at Pentecost, which bleeding lasted three days. After the third day they came to Mattins, and were in the convent; on the fourth day, they received absolution in the chapter. In another rule, one choir was bled at the same time, in silence and psalmody, sitting in order in a cell.*

OLD CEREMONIES, &c.

ORDER OF THE MAUNDAY, MADE AT GREENWICH ON THE 19TH OF MARCH, 1572; 14 ELIZ From No. 6183 Add. MSS. in the British Museum.

Extracted by W. H. DEWHURST

For the Table Book.

FIRST.—The hall was prepared with a long table on each side, and formes set by them; on the edges of which tables, and under those formes, were lay'd carpets and cushions, for her majestie to kneel when she should wash them. There was also another table set across the upper end of the hall, somewhat above the foot pace, for the chappelan to stand at. A little beneath the midst whereof, and beneath the said foot pace, a stoole and cushion of estate was pitched for her majestie to kneel at during the service time. This done, the holy water, basons, alms, and other things, being brought into the hall, and the chappelan and poore folkes having taken the said places, the laundresse, armed with a faire towell, and taking a silver bason filled with warm water and sweet flowers, washed their feet all after one another, and wiped the same with his towell, and soe making a crosse a little above the toes kissed them. After hym within a little while followed the subalmoner, doing likewise, and after hym the almoner hymself also. Then lastly, her majestie came into the hall, and after some singing and prayers made, and the gospel of Christ's washing of his disciples' feet read, 39 ladyes and gentlewomen (for soe many were the poore folkes, according to the number of the yeares complete of her majestie's age,) addressed themselves with aprons and towels to waite upon her majestie, and she kneeling down upon the cushions and carpets, under the feete of the poore women, first washed one foote of every one of them in soe many several basons of warm water and sweete flowers, brought to her severally by the said ladies and gentlewomen, then wiped, crossed, and kissed them, as the almoner and others had done before. When her majestie had thus gone through the whole number of 39, (of which 20 sat on the one side of the hall, and 19 on the other,) she resorted to the first again, and gave to each one certain yardes of broad clothe, to make a gowne, so passing to them all. Thirdly, she began at the first, and gave to each of them a pair of shoes. Fourthly, to each of them a wooden platter, wherein was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings, and cheat lofes of bread.* Fifthly, she began with the first again, and gave to each of them a white wooden dish with claret wine. Sixthly, she received of each waiting lady and gentlewoman their towel and apron, and gave to each poore woman one of the same; and after this the ladies and gentlewomen waited noe longer, nor served as they had done throwe out the courses before. But then the treasurer of the chamber (Mr. Hennage) came to her majestie with 39 small white purses, wherein were also 39 pence, (as they saye,) after the number of yeares to her majesties said age, and of him she received and distributed them severally. Which done, she received of him soe manye leather purses alsoe, each containing 20 sh. for the redemption of her majestie's gown, which (as men saye) by ancient ordre she ought to give some of them at her pleasure; but she, to avoide the trouble of suite, which accustomablie was made for that preferment, had changed that rewarde into money, to be equally divided amongst them all, namely, 20 sh. a peice, and she alsoe delivered particularly to the whole companye. And so taking her ease upon the cushion of estate, and hearing the quire a little while, her majestie withdrew herself, and the company departed: for it was by that time the sun was setting.

W. L(AMBERT.)

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

* Manchet, or cheat-bread.

Taken by W. H. Dewhurst from the same MS.

Extracts *from the churchwarden's accompts of the parish* of St. Helen, in Abingdon, Berkshire, *from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of Q. Elizabeth,* now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. George Benson. With some Observations on them, by the late professor J. Ward.

	s.	d.
Ann. MDLV. or 1 & 2 *of Phil. and Mary.*		
Payde for makeinge the *roode,* and peyntinge the same	5	4
for makeinge the herse lights, and paschall tapers	11	1
for makeinge the roode lyghtes	10	6
for a legend	5	0
for a hollie water pott	6	0
Ann. MDLVI. or 2 & 3 *of P. and M.*		
Payde for a boke of the *articles*	0	2
for a *shippe of frankencense*	0	20
for new wax, and makeinge the herse lights	5	8
for the font taper, and the paskall taper	6	7
Receyved for the holye loof lyghts	33	4
for the rode lyghtes at Christmas	23	2 ob.
at the buryall and *monethes mynd* of George Chynche	0	22
for 12 tapers, at the *yeres mynd* of Maister John Hide	0	21
at the buriall and *monethes mynd* of the good wiff Braunche	12	4
Ann. MDLVII. or 3 & 4 *of P. and M.*		
Receyved of the parishe of the rode lyghts at Christmas	21	9
of the clarke for the holye loft	36	8
at the buryall of Rich. Ballerd for 4 tapers	0	6
• • • • •		
Payde for peynting the *roode* of Marie and John, the patron of the churche	6	8
to fasten the tabernacle where the patron of the church now standeth	0	8
for the roode Marie and John, with the patron of the churche	18	0
for makeing the *herse lyghts*	3	8
for the roode Marie and John, and the patron of the churche	7	0
to the sextin, for watching the sepulter two nyghts	0	8
to the suffrigan for hallowing the churche yard, and other implements of the church	30	0
for the waste of the pascall and for holye yoyle	5	10
Ann. MDLVIII. MDLIX. or 4 & 5 *of P. & M. and* 1 & 2 *of Eliz.*		
Receyved for *roode lyghts* at Xmas, 1558.	18	6
for roode lyghts at Xmas, 1559	18	3 ob.
at Ester, for the pascall lyghte, 1558	34	0
for waxe to *thense* the church on Ester daye	0	20
at Ester, for the pascall lyghte, 1559	35	0
for the holie loff, 1558	34	0
for the holie loff, 1559	34	8
• • • • •		
Payde to the bellman for meafe, drinke, and cooles, watching the sepulture	0	19
for the *communion boke*	5	0
for *takeing down the altere*	0	20
for 4 song bokes and a sawter	6	8
Ann. MDLX. or 3 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for tymber and makeing the communion table	6	0
for a carpet for do.	2	8

	s.	d.
Payde for mending and paving the place where the aultere stoode	2	8
for too dossin of *morres belles*	1	0
for fower new saulter bookes	8	0
for gathering the herse lyghtes	4	0
Ann. MDLXI. or 4 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for 4 pownde of candilles upon Cristmas daye in the morning for the *masse*	0	12
for a table of the commandementes and cealender, or rewle to find out the lessons and spallmes, and for the frame	2	0
to the somner for bringing the order for the roode lofte	0	8
to the carpenter for *takeing down the roode lofte,* and stopping the holes in the wall, where the joisces stoode	15	8
to the peynter for wrigting the scripture, where roode lofte stoode and overthwarte the same isle	3	4
to the clarkes for mayntayning and repeyring the song bokes in the quyre	4	0
Ann. MDLXII. or 5 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for a *bybill* for the church	10	0
Ann. MDLXIII. or 6 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for a boke of Wendsdayes fasting, which contayns omellies	0	6
Ann. MDLXIV. or 7 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for a communion boke	4	0
for reparations of the cross in the market place	5	2
Ann. MDLXV. or 8 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for too *bokes of common prayer agaynste invading of the Turke*	0	6
for a repetition of the *communion boke*	4	0
Ann. MDLXVI. or 9 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for setting up *Robin Hoode's bowere*	0	18
Ann. MDLXXIII. or 16 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for a quire of paper to make four bokes of *Geneva salmes*	0	4
for 2 bockes of common prayer new sett forth	0	4
Ann. MDLXXIV. or 17 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for candilles for the church at Cristmas	0	15
Ann. MDLXXVI. MDLXXVII. or 19 & 20 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for a new byble	40	0
for a booke of common prayer	7	0
for wrytyng the commandements in the quyre, and peynting the same.	19	0
Ann. MDLXXVIII. or 21 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for a *booke of the articles*	0	10
Ann. MDXCI. or 34 *of Eliz.*		
Payde for an *houre glasse for the pulpitt.*	0	4

Observations, &c. on the preceding Charges.

The churchwarden's accounts of a particular parish* may in themselves be thought, justly, as a matter of no great consequence, and not worthy of much regard. But these seem to deserve some consideration, as they relate to a very remarkable period in our history, and prove by facts the great alterations that were made in religious affairs under the reigns of queen Mary and queen Elizabeth, together with the time and manner of putting them into execution; and may therefore serve both to confirm and illustrate several things related by our ecclesiastical historians.

1. We find mention made in these extracts of the *rood* and *rood loft*. By the former of which was meant either a crucifix, or the image of some saint erected in popish churches. And here that name is given to the images of saint Mary and saint John, and to saint Helen, the patroness of the church. These images were set in shrines, or tabernacles, and the place where they stood was called the rood loft, which was commonly over or near the passage out of the body of the church into the chancel. In 1548, the first of king Edward VI., all images and their shrines were ordered to be taken down, as bishop Burnett informs us. But they were restored again on the accession of queen Mary, as we find here, by the first article.

2. The *ship for frankincense*, mentioned in the year 1556, was a small vessel in the form of a ship or boat, in which the Roman catholics burn frankincense to perfume their churches and images.

3. The *boke of articles*, purchased in 1556, seems to be that which was printed and sent over the kingdom by order of queen Mary, at the end of the year 1554, containing instructions to the bishops for visiting the clergy.

4. We find frequent mention made of lights and other expenses at a *funeral*, the *months mind*, the *years* and *two years mind*, and the *obit* of deceased persons, which were masses performed at those seasons for the rest of their souls; the word *mind*, meaning the same as *memorial* or *remembrance*. And so it is used in a sermon yet extant of bishop Fisher, entitled *A morn-ynge remembrance had at the monteth minde of the most noble prynces Margarete, countesse of Richmonde and Darbye*, &c. As to the term *obits*, services of that kind seem to have been annually performed. The office of the mass for each of these solemnities may be seen in the *Roman Missal*, under the title of *Missal pro defunctis*. And it appears by the different sums here charged, that the expenses were suited to persons of all ranks, that none might be deprived of the benefit which was supposed to accrue from them.

5. It was customary in popish countries on Good Friday to erect a small building, to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. In this they put the host, and set a person to watch both that night and the next. On the following morning very early, the host being taken out, Christ is risen. This was done here in 1557 and two following years, the last of which was in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Du Fresne has given us a particular account of this ceremony as performed at Rouen in France, where three persons in female habits used to go to the sepulchre, in which two others were placed to represent angels, who told them Christ was risen. (*Latin Glossary*, under the words *Sepulchro officinum*.) The building mentioned must have been very slight, since the whole expense amounted to no more than seventeen shillings and sixpence.

6. In the article of *wax to thense the church*, under the year 1558, the word *thense* is, I presume, a mistake for cense, as they might use wax with the frankincense in censing or perfuming the church.

7. In 1559 the *altar* was taken down, and in 1560 the communion table was put in its place, by order of queen Elizabeth.

8. Masses for the dead continued to this time, but here, instead of a *moneths mynde*, the expression is *a months monument*. But as that office was performed at the altar, and this being taken down that year, the other could not be performed. And yet we have the word *mass* applied to the service performed on Christmas-day the year following.

9. The *morrice bells*, mentioned under the year 1560 as purchased by the parish, were used in their morrice dances, a diversion then practised at their festivals; in which the populace might be indulged from a political view, to keep them in good humour.

10. In 1561 the *rood loft* was taken down, and in order to obliterate its remembrance, (as had been done before in the reign of king Edward VI.,) some passages out of the Bible were painted in the place where it stood, which could give but little offence, since the images had been removed

* Fuller's Hist. of Waltham Abbey, p. 13. T. Lewis's Hist. of the English Translation of the Bible, p. 199.

the preceding year by the queen's injunction, on the representation of the bishops.

11. In 1562 a *Bible* is said to have been bought for the church, which cost ten shillings. This, I suppose, was the *Geneva* Bible, in 4to., both on account of its low price, and because that edition, having the division of verses, was best suited for public use. It was an English translation, which had been revised and corrected by the English exiles at Geneva, in queen Mary's reign, and printed there in 1560, with a dedication to queen Elizabeth. In the year 1576 we find another *Bible* was bought, which was called the *New* Bible, and is said to have cost forty shillings; which must have been the large folio, usually called archbishop *Parker's* Bible, printed at London, in 1568, by Richard Jugge, the queen's printer. They had *prayer-books, psalters,* and *song-books,* for the churches in the beginning of this reign, as the whole Bible was not easily to be procured.

12. In 1565 there is a charge of sixpence for *two common prayer-books against invading the Turke.* It was then thought the common cause of the Christian states in Europe to oppose the progress of the Turkish arms by all methods, both civil and religious. And this year the Turks made a descent upon the Isle of Malta, where they besieged the town and castle of St. Michael four months, when, on the approach of the Christian fleet, they broke up the siege, and suffered considerable loss in their flight. (Thuanus, lib. 38.) And as the war was afterwards carried on between them and the emperor Maximillian in Hungary, the like prayer-books were annually purchased for the parish till the year 1569 inclusive.*

13. In 1566 there is an article of eightpenpence for *setting up Robin Hoode's bowere.* This, I imagine, might be an arbour or booth, erected by the parish, at some festival. Though for what purpose it received that name I know not, unless it was designed for archers.

14. In 1573 charge is made of paper for *four bookes of Geneva psalms.* It is well known, that the vocal music in parochial churches received a great alteration under the reign of queen Elizabeth, being changed from *antiphonyes* into metrical psalmody, which is here called the *Geneva* psalms.

15. In the year 1578 tenpence were paid for a book of the articles. These articles were agreed to and subscribed for by both houses of convocation in 1562, and printed the year following. But in 1571, being again revised and ratified by act of parliament, they seem to have been placed in churches.

16. The last article in these extracts is fourpence for *an houre glass for the pulpit.* How early the custom was of using hour glasses in the pulpit, I cannot say; but this is the first instance of it I ever met with.

It is not to be thought that the same regulations were all made within the same time in all other places. That depended with the several bishops of their dioceses, and according to their zeal for the Reformation. Abingdon lies in the diocese of Salisbury, and, as bishop Jewel, who was first nominated to that see by queen Elizabeth, and continued in it till the year 1571, was so great a defender of the reformed religion, it is not to be doubted but every thing was there carried on with as much expedition as was judged consistent with prudence.

* Pref ad Camdeni "Eliz." p. xxix. l. i. g.

Garrick Plays.

No. XIII.

[From the "Battle of Alcazar, a Tragedy, 1594.]

Muly Mahamet, driven from his throne into a desart, robs the Lioness to feed his fainting Wife Calipolis.

Muly. Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no mor
This flesh I forced from a Lioness;
Meat of a Princess, for a Princess' meat.
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pined not in melancholy or childish fear;
But, as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she, redoubling her former force,
Ranged through the woods, and rent the breedin vaults
Of proudest savages, to save herself.
Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;
For, rather than fierce famine shall prevail
To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering Lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcases
As bulwarks in her way to keep her back.
I will provide thee of a princely Ospray,
That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
And thou shalt take the liberal choice of all.
Jove's stately Bird with wide commanding wing
Shall hover still about thy princely head,

And eat down fowls by shoals into thy lap.
Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.*

[From the "Seven Champions of Christendom," by John Kirk, acted 1638.]

Calib, the Witch, in the opening Scene, in a Storm.

Calib. Ha! louder a little; so, that burst was well.
Again; ha, ha! house, house your heads, ye fear-
-struck mortal fools, when Calib's consort plays
A hunts-up to her. How rarely doth it languell
In mine ears! these are mine organs; the toad,
The bat, the raven, and the fell whistling bird,
Are all my anthem-singing quiristers.
Such sapless roots, and liveless wither'd woods,
Are pleasanter to me than to behold
The jocund month of May, in whose green head of youth
The amorous Flora strews her various flowers,
And smiles to see how brave she has deckt her girl.
But pass we May, as game for fangled fools,
That dare not set a foot in Art's dark, sec-
-ret, and bewitching path, as Calib has.
Here is my mansion
Within the rugged bowels of this cave,
This crag, this cliff, this den; which to behold
Would freeze to ice the hissing trammels of Medusa.
Yet here enthroned I sit, more richer in my spells
And potent charms, than is the stately Mountain Queen,
Drest with the beauty of her sparkling gems,
To vie a lustre 'gainst the heavenly lamps.
But we are sunk in these antipodes; so choakt
With darkness is great Calib's cave, that it
Can stifle day. It can?—it shall—for we do loath the
light;
And, as our deeds are black, we hug the night.
But where's this Boy, my GEORGE, my Love, my Life,
Whom Calib lately dotes on more than life?
I must not have him wander from my love
Farther than summons of my eye, or beck,
Can call him back again. But 'tis my fiend-
-begotten and deform'd Issue†, misleads him:
For which I'll rock him in a storm of hail,
And dash him 'gainst the pavement on the rocky den;
He must not lead my Joy astray from me.
The parents of that Boy, begetting him,
Begot and bore the issue of their deaths;
Which donet, the Child I stole,
Thinking alone to triumph in his death,
And bathe my body in his popular gore;
But dove-like Nature favour'd so the Child,
That Calib's killing knife fell from her hand;
And, 'stead of stabs, I kiss'd the red-lipt Boy.

[From "Two Tragedies in One," by Robert Yarrington, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth.]

Truth, the Chorus, to the Spectators.

All you, the sad Spectators of this Act,
Whose hearts do taste a feeling pensiveness
Of this unheard-of savage massacre:
Oh be far off to harbour such a thought,
As this audacious murderer put in act!
I see your sorrows flow up to the brim,
And overflow your cheeks with brinish tears:
But though this sight bring surfeit to the eye,
Delight your ears with pleasing harmony,
That ears may countercheck your eyes, and say,
"Why shed you tears? this deed is but a *Play*."*

Murderer to his Sister, about to stow away the trunk of the body, having severed it from the limbs.

Hark, Rachel! I will cross the water strait,
And fling this middle mention of a Man
Into some ditch.

It is curious, that this old Play comprises the distinct action of two Atrocities; the one a vulgar murder, committed in our own Thames Street, with the names and incidents truly and historically set down; the other a Murder in high life, supposed to be acting at the same time in Italy, the scenes alternating between that country and England: the Story of the latter is *mutatis mutandis* no other than that of our own "Babes in the Wood," transferred to Italy, from delicacy no doubt to some of the family of the rich Wicked Uncle, who might yet be living. The treatment of the two differs as the romance-like narratives in "God's Revenge against Murder," in which the Actors of the Murders (with the trifling exception that they *were Murderers*) are represented as most accomplished and every way amiable young Gentlefolks of either sex—as much as *that* differs from the honest unglossing pages of the homely Newgate Ordinary.

C. L.

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* This address, for its barbaric splendor of conception, extravagant vein of promise, not to mention some idiomatic peculiarities, and the very structure of the verse, savours strongly of Marlowe; but the real author, I believe, is unknown.

† A sort of young Caliban, her son, who presently enters, complaining of a "bloody coxcomb" which the Young Saint George had given him.

‡ Calib had killed the parents of the Young Saint George.

* The whole theory of the reason of our delight in Tragic Representations, which has cost so many elaborate chapters of Criticism, is condensed in these four last lines: *Aristotle quintessentialised.*

The Old Bear Garden

AT BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK.

BEAR BAITING—MASTERS OF THE BEARS AND DOGS—EDWARD ALLEYN—THE FALCON TAVERN, &c.

The Bull and the Bear baiting, on the Bankside, seem to have preceded, in point of time, the several other ancient theatres of the metropolis. The precise date of their erection is not ascertained, but a Bear-garden on the Bankside is mentioned by one Crowley, a poet, of the reign of Henry VIII., as being at that time in existence. He informs us, that the exhibitions were on a Sunday, that they drew full assemblies, and that the price of admission was then one halfpenny!

"What follie is this to keep with danger,
A great mastive dog, and fowle ouglie bear:
And to this end, to see them two fight,
With terrible tearings, a ful ouglie sight.
And methinkes those men are most fools of al,
Whose store of money is but very smal;
And yet every *Sunday* they wil surely spend
One penny or two, the bearward's living to mend.

"At *Paris garden* each *Sunday*, a man shal not fail
To find two or three hundred for the bearwards vale,
One halfpenny apiece they use for to give,
When some have no more in their purses, I believe;
Wel, at the last day, their conscience wil declare,
That the poor ought to have al that they may spare.
If you therefore give to see a bear fight,
Be sure God his curse upon you wil light!"

Whether these "rough games," as a certain author terms them, were then exhibited in the same or similar amphitheatres, to those afterwards engraved in our old plans, or in the open air, the extract does not inform us. Nor does Stowe's account afford any better idea. He merely tells us, that there were on the west bank "*two bear gardens*, the *old* and the *new*; places, wherein were kept beares, bulls, and other beasts to be bayted; as also mastives in several kenels, nourished to bayt them. These beares and other beasts," he adds, "are there kept in plots of ground, scaffolded about, for the beholders to stand safe."

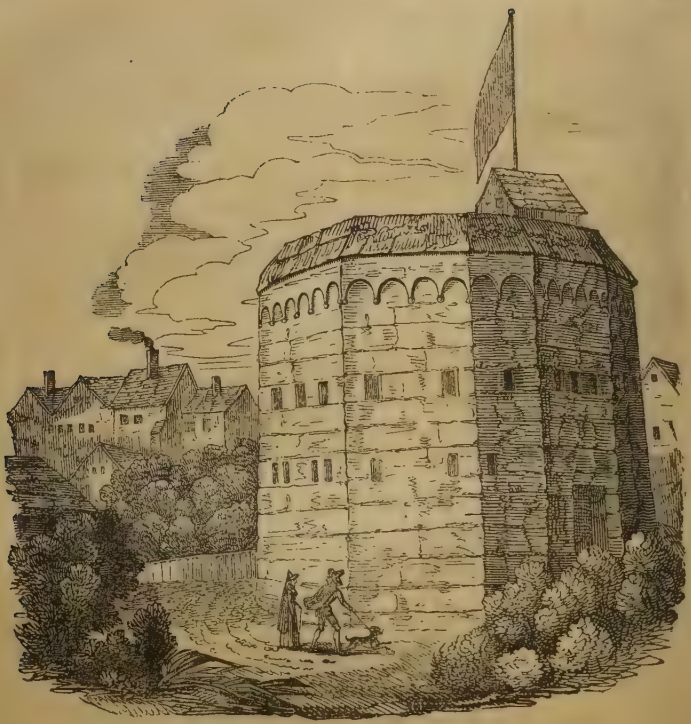
In Aggass's plan, taken 1574, and the plan of Braun, made about the same time, these plots of ground are engraved, with the addition of two *circi*, for the accommodation of the spectators, bearing the names of the "*Bowell Baytyng*, and the *Beare Baytinge*." In both plans, the buildings appear to be completely circular, and were evidently intended as humble imitations of the ancient Roman amphitheatre. They stood in two adjoining fields, separated only by a small slip of land; but some differences are observable in the spots on which they are built.

In Aggas's plan, which is the earliest, the disjoining slip of land contains only one large pond, common to the two places of exhibition; but in Braun, this appears divided into three ponds, besides a similar conveniency near each theatre. The use of these pieces of water is very well explained in Brown's Travels, (1685) who has given a plate of the "Elector of Saxony his beare garden at Dresden," in which is a large pond, with several bears amusing themselves in it; his account of which is highly curious:

"In the hunting-house, in the old town," says he, "are fifteen bears, very well provided for, and looked unto. They have *fountains* and *ponds*, to wash themselves in, wherein they much delight: and near to the pond are high *ragged posts* or *trees*, set up for the bears to climb up, and *scaffolds* made at the top, to sun and dry themselves; where they will also sleep, and come and go as the keeper calls them."

The ponds, and dog-kennels, for the bears on the Bankside, are clearly marked in the plans alluded to; and the construction of the amphitheatres themselves may be tolerably well conceived, notwithstanding the smallness of the scale on which they are drawn. They evidently consisted, within-side, of a lower tier of circular seats for the spectators, at the back of which, a sort of screen ran all round, in part open, so as to admit a view from without, evident in Braun's delineation, by the figures who are looking through, on the outside. The buildings are unroofed, and in both plans shown during the time of performance, which in Aggas's view is announced by the display of little flags or streamers on the top. The dogs are tied up in slips near each, ready for the sport, and the combatants actually engaged in Braun's plan. Two little houses for retirement are at the head of each theatre.

The amusement of bear-baiting in England existed, however, long before the mention here made of it. In the Northumberland Household Book, compiled in the reign of Henry VII, enumerating "al maner of rewardis customable usede yearely to be yeven by my Lorde to strangers, as players, mynstraills, or any other strangers, whatsomever they be," are the following:



The Bear Garden in Southwark, A. D. 1574.

FROM THE LONG PRINT OF LONDON BY VISCHER CALLED THE ANTWERP VIEW.

"Furst, my Lorde usith and accustomyth to gyff yerely, the Kinge or the Queene's barwarde. If they have one, when they custome to com unto hym, yearely—vj. s. viij. d."

"Item, my Lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly, when his Lordshipe is at home, to his barward, when he comyth to my Lorde in Christmas, with his Lordshippe's beests, for makynge of his Lordship pastyme, the said xij. days—xx. s."

It made one of the favourite amusements of the romantic age of queen Elizabeth, and was introduced among the princely pleasures of Kenilworth in 1575, where the droll author of the account introduces the bear and dogs deciding their ancient grudge per duellum.*

"Well, Syr (says he), the bearz wear brought foorth intoo coourt, the dogs set too them, too argu the points eeven face to face, they had learnd coounsell allso a both parts: what may they be coounted parciall that are retained but a to syde, I ween. No wery feers both tou and toother eager in argument: if the dog in pleadyng woold pluk the bear by the throte, the bear with trauers woould claw him again by the skaip, confess and a list; but a voyd a coold not that waz bound too the bar: and hiz counsell toll'd him that it coold be too. him no poliecy in pleading. Thearfore, thus with fending and prooving, with plucking and tugging, skratting and byting, by plain tooth and nayll, a to side and toother, such erspes of blood and leather was thear between them, az a month's

* Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, p. 92, quoted by Mr. Pennant, in his Account of London, p. 36.

The Bear Garden in Southwark, A. D. 1648.

FROM THE LARGE FOUR-SHEET VIEW OF LONDON BY HOLLAR.

THE LAST KNOWN REPRESENTATION OF THE PLACE

licking, I ween, wyl not recoover, and yet remain az far oout az euer they wear. It waz a sport very pleazaunt of theez beastys: to see the bear with hiz pink nyez leering after hiz enmiez approch, the nimblness and wayt of ye dog too take his auauntage, and the fors and experiens of the bear agayn to auoyd the assauts: if he wear bitten in one place, hoow he woold pynch in anoother too get free: that if he wear taken onez, then what shyft with byting, with clawyng, with roring, torsing and tumbling, he woold work to wynde hymself from them; and when he was lose, to shake hiz earz twyse or thryse wyth the blud and the slaver aboout hiz figurnamy, was a matter of a goodly releef."

It is not to be wondered at, that an amusement, thus patronised by the great, and even by royalty itself, ferocious as it was, should be the delight of the vulgar, whose untutored taste it was peculiarly calculated to please. Accordingly, bear-baiting seems to have been amazingly frequented, at this time, especially on *Sundays*. On one of these days, in 1582, a dire accident befell the spectators. The scaffolding suddenly gave way, and multitudes of people were killed, or miserably maimed. This was looked upon as a judgment, and as such was noticed by divines, and other grave characters, in their sermons and writings. The lord mayor for that year (sir Thomas Blanke) wrote on the occasion to the lord treasurer, "that it gave great reason to acknowledge the hand of God, for breach of the Lord's Day," and moved him to redress the same.

Little notice, however, was taken of his application; the accident was forgot; and the barbarous amusement soon followed as much as ever, Stowe assuring us, in his work, printed many years afterwards, "that for baiting of bulls and bears, they were, till that time, much frequented, namely, in bear gardens on the Bankside." The commonalty could not be expected to reform what had the sanction of the highest example, and the labours of the moralist were as unavailing as in the case of pugilism in the present day.

In the succeeding reign, the general introduction of the drama operated as a check to the practice, and the public taste took a turn. One of these theatres gave place to "the Globe;" the other remained long after. This second theatre, which retained its original name of the "Bear-baiting," was rebuilt on a larger scale, about the beginning of James the First's reign; and

of an octagonal form instead of round, as before; in which respect it resembled the other theatres on the Bankside. The *first* engraving in this article contains a view of it in this state, from the long print of London by Vischer, usually called the Antwerp view. In this representation, the slips, or dog-kennels, are again distinctly marked, as well as the ponds. The *second* engraving, from Hollar's view about 1648, shows it as it was a third time rebuilt on a larger scale, and again of the circular shape, when "plays" and prize-fighting were added to the amusements exhibited at it.

In the reign of James I. the "Bear-garden" was under the protection of royalty, and the mastership of it made a patent place. The celebrated actor Alleyn enjoyed this lucrative post, as keeper of the king's wild beasts, or master of the royal bear-garden, situated on the Bankside, in Southwark. The profits of this place are said by his biographer to have been immense, sometimes amounting to 500*l.* a year; and well account for the great fortune he raised. A little before his death he sold his share and patent to his wife's father, Mr. Hinchtoe, for 580*l.*

We have a good account of the "Bear-baiting," in the reign of Charles II., by one Mons. Jorevin, a foreigner, whose observations on this country were published in 1672,* and who has given us the following curious detail of a visit he paid to it:—

"We went to see the Bergiardin, by Sodoark,† which is a great amphitheatre, where combats are fought between all sorts of animals, and sometimes men, as we once saw. Commonly, when any fencing-masters are desirous of showing their courage and their great skill, they issue mutual challenges, and, before they engage, parade the town with drums and trumpets sounding, to inform the public there is a challenge between two brave masters of the science of defence, and that the battle will be fought on such a day. We went to see this combat, which was performed on a stage in the middle of this amphitheatre, where, on the flourishes of trumpets, and the beat of drums, the combatants entered, stripped to their shirts. On a signal from the drum, they drew their swords, and immediately began the fight, skirmishing a long time without any wounds. They were both very skilful and courageous. The tallest had the advantage over the least; for, according to the English fashion of fencing, they endeavoured rather to cut, than push in the French manner, so that by his height he had the advantage of being able to strike his antagonist on the head, against which, the little one was on his guard. He had, in his turn, an advantage over the great one, in being able to give him the Jarnac stroke, by cutting him on his right ham, which he left in a manner quite unguarded. So that, all things considered, they were equally matched. Nevertheless, the tall one struck his antagonist on the wrist, which he almost cut off; but this did not prevent him from continuing the fight, after he had been dressed, and taken a glass or two of wine to give him courage, when he took ample vengeance for his wound; for a little afterwards, making a feint at the ham, the tall man, stooping in order to parry it, laid his whole head open, when the little one gave him a stroke, which took off a slice of his head, and almost all his ear. For my part, I think there is an inhumanity, a barbarity, and cruelty, in permitting men to kill each other for diversion. The surgeons immediately dressed them, and bound up their wounds; which being done, they resumed the combat, and both being sensible of their respective disadvantages, they therefore were a long time without giving or receiving a wound, which was the cause that the little one, failing to parry so exactly, being tired with this long battle received a stroke on his wounded wrist, which dividing the sinews, he remained vanquished, and the tall conqueror received the applause of the spectators. For my part, I should have had more pleasure in seeing the battle of the bears and dogs, which was fought the following day on the same theatre."

It does not appear at what period the Bear-baiting was destroyed, but it was, probably, not long after the above period. Strype, in his first edition of Stowe, published 1720, speaking of "Bear Alley," on this spot, says, "Here is a glass-house, and about the middle a *new-built* court, well-inhabited, called *Bear-garden Square*; so called, as built in the place where the Bear-garden formerly stood, until removed to the other side of the water; which is more convenient for the butchers, and such like, who are taken with such rustic sports as the baiting of bears and bulls." The theatre was evidently destroyed to build this then *new* court.*

* Republished in the Antiquarian Repertory, Ed. 1806, under the title of "A Description of England and Ireland, in the 17th Century, by Mons. Jorevin." vol. iv. p. 549.

† Bear-garden, Southwark.

* Lond. Illustrat.

According to an entry in the Parochial Books in 1586, one Morgan Pope agreed to pay the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, for the Bear-garden, and the ground where the dogs were kept, 6*s*.8*d*. arrears and 6*s*. 8*d*. for tithes.

The old Bear-garden at Bankside, and the Globe theatre wherein Shakspeare's plays were originally performed, and he himself sometimes acted, was in the manor or liberty of Paris Garden. Near this, and in the same manor, were the Hope, the Swan, and the Rose theatres. It appears from "an ancient Survey on vellum made in the reign of queen Elizabeth," that "Olde Paris Garden Lane" ran from Bankside, in the direction of the present Blackfriars-road, to stairs at the river's-side near to, or perhaps on the very spot now occupied by, the Surry end of Blackfriars-bridge, and opposite to this lane in the road of the Bankside stood an old stone cross, which, therefore, were it remaining, would now stand in Blackfriars-road, near Holland-street, leading to the present Falcon glass-house, opposite to which site was the old Falcon tavern, celebrated for having been the daily resort of Shakspeare and his dramatic companions. Till of late years, the Falcon inn was a house of great business, and the place from whence coaches went to all parts of Kent, Surry, and Sussex. In 1805, before the old house was taken down, Mr. Wilkinson, of Cornhill, caused a drawing to be made, and published an engraving of it. "The Bull and Bear Baiting" were two or three hundred yards eastward of the Falcon, and beyond were the Globe and the other theatres just mentioned. "The site of the Old Bear-garden retaining its name, is now occupied by Mr. Bradley's extensive iron-foundery, in which shot and shells are cast for the government."*

The royal officer, called the "master of the bears and dogs," under queen Elizabeth and king James I., had a fee of a farthing per day. Sir John Darrington held the office in 1600, when he was commanded on a short notice to exhibit before the queen in the Tilt-yard; but not having a proper stock of animals, he was obliged to apply to Edward Alleyn, (the founder of Dulwich-college,) and Philip Henslow, then owner of the Bear-garden in Southwark, for their assistance. On his death, king James granted the office to sir William Steward, who, it seems, interrupted Alleyn and Henslow as not having a license, and yet refused to take their stock at a reasonable price, so that they were obliged to buy his patent. Alleyn and Henslow complained much of this in a petition to the king, containing many curious circumstances, which Mr. Lysons has published at length. Alleyn held this office till his death, or very near it: he is styled by it in the letters patent for the foundation of his college in 1620. Among his papers there is a covenant from Peter Street, for the building at the Bear-garden, fifty-six feet long and sixteen wide, the estimate of the carpenter's work being sixty-five pounds.

The latest patent discovered to have been granted for the office of master of the bears and dogs is that granted to sir Sanders Duncombe in 1639, for the sole practising and profit of the fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts in England, for fourteen years.

This practice was checked by the parliament in 1642. On the 10th of December in that year, Mr. Whittaere presented in writing an examination of the words expressed by the master of the Bear-garden, "that he would cut the throats of those that refused to subscribe a petition:" whereupon it was resolved, on the question "that Mr. Godfray, master of the Bear-garden, shall be forthwith committed to Newgate—Ordered, the masters of the Bear-garden, and all other persons who have interest there, be enjoined and required by this house, that for the future they do not permit to be used the game of bear-baiting in these times of great distraction, till this house do give further order herein." The practice, however, did not wholly discontinue in the neighbourhood of London till 1750. Of late years this public exhibition was revived in Duck-lane, Westminster, and at the present time is not wholly suppressed.

* Manning and Bray's Surry.

Literature.

A NEW POEM.

"Ahab, in four Cantos. By S. R. Jackson."

Mr. Jackson, the author of several poems, whose merits he deems to have been disregarded, puts forth "Ahab," with renewed hope, and a *remarkable* address. He says—

"Reader, hast thou not seen a solitary buoy floating on the vast ocean? the waves dash against it, and the broad keel of the vessel sweeps over and presses it down, yet it rises again to the surface, prepared

for every assault—I am like that buoy. Thrice have I appeared before you, thrice have the waves of neglect passed over me, and once more I rise, a candidate for your good opinion. My wish is not merely to succeed, but to merit success. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, was the motto of one who will never be forgotten, and I hope to quote it without seeming to be presumptuous. I am told by some who are deemed competent judges, that I am deserving of encouragement, and I here solicit it.

"During the printing of this work, one has criticised a rough rhyme, another cried —'Ha! what you turned poet?' and giving his head a significant shake, said, 'better mind Cocker.' 'So I would,' I replied, 'but Cocker won't mind me.' In all the various changes of my life the Muse has not deserted me: beloved ones have vanished—friends have deceived—but she has remained faithful. One critic has advised this addition, another that curtailment; but remembering the story of the old man and the boy, and the ass, I plod on: not that I am indifferent to opinion—far from it; but there *are* persons whose advice one cannot take—who find fault merely for the sake of talking, and impale an author from mere spleen.

"The poem now submitted to your notice is founded on the 21st and 22d chapters in the First Book of Kings: in it I have endeavoured to show, that crime always brings its own punishment; that whenever we do wrong, an inward monitor reminds us of it: and have sought to revive in the spirits of Englishmen that patriotic feeling which is daily becoming more dormant.

"At this season,* when the leaves are falling fast, booksellers, as well as trees, get cold-hearted—they will not purchase; nor can I blame them, for if the tide of public opinion sets in against poetry, they would be wrong to buy what they cannot sell. Yet they might, some of them at least, treat an author more respectfully; they might *look* at his work, it would not take them a long time to do so; and they could then tell if it would suit them or not. Unfortunately, a manuscript need but be in verse, and it will be worth nothing. I fancy the booksellers are like the horse in the team, they have carried the poet's bells so long that they have become weary of the jingle. Be this as it may, I have tried, and could not get a purchaser. It was true I had published before, but my productions came out unaided, and remained unnoticed. I had no patron's name to herald mine. I sent copies to the Reviews, but, with the exception of the Literary Chronicle and Gentleman's Magazine, they were unnoticed. The doors to publicity being thus closed against me, what could I do, but fail, as better bards have done before me———"

There is an affecting claim in the versified conclusion of the preface.

"'Tis done! the work of many a pensive hour
Is o'er: the fruit is gather'd from the tree,
Warm'd by care's sun, and by affliction's shower
Water'd and ripen'd in obscurity.
Few hopes have I that it may welcome be;
Yet do I not give way to black despair;
Small barks have liv'd through many a stormy sea,
Small birds wing'd far their way through boundless air
And joy's sweet rose tow'rd o'er the weeds of envious care.

"With these feelings I submit my poem to notice, and but request such patronage as it may deserve."

The following invocation, which commences the poem, will arrest attention.

"God! whom my fathers worshipp'd, God of all,
From mid thy throne of brightness hear my call:
And though unworthiest I of earthly things,
To wake the harp of David's silent strings;
Though, following not the light which in my path
Shone bright to guide me, I have brav'd thy wrath,
And walk'd with other men in darkness, yet,
If penitent, my heart its sins regret—
If, bending lowly at thy shrine, I crave
Thy aid to guide my bark o'er life's rough wave,
Till all the shoals of error safely past,
In truth's calm haven I repose at last:
O, let that sweet, that unextinguish'd beam
Which fondly came to wake me from my dream,
Again appear my wand'ring steps to guide,
Lest my soul sink, and perish in its pride.
I ask not, all-mysterious as Thou art,
To see Thee, but to feel Thee in my heart;
Unfetter'd by the various rules and forms
That bound the actions of earth's subtle worms,
From worldly arts and prejudices free,
To know that Thou art God, and worship Thee.
And, whether on the tempest's sweeping wing
Thou comest, or the breath that wakes the spring;
If in the thunder's roar thy voice I hear,
Or the loud blast that marks the closing year;
Or in the gentle music of the breeze,
Stirring the leaves upon the forest trees;
Still let me feel thy presence, let me bear
In mind that Thou art with me every where.
And oh! since inspiration comes from Thee
To mortal mind, like rain unto the tree,
Bidding it flourish and put forth its fruit,
So bid my soul, whose voice has long been mute,
Awaken; give me words of fire to sing
The deeds and fall of Israel's hapless king.

* Michaelmas, 1826.

Perhaps the reader may be further propitiated in the author's behalf by the

"DEDICATION."

"TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A. Prebendary of Worcester, and Rector of St. Giles in the Fields.

"Sir—Being wholly unused to patronage, I know not how to invoke it, but by plainly saying, that I wish for protection to whatever may be deemed worthy of regard in the following pages.

"I respectfully dedicate the poem to you, sir, from a deep sense of the esteem wherein you are held; and, I openly confess, with considerable anxiety that you may approve, and that your name may sanction and assist my efforts.

"In strictness perhaps I ought to have solicited your permission to do this; but, with the wishes I have expressed, and conscious of the rectitude of my motives, I persuade myself that you will see I could not afford to hazard your declining, from private feelings, a public testimony of unfeigned respect, from a humble and unknown individual.

"I am, sir, your most obedient
And sincerely devoted servant,
"SAMUEL RICHARD JACKSON.

"*Sept.* 29, 1826."

Mr. Jackson has other offspring besides the productions of his muse, and their infant voices may be imagined to proclaim in plain prose that the present volume, and it *is* a volume—a hundred pages in full sized octavo—is published for the author, by Messrs. Sherwood and Co. "price 4*s.* in boards."—Kind-hearted readers will take the hint.

PULPIT CLOCKS, AND HOUR GLASSES.

In the annals of Dunstable Priory is this item: "In 1483, made a *clock* over the pulpit."

A stand for a *hour-glass* still remains in many pulpits. A rector of Bibury used to preach two hours, regularly turning the *glass*. After the text, the esquire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. Lecturers' pulpits have also hour-glasses. The priest had sometimes a *watch* found him by the parish.*

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

Easter.

RESTORATION OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN FRANCE.

The catholic religion was that in which the French were brought up; and they were, from habit at least, if not from conviction, attached to it: so far was its overthrow from meeting with the general approbation and concurrence of the nation, that if it was acquiesced in for a time, it was merely from a feeling of inability to avert the blow; and the persecution which it experienced only served, as all persecution does, to endear the object of it more strongly to them.

Such would have been the effect, even if the attempt made had only been to substitute by force some other mode of faith in its place; but when the question was to annihilate religion itself, no sane mind could possibly dream of ultimate success. The sense of dependence upon some unseen power far above our comprehension, is a principle inherent in human nature;—no nation has yet been discovered, how remote soever from civilisation in its customs and manners, in which some ideas of a power superior to all earthly ones were not to be found.

The French are generally characterised as fond of novelty, and always seeking after it with eagerness; and yet, however paradoxical it may appear, it is no less true, that in many respects no people adhere more tenaciously to ancient habits and customs. Nothing contributed so essentially to the final overthrow of the violent revolutionists—no, not even the horror excited by the torrents of blood which they shed—as their endeavouring all at once to deprive the people of many habits and customs which they particularly cherished; nor did any thing contribute more strongly to Bonaparte's power, than his restoring them.

These reflections were suggested to Miss Plumtre by one of the most remarkable scenes that occurred while she was at Paris—the procession to the church of Nôtre-Dame on *Easter Sunday*, for the public restoration of the catholic worship. The free exercise of their religion had been for several months allowed to the people, and the churches, which had long been shut, were reopened; but this was the first occasion on which the constituted authorities had, as a body, assisted in any religious ceremony. As to the reestablishment of religion being grateful to the

people, not a doubt remained in her mind; every opportunity which had been afforded her of investigating the matter, since she first landed in France, had given her so strong a conviction of it, that it could not be increased by any thing she was about to witness. But another experiment which was to be made on the occasion was a greater subject of curiosity; and this was, that the procession and ceremonies were to be in some sort a revival of the ancient court splendour and pageantry.

Deeply impressed with this kind of curiosity, and knowing that the only way to be fully informed of the sentiments of the people was to make one among them, she and her friends took their stations in the square before the great entrance to the Palais-royal, where a double rank of soldiers formed a lane to keep a passage clear for the procession. They procured chairs from a neighbouring house, which served as seats till the cavalcade began, and then they stood on them to see it pass. She describes the ceremonies in the following manner.

The square was thronged with people, and we could with the utmost facility attend to the sentiments uttered by the circle round us. The restoration of religion seemed to engage but a small part of their attention—that was an idea so familiar to them, that it had almost ceased to excite emotion; but they were excessively occupied by speculations on the procession, which report had said was to be one of the most magnificent sights ever seen in France, at least since the banishment of royalty with all its brilliant train of appendages.

At length it began:—It consisted first of about five thousand of the consular guard, part infantry, part cavalry; next followed the carriages of the senate, the legislative body, the tribunate, and all the public officers, with those of the foreign ambassadors, and some private carriages After these came the eight beautiful cream-coloured horses which had been just before presented to Bonaparte by the king of Spain, each led by a young Mameluke, in the costume of his country; and then Roustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, friend, and attendant, upon all occasions. Then came the coach with the three consuls, drawn by eight horses, with three footmen behind, who, with the coachmen, were all in rich liveries, green velvet laced with gold, and bags: the servants of some of the great public officers were also in bags and liveries. About a hundred dragoons following the consular carriage closed the procession.

A sort of cynical philosopher who stood near us made a wry face every now and then, as the procession passed, and once or twice muttered in his teeth, *Qui est-ce qui peut dire que cet homme là n'a point de l'ostentation?* "Who will pretend to say that this man is not ostentatious?" But the multitude, after having been lavish of "*charmant!*" "*superbe!*" "*magnifique!*" and other the like epithets, to all that preceded the consular carriage, at last, when they saw that appear with the eight horses, and the rich liveries and bags, gave a general shout, and exclaimed, *Ah, voilà encore la bourse et la livrée!—oh, comme ça est beau!—Comme ça fait plaisir! voilà! qui commence véritablement un peu à prendre couleur!* "Ah! see there again the bag and the livery!—Oh, how handsome that is!—What pleasure it gives to see it! —This begins indeed to assume something like an appearance!" Nor in the pleasure they felt at the revival of this parade, did the idea seem once to intrude itself, of examining into the birth of him who presided over it, or his pretensions to being their chief magistrate: it was enough that their ancient hobby-horse was restored, and it was matter of indifference to them by whom the curb which guided it was held. Among those whom I had a more particular opportunity of observing, was a well-dressed and respectable-looking man, about the middle age, who from his appearance might be supposed some creditable tradesman. He had been standing by me for some time before the procession began, and we had entered into conversation; he was eloquent in his eulogium of Bonaparte, for having made such an extraordinary progress in calming the spirit of faction, which had long harassed the country; and particularly he spoke with exultation of his having so entirely silenced the Jacobins, that there appeared every reason to hope that their influence was fallen, never to rise again. He was among the most eager in his expressions of admiration of the procession; and at the conclusion of it, turning to me, he said, with a very triumphant air and manner, *Comme les Jacobins seront hébété de tout ceci.* "How the Jacobins will be cast down with all this!"

While the procession was passing, the remarks were confined to general exclamation, as the objects that presented themselves struck the fancy of the spectators; but when all was gone by, comparisons in

abundance began to fly about, between the splendour here displayed, and the mean appearance of every thing during the reign of Jacobinism, which all ended to the disadvantage of the latter, and the advantage of the present system: *Tout étoit si mesquine dans ce tems là—Ceci est digne d'une nation telle que la France.* "Every thing was so mean in those days—This is worthy of such a nation as France." Some, who were too much behind to have seen the consular carriage, were eager in their inquiries about it. They could see, and had admired, the bags and liveries, but they could not tell what number of horses there were to the carriage; and they learned, with great satisfaction, that there were eight. *Ah, c'est bien,* they said, *c'est comme autrefois—enfin nous reconnoissons notre pays.* "Ah, 'tis well—'tis as formerly—at length we can recognise our own country again." And then the troops—never was any thing seen *plus superbe, plus magnifique*—and they were all French, no Swiss guards. Here the *ancien régime* came in for a random stroke.

After discussing these things for a while, the assembly dispersed into different parts of the town, some going towards the church, to try whether any thing further was to be seen there; but most went to walk in the gardens of the Thuilleries, and other parts, to see the preparations for the illumination in the evening, and thus pass the time away till the procession was likely to return. We employed ourselves in this manner; and, after walking about for near two hours, resumed our former stations. Here we saw the procession return in the same order that it had gone; when it was received with similar notes of approbation. In the evening there was a concert for the public in the gardens of the Thuilleries, and the principal theatres were opened to the public gratis. The chateau and gardens of the Thuilleries were brilliantly illuminated, as were the public offices and the theatres, and there were fireworks in different parts of the town.

A very striking thing observable in this day, was the strong contrast presented between a great gathering together of the people in France and in England; and I must own that this contrast was not to the advantage of my own fellow-countrymen. On such occasions honest John Bull thinks he does not show the true spirit of liberty, unless he jostles, squeezes, elbows, and pushes his neighbours about as much as possible. Among the Parisian populace, on the contrary, there is a peaceableness of demeanour, a spirit of order, and an endeavour in each individual to accommodate his neighbour, which I confess I thought far more pleasing—shall I not say also more civilized—than honest John's free-born elbowing and pushing. All the liberty desired by a Frenchman on such occasions, is that of walking about quietly to observe all that passes, and of imparting his observations and admiration to his neighbour; for talk he must—he would feel no pleasure unless he had some one to whom his feelings could be communicated.

We went the next morning to see the decorations of Nôtre-Dame, before they were taken down. All that could be done to give the church a tolerable appearance had been effected; and when full of company its dilapidated state might perhaps be little seen; but empty, that was still very conspicuous. The three consuls sat together under a canopy, Bonaparte in the middle, with Cambaceres on his right hand, and Lebrun on his left. Opposite to them sat cardinal Caprara, the pope's legate, under a corresponding canopy.

A very curious circumstance attending this solemnity was, that the sermon was preached by the very same person who had preached the sermon at Rheims on the coronation of Louis XVI., Monsieur Boisgelin, then archbishop of Aix, in Provence, now archbishop of Tours. His discourse was allowed by all who heard it to be a very judicious one. He did not enter into politics, or launch into fulsome flattery of those in power; but dwelt principally on the necessity of an established religion, not only as a thing right in itself, but as essential to the preservation of good morals among the people—illustrating his argument by the excesses into which they had been led during the temporary abandonment of religion, and bestowing commendation upon those by whom it had been restored.*

Easter at Portaferry, Belfast, &c.

For the Table Book.

On Easter Monday several hundred of young persons of the town and neighbourhood of Portaferry, county of Down, resort, dressed in their best, to a pleasant walk near that town, called "The Walter." The avowed object of each person is to see the fun, which consists in the men kissing the females, without reserve, whether married

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* Miss Plumptre

or single. This mode of salutation is quite a matter of course; it is never taken amiss, nor with much show of coyness; the female must be very ordinary indeed, who returns home without having received at least a dozen hearty busses. Tradition is silent as to the origin of this custom, which of late years is on the decline, especially in the respectability of the attendants.

On the same day several thousands of the working classes of the town and vicinity of Belfast, county of Antrim, resort to the Cave-hill, about three miles distant, where the day is spent in dancing, jumping, running, climbing the rugged rocks, and drinking. Here many a rude brawl takes place, many return home with black eyes and bloody noses, and in some cases with broken bones. Indeed it is with them the greatest holiday of the year, and to not a few it furnishes laughable treats to talk about, till the return of the following spring. On this evening a kind of dramatic piece is usually brought forward at the Belfast theatre, called "The Humours of the Cave-hill."

S. M. S.

OLD MAP OF SCOTLAND.

In the year 1545 was published at Antwerp, the Cosmography of Peter Apianus, "expurgated from all faults," by Gemma Frisius, a physician and mathematician of Louvain. It is sufficient to say, that in this correct "expurgated" work, Scotland is an *island*, of which *York* is one of the chief cities.*

PEN BEHIND THE EAR—PAPER.

The custom of carrying a pen behind the ear, lately common, is ancient. In the life of S. Odo is the following passage: "He saw a pen sticking above his ear, in the manner of a writer."

Mabillon says, that he could find no paper books more ancient than the tenth century: but the pen made of a feather was certainly common in the seventh century; and though ascribed to the classical ancients, by Montfaucon's mistaking a passage of Juvenal, it is first mentioned by Adrian de Valois, a writer of the fifth century. This rather precedes Beckmann, who places the first certain account of it to Isadore.†

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.
† Ibid.

Suburban Sonnets.

IV.

HAMPSTEAD.

Hampstead! I doubly venerate thy name,
Because 'twas in thy meadows that I grew
Enamour'd of that literary fame
Which youthful poets eagerly pursue,
And first beheld that beauty-beaming form,
Which death too quickly tore from my embrace,
That peerless girl, whose blushes were as warm
As ever glow'd upon a virgin face!
Hence, lovely village! I am still thy debtor,
For pleasures now irrevocably flown—
For that transcendant maid, who, when I met her
Along thy meadows musing, and alone,
Look'd like a spirit from the realms above,
Sent down to prove the sov'reignty of Love!

V.

THE NEW RIVER.

Thou pleasant river! in the summer time
About thy margin I delight to stray,
Perusing Byron's captivating rhyme,
And drinking inspiration from his lay!
For there is something in thy placid stream
That gives a keener relish to his song,
And makes the spirit of his numbers seem
More fascinating as I move along:—
There is besides upon thy waves a moral,
With which it were ridiculous to quarrel;
For, like the current of our lives, they flow
Thro' multifarious channels, till they go
Down into darkness, and preserve no more
The "form and feature" they possess'd before!

VI.

MINERVA TERRACE, ISLINGTON

Ye, who are anxious for a "country seat,"
Pure air, green meadows, and suburban views,
Rooms snug and light, not over large, but neat,
And gardens water'd with refreshing dews,
May find a spot adapted to your taste,
Near Barnsbury-*park*, or rather Barnsbury-*town*,
Where ev'ry thing looks elegant and chaste,
And wealth reposes on a bed of down!
I, therefore, strongly recommend to those
Who want a pure and healthy situation,
To choose Minerva Terrace, and repose
'Midst *prospects* worthy of their admiration;—
How long they'll last is quite another thing,
Not longer, p'rhaps, than the approaching spring!

J. G.

Islington, March 25, 1827.

London Cries.

"Buy a fine singing-bird!"

The *criers* of singing birds are extinct: we have only the bird-*sellers*. This engraving, therefore, represents a by-gone character: it is from a series of etchings called the "Cries of London," by Marcellus Lauron, a native of the Hague, where he was born in 1653. He came to England with his father, by whom he was instructed in painting. He drew correctly, studied nature diligently, copied it closely, and so surpassed his contemporaries in drapery, that sir Godfrey Kneller employed him to clothe his portraits. He likewise excelled in imitating the different styles of eminent masters, executed conversation pieces of considerable merit, and died at London in 1705. His "London Cries" render his name familiar, on account of the popularity which these performances still possess, and there being among them likenesses of several "remarkable people" of the times. "Lauron's Cries" are well known to collectors, with whom the portrait of a pedlar, if a "*mentioned* print," is quite as covetable as a peer's.

Mr. Fenn of East Dereham, Norfo.k, writing to the Rev. Mr. Granger, who was the Linnæus of "engraved British portraits," sends him a *private* etching or two of a "Mr. Orde's doing," and says, "He is a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and is exceedingly lucky in taking off any peculiarity of person. Mr. Orde is a gentleman of family and fortune, and in these etchings makes his genius a conveyance of his charity, as he gives the profits arising from the local sale of the impressions in the University, to the originals from whom he draws his likenesses.—Randal, the orangeman, got enough by the sale of himself to equip himself from head to food: he always calls his oranges, &c. by some name corresponding to the time he sells them; as, at the commencement, *Commencement* oranges; at a musical entertainment, *Oratorio* oranges. By this humour he is known throughout the University, where he is generally called *Dr.* Randal. His likeness, manner, and gait, are exactly taken off.—The Clare-hall fruit-woman too

is very striking, as indeed are all the etchings."*

Mr. Malcolm tells of a negro-man abroad, who cried "*balloon* lemons, quality oranges, quality lemons, holiday limes, with a certain peculiarity, and whimsicality, that recommended him to a great deal of custom. He adventured in a lottery, obtained a prize of five thousand dollars, became raving mad, through excess of joy, and died in a few days."

Lauron's "London Cries" will be further noticed: in the mean time it may suffice to say, that this is the season wherein a few kidnappers of the feathered tribe walk about with their little prisoners, and tempt young fanciers to "buy a fine singing bird."

April 9, 1827.

* Letters between Rev. J. Granger, &c.

Garrick Plays.

No. XIV.

[From the "Arraignment of Paris," a Dramatic Pastoral, by George Peel, 1584.]

Flora dresses Ida Hill, to honour the coming of the Three Goddesses.

Flora. Not Iris in her pride and bravery
Adorns her Arch with such variety;
Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks, and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers and lilies on the banks
Like blazing comets burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth;
The double daisy, and the cowslip (Queen
Of summer flowers), do over-peer the green;
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see (for peeping flowers) the grass.—
They are at hand by this.
Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
And hath return'd her peacocks by her Rainbow;
And bravely, as becomes the Wife of Jove,
Doth honour by her presence to our grove:
Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
To tend on her, and make her melody;
Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
And flicker near her side for company:
Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
Commanding them to wait when she hath need:
And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
To do us honour in the sylvan chace,
They march, like to the pomp of heav'n above,
Juno, the Wife and Sister of King Jove,
The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

The Muses, and Country Gods, assemble to welcome the Goddesses.

Pomona. —— with country store like friends we venture forth.
Think'st, Faunus, that these Goddesses will take our gifts in worth?

Faunus. Nay, doubtless; for, 'shall tell thee, Dame, 'twere better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person, or a King,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain both bad and basely born:
FOR GENTLY TAKES THE GENTLEMAN THAT OFT THE CLOWN WILL SCORN.

The Welcoming Song.

Country Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida may it continue still!

Muses. Ye Country Gods, that in this Ida woune,
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

Gods. Behold in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.

Pan. The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your States:
Fair, wise, and worthy, as you be!
And thank the gracious Ladies Three,
For honour done to Ida.

Paris. Œnone.

Paris. Œnone, while we bin disposed to walk,
Tell me, what shall be subject of our talk.
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store;
'Dare say no nymph in Ida's woods hath more.
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

Œn. Paris, my heart's contentment, and my choice
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Paris. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Œnone, for thy sake,
This idle task on me to undertake.

(They sit under a tree together.)

Œn. And whereon then shall be my roundelay?
For thou hast heard my store long since, 'dare say—

How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho'
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below:
How mighty men made foul successless war
Against the Gods, and State of Jupiter:
How Phorcyas' 'ympe, that was so trick and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed;—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read;
A piece of cunning, trust me for the nonce,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones:
How Salmacis, resembling Idleness,
Turns men to women all thro' wantonness:
How Pluto raught Queen Pluto's daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love-offence:
Of Daphne turn'd into the Laurel Tree,
That shews a myrror of virginity:
How fair Narcissus, tooting on his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade:
How cunning Philomela's needle tells,
What force in love, what wit in sorrow, dwells:
What pains unhappy Souls abide in Hell,
They say, because on Earth they lived not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many moe;
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task;
What toil the toil of Sysiphus doth ask.
All these are old, and known, I know; yet, if thou wilt have any,
Chuse some of these; for, trust me else, Œnone hath not many.

Paris. Nay, what thou wilt; but since my cunning not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Œn. There is a pretty Sonnet then, we call it CUPID'S CURSE:
"They that do change old love for new, pray Gods they change for worse."

(They sing.)

Œn. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Lady.

Paris. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Lady.

Œn. My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my Love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's Curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. / Fair, and fair, &c. } *(repeated.)*

Œn. My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
My Love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays
Amen to Cupid's Curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. / Fair, and fair, &c. } *(repeated.)*

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND, AND EXCELLENT MUSICIAN, V. N. ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

I conjure you in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you,—rescue this old and passionate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old *forgotten Pastoral*, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of Writing——rescue it from the profane hands of every common Composer: and in one of your tranquillest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts, which sometimes unworthily beset you; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy; laying by for once the lofty Organ, with which you shake the Temples; attune, as to the Pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and more love-according instrument, this pretty Courtship between Paris and his (then-not as yet-forsaken) Œnone. Oblige me; and all more knowing Judges of Music and of Poesy; by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest Love Dialogue in our language.

Your Implorer,
C. L.

Etymology.

"For the NONCE."

The original of *nonce*, an old word used by George Peel, is uncertain: it signifies purpose, intent, design.

I saw a wolf
Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them *for the* NONCE.
Spenser.

They used at first to fume the fish in a house built *for the* NONCE.
Carew.

When in your motion you are hot,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice *for the* NONCE.

Such a light and metall'd dance;
Saw you never;
And they lead men *for the* NONCE,
That turn round like grindle stones.
Ben Jonson.

A voider *for the* NONCE,
I wrong the devil should I pick their bones.
Cleaveland.

Coming ten times *for the* NONCE,
I never yet could see it flow but once.
Cotton.

These authorities, adduced by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Archdeacon Nares conceives to have sufficiently explained the meaning of the word, which, though obsolete, is still "provincially current." He adds, that it is sometimes written *nones*, and exemplifies the remark by these quotations:—

The mask of Monkes, devised for the *nones*.
Mirror for Magistrates.

And cunningly contrived them for the *nones*
In likely rings of excellent device.
Drayton.

We also find "for the *nones*" in Chaucer.

THE BANQUET OF THE DEAD, OR GENERAL BIBO'S TALE.

A LEGEND OF KIRBY MALHAMDALE CHURCH-YARD, CRAVEN, YORKSHIRE.

For the Table Book.

Come all ye jovial farmers bold, and damsels sweet and fair,
And listen unto me awhile a doleful tale you'll hear.
Bloody Squire, or Derbyshire Tragedy.

PROEM.

On Sheep-street-hill, in the town of Skipton, in Craven, is a blacksmith's-shop, commonly called "the parliament-house." During the late war it was the resort of all the eccentric characters in the place, who were in the habit of assembling there for the purpose of talking over the political events of the day, the knowledge whereof was gleaned from a daily paper, taken in by Mr. Kitty Cook, the occupier of the premises, and to the support of which the various members contributed. One winter's morning in the year 1814, owing to a very heavy snow, the mail was detained on its road to the great discomfiture and vexation of the respectable parliamentary members, who were all as usual at their posts at the hour of nine. There happened on that morning to be a full house, and I very well recollect that Tom Holderd, General Bibo, Roger Bags, Duke Walker, Town Gate Jack, and Bill Cliff of Botany,* all of whom are since dead, were present. After the members had waited a long time, without the accustomed "folio of four pages" making its appearance, general Bibo arose and turning to the speaker, who in pensive melancholy was reclining on the anvil, he thus addressed him:—

"Mr. Speaker, I am convinced that the mail will not arrive to day, (hear! hear!) and therefore, that the members of this honourable house may not, at the hour of twelve, which is fast approaching, go home to their dinners without having something to communicate to their wives and families, I will, with your permission, relate one of those numerous legendary tales, with which our romantic district so much abounds—May I do so?"

Kitty upon this gave the anvil a thundering knock, which was his usual signal of assent, and the general proceeded to relate the full particulars, from which is extracted the following

Legend.

It was the 14th day of July, in the year 17—, when the corpse of a villager was interred in the romantic church-yard of Kirby Malhamdale. The last prayer of the sublime burial service of the English church was said, and the mourners had taken a last lingering look at the narrow tenement which enshrined mortality. All had departed, with the exception of the sexton, a village lad of the name of Kitchen, and a soldier, whose long, flowing, silvery hair and time-worn frame bespoke a very advanced age; he was seated on a neighbouring stone. The grave was not entirely filled up, and a scull, the melancholy remnant of some former occupier of the same narrow cell, was lying beside it. Kitchen took up the scull, and gazed on the sockets, eyeless *then*, but which had contained orbs, that perhaps had reflected the beam sent from beauty's eye, glowed with fury on the battle-field, or melted at the tale of compassion. The old soldier observed the boy, and approaching him said, "Youth! *that* belonged to one who died soon after the reign of queen Mary. His name was Thompson, he was a military man, and as mischievous a fellow as ever existed—ay,

* The Saint Giles's of Skipton, where the lower order of inhabitants generally reside.

for many a long year he was a plague to Kirby Malhamdale."

"Then," replied the boy, "doubtless his death was a benefit, as by it the inhabitants of the valley would be rid from a pest."

"Why, as to that point," answered the veteran, "I fear you are in the wrong. Thompson's reign is not yet finished; 'tis whispered he often returns and visits the scenes of his childhood, nay, even plays his old tricks over again. It is by no means improbable, that at this very instant he is at no great distance, and listening to our conversation."

"What," ejaculated the boy, "he will neither rest himself nor allow other people to do so, the old brute!" and he kicked the scull from him.

"Boy," said the soldier, "you dare not do that again."

"Why not?" asked Kitchen, giving it at the same time another kick.

"Kick it again," said the soldier.

The boy did so.

The veteran smiled grimly, as if pleased with the spirit which the boy manifested, and said, in a joking way, "Now take up that scull, and say to it—Let the owner of this meet me at the midnight hour, and invite me to a banquet spread on yon green stone by his bony fingers—

> Come ghost, come devil,
> Come good, come evil,
> Or let old Thompson himself appear,
> For I will partake of his midnight cheer."*

Kitchen, laughing with the glee of a schoolboy, and with the thoughtlessness incident to youth, repeated the ridiculous lines after his director, and then leaving the church-yard vaulted over the stile leading to the school-house, where, rejoining his companions, he quickly forgot the scene wherein he had been engaged; indeed it impressed him so little, that he never mentioned the circumstance to a single individual.

The boy at his usual hour of ten retired to rest, and soon fell into a deep slumber, from which he was roused by some one rattling the latch of his door, and singing beneath his window. He arose and opened the casement. It was a calm moonlight night, and he distinctly discerned the old soldier, who was rapping loudly at the door, and chanting the elegant stanzas he had repeated at the grave of the villager.

"And what pray now may you be wanting at this time of night?" asked the boy, wholly undaunted by the strangeness of the visitation. "If you cannot lie in bed yourself, you ought to allow others to rest."

"What," replied the old man, "hast thou so soon forgotten thy promise?" and he repeated the lines "*Come good, come evil,* &c."

Kitchen laughed at again hearing the jingle of these ridiculous rhymes, which to him seemed to be "such as nurses use to frighten babes withal." At this the soldier's countenance assumed a peculiar expression, and the full gaze of his dark eye, which appeared to glow with something inexpressibly wild and unearthly, was bent upon the boy, who, as he encountered it, felt an indescribable sensation steal over him, and began to repent of his incautious levity. After a short silence the stranger again addressed him, but in tones so hollow and sepulchral, that his youthful blood was chilled, and his heart beat strongly and quickly in his bosom.

"Boy, thy word must be kept! Promises made with the grave are not to be lightly broken—

> "Amidst the cold graves of the coffin'd dead
> Is the table deck'd and the banquet spread;
> Then haste thee thither without delay,
> For nigh is the time, away! away!"

"Then be it as you wish," said the boy, in some slight degree resuming his courage; "go; I will follow." On hearing this the soldier departed, and Kitchen watched his figure till it was wholly lost in the mists of the night.

* * * * *

At a short distance from Kirby Malhamdale church, on the banks of the Aire, was a small cottage, the residence of the Rev. Mr. ———, the rector of the parish. [General Bibo mentioned his name, but I shall not, for if I did some of his descendants might address themselves to the *Table Book*, and contradict the story of their ancestor having been engaged in so strange an adventure as that contained in the sequel of this legend.] Mr. ——— had from his earliest years been addicted to scientific and literary pursuits, and was generally in his study till a late hour. On this eventful night he was sitting at a table strewed with divers ancient tomes, intently perusing an old Genevan edition of the

* Should any reader of this day find fault with the inelegant manner in which the dialogue is carried on between Kitchen and the soldier, in defence I beg leave to say, the dialogue is told as general Bibo related it, and though in many parts of the tale I have made so many alterations, that I should not be guilty of any impropriety in calling it an original: I do not consider myself authorized to change the dialogues occasionally introduced.

Institutes of John Calvin. While thus employed, and buried in profound meditation, the awful and death-like stillness was broken, and he was roused from his reverie by a hurried and violent knocking at the door. He started from his chair, and rushing out to ascertain the cause of this strange interruption, beheld Kitchen with a face as pale as a winding-sheet. "Kitchen, what brings you here at this untimely hour?" asked the clergyman. The boy was silent, and appeared under the influence of extreme terror. Mr. ———, on repeating the question, had a confused and indistinct account given him of all the circumstances. The relation finished, Mr. ——— looked at the boy, and thus addressed him: "Yes, I thought some evil would come of your misdeeds; for some time past your conduct has been very disorderly, you having long set a bad example to the lads of Malhamdale. But this is no time for upbraiding. I will accompany you, and together we will abide the result of your rash engagement."

Mr. ——— and the boy left the rectory, and proceeded along the road leading to the church-yard; as they entered the sacred precinct, the clock of the venerable pile told the hour of midnight. It was a beautiful night—scarcely a cloud broke the cerulean appearance of the heavens—countless stars studded heaven's deep blue vault—the moon was glowing in her highest lustre, and shed a clear light on the old grey church tower and the distant hills—scarcely a breeze stirred the trees, then in their fullest foliage—every inmate of the village-inn* was at rest—there was not a sound, save the murmuring of the lone mountain river, and the deep-toned baying of the watchful sheep-dog.

Mr. ——— looked around, but, seeing no one, said to the boy, "Surely you have been dreaming—your tale is some illusion, some chimera of the brain. The occurrences of the day have been embodied in your visions, and the over excitement created by the scene at the tomb has worked upon your imagination."

"Oh no, sir!" said Kitchen, "but his eyes which glared so fearfully upon me could not have been a deception. I saw his tall figure, and heard his hollow sepulchral voice sing those too well-remembered lines, but—Heavens! did you not see it?" He started, and drawing nearer to the priest, pointed to the eastern window of the edifice. Mr. ——— looked in the direction, and saw a dark shadowy form gliding amid the tombstones. It approached, and as its outline became more distinctly marked, he recognised the mysterious being described to him in his study by the terrified boy.—The figure stopped, and looking long and earnestly at them said, "One! two! How is this? I have one more guest than I invited; but it matters not, all is ready, follow me—

> "Amidst the cold graves of the coffin'd dead,
> In the table deck'd and the banquet spread."

The figure waved its arm impatiently, and beckoning them to follow moved on in the precise and measured step of an old soldier. Having reached the eastern window, it turned the corner of the building, and proceeded directly to the old green stone, near Thompson's grave. The thick branches of an aged yew-tree partially shaded the spot from the silver moonlight, which was peacefully falling on the neighbouring graves, and gave to this particular one a more sombre and melancholy character than the rest. Here was, indeed, a table spread, and its festive preparations formed a striking contrast with the awful mementos strewed around. Never in the splendid and baronial halls of De Clifford,* never in the feudal mansion of the Nortons,† nor in the refectory of the monks of Sawley, had a more substantial banquet been spread. Nothing was wanting there of roast or boiled—the stone was plentifully decked; yet it was a fearful sight to see, where till now but the earthworm had ever revelled, a banquet prepared as for revelry. The boy looked on the stone, and as he gazed on the smoking viands a strange thought crossed his brow—at what fire were those provisions cooked. The seats placed around were coffins, and Kitchen every instant seemed to dread lest their owners should appear, and join the sepulchral banquet. Their ghostly host having placed himself at the head of the table, motioned his guests to do the same, and they did so accordingly. Mr. ——— then in his clerical character rose to ask the accustomed blessing, when he was interrupted. "It cannot be," said the stranger as he rose; "I cannot hear at my board a pro-

* In Kirby Malhamdale church-yard is a public house, verifying the lines of the satirist:—

> Where God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil builds a chapel there.

* Skipton-castle.

† Rylstone-hall. See Wordsworth's beautiful poem the White Doe.

testant grace. When I trod the earth as a mortal, the catholic religion was the religion of the land! It was the blessed faith of my forefathers, and it was mine. Within those walls I have often listened to the solemnization of the mass, but now how different! listen!" He ceased. The moon was overcast by a passing cloud, the great bell tolled, a screech-owl flew from the tower, lights were seen in the building, and through one of the windows Mr. ——— beheld distinctly the bearings of the various hatchments, and a lambent flame playing over the monument of the Lamberts — music swelled through the aisles, and unseen beings with voices wilder than the unmeasured notes

> Of that strange lyre, whose strings
> The genii of the breezes sweep,

chanted not a Gratias agimus, but a De Profundis. All was again still, and the stranger spoke, "What you have heard is my grace. Is not a De Profundis the most proper one to be chanted at the banquet of the dead?"

Mr. ———, who was rather an epicure, now glanced his eye over the board, and finding that that necessary appendage to a good supper, *salt*, was wanting, said, in an astonished tone, "Why, where's the *salt?*" when immediately the stranger and his feast vanished, and of all that splendid banquet nothing remained, save the mossy stone whereon it was spread.

Such was the purport of general Bibo's tale; and why those simple words had so wondrous an effect has long been a subject of dispute with the illuminati of Skipton and Malhamdale. Many are the conjectures, but the most probable one is this,— the spectre on hearing the word *salt* was perhaps reminded of the Red Sea, and having, like all sensible ghosts, a dislike to that awful and tremendous gulf, thought the best way to avoid being laid there was to make as precipitate a retreat as possible.

Kirby, or as it is frequently called, Kirby *Malhamdale*, from the name of the beautiful valley in which it is situate, is one of the most sequestered villages in Craven, and well worthy of the attention of the tourist, from the loveliness of its surrounding scenery and its elegant church, which hitherto modern barbarity has left unprofaned by decorations and ornaments, as churchwardens and parish officers style those acts of Vandalism, by which too many of the Craven churches have been spoiled, and on which Dr. Whitaker has animadverted in pretty severe language. That excellent historian and most amiable man, whose memory will ever be dear to the inhabitants of Craven, speaking of Kirby church, says, "It is a large, handsome, and uniform building of red stone, probably of the age of Henry VII. It has one ornament peculiar, as far as I recollect, to the churches in Craven, to which the Tempests were benefactors. Most of the columns have in the west side, facing the congregation as they turned to the altar, an elegant niche and tabernacle, once containing the statue of a saint. In the nave lies a grave-stone, with a cross fleury in high relief, of much greater antiquity than the present church, and probably covering one of the canons of Dereham." *

At the west end of the church, on each side of the singer's gallery, are two emblematical figures, of modern erection, painted on wood; one of them, Time with his scythe, and this inscription, "Make use of time;" the other is a skeleton, with the inscription "Remember death." With all due deference to the taste of the parishioners, it is my opinion that these paintings are both unsuited to a Christian temple, and the sooner they are removed the better. The gloomy mythology of the Heathens ill accords with the enlightened theology of Christianity.

At the east end of the church are monumental inscriptions to the memory of John Lambert, the son, and John Lambert, th grandson of the well-known general Lambert, of roundhead notoriety. The residence of the Lamberts was Calton-hall, in the neighbourhood; and at Winterburn, a village about two miles from Calton, is one of the oldest Independent chapels in the kingdom, having been erected and endowed by the Lamberts during the usurpation of Cromwell; it is still in possession of this once powerful sect, and *was* a picturesque object: it *had* something of sturdy nonconformity in its appearance, but alas! modern barbarism has been at work on it, and given it the appearance of a respectable barn. The deacons, who "repaired and beautified" it, ought to place their names over the door of the chapel, in characters readable at a mile's distance, that the traveller may be informed by whom the chapel erected by the Lamberts was deformed.

I often have lamented, that ministers of

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* History of Craven.

religion have so little to do with the repairs of places of worship. The clergy of all denominations are, in general, men of cultivated minds and refined tastes, and certainly better qualified to superintend alterations than country churchwardens and parish officers, who, though great pretenders to knowledge, are usually ignorant destroyers of the beauty of the edifices confided to their care.

T. Q. M.

April, 1827.

SALT.

The conjecture of T. Q. M. concerning the disappearance of the spectre-host, and the breaking up of the nocturnal banquet, in the church-yard of Kirby Malhamdale, is ingenious, and entitled to the notice of the curious in spectral learning: but it may be as well to consider whether the *point* of the legend may not be further illustrated.

According to Moresin, *salt* not being liable to putrefaction, and preserving things seasoned with it from decay, was the emblem of eternity and immortality, and mightily abhorred by infernal spirits. "In reference to this symbolical explication, how beautiful," says Mr. Brand, "is that expression applied to the righteous, 'Ye are the *salt* of the earth!'"

On the custom in Ireland of placing a plate of *salt* over the heart of a dead person, Dr. Campbell supposes, in agreement with Moresin's remark, that the salt was considered the emblem of the incorruptible part; "the body itself," says he, "being the type of corruption."

It likewise appears from Mr. Pennant, that, on the death of a highlander, the friends laid on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter, containing a small quantity of *salt* and earth, separate and unmixed; the earth an emblem of the corruptible body—the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit.

> The body's *salt* the soul is, which when gone
> The flesh soone sucks in putrefaction.
>
> *Herrick.*

The custom of placing a plate of *salt* upon the dead, Mr. Douce says, is still retained in many parts of England, and particularly in Leicestershire; but the pewter plate and salt are laid with an intent to hinder air from getting into the body and distending it, so as to occasion bursting or inconvenience in closing the coffin. Though this be the reason for the usage at present, yet it is doubtful whether the practice is not a vulgar continuation of the ancient symbolical usage; otherwise, why is *salt* selected?

To these instances of the relation that *salt* bore to the dead, should be annexed Bodin's affirmation, cited by Reginald Scot; namely, that as *salt* "is a sign of eternity, and used by divine commandment in all sacrifices," so "*the devil loveth no* SALT *in his meat.*"—This saying is of itself, perhaps, sufficient to account for the sudden flight of the spectre, and the vanishing of the feast in the church-yard of Kirby Malhamdale on the call for the *salt*.

Finally may be added, *salt* from the "Hesperides" of Herrick:—

TO PERILLA

Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steale away from thee?
Age cals me hence, and my gray haires bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home;
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kisse:
Dead when I am, first cast in *salt*, and bring
Part of the creame from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs, when thou didst plore
The gods protection but the night before;
Follow me weeping to my turfe, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a teare:
Then, lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me;
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cold and silent shades of sleep.

A CORPORATION.

Mr. Howel Walsh, in a corporation case tried at the Tralee assizes, observed, that "a corporation cannot blush. It was a body it was true; had certainly a head—a new one every year—an annual acquisition of intelligence in every new lord mayor. Arms he supposed it had, and long ones too, for it could reach at any thing. Legs, of course, when it made such long strides. A throat to swallow the rights of the community, and a stomach to digest them! But whoever yet discovered, in the anatomy of any corporation, either bowels, or a heart?"

House at Kirkby-Moorside, Yorkshire,

WHEREIN THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM DIED.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great *Villiers* lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love:
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, 'reft of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!
There victor of his health, of fortune, friends
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.

Pope.

In an amusing and informing topographical tract, written and published by Mr. John Cole of Scarborough, there is the preceding representation of the deathbed-house of the witty and dissipated nobleman, whose name is recorded beneath the engraving. From this, and a brief notice of the duke in a work possessed by most of the readers of the *Table Book*,* with some extracts from documents, accompanying Mr. Cole's print, an interesting idea may be formed of this nobleman's last thoughts, and the scene wherein he closed his eyes.

The room wherein he died is marked above by a star * near the window.

Kirkby-Moorside is a market town, about twenty-six miles distant from Scarborough, seated on the river Rye. It was formerly part of the extensive possessions of Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham, who was killed by Felton, from whom it descended with his title to his son, who, after a profligate career, wherein he had wasted his brilliant talents and immense property, repaired to Kirkby-Moorside, and died there in disease and distress.

In a letter to bishop Spratt, dated "Kerby-moor Syde, April 17, 1687," the earl

* The *Every-Day Book*.

of Arran relates that, being accidentally at York on a journey towards Scotland, and hearing of the duke of Buckingham's illness, he visited him. "He had been long ill of an ague, which had made him weak; but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he would by no means think of it.—I confess it made my heart bleed to see the duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a place, and in so bad a condition.—The doctors told me his case was desperate, and though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two at most it would kill him, but they durst not tell him of it; so they put a hard part on me to pronounce death to him, which I saw approaching so fast, that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world.—After having plainly told him his condition, I asked him whom I should send for to be assistant to him during the small time he had to live: he would make me no answer, which made me conjecture, and having formerly heard that he had been inclining to be a Roman Catholic, I asked him if I should send for a priest; for I thought any act that could be like a Christian, was what his condition now wanted most; but he positively told me that he was not of that persuasion, and so would not hear any more of that subject, for he was of the church of England.—After some time, beginning to feel his distemper mount, he desired me to send for the parson of this parish, who said prayers for him, which he joined in very freely, but still did not think he should die; though this was yesterday, at seven in the morning, and he died about eleven at night.

"I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed and carried to Helmsley castle, and there to remain till my lady duchess her pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken: for there is nothing here but confusion, not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums, there is not so much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense. But I have ordered his intestines to be buried at Helmsley, where his body is to remain till farther orders. Being the nearest kinsman upon the place, I have taken the liberty to give his majesty an account of his death, and sent his George and blue ribbon to be disposed as his majesty shall think fit. I have addressed it under cover to my lord president, to whom I beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives."

A letter, in Mr. Cole's publication, written by the dying duke, confesses his ill-spent life, and expresses sincere remorse for the prostitution of his brilliant talents.

"From the younger Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on his Deathbed to Dr. W—

"Dear doctor,

"I always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to have a sound understanding; for, however I have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands; for I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, *Time!* I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours. How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the time of distress. In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being, in his afflictions, whom, in the time of his prosperity, he never remembered with reverence.

"Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you, that I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of Grace, or to implore that divine mercy in the next world which I have so scandalously abused in this.

"Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to a king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice (be) taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

"The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, were you to show this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than resentment. A future state may well enough strike terror into any man who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed who does not shrink at the presence of God. The apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of his

understanding. To what a situation am I now reduced! Is this odious *little hut* a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian? From my rank I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end: instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse, despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God.

"There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous, and fascinated by the general applause which they procured, I never considered the proper means by which they should be displayed. Hence, to procure a smile from a blockhead whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtues with disrespect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but contempt.

"Your men of wit generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to meaner understandings. It is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity; and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good.

"What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment; or that any person should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that appears solicitous about his happiness in the next.

"I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friend of my bosom, and the dependants on my bounty; but no matter! I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not, however, be wholly cast off by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease, especially on a subject I could talk of for ever.

"I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy

"BUCKINGHAM."

The following is from the parish register of Kirkby Moorside.

COPY.

buried in the yeare of our Lord [1687.

April ye 17.

Gorges uiluas Lord dooke of bookingam, etc.

This vulgar entry is the only public memorial of the death of a nobleman, whose abuse of faculties of the highest order, subjected him to public contempt, and the neglect of his associates in his deepest distress. If any lesson can reach the sensualist he may read it in the duke's fate and repentant letter.

The publication of such a tract as Mr. Cole's, from a provincial press, is an agreeable surprise. It is in octavo, and bears the quaint title of the "Antiquarian Trio," because it describes, 1. The house wherein the duke of Buckingham died. 2. Rudston church and obelisk. 3. A monumental effigy in the old town-hall, Scarborough, with a communication to Mr. Cole from the Rev. J. L. Lisson, expressing his opinion, that it represents John de Mowbray, who was constable of Scarborough castle in the reign of Edward II. Engravings illustrate these descriptions, and there is another on wood of the church of Hunmanby, with a poem, for which Mr. Cole is indebted to the pen of "the present incumbent, the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham, M. A. F. R. S."

Literature.

"SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY, translated by JOHN BOWRING," 1827.

It is an item of "Foreign Occurrences," in the "Gentleman's Magazine," July, 1807, that a firman of the grand signior sentenced the whole Servian nation to extermination, without distinction of age or sex; if any escaped the sword, they were to be reduced to slavery. Every plain matter-of-fact man knew from his Gazetteer that Servia was a province of Turkey in Europe, bounded on the north by the Danube and Save, which separate it from Hungary, on the east by Bulgaria, on the west by Bosnia, and on the south by Albania and Macedonia; of course, he presumed that fire and sword had passed upon the country within these boundaries, and that the remaining natives had been deported; and consequently, to render the map of Turkey in Europe perfectly correct, he took his pen, and blotted out "Servia"

It appears, however, that by one of those accidents, which defeat *certain* purposes of state policy, and which are quite as common to inhuman affairs, in "sublime" as in Christian cabinets, there was a change of heads in the Turkish administration. The Janizaries becoming displeased with their new uniforms, and with the ministers of Selim, the best of grand signiors, his sublime majesty was graciously pleased to mistake the objects of their displeasure, and send them the heads of Mahmud Effendi, and a few ex-ministers, who were obnoxious to himself, instead of the heads of Achmet Effendi, and others of his household; the discontented therefore immediately decapitated the latter themselves; and, further, presumed to depose Selim, and elevate Mustapha to the Turkish throne. According to an ancient custom, the deposed despot threw himself at the feet of his successor, kissed the border of his garment, retired to that department of the seraglio occupied by the princes of the blood who cease to reign, and Mustapha, girded with the sword of the prophet, was the best of grand signiors in his stead. This state of affairs at the court of Constantinople rendered it inconvenient to divert the energies of the faithful to so inconsiderable an object as the extinction of the Servian nation; and thus Servia owes its existence to the Janizaries' dislike of innovation on their dress; and we are consequently indebted to that respectable prejudice for the volume of "Servian popular Poetry," published by Mr. Bowring. We might otherwise have read, as a dry matter of history, that the Servian people were exterminated A. D. 1807, and have passed to our graves without suspecting that they had songs and bards, and were quite as respectable as their ferocious and powerful destroyers.

Mr. Bowring's "Introduction" to his specimens of "Servian popular Poetry," is a rapid sketch of the political and literary history of Servia.

"The Servians must be reckoned among those races who vibrated between the north and the east; possessing to-day, dispossessed to-morrow; now fixed, and now wandering: having their head-quarters in Sarmatia for many generations, in Macedonia for following ones, and settling in Servia at last. But to trace their history, as to trace their course, is impossible. At last the eye fixes them between the Sava and the Danube, and Belgrade grows up as the central point round which the power of Servia gathers itself together, and stretches itself along the right bank of the former river, southwards to the range of mountains which spread to the Adriatic and to the verge of Montengro. Looking yet closer, we observe the influence of the Venetians and the Hungarians on the character and the literature of the Servians. We track their connection now as allies, and now as masters; once the receivers of tribute from, and anon as tributaries to, the Grecian empire; and in more modern times the slaves of the Turkish yoke. Every species of vicissitude marks the Servian annals—annals represented only by those poetical productions of which these are specimens. The question of their veracity is a far more interesting one than that of their antiquity. Few of them narrate events previous to the invasion of Europe by the Turks in 1355, but some refer to facts co-eval with the Mussulman empire in Adrianople. More numerous are the records of the struggle between the Moslem and the Christian parties at a later period; and last of all, they represent the quiet and friendly intercourse between the two religions, if not blended in social affections, at least associated in constant communion."

Respecting the subject more immediately interesting, Mr. Bowring says—

"The earliest poetry of the Servians has a heathenish character; that which follows is leagued with Christian legends. But holy deeds are always made the condition of salvation. The whole nation, to use the idea of Göthe, is imaged in poetical superstition. Events are brought about by the agency of angels, but the footsteps of Satan can be nowhere traced; the dead are often summoned from their tombs; awful warnings, prophecies, and birds of evil omen, bear terror to the minds of the most courageous.

"Over all is spread the influence of a remarkable, and, no doubt, antique mythology. An omnipresent spirit—airy and fanciful—making its dwelling in solitudes—and ruling over mountains and forests—a being called the *Vila*, is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration: sometimes in a form of female beauty—sometimes a wilder Diana—now a goddess, gathering or dispersing the clouds—and now an owl, among ruins and ivy. The Vila, always capricious, and frequently malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. The *Trica Polonica* is sacred to her. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person and the swiftness of her step:—'Fair as the mountain Vila,'

is the highest compliment to a Servian lady — 'Swift as the Vila,' is the most eloquent eulogium on a Servian steed.

"Of the amatory poems of the Servians, Göthe justly remarks, that, when viewed all together, they cannot but be deemed of singular beauty; they exhibit the expressions of passionate, overflowing, and contented affection; they are full of shrewdness and spirit; delight and surprise are admirably portrayed; and there is, in all, a marvellous sagacity in subduing difficulties, and in obtaining an end; a natural, but at the same time vigorous and energetic tone; sympathies and sensibilities, without wordy exaggeration, but which, notwithstanding, are decorated with poetical imagery and imaginative beauty; a correct picture of Servian life and manners—every thing, in short, which gives to passion the force of truth, and to external scenery the character of reality.

"The poetry of Servia was wholly traditional, until within a very few years. It had never found a pen to record it, but has been preserved by the people, and principally by those of the lower classes, who had been accustomed to listen and to sing these interesting compositions to the sound of a simple three-stringed instrument, called a *Gusle;* and it is mentioned by Göthe, that when some Servians who had visited Vienna were requested to write down the songs they had sung, they expressed the greatest surprise that such simple poetry and music as theirs should possess any interest for intelligent and cultivated minds. They apprehended, they said, that the artless compositions of their country would be the subject of scorn or ridicule to those whose poetry was so polished and so sublime. And this feeling must have been ministered to by the employment, even in Servia, of a language no longer spoken; for the productions of literature, though it is certain the natural affections, the every-day thoughts and associations could not find fit expression in the old church dialect:—

"The talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business, is the undoubted stalk
'*True song*' doth grow on."

"The collection of popular songs, *Narodne srpske pjesme*, from which most of those which occupy this volume are taken, was made by Vuk, and committed to paper either from early recollections, or from the repetition of Servian minstrels. These, he informs us, and his statement is corroborated by every intelligent traveller, form a very small portion of the treasure of song which exists unrecorded among the peasantry. How so much of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes as it were a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is a common inheritance, which one generation transfers sanctioned and amended to another. Political adversity, too, strengthens the attachment of a nation to the records of its ancient prosperous days. The harps may be hung on the willows for a while, during the storm and the struggle, but when the tumult is over, they will be strung again to repeat the old songs, and recall the time gone by.

"The historical ballads, which are in lines composed of five trochaics, are always sung with the accompaniment of the *Gusle*. At the end of every verse, the singer drops his voice, and mutters a short cadence. The emphatic passages are chanted in a louder tone. 'I cannot describe,' says Wessely, 'the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding a blind old singer, and every cheek was wet with tears—it was not the music, it was the words which affected them.' As this simple instrument, the Gusle, is never used but to accompany the poetry of the Servians, and as it is difficult to find a Servian who does not play upon it, the universality of their popular ballads may be well imagined."

While Mr. Bowring pays cheerful homage to a rhyme translation of a Servian ballad, in the Quarterly Review, No. LXIX. p. 71, he adds, that it is greatly embellished, and offers a version, in blank verse, more faithful to the original, and therefore more interesting to the critical inquirer. The following specimen of Mr. Bowring's translation may be compared with the corresponding passage in the Review.

She was lovely—nothing e'er was lovelier:
She was tall and slender as the pine tree;
White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,
As if morning's beam had shone

Till that beam had reach'd its high meridian;
And her eyes, they were two precious jewels;
And her eyebrows, leeches from the ocean;
And her eyelids, they were wings of swallows;
Silken tufts the maiden's flaxen ringlets;
And her sweet mouth was a sugar casket;
And her teeth were pearls array'd in order;
White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets;
And her voice was like the dovelet's cooing;
And her smiles were like the glowing sunshine.

On the eyebrows of the bride, described as "*leeches* from the ocean," it is observable that, with the word leech in Servian poetry, there is no disagreeable association. "It is the name usually employed to describe the beauty of the eyebrows, as swallows' wings are the simile used for eyelashes." A lover inquires

'Hast thou wandered near the ocean?
Has thou seen the *pijavitza*?*
Like it are the maiden's eyebrows."

There is a stronger illustration of the simile in

THE BROTHERLESS SISTERS.

Two solitary sisters, who
A brother's fondness never knew,
Agreed, poor girls, with one another,
That they would make themselves a brother
They cut them silk, as snow-drops white;
And silk, as richest rubies bright;
They carved his body from a bough
Of box-tree from the mountain's brow;
Two jewels dark for eyes they gave;
For eyebrows, from the ocean's wave
They took two leeches; and for teeth
Fix'd pearls above, and pearls beneath;
For food they gave him honey sweet,
And said, "Now live, and speak, and eat."

The tenderness of Servian poetry is prettily exemplified in another of Mr. Bowring's translations.

FAREWELL.

Against white Buda's walls, a vine
Doth its white branches fondly twine:
O no! it was no vine-tree there
It was a fond, a faithful pair,
Bound each to each in earliest vow—
And, O! they must be severed now!
And these their farewell words:—"We part—
Break from my bosom—break—my heart!
Go to a garden—go, and see,
Some rose-branch blushing on the tree;
And from that branch a rose-flower tear,
Then place it on thy bosom bare;
And as its leavelets fade and pine,
So fades my sinking heart in thine!"
And thus the other spoke: "My love!
A few short paces backward move,
And to the verdant forest go;
There's a fresh water-fount below;
And in the fount a marble stone,
Which a gold cup reposes on;
And in the cup a ball of snow—
Love! take that ball of snow to rest
Upon thine heart within thy breast,
And as it melts unnoticed there,
So melts my heart in thine, my dear!"

One other poem may suffice for a specimen of the delicacy of feeling in a Servian bosom, influenced by the master-passion.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERDS.

The sheep, beneath old Buda's wall,
Their wonted quiet rest enjoy;
But ah! rude stony fragments fall,
And many a silk-wool'd sheep destroy;
Two youthful shepherds perish there,
The golden George, and Mark the fair.

For Mark, O many a friend grew sad,
And father, mother wept for him:
George—father, friend, nor mother had,
For him no tender eye grew dim:
Save one—a maiden far away,
She wept—and thus I heard her say:

"My golden George—and shall a song,
A song of grief be sung for thee—
'Twould go from lip to lip—ere long
By careless lips profaned to be;
Unhallow'd thoughts might soon defame
The purity of woman's name.

"Or shall I take thy picture fair,
And fix that picture in my sleeve?
Ah! time will soon the vestment tear,
And not a shade, nor fragment leave:
I'll not give him I love so well
To what is so corruptible.

"I'll write thy name within a book;
That book will pass from hand to hand,
And many an eager eye will look,
But ah! how few will understand!—
And who their holiest thoughts can shroud
From the cold insults of the crowd?"

* The leech.

GRETNA GREEN.

For the Table Book.

This celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated in Dumfrieshire, near the mouth of the river Esk, nine miles north-west from Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to Scotland, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gretna Green. By some persons it is written Graitney

Green, according to the pronunciation of the person from whom they hear it:—

"At a short distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gretna—the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job, to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postilions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of landmark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chaps a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eying us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

The "Statistical Account of Scotland" gives the subsequent particulars:—"The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere impostors—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry, or exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place; but the greatest part of the trade is monopolized by a man who was originally a tobacconist, and not a blacksmith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without education, without principle, without morals, and without manners. His life is a continued scene of drunkenness: his irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has had the honour to join in the sacred bonds of wedlock many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here. At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnized annually in this place."

Copy Certificate of a Gretna Green Marriage.

"Gretnay Green Febry 17 1784

"This is to Sertfay to all persons that may be Cunserned that William Geades from the Cuntey of Bamph in thee parish of Crumdell and Nelley Patterson from the Sitey of Ednbrough Both Comes before me and Declares them Selvese to be Both Single persons and New Mareid by thee way of thee Church of Englond And Now maried by thee way of thee Church of Scotland as Day and Deat abuv menchned by me

DAVID M'FARSON
his
WILLIAM ✕ GEADES
Mark
Witness NELLY PATORSON
DANELL MORAD

By the canons and statutes of the church of Scotland, all marriages performed under the circumstances usually attending them at Gretna Green, are clearly illegal; for although it may be performed by a layman, or a person out of orders, yet, as in England, bans or license are necessary, and those who marry parties clandestinely are subject to heavy fine and severe imprisonment. Therefore, though Gretna Green be just out of the limits of the English Marriage Act, that is not sufficient, unless the forms of the Scottish church are complied with.

H. M. LANDER.

SCOTCH ADAM AND EVE.

The first record for marriage entered into the session-book of the West Parish of Greenock, commences with *Adam* and *Eve*, being the Christian names of the first couple who were married after the book was prepared. The worthy Greenockians can boast therefore of an ancient origin, but traces of Paradise or the Garden of Eden in their bleak regions defy research.

BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Jerome speaks of "a dragon of wonderful magnitude, which the Dalmatians in their native language call *boas*, because they are so large that they can swallow oxen." Hence it should seem, that the *boa*-snake may have given birth to the fiction of dragons.*

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

Varia.

PIOUS DIRECTION POST.

Under this title, in a west-country paper of the present year, (1827) there is the following statement:—

On the highway near Bicton, in Devonshire, the seat of the right hon. lord Rolle, in the centre of four cross roads, is a directing post with the following inscriptions, by an attention to which the traveller learns the condition of the roads over which he has to pass, and at the same time is furnished with food for meditation:—

To Woodbury, Topsham, Exeter.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

To Brixton, Ottery, Honiton.—O hold up our goings in thy paths that our footsteps slip not.

To Otterton, Sidmouth, Culliton, A. D. 1743.—O that our ways were made to direct that we might keep thy statutes.

To Budleigh.—Make us to go in the paths of thy commandments, for therein is our desire.

MARSEILLES.

The history of Marseilles is full of interest. Its origin borders on romance. Six hundred years before the Christian era, a band of piratical adventurers from Ionia, in Asia Minor, by dint of superior skill in navigation, pushed their discoveries to the mouth of the Rhone. Charmed with the white cliffs, green vales, blue waters, and bright skies, which they here found, they returned to their native country, and persuaded a colony to follow them to the barbarous shores of Gaul, bearing with them their religion, language, manners, and customs. On the very day of their arrival, so says tradition, the daughter of the native chief was to choose a husband, and her affections were placed upon one of the leaders of the polished emigrants. The friendship of the aborigines was conciliated by marriage, and their rude manners were softened by the refinement of their new allies in war, their new associates in peace. In arts and arms the emigrants soon acquired the ascendancy, and the most musical of all the Greek dialects became the prevailing language of the colony.*

* American paper.

Law.

CHANCERY.

Unhappy Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his lordship's sheep, and half his deer:
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke;

At last resolved his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right by statute and by law—
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun;
Nine happy terms through bill and answer run,
Obtain'd his cause and costs, and was undone.

A DECLARATION IN LAW.

Fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—fe-male.

LAW AND PHYSIC.

It has been ascertained from the almanacs of the different departments and of Paris, that there are in France no less than seventeen hundred thousand eight hundred and forty-three medical men. There are, according to another calculation, fourteen hundred thousand six hundred and fifty-one patients. Turning to another class of public men, we find that there are nineteen hundred thousand four hundred and three pleaders, and upon the rolls there are only nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand causes; so that unless the nine hundred and two thousand four hundred and three superfluous lawyers see fit to fall sick of a lack of fees and employment, there must remain three hundred thousand one hundred and ninety-two doctors, with nothing to do but sit with their arms across. *

"THE NAUGHTY PLACE."

A Scotch pastor recognised one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road, a little fuddled. "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon?" said she, as he stopped.—"Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o' you in sic a plight: do you know where all drunkards *go?*"—"Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just *go* whar a drap o' gude drink is to be got."

* Furet.

May-Day at Lynn in Norfolk.

For the Table Book.

Where May-day is still observed, many forms of commemoration remain, the rude and imperfect outlines of former splendour, blended with local peculiarities. The festival appears to have originated about A. M. 3760, and before Christ 242 years, in consequence of a celebrated courtezan, named *Flora*, having bequeathed her fortune to the people of Rome, that they should at this time, yearly, celebrate her memory, in singing, dancing, drinking, and other excesses; from whence these revels were called *Floralia*, or May-games.* After some years, the senate of Rome exalted *Flora* amongst their thirty thousand deities, as the goddess of flowers, and commanded her to be worshipped, that she might protect their flowers, fruits, and herbs.* During the Catholic age, a great portion of extraneous ceremony was infused into the celebration, but that the excesses and lawless misrule attributed to this *Floralian* festival, by the fanatic enthusiasts of the Cromwellian age, ever existed, is indeed greatly to be doubted. It was celebrated as a national festival, an universal expression of joy and adoration, at the commencement of a season, when nature developes her beauties, dispenses her bounties, and wafts her "spicy gales," rich with voluptuous fragrance, to exhilarate man, and enliven the scenes around him.

In no place where the custom of celebrating May-day still continues does it present so close a resemblance to its Roman origin as at Lynn. This perhaps may be attributed to the circumstance of a colony of Romans having settled there, about the

* Hospinian de Orig. Festorum—Polydore Virgil—and Godwin Antiq.

* Aug. de Civit. Dei—Rosinus de Antiquit. Rom.—and Hall's Funebria Floræ.

time of the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and projected the improvement and drainage of the marsh land and fens, to whom Lynn owes its origin, as the mother town of the district.* That they brought with them their domestic habits and customs we know; and hence the festival of May-day partakes of the character of the Roman celebrations.

Early on the auspicious morn, a spirit of emulation is generally excited among the juveniles of Lynn, in striving who shall be first to arise and welcome "sweet May-day," by opening the door to admit the genial presence of the tutelary goddess,

——— borne on Auroral zephyrs
And deck'd in spangled, pearly, dew-drop gems.

The task of gathering flowers from the fields and gardens for the intended garland succeeds, and the gatherers frequently fasten the doors of drowsy acquaintances, by driving a large nail through the handle of the snack into the door-post, though, with the disappearance of thumb-snacks, that peculiarity of usage is of course disappearing too.

The Lynn garland is made of two hoops of the same size, fixed transversely, and attached to a pole or staff, with the end through the centre, and parallel to the hoops. Bunches of flowers, interspersed with evergreens, are tied round the hoops, from the interior of which festoons of blown birds' eggs are usually suspended, and long strips of various-coloured ribbons are also pendant from the top. A doll, full dressed, of proportionate size, is seated in the centre, thus exhibiting an humble, but not inappropriate representation of *Flora*, surrounded by the fragrant emblems of her consecrated offerings. Thus completed, the garlands are carried forth in all directions about the town, each with an attendant group of musicians, (i. e. *horn-blowers*,†) collecting eleemósynary tributes from their acquaintances. The horns, used only on this occasion, are those of bulls and cows, and the sounds produced by them when blown in concert, (if the noise from two to twenty, or perhaps more, may be so termed,) is not unlike the lowing of a herd of the living animals. Forgetful of their youthful days, numberless anathemas are ejaculated by the elder inhabitants, at the tremendous hurricane of monotonous sounds throughout the day. Though deafening in their tones, there appears something so classically antique in the use of these horns, that the imagination cannot forbear depicturing the horn-blowers as the votaries of *Io* and *Serapis*,* (the Egyptian Isis and Osiris,) in the character of the Lynn juveniles, sounding their *Io Pæans* to the honour of *Flora*.

Having been carried about the town, the garland, faded and drooping, is dismounted from the staff, and suspended across a court or lane, where the amusement of throwing balls over it, from one to another, generally terminates the day. The only *public* garland, amongst the few now exhibited, and also the largest, is one belonging to the young inmates of St. James's workhouse, which is carried by one of the ancient inhabitants of the asylum, as appears in the sketch, attended by a numerous train of noisy horn-blowing pauper children, in the parish livery. Stopping at the door of every respectable house, they collect a considerable sum, which is dropped through the top of a locked tin canister, borne by one of the boys.

Previous to the Reformation, and while the festival of May-day continued under municipal patronage, it was doubtless splendidly celebrated at Lynn, with other ceremonies now forgotten; but having, by the order of council in 1644,† become illegal, it was severed from the corporation favour, and in a great measure annihilated. After the Restoration, however, it resumed a portion of public patronage, and in 1682 two new May-poles were erected; one in the Tuesday market-place, and the other at St. Anne's Fort. The festival never entirely recovered the blow it received under the Commonwealth; the May-poles have long since disappeared, and probably the rem-

* The Romans having undertaken to drain the fens, and rescue marsh lands, by strong embankments, from the ravages of the ocean, founded Lynn, (it is supposed,) in the reign of the emperor *Claudius*, under the direction of *Catus Decianus*, the Roman procurator of the *Iceni*, who was the principal superintendant of the canals, embankments, and other works of improvement then carried on in the fens. He is also thought to have brought over to his assistance, in this stupendous labour, a colony of Belgians, or Batavians, from whose dialect, the Belgic Celtique, the etymology of Lynn is considered to be derived. (Richard's Hist. of Lynn, vol. i. p. 221.)

† By sound of *trumpet* all the courtezans in Rome were called to the *Floralian* sports, where they danced, it is said, (though greatly to be doubted,) in a state of nudity, about the streets, with the *trumpets* blown before them. Hence Juvenal, (Sat. 60,) speaking of a lewd woman, calls her a *Floralian courtezan*. (Godwin Antiq.—Polydore Virgil—Farnab. in Martial, Epig. lib. i.—Hall's Funebria Floræ.)

* *Io*, in heathen mythology, was the daughter of Inachus, transformed by Jupiter into a white heifer, and worshipped under the name of *Isis* by the Egyptians. *Serapis* was the son of Jupiter and Niobe; he first taught the Egyptians to sow corn and plant vines; and, after his death, was worshipped as an ox, under the name of *Osiris*.

† Every-Day Book, vol. i. p. 556.

nants, the garlands themselves, will soon fade away; for the celebration is entirely confined to the younger branches of the inhabitants. The refinement, or, more strictly speaking, the degeneracy of the age, has so entirely changed the national character, that while we ridicule and condemn the simple, and seemingly absurd, habits of our ancestors, we omit to venerate the qualities of their hearts; qualities which, unmixed with the alloy of innovating debasement, are so truly characteristic, that

> —— "with all their faults, I venerate them still,
> —— and, while yet a nook is left,
> Where ancient English customs may be found,
> Shall be constrain'd to love them."

That the celebration of May-day, as a national festival, should have been abolished, is not surprising, when we consider the formidable attacks directed against it by the spirit of fanaticism, both from the pulpit and the press; a curious specimen of which is here inserted from "FUNEBRIA FLORÆ, *the Downfall of May-games*," a scarce tract, published in 1661 "by Thomas Hall, B. D., and pastor of King's Norton."* It is, as the author observes, "a kind of dialogue, and dialogues have ever been accounted the most lively and delightful, the most facile and fruitfullest way of teaching. Allusions and similes sink deep, and make a better impression upon the spirit; a pleasant allusion may do that which a solid argument sometimes cannot do; as, in some cases, iron may do that which gold cannot."—From this curious tract is derived the following, with some slight omissions—

"INDICTMENT OF FLORA."

"*Flora*, hold up thy hand, thou art here indicted by the name of *Flora*, of the city of Rome, in the county of Babylon, for that thou, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord, his crown and dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical fanatics, viz. —ignorants, atheists, papists, drunkards, swearers, swashbucklers, maid-marian's, morrice-dancers, maskers, mummers, May-pole stealers, health-drinkers, together with a rascallion rout of fiddlers, fools, fighters, gamesters, lewd-women, light-women, contemners of magistracy, affronters of ministry, rebellious to masters, disobedient to parents, misspenders of time, and abusers of the creature, &c.

"*Judge*. What sayest thou, guilty or not guilty?

"*Prisoner*. Not guilty, my lord.

"*Judge*. By whom wilt thou be tried?

"*Prisoner*. By the pope's holiness, my lord.

"*Judge*. He is thy patron and protector, and so unfit to be a judge in this case.

"*Prisoner*. Then I appeal to the prelates and lord bishops, my lord.

"*Judge*. This is but a tiffany put off, for though some of that rank did let loose the reins to such profaneness, in causing the book of sports, for the profanation of God's holy day, to be read in churches, yet 'tis well known that the gravest and most pious of that order have abhorred such profaneness and misrule.

"*Prisoner*. Then I appeal to the rout and rabble of the world.

"*Judge*. These are thy followers and thy favourites, and unfit to be judges in their own case.

"*Prisoner*. My lord, if there be no remedy, I am content to be tried by a jury

"*Judge*. Thou hast well said, thou shalt have a full, a fair, and a free hearing.—Crier, call the jury.

"*Crier*. O yes, O yes; all manner of persons that can give evidence against the prisoner at the bar let them come into court, and they shall be freely heard.

"*Judge*. Call in the *Holy Scriptures*.

"*Crier*. Make room for the Holy Scriptures to come in.

"*Judge*. What can you say against the prisoner at the bar?

"*Holy Scriptures*. Very much, my lord. I have often told them, that the night of ignorance is now past, and the light of the gospel is come, and therefore they must walk as children of the light, denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts. I have often told them, that they must shun all the appearance of evil, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, nor conform themselves like to the wicked of this world. I have often told them, that our God is a jealous God, and one that will not endure to have his glory given to idols.

"*Judge*. This is full and to the purpose indeed; but is there no more evidence to come in?

"*Crier*. Yes, my lord, here is *Pliny*, an ancient writer, famous for his Natural History.

"*Judge*. What can you say against the prisoner at the bar

"*Pliny*. My lord, I have long since told them, that these were not christian, but

* A copy of Hall's *Funebria Floræ* was sold January 20, 1819, in the Bindley Collection for £6 12*s*. 6*d*.

pagan feasts; they were heathens, (and as such knew not God,) who first instituted these *Floralia* and May-games. I have told them that they were instituted according to the advice of the Sibyl's books, in the 516th year after the foundation of the city of Rome, to prevent the blasting and barrenness of the trees and the fruits of the earth. (Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xviii. c. 29.)

"*Judge.* Sir, you have given us good light in this dark case; for we see that the rise of these feasts was from Pagans, and that they were ordained by the advice of Sibyl's books, and not of God's book; and for a superstitious and idolatrous end, that thereby *Flora*, not God, might be pleased, and so bless their fruits and flowers. This is clear, but have you no more evidence?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is *Cœlius Lactantius Firmianus*, who lived about three hundred years after Christ, who will plainly tell you the rise of these profane sports.

"*Judge.* I have heard of this celestial, sweet, and firm defender of the faith, and that he was a second Cicero for eloquence in his time. Sir, what can you say, against the prisoner at the bar?

"*Lactantius.* My lord, I have long since declared my judgment against this *Flora*, in my first book of false religions, &c.

"*Judge.* This is plain and full, I now see that *Lactantius* is *Firmianus*, not only sweet, but firm and constant, &c. Have you no more evidence?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is the *Synodus Francica*, which was called, Anno Dom. 742.

"*Judge.* What can you say against the prisoner at the bar?

"*Synodus.* My lord, I have long since decreed, that the people of God shall have no *pagan feasts* or interludes, but that they reject and abominate all the uncleannesses of Gentilism, and that they forbear all sacrilegious fires, which they call *bonfires*, and all other observations of the Pagans whatsoever.

"*Judge.* This is clear against all heathenish feasts and customs, of which this is one. But have you no evidence nearer home?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is one that will conquer them all, and with the sword of justice suddenly suppress them.

"*Judge.* Who is that I pray you? Let me see such a man.

"*Crier.* My lord, it is *Charles the Second*, king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith.

"*Judge.* Truly he deserves that title, if he shall now appear in defence of the truth, against that profane rout which lately threatened the extirpation both of sound doctrine and good life. I hear that the king is a sober and temperate person, and *one that hates debauchery*; I pray you let us hear what he saith.

"*Crier.* My lord, the king came into London May 29th, and on the 30th he published *a Proclamation against Profaneness*, to the great rejoicing of all good people of the land. When all was running into profaneness and confusion, we, poor ministers, had nothing left but our prayers and tears; then, even then, it pleased the Most High to put it into the heart of our sovereign lord the king, eminently to appear in the cause of that God who hath so eminently appeared for him, and hath brought him through so many dangers and difficulties to the throne, and made so many mountains a plain before him, to testify against the debauchery and gross profaneness, which, like a torrent, had suddenly overspread the land. (Proclamation against Profaneness, &c. &c.)

"*Judge.* Now blessed be the Lord, the King of kings, who hath put such a thing as this into the heart of the king, and blessed be his counsel, the good Lord recompense it sevenfold into his bosom, and let all the sons of Belial fly before him; as the dust before the wind, let the angel of the Lord scatter them.

"*Prisoner.* My lord, I and my retinue are very much deceived in this Charles the Second; we all conceited that he was for us. My drunkards cried, "A health to the king;" the swearers swore, "A health to the king;" the papist, the atheist, the roarer, and the ranter, all concluded that now their day was come; but alas! how are we deceived!

"*Judge.* I wish that you, and all such as you are, may for ever be deceived in this kind, and that your eyes may rot in your heads before you ever see idolatry, superstition, and profaneness countenanced in the land.—Have you no more evidence to produce against these profane practices?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is *an Ordinance of Parliament* against them.

"*Prisoner.* My lord, I except against this witness above all the rest; for it was not made by a full and free parliament of lords and commons, but by some rump and relic of a parliament, and so is invalid.

"*Judge.* You are quite deceived, for this ordinance was made by lords and commons when the house was full and free; and those the best that England ever had, for

piety towards God and loyalty to their sovereign. Let us hear what they say.

"*Ordinance of Parliament.* My lord, I have plainly told them, that since the profanation of the Lord's day hath been heretofore greatly occasioned by May-poles, the lords and commons do therefore ordain that they shall be taken down and removed, and that no May-pole shall be hereafter erected or suffered to remain within this kingdom, under the penalty of five shillings for every week, till such May-pole is taken down.*

"*Judge.* This is to the purpose. This may clearly convince any sober man of the sinfulness of such practices, and make them abhor them; for what is forbidden by the laws of men, especially when those laws are consonant to the laws of God, may not be practised by any person; but these profane sports being forbidden by the laws of men, are herein consonant to the laws of God, which condemn such sinful pastimes. Have you no more evidence besides this ordinance to batter these Babylonish towers?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is the *Solemn League and Covenant*, taken in a solemn manner by king, lords, and commons, the assembly of divines, the renowned city of London, the kingdom of Scotland, and by many thousands of ministers and people throughout this nation.

"*Prisoner.* My lord, these things are out of date, and do not bind now our troubles are over.

"*Judge.* The sixth branch of the covenant will tell you, that we are bound all the days of our lives to observe these things zealously and constantly against all opposition; and I suppose every good man thinks himself bound to preserve the purity of religion, to extirpate popery, heresy, superstition, and profaneness, not only in times of trouble, but as duties to be practised in our places and callings all our days. Now if May-games and misrules do savour of superstition and profaneness, (as 'tis apparent they do,)—if they be contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness, (as to all unprejudiced men they are,)—then, by this solemn league and sacred covenant, we are bound to root them up. This is sufficient, if there were no more; but because men are loath to leave what they dearly love, let us see whether you have any further evidence?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is an excellent *Order* from the *Council of State*, made this present May, (1661,) wherein they take notice of a spirit of profaneness and impiety that hath overspread the land; therefore they order, that the justices of the peace and commissioners for the militia do use their utmost endeavours to prevent all licentiousness and disorder, and all profanation of the sabbath; that they suppress all ale-houses, and all ungodly meetings; that they own and protect all good men in their pious and sober walking. The council doth likewise command them to have a special care to prevent profaneness and disorders of people about *May-poles* and meetings of that nature, and their rude and disorderly behaviours towards people, in molesting them, to get monies to spend vainly at such meetings.

"*Judge.* This is full and to the point indeed, blessed be God, and blessed be their counsel. But have you yet no more evidence?

"*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is *Mr. Elton*, a man eminent for piety, and of known integrity in his time; he hath long since told us, that such filthy company, where there is such filthy speeches and lascivious behaviour, with mixed dancing at their merry meetings, &c.; and therefore to be abhorred by all sober Christians.*

"To him assents that great divine, *Dr. Ames*, who tells us, that those who will shun incontinency and live chastely, must shun such profane meetings; and take heed of mixed dancing, stage-plays, and such incentives.†

"*Prisoner.* My lord, these were old puritans and precisians, who were more nice than wise.

"*Crier.* I will produce men of another strain; here are bishops against you. Bishop *Babington* hath long since told us, that these sinful pastimes are the devil's festival, &c. *being forbidden by scripture*, which commands us to shun all appearance of evil.‡

"Here is also bishop *Andrews*, who tells us that we must not only refrain from evil, but also from the show of evil; and must do things honest not only before God, but also before men; to this end we must shun wanton dancing, stage-plays, &c. because our eyes thereby behold much wickedness, and a man cannot go on these hot coals and not be burnt, nor touch such pitch and not be defiled, nor see such wanton actions and not be moved §

* Ordinance of Parliament, 1644:—see *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 566.

* Elton's Exposition of the Second Commandment.
† Ames, Cas. Cons. l. v. c. 39.
‡ Babington on the Seventh Commandment.
§ Bishop Andrews's Exposition of the Seventh Commandment.

"*Judge.* This is pious, and to the purpose; here is evidence sufficient; I shall now proceed to sentence.

"*Crier.* My lord, I desire your patience to hear one witness more, and then I have done.

"*Judge.* Who is that which comes so late into court?

"*Crier.* My lord, 'tis the acute and accomplished *Ovid*.

"*Prisoner.* My lord, he is a heathen poet, who lived about twenty years before Christ.

"*Judge.* His testimony will be the stronger against your heathenish vanities. *Publius Ovidius Naso,* what can you say against mistress *Flora?*

"*Ovid.* My lord, I have long since told the world, that the senatorian fathers at Rome did order the celebration of these Floralian sports to be yearly observed about the beginning of May, in honour of Flora, that our fruits and flowers might the better prosper. At this feast there was drinking, dancing, and all manner, &c.*

"*Prisoner.* Sir, you wrong the poet, and may for ought I know wrong me, by wrapping up his ingenious narrative in so little room—

"*Judge.* I love those whose writings are like jewels, which contain much worth in a little compass.

"*Crier.* And it please you, my lord, we will now call over the jury, that the prisoner may see we have done her no wrong.

"*Judge.* Do so.

"*Crier.* Answer to your names—*Holy Scriptures,* ONE—*Pliny,* TWO—*Lactantius,* THREE—*Synodus Francica,* FOUR—*Charles the Second,* FIVE—*Ordinance of Parliament,* SIX—*Solemn League and Covenant,* SEVEN—*Order of the Council of State,* EIGHT—*Messrs. Elton and Ames,* NINE—*Bishop Babington,* TEN—*Bishop Andrews,* ELEVEN—*Ovid,* TWELVE.—These, with all the godly in the land, do call for justice against this turbulent malefactor.

"*Judge.* Flora, thou hast here been indicted for bringing in abundance of misrule and disorder into church and state; thou hast been found guilty, and art condemned both by God and man,—by scriptures, fathers, councils,—by learned and pious divines,—and therefore I adjudge thee to

PERPETUAL BANISHMENT,

that thou no more disturb this church and state, lest justice do arrest thee."—

K.

* Ovid, Fastorum, lib v.

ACCOUNT OF A MAY-DAY COLLATION

Given by Whitelocke, in the English Manner, (during his Embassy from Oliver Cromwell,) to Christina, Queen of Sweden, and some of her favourite Ladies and Courtiers.

This being May-day, Whitelocke, according to the invitation he had made to the queen, put her in mind of it, that as she was his mistress, and this May-day, he was by the custom of England to wait upon her to take the air, and to treat her with some little collation, as her servant.

The queen said, the weather was very cold, yet she was very willing to bear him company after the English mode.

With the queen were Woolfeldt, Tott, and five of her ladies. Whitelocke brought them to his collation, which he had commanded his servants to prepare in the best manner they could, and altogether after the English fashion.

At the table with the queen sat La Belle Countesse, the Countesse Gabriel Oxenstierne, Woolfeldt, Tott, and Whitelocke; the other ladies sat in another room. Their meat was such fowl as could be gotten, dressed after the English fashion, and with English sauces, creams, puddings, custards, tarts, tanseys, English apples, bon chrétien pears, cheese, butter, neats' tongues, potted venison, and sweetmeats, brought out of England, as his sack and claret also was; his beer was also brewed, and his bread made by his own servants, in his own house, after the English manner; and the queen and her company seemed highly pleased with this treatment: some of her company said, she did eat and drink more at it than she used to do in three or four days at her own table.

The entertainment was as full and noble as the place would afford, and as Whitelocke could make it, and so well ordered and contrived, that the queen said, she had never seen any like it: she was pleased so far to play the good housewife, as to inquire how the butter could be so fresh and sweet, and yet brought out of England? Whitelocke, from his cooks, satisfied her majesty's inquiry; that they put the salt butter into milk, where it lay all night, and the next day it would eat fresh and sweet as this did, and any butter new made, and commended her majesty's good housewifery; who, to express her contentment to this collation, was full of pleasantness and gayety of spirits, both in supper-time, and afterwards: among other frolics, the

commanded Whitelocke to teach her ladies the English salutation; which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelocke most readily.

She highly commended Whitelocke's music of the trumpets, which sounded all supper-time, and her discourse was all of mirth and drollery, wherein Whitelocke endeavoured to answer her, and the rest of the company did their parts.

It was late before she returned to the castle, whither Whitelocke waited on her; and she discoursed a little with him about his business, and the time of his audience, and gave him many thanks for his noble treatment of her and her company.

Two days after this entertainment, Mons. Woolfeldt, being invited by Whitelocke, told him that the queen was extremely pleased with his treatment of her. Whitelocke excused the meanness of it for her majesty. Woolfeldt replied, that both the queen and all the company esteemed it as the handsomest and noblest that they ever saw; and the queen, after that, would drink no other wine but Whitelocke's, and kindly accepted the neats' tongues, potted venison, and other cakes, which, upon her commendation of them, Whitelocke sent unto her majesty.*

MAY-DAY CHEESES.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—On the first of May, at the village of Randwick, near Stroud, there has been, from time immemorial, the following custom:—Three large cheeses,(Gloucester of course,) decked with the gayest flowers of this lovely season, are placed on litters, equally adorned with flowers, and boughs of trees waving at the corners. They are thus borne through the village, accompanied by a joyous throng, shouting and huzzaing with all their might and main, and usually accompanied by a little band of music. They proceed in this manner to the church-yard, where the cheeses being taken from the litters, and divested of their floral ornaments, are rolled three times round the church. They are then carried back in the same state, and in the midst of the village are cut up and distributed piecemeal to the inhabitants.

I am, dear, sir, &c.

April, 1827. C. Tomlinson.

Easter.

EASTER-BOX.

A custom was instituted in the city of Thoulouse by Charlemagne, that at Easter any Christian might give a box on the ear to a Jew, wherever he chanced to meet him, as a mark of contempt for the nation, which had, at that season, crucified the Saviour of mankind. This usage, scandalous in itself, was sometimes, through zeal, practised with great violence. It is stated that the eye of a poor Jew was forced out, on that side of the head whereon the blow was given. In the course of centuries this cruel custom was commuted for a tax, and the money appropriated to the use of the church of St. Saturnin.* Accounts of the prevalence of this custom in our own country are related in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. i.

DOCTOR GIBBS, alias "HUCK'N !"

For the Table Book.

Dr. Gibbs, commonly called "Huck'n !" was an extraordinary individual, who followed the profession of an itinerary veterinary surgeon in the west of England. His ways were different from his neighbours, and his appearance was so singular, that a stranger might have taken him for a tramping tinker. Like Morland, he had an unfortunate predilection for "signs," under whose influence he was generally to be found. He would "keep it up to the last," with his last shilling; and, like the wit in doctor Kitchiner's converzaziones, he would "*come at* seven and *go it* at eleven." To love for his profession, he added a love for old pastimes, customs, and revelries. He was a man, in the fullest extent of the word, a lover of his country—zealous in his friendships, he exercised the virtues of humanity, by aiding and even feeding those who were in severe distress. He spent much, for his means were considerable—they were derived from his great practice. His knowledge of his art was profound; a horse's life was as safe in his hands, as the writer's would be in sir Astley Cooper's.

In his person, "Huck'n !" was muscular, and he stood above the middle size; his habits gave him an unwieldy motion; his complexion was sandy; his aspect muddled; large eyebrows pent-housed his small glassy blue eyes; a wig of many curls, perking over his bald forehead, was closed by a bush of his own hair, of another colour behind; his whiskers were carroty, and

* Miss Plumptre.

he usually had an unshorn beard. It was when he entered a stable, or cow-pen, in his leather apron half-crossed, with his drug-pouch at his side, that he appeared in a skilful light. His thick holly walking-stick with a thong run through the top, was tried in the service, as its worn appearance testified, and many an animal's mouth could witness. He rarely pulled the drenching horn, or fleam from his pocket to operate, but he rolled his tongue over his beloved "pigtail," juicily deposited in the nook of a precarious tooth, and said,—"HUCK'N!" Hence his *nomme de guerre*—and hence the proverb that outlives him—"he that can *chew* like *Huck'n!* may *cure* like *Huck'n!*" The meaning of this emphatic monosyllable remains a secret. Some of the superstitious conjectured, that he used it in stables and outhouses as a charm to scare the witches from riding the cattle. This liberty is verily believed by many to exist to this day; hence a horse-shoe is nailed to the sill of the stable-door, that the midnight hags of "air and broom" may not cross the iron bar-rier.*

It is thirty years since "Huck'n" flourished. If he had a home, it was at Hullavington, near Malmsbury, where as a pharmacist, farrier, and phlebotomist of high character and respectability, to his patients—who are known to evince more patience than most of the human species—he was very attentive. He would cheerfully forego his cheerful glass, his boon companions, his amusing anecdotes, necessary food, and nocturnal rest, to administer to the comfort of a poor "dumb creature," and remain day and night till life departed, or ease returned. Were he alive he would tell us, that in our intercourse with the brute creation, we should exercise humane feelings, and bestir ourselves to assuage the acute pain, betokened by agonizing looks and groans, in suffering animals.

"HUCK'N!" was an improvident man: under more classical auspices, he might have stood first in his profession; but he preferred being "unadorned—adorned the most." He lived to assist the helpless, and died in peace. Let persons of higher pretensions do more—"*Huck'n!*"†

March, 1827. J. R. P.

* Vermin and destructive birds are nailed, or rather crucified, on the park barns of noblemen by their game-keepers, to hold intruders *in terrorem*, and give ocular proofs of skill and vigilance.

† The Saxon word "*Halidom*" signifies "Holy Judgment:" whence in old times, "By my *Halidom!*" was a solemn oath among country people.—"By Gonzies!"—"By Gosh!" and a hundred other exclamations, may have originated in the avoiding an oath, or the performing a pledge—but what is "*Huck'n!*"

Armorial Bearing

OF THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF

Stoke Lyne, Oxfordshire.

The above print, obligingly presented, is submitted to the reader, with the following in explanation—

To the Editor.

SIR,—As I have taken in your *Every-Day Book*, and continue with the *Table Book*, I send you the subjoined account, which, perhaps, may be worth your consideration, and the engraved wood-block for your use.

I remain your well-wisher,

X.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANOR OF STOKE LYNE IN OXFORDSHIRE, LATE THE PROPERTY OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SHIPBROOK.

The lord of the manor has a right, by ancient custom, to bear a hawk about his arms agreeable to the print: it arose from the following circumstance. When Charles the First held his parliament at Oxford, the then lord of Stoke Lyne was particularly useful to the king in his unfortunate situation, and rendered him service. To reward him he offered him knighthood, which he declined, and merely requested the king's permission to bear behind his coat of arms a hawk, which his majesty instantly granted. The present lord of the manor is Mr. Cole of Twickenham, inheriting the estate by descent from the late earl and countess, and whose family are registered in the parish church as early as March 22, 1584. There is also a monument of them in the church of Petersham, 1624; and another branch of the same family were created baronets, March 4, 1641, supposed to be the oldest family in the county of Middlesex.

May-Day Dance in 1698.

This engraving of the milkmaids' garland, and the costume of themselves and their fiddler, at the close of the century before last, is from a print in "Mémoires, &c. par un Voyageur en Angleterre," an octavo volume, printed "à la Haye 1698," wherein it is introduced by the author, Henry Misson, to illustrate a passage descriptive of the amusements of London at that time. His account of the usage is to the following effect:—

On the first of May, and the five or six days following, all the young and pretty peasant girls, who are accustomed to bear about milk for sale in the city, dress themselves very orderly, and carry about them a number of vases and silver vessels, of which they make a pyramid, adorned with ribbons and flowers. This pyramid they bear on their heads instead of the ordinary milk-pail, and accompanied by certain of their comrades and the music of a fiddle, they go dancing from door to door surrounded by young men and children, who follow them in crowds; and every where they are made some little present.

ISABELLA COLOUR.

The archduke Albert married the infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II. king of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry. In the year 1602, he laid siege to Ostend, then in the possession of the heretics, and his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow that till the city was taken she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, it was three years before the place was reduced; in which time her highness's linen had acquired a hue, which from the superstition of the princess and the times was much admired, and adopted by the court fashionables under the name of the "Isabella-colour:" it is a whitish yellow, or soiled buff—better imagined than described.*

* Sir J. Hawkins.

Garrick Plays.

No. XV.

[From the "City Night-Cap," a Tragi-Comedy, by Robert Davenport, 1651.]

Lorenzo Medico suborns three Slaves to swear falsely to an adultery between his virtuous Wife Abstemia, and his Friend Philippo. They give their testimony before the Duke of Verona, and the Senators.

Phil. — how soon
Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!
Abst. Oh hark! did you not hear it?
Sen. What, Lady?
Abst. This hour a pair of glorious towers is fallen
Two goodly buildings beaten with a breath
Beneath the grave: you all have seen this day
A pair of souls both cast and kiss'd away.
Sen. What censure gives your Grace?
Duke. In that I am kinsman
To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder,
If unto your Gravities I leave
The following sentence: but as Lorenzo stands
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.
Phil. Misery of goodness!
Abst. Oh Lorenzo Medico,
Abstemia's Lover once, when he did vow,
And when I did believe; then when Abstemia
Denied so many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you swore:—Oh maids, how men can weep,
Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,
And look so truly, and then weep again,
And then protest again, and again dissemble!—
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights, we grow stale;
And find our comforts, like their wonder, fail.
Phil. Oh Lorenzo!
Look upon tears, each one of which well-valued
Is worth the pity of a king; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize
The precious waters of truth's injured eyes.
Lor. Please your Grace, proceed to censure.
Duke. Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set down,
Against all contradiction: Signor Philippo,
In that you have thus grossly, Sir, dishonour'd
Even our blood itself in this rude injury
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
Implies death on your trespass; but, (your merit
Of more antiquity than is your trespass),
That death is blotted out; perpetual banishment,
On pain of death if you return, for ever
From Verona and her signories.
Phil. Verona is kind.
Sen. Unto you. Madam,
This censure is allotted: your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law; nay from
Even banishment itself: this Lord, your husband,
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing:
And in that the injury
Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence
To marry when and whom he pleases.
Abst. I thank ye,
That you are favorable unto my Love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.
Phil. Farewell, Lorenzo,
This breast did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man:
There's all the words that thou art worth. Of your Grace
I humbly thus take leave. Farewell, my Lords;—
And lastly farewell Thou, fairest of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate!—look up,
And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury.—
And so remember, Sir, your injured Lady
Has a brother yet in Venice.

Philippo, at an after-trial, challenges Lorenzo.

Phil. — in the integrity,
And glory of the cause, I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour; and on that
I openly affirm your absent Lady
Chastity's well knit abstract; snow in the fall,
Purely refined by the bleak northern blast,
Not freer from a soil; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer heaven: and if these princes
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the Lady,
My right-drawn sword shall prove it.—

Abstemia, decoyed to a Brothel in Milan, is attempted by the Duke's Son.

Prince. Do you know me?
Abst. Yes, Sir, report hath given intelligence,
You are the Prince, the Duke's son.
Prince. Both in one.
Abst. Report, sure,
Spoke but her native language. You are none
Of either.
Prince. How!
Abst. Were you the Prince, you would not sure be slaved
To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon
For my rough language. Truth hath a forehead free
And in the tower of her integrity
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine,
'Twill appear possible you are the Prince?
Why, when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death;
And even then fell from you your respect
Honour is like a goodly old house, which

If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly raised on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.
Prince. If thou rail upon the place, prithee how
camest thou hither?
Abst. By treacherous intelligence; honest men so,
In the way ignorant, through thieves' purlieus go.—
Are you Son to such a Father?
Send him to his grave then,
Like a white almond tree, full of glad days
With joy that he begot so good a Son.
O Sir, methinks I see sweet Majesty
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows,
To see you in this place. This is a cave
Of scorpions and of dragons. Oh turn back;
Toads here engender: 'tis the steam of death;
The very air poisons a good man's breath.
Prince. Let me borrow goodness from thy lips. Farewell!
Here's a new wonder; I've met heav'n in hell.

Undue praise declined.

—— you are far too prodigal in praise,
And crown me with the garlands of *your* merit;
As we meet barks on rivers,—the strong gale
Being best friends to us,—our own swift motion
Makes us believe that t'other nimbler rows;
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

[From the "Conspiracy," a Tragedy by Henry Killigrew, 1638. Author's age 17.]

The Rightful Heir to the Crown kept from his inheritance: an Angel sings to him sleeping.

Song.

While Morpheus thus does gently lay
His powerful charge upon each part,
Making thy spirits ev'n obey
The silver charms of his dull art;

I, thy Good Angel, from thy side,—
As smoke doth from the altar rise,
Making no noise as it doth glide,—
Will leave thee in this soft surprise;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down
A holy vision, to express
Thy right unto an earthly crown;
No power can make this kingdom less.

But gently, gently, lest I bring
A start in sleep by sudden flight,
Playing aloof, and hovering,
Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion still and soft;
So free from noise and cry,
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,
Knows not when we pass by.

C. L.

THE GOOD CLERK.

He writeth a fair and swift hand, and is completely versed in the four first rules of Arithmetic, in the Rule of Three, (which is sometimes called the Golden Rule,) and in Practice. We mention these things, that we may leave no room for cavillers to say, that any thing essential hath been omitted in our definition; else, to speak the truth, these are but ordinary accomplishments, and such as every understrapper at a desk is commonly furnished with. The character we treat of soareth higher.

He is clean and neat in his person; not from a vain-glorious desire of setting himself forth to advantage in the eyes of the other sex, (with which vanity too many of our young sparks now-a-days are infected,) but to do credit (as we say) to the office. For this reason he evermore taketh care that his desk or his books receive no soil; the which things he is commonly as solicitous to have fair and unblemished, as the owner of a fine horse is to have him appear in good keep.

He riseth early in the morning; not because early rising conduceth to health, (though he doth not altogether despise that consideration,) but chiefly to the intent that he may be first at the desk. There is his post—there he delighteth to be; unless when his meals, or necessity, calleth him away; which time he always esteemeth as lost, and maketh as short as possible.

He is temperate in eating and drinking, that he may preserve a clear head and steady hand for his master's service. He is also partly induced to this observation of the rules of temperance by his respect for religion, and the laws of his country; which things (it may once for all be noted) do add special assistances to his actions, but do not and cannot furnish the main spring or motive thereto. His first ambition (as appeareth all along) is to be a good clerk, his next a good Christian, a good patriot, &c.

Correspondent to this, he keepeth himself honest, not for fear of the laws, but because he hath observed how unseemly an article it maketh in the day-book or ledger, when a sum is set down lost or missing; it being his pride to make these books to agree and to tally, the one side with the other, with a sort of architectural symmetry and correspondence.

He marrieth, or marrieth not, as best suiteth with his employer's views. Some merchants do the rather desire to have married men in their counting-houses,

because they think the married state a pledge for their servants' integrity, and an incitement to them to be industrious; and it was an observation of a late lord mayor of London, that the sons of clerks do generally prove clerks themselves, and that merchants encouraging persons in their employ to marry, and to have families, was the best method of securing a breed of sober, industrious young men attached to the mercantile interest. Be this as it may, such a character as we have been describing, will wait till the pleasure of his employer is known on this point; and regulateth his desires by the custom of the house or firm to which he belongeth.

He avoideth profane oaths and jesting, as so much time lost from his employ; what spare time he hath for conversation, which in a counting-house such as we have been supposing can be but small, he spendeth in putting seasonable questions to such of his fellows, (and sometimes *respectfully* to the master himself,) who can give him information respecting the price and quality of goods, the state of exchange, or the latest improvements in book-keeping; thus making the motion of his lips, as well as of his fingers, subservient to his master's interest. Not that he refuseth a brisk saying, or a cheerful sally of wit, when it comes enforced, is free of offence, and hath a convenient brevity. For this reason he hath commonly some such phrase as this in his mouth:—

It's a slovenly look
To blot your book.

Or,

Red ink for ornament, black for use,
The best of things are open to abuse.

So upon the eve of any great holiday, of which he keepeth one or two at least every year, he will merrily say in the hearing of a confidential friend, but to none other:—

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

Or,

A bow always bent must crack at last.

But then this must always be understood to be spoken confidentially, and, as we say, *under the rose*.

Lastly, his dress is plain, without singularity; with no other ornament than the quill, which is the badge of his function, stuck under the dexter ear, and this rather for convenience of having it at hand, when he hath been called away from his desk, and expecteth to resume his seat there again shortly, than from any delight which he taketh in foppery or ostentation. The colour of his clothes is generally noted to be black rather than brown, brown rather than blue or green. His whole deportment is staid, modest, and civil. His motto is regularity.———

This character was sketched, in an interval of business, to divert some of the melancholy hours of a counting-house. It is so little a creature of fancy, that it is scarce any thing more than a recollection of some of those frugal and economical maxims which, about the beginning of the last century, (England's meanest period,) were endeavoured to be inculcated and instilled into the breasts of the London apprentices,* by a class of instructors who might not inaptly be termed *the masters of mean morals*. The astonishing narrowness and illiberality of the lessons contained in some of those books is inconceivable by those whose studies have not led them that way, and would almost induce one to subscribe to the hard censure which Drayton has passed upon the mercantile spirit:—

The gripple merchant, born to be the curse
Of this brave isle. †

Defoeana.

No. I.

THE TRADESMAN.

I have now lying before me that curious book, by Daniel Defoe, "The complete English Tradesman." The pompous detail, the studied analysis of every little mean art, every sneaking address, every trick and subterfuge (short of larceny) that is necessary to the tradesman's occupation, with the hundreds of anecdotes, dialogues (in Defoe's liveliest manner) interspersed, all tending to the same amiable purpose, namely, the sacrificing of every honest emotion of the soul to what he calls the main chance—if you read it in an *ironical sense*, and as a piece of *covered satire*, make it one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever wrote, as much so as any of his best novels. It is difficult to say what his intention was in writing it. It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book

* This term designated a larger class of young men than that to which it is now confined; it took in the articled clerks of merchants and bankers, the George Barnwells of the day.

† The Reflector.

to narrow and to degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time, I certainly should have recommended to the grand jury of Middlesex, who presented the Fable of the Bees, to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency. I will give one specimen of his advice to the young tradesman, on the *government of his temper.* "The retail tradesman in especial, and even every tradesman in his station, must furnish himself with a competent stock of patience; I mean that sort of patience which is needful to bear with all sorts of impertinence, and the most provoking curiosity that it is impossible to imagine the buyers, even the worst of them, are or can be guilty of. *A tradesman behind his counter must have no flesh and blood about him, no passions, no resentment;* he must never be angry, no not so much as seem to be so, if a customer tumbles him five hundred pounds worth of goods, and scarce bids money for any thing; nay, though they really come to his shop with no intent to buy, as many do, only to see what is to be sold, and though he knows they cannot be better pleased than they are, at some other shop where they intend to buy, 'tis all one, the tradesman must take it, he must place it to the account of his calling, that *'tis his business to be ill used and resent nothing;* and so must answer as obligingly to those that give him an hour or two's trouble and buy nothing, as he does to those who in half the time lay out ten or twenty pounds. The case is plain, and if some do give him trouble and do not buy, others make amends and do buy; and as for the trouble, 'tis the business of the shop." Here follows a most admirable story of a mercer, who, by his indefatigable meanness, and more than Socratic patience under affronts, overcame and reconciled a lady, who upon the report of another lady that he had behaved saucily to some third lady, had determined to shun his shop, but by the over-persuasions of a fourth lady was induced to go to it; which she does, declaring beforehand that she will buy nothing, but give him all the trouble she can. Her attack and his defence, her insolence and his persevering patience, are described in colours worthy of a Mandeville; but it is too long to recite. "The short inference from this long discourse," says he, "is this, that here you see, and I could give you many examples like this, how and in what manner a shopkeeper is to behave himself in the way of his business; what impertinences, what taunts, flouts, and ridiculous things, he must bear in his trade, and must not show the least return, or the least signal of disgust: he must have no passions, no fire in his temper; he must be all soft and smooth; nay, if his real temper be naturally fiery and hot, he must show none of it in his shop; he must be a perfect, *complete hypocrite* if he will be a *complete tradesman.** It is true, natural tempers are not to be always counterfeited; the man cannot easily be a lamb in his shop, and a lion in himself; but, let it be easy or hard, it must be done, and is done: there are men who have, by custom and usage, brought themselves to it, that nothing could be meeker and milder than they, when behind the counter, and yet nothing be more furious and raging in every other part of life; nay, the provocations they have met with in their shops have so irritated their rage, that they would go up stairs from their shop, and fall into frenzies, and a kind of madness, and beat their heads against the wall, and perhaps mischief themselves, if not prevented, till the violence of it had gotten vent, and the passions abate and cool. I heard once of a shopkeeper that behaved himself thus to such an extreme, that when he was provoked by the impertinence of the customers, beyond what his temper could bear, he would go up stairs and beat his wife, kick his children about like dogs, and be as furious for two or three minutes, as a man chained down in Bedlam; and again, when that heat was over, would sit down and cry faster than the children he had abused; and after the fit, he would go down into the shop again, and be as humble, courteous, and as calm as any man whatever; so absolute a government of his passions had he in the shop, and so little out of it: in the shop, a soulless animal that would resent nothing; and in the family a madman: in the shop, meek like a lamb; but in the family, outrageous like a Lybian lion. The sum of the matter is, it is necessary for a tradesman to subject himself by all the ways possible to his business; *his customers are to be his idols: so far as he may worship idols by allowance, he is to bow down to them and worship them;* at least, he is not in any way to displease them, or show any disgust or distaste, whatsoever they may say or do; the bottom of all is,

* As no qualification accompanies this maxim, it must be understood as the genuine sentiment of the author.

that he is intending to get money by them, and it is not for him that gets money to offer the least inconvenience to them by whom he gets it; he is to consider that, as Solomon says, the borrower is servant to the lender, so the seller is servant to the buyer." What he says on the head of *pleasures and recreations* is not less amusing:—"The tradesman's pleasure should be in his business, his companions should be his books, (he means his ledger, waste-book, &c.;) and if he has a family, he makes *his excursions up stairs and no further*:—none of my cautions aim at restraining a tradesman from diverting himself, as we call it, with his fireside, or keeping company with his wife and children."*

MANNERS OF A SPRUCE LONDON MERCER, AND HIS FEMALE CUSTOMER, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Those who have never minded the conversation of a spruce Mercer, and a young Lady his Customer that comes to his shop, have neglected a scene of life that is very entertaining.—His business is to sell as much silk as he can, at a price by which he shall get what he proposes to be reasonable, according to the customary profits of the trade. As to the lady, what she would be at is to please her fancy, and buy cheaper by a groat or sixpence *per* yard than the things she wants are usually sold for. From the impression the gallantry of our sex has made upon her, she imagines (if she be not very deformed), that she has a fine mien and easy behaviour, and a peculiar sweetness of voice; that she is handsome, and if not beautiful, at least more agreeable than most young women she knows. As she has no pretensions to purchase the same things with less money than other people, but what are built on her good qualities, so she sets herself off to the best advantage her wit and discretion will let her. The thoughts of love are here out of the case; so on the one hand she has no room for playing the tyrant, and giving herself angry and peevish airs; and on the other, more liberty of speaking kindly, and being affable, than she can have almost on any other occasion. She knows that abundance of well-bred people come to his shop, and endeavours to render herself as amiable, as virtue and the rules of decency admit of. Coming with such a resolution of behaviour, she cannot meet with anything to ruffle her temper.—Before her coach is yet quite stopt, she is approached by a gentleman-like man, that has every thing clean and fashionable about him, who in low obeisance pays her homage, and as soon as her pleasure is known that she has a mind to come in, hands her into the shop, where immediately he slips from her, and through a by-way, that remains visible for only half a moment, with great address intrenches himself behind the counter: here facing her, with a profound reverence and modish phrase he begs the favour of knowing her commands. Let her say and dislike what she pleases, she can never be directly contradicted: she deals with a man, in whom consummate patience is one of the mysteries of his trade; and whatever trouble she creates, she is sure to hear nothing but the most obliging language, and has always before her a cheerful countenance, where joy and respect seem to be blended with good humour, and all together make up an artificial serenity, more engaging than untaught nature is able to produce.—When two persons are so well met, the conversation must be very agreeable, as well as extremely mannerly, though they talk about trifles. Whilst she remains irresolute what to take, he seems to be the same in advising her, and is very cautious how to direct her choice; but when once she has made it, and is fixed, he immediately becomes positive that it is the best of the sort, extols her fancy, and the more he looks upon it, the more he wonders he should not have discovered the preeminence of it over any thing he has in his shop. By precept, example, and great observation, he has learned unobserved to slide into the inmost recesses of the soul, sound the capacity of his customers, and find out their blind side unknown to them: by all which he is instructed in fifty other stratagems to make her overvalue her own judgment, as well as the commodity she would purchase. The greatest advantage he has over her, lies in the most material part of the commerce between them, the debate about the price, which he knows to a farthing, and she is wholly ignorant of: therefore he no where more egregiously imposes upon her understanding; and though here he has the liberty of telling what lies he pleases, as to the prime cost and the money he has refused, yet he trusts not to them only; but, attacking her vanity, makes her believe the most incredible things in the world, concerning his own weakness and her superior

* The Reflector.

abilities. He had taken a resolution, he says, never to part with that piece under such a price, but she has the power of talking him out of his goods beyond anybody he ever sold to: he protests that he loses by his silk, but seeing that she has a fancy for it, and is resolved to give no more, rather than disoblige a lady he has such an uncommon value for, he will let her have it, and only begs that another time she will not stand so hard with him. In the mean time the buyer, who knows that she is no fool and has a voluble tongue, is easily persuaded that she has a very winning way of talking, and thinking it sufficient for the sake of good breeding to disown her merit, and in some witty repartee retort the compliment, he makes her swallow very contentedly the substance of every thing he tells her. The upshot is, that with the satisfaction of having saved ninepence *per* yard, she has bought her silk exactly at the same price as anybody else might have done, and often gives sixpence more than, rather than not have sold it, he would have taken.—

We have copied the above from Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," Edition 1725. How far, and in what way, the practice between the same parties differs at this day, we respectfully leave to our fair shopping friends, of this present year 1827, to determine.

L.

CURING OF HERRINGS.

From the Works of Thomas Nash, 1599.

"It is to bee read, or to bee heard of, howe in the punie shipe or nonage of Cerdicke sandes, when the best houses and walles there were of mudde, or canvaze, or poldavies entiltments, a fisherman of Yarmouth, having drawne so many herrings hee wist not what to do with all, hung the residue, that hee could not sel nor spend, in the sooty roofe of his shad a drying; or say thus, his shad was a cabinet in *decimo sexto*, builded on foure crutches, and he had no roome in it, but that garret in *excelsis*, to lodge them, where if they were drie let them be drie, for in the sea they had drunk too much, and now hee would force them doo penance for it. The weather was colde, and good fires hee kept, (as fishermen, what hardnesse soever they endure at sea, will make all smoke, but they will make amends for it when they come to land;) and what with his fiering and smoking, or smokie fiering, in that his narrow lobby, his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, nowe lookt as red as a lobster. It was four or five dayes before either hee or his wife espied it; and when they espied it, they fell downe on their knees and blessed themselves, and cride, 'A miracle, a miracle!' and with the proclaiming it among their neighbours they could not be content, but to the court the fisherman would, and present it to the King, then lying at Burrough Castle two miles off."

The same facetious author, in enumerating the excellences of herrings, says, "A red herring is wholesome in a frosty morning: it is most precious fish-merchandise, because it can be carried through all Europe. No where are they so well cured as at Yarmouth. The poorer sort make it three parts of their sustenance. It is every man's money, from the king to the peasant. The round or cob, dried and beaten to powder, is a cure for the stone. Rub a quart-pot, or any measure, round about the mouth with a red herring, the beer shall never foam or froath in it. A red herring drawn on the ground will lead hounds a false scent. A broiled herring is good for the rheumatism. The fishery is a great nursery for seamen, and brings more ships to Yarmouth than assembled at Troy to fetch back Helen."

At the end of what Nash calls "The Play in Praise of Red Herrings," he boasts of being the first author who had written in praise of fish or fishermen: of the latter he wittily and sarcastically says, "For your seeing wonders in the deep, you may be the sons and heirs of the prophet Jonas; you are all cavaliers and gentlemen, since the king of fishes chose you for his subjects; for your selling smoke, you may be courtiers; for your keeping fasting days, friar-observants; and, lastly, look in what town there is the sign of the three mariners, the huff-capped drink in that house you shall be sure of always."

Should any one desire to be informed to what farther medicinal and culinary purposes red herring may be applied with advantage, Dodd's Natural History of the Herring may be consulted. If what is there collected were true, there would be little occasion for the *faculty*, and cookery would no longer be a science.

Norwich. G. B.

Poetry.

TO JOVE THE BENEFICENT.

For the Table Book.

Oh thou, that holdest in thy spacious hands
The destinies of men! whose eye surveys
Their various actions! thou, whose temple stands
Above all temples! thou, whom all men praise!
Of good the author! thou, whose wisdom sways
The universe! all bounteous! grant to me
Tranquillity, and health, and length of days;
Good will t'wards all, and reverence unto thee;
Allowance for man's failings, of my own
The knowledge; and the power to conquer all
Those evil things to which we are too prone—
Malice, hate, envy—all that ill we call.
To me a blameless life, Great Spirit! grant,
Nor burden'd with much care, nor narrow'd by much want.

S. R. J.

Varia.

WILSON AND SHUTER.

When Wilson the comedian made his début, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter; but upon his appearance on the stage, the audience called out for their former favourite, by crying, "Off, off—*Shuter, Shuter!*" Whereon Wilson, turning round, and with a face as stupid as art could make it, and suiting his action to his words, replied, "*Shoot her, shoot her?*" (pointing at the same time to the female performer on the stage with him,) "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well-timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favour, and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.*

KITTY WHITE'S PARENTHESIS.

Kitty White, a pupil to old Rich, the comedian, was instructed by O'Brien, of Drury-lane, how to perform *Sylvia*, in "The Recruiting Officer." The lady reciting a passage improperly, he told her it was a *parenthesis*, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and greater volubility. "A *parenthesis!*" said Miss White, "What's that?" Her mother, who was present, blushing for her daughter's ignorance, immediately exclaimed, "Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! not to know the meaning of *'prentice*, and that it is the plural number of *'prentices!*"

* Monthly Mirror.

LADY WALLIS AND MR. HARRIS.

Mr. Harris, patentee of Covent-garden theatre, having received a very civil message from lady Wallis, offering him her comedy for *nothing*, Mr. H. observed, upon his perusal, that her ladyship knew the exact value of it.*

SMOKY CHIMNIES.

A large bladder filled with air, suspended about half way up the chimney by a piece of string attached to a stick, and placed across a hoop, which may be easily fastened by nails, will, it is said, prevent the disagreeable effects of a smoky chimney.

OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

"*An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning,*" seems well exemplified in the following dialogue, translated from the German:

Hans, the son of the clergyman, said to the farmer's son Frederick, as they were walking together on a fine summer's evening, "How large is the moon which we now see in the heavens?"

Frederick. As large as a baking-dish.

Hans. Ha! ha! ha! As large as a baking-dish? No, Frederick, it is full as large as a whole country.

Frederick. What do you tell me? as large as a whole country? How do you know it is so large?

Hans. My tutor told me so.

While they were talking, Augustus, another boy, came by; and Hans ran laughing up to him, and said, "Only hear, Augustus! Frederick says the moon is no bigger than a baking-dish."

"No?" replied Augustus, "The moon must me at least as big as our barn. When my father has taken me with him into the city, I have observed, that the globe on the top of the dome of the cathedral seems like a very little ball; and yet it will contain three sacks of corn; and the moon must be a great deal higher than the dome."

Now which of these three little philosophers was the most intelligent?—I must give it in favour of the last; though Hans was most in the right through the instruction of his master. But it is much more honourable to come even at all near the truth, by one's own reasoning, than to give implicit faith to the hypothesis of another.

* Monthly Mirror.

SIGILL:D:CAROLI:HOWARD:BARONIS:DE:EFFINGHAM:MAGNI:ANGLIÆ:ADMIRALLI:ET:CET:A°:1585
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DOMINUS MIHI ADJUTOR ET EGO DISPRAECIBIT INIMICIS MEIS

Seal and Autograph of the Lord High Admiral,

Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, 1585.

OFFICE OF LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

An engraving of the great seal of Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, as high admiral of England, with another, his lordship's autograph, are presented to the readers of the *Table Book* from the originals, before the Editor, affixed to a commission in the first year of that nobleman's high office, granting to sir Edward Hoby, knight, the vice-admiralty of the hundred of Milton, in the county of Kent.*

It will be remembered, that the lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards created earl of Nottingham, was the distinguished admiral of the English fleet, which, in conjunction with the winds of heaven, dispersed and destroyed the formidable Spanish armada for the invasion of England in 1588, during the reign of queen Elizabeth. These engraved representations therefore are no mean illustrations to a short account of the office of lord high admiral, which, after having been in commission upwards of a century, is revived in the person of the heir apparent to the throne.

It is commonly said, that we have obtained the term *admiral* from the French. The first admiral of France, or that ever had been there by title of office, was Enguerrand de Bailleul, lord of Coucy, who was so created by Philip the Hardy in 1284, and under that title appointed to command a fleet for the conquest of Catalonia and other Spanish provinces from Peter of Arragon.

The French are presumed to have gained the term in the crusades a little before this period, under St. Lewis, who instituted the order of "the ship," an honour of knighthood, to encourage and reward enterprise against the Turks. The collar of this order, at the lower end whereof hung a ship, was interlaced on double chains of gold, with double scallop-shells of gold, and double crescents of silver interwoven, "which figured the sandy shore and port of Aigues-Mortes, and, with the ship, made manifest declaration that this enterprise was to fight with infidel nations, which followed the false law of Mahomet who bare the crescent."† The chief naval commander of the Saracens is said to have been called the *admirante*, and from him the French are conjectured to have gained their *amiral*: if they did, it was the only advantage secured to France by the expedition of St. Lewis.*

Still, however, whether the French *amiral* comes from the Saracen *admirante* is doubtful; and though the title occurs in French history, before we discover *admiral* in our own, it is also doubtful whether we derive it from our neighbours. The Saxons had an officer, whom from his duties they called "*Aen-Mere-all*, that is *All upon the sea*:"† this title therefore of our ancient ancestors may reasonably be presumed to have been the etymon of our *admiral*.

William de Leybourne was the first Englishman that had the style of admiral. At the assembly at Bruges in 1297, (25 Edward I.) he was styled *Admirallus Maris Regis*, and soon after the office became tripartite. We subsequently meet with the titles of admiralty of the north and of the west, and in 1387 (10 Richard II.) we find Richard, son of Allan, earl of Arundel and Surry, denominated *Admirallus Angliæ*: this is the earliest mention of that style.‡

Charles, lord Howard of Effingham, the illustrious high admiral of Elizabeth, held the office eighteen years under his heroic mistress, and was continued in it fourteen years longer by her successor James I. In 1619 he was succeeded in it by George, marquis (afterwards the first duke) of Buckingham, who held the dignity till 1636, (temp. Car. I.) when it was in commission for a week, and then conferred on Algernon, earl of Northumberland, and afterwards, by the parliament, on Robert, earl of Warwick. He surrendered his commission in 1645, under an ordinance that members should have no employment, and the office was executed by a committee of both houses, of whom the earl was one. In 1649, the commissioners of the admiralty under the Commonwealth were allowed three shillings each per diem.

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* For the loan of this document, the editor is indebted to his valuable and valued correspondent J. J. K.

* Favine, b. iii. c. 1.

* "This good prince being dead of a dysentry at the camp of Carthage in Affrica, the fifth day of August One thousand two hundred threescore and ten, his body was boiled in wine and water, until that the flesh was neatly divided from the bones. His flesh and entrails were given to the king of Sicily, monsieur Charles of France, brother to the king, who caused them to be interred in the monastery of Mont Reall, of the order of St. Benedict, near to the city of Palermo in Sicily. But the bones, wrapped up worthily in seare cloth and silks, excellently embalmed with most precious perfumes, were carried to St. Denis in France: and with them those of his son, monsieur John of France, count of Nevers, dying in the camp and of the same disease." *Favine.*

† Maitland, Cok. Just. p. i.

‡ Godolphin's Admiralty Jurisdiction, 1746

At the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, his brother James, duke of York, was appointed lord high admiral; but on the passing of the test act in 1673, being a Roman Catholic, he resigned, and the office was put in commission, with prince Rupert as first lord, till 1679. It remained in commission till the end of that reign.

James II. (the duke of York just mentioned) on his accession declared himself, in council, lord high admiral, and lord general of the navy, and during his short reign managed the admiralty affairs by Mr. Secretary Pepys.

Throughout the reign of William III., the admiralty was continued in commission.

Queen Anne, in 1702, appointed her consort, prince George of Denmark, lord high admiral of England; he executed the office under that style, with a council, till 1707, when, on account of the union, he was styled lord high admiral of Great Britain, and so continued with a council as before. He died October 28, 1708, and the queen acted by Mr. Secretary Burchel, till the 29th of November, when her majesty appointed Thomas, earl of Pembroke, lord high admiral of Great Britain, with a fee of 300 marks per annum. In November, 1709, the admiralty was again put in commission, and has been so continued from that time till April 1827, when the duke of Clarence was appointed lord high admiral of Great Britain.

The lord high admiral has the management and controul of all maritime affairs, and the government of the royal navy. He commissions all naval officers, from an admiral to a lieutenant; he takes cognizance and decides on deaths, murders, maims, and all crimes and offences committed on or beyond sea, in all parts of the world, on the coasts, in all ports or havens, and on all rivers to the first bridge from the sea. He appoints deputies for the coasts, coroners for the view of dead bodies found at sea, or on the waters within his jurisdiction, and judges for his court of admiralty. To him belongs all fines and forfeitures arising from the exercise of his office, the goods of pirates, &c. maritime deodands, wrecks, salvage, sea-prize, waifs and strays, porpoises, and other great sea-fishes, called royal fishes, whale and sturgeon only excepted.* He is conservator of rivers and public streams, and of all ships and fisheries, with power to reform unlawful nets and engines; and he arrests and seizes ships, impresses mariners, pilots, masters, gunners, bombardiers, and any other persons wheresoever they may be met with, as often as the naval service may require.* Formerly, in common with other admirals, he wore a whistle suspended by a gold chain, with which he cheered his men to action, but which has now descended to the boatswain.†

The powers of the commission from the lord Howard of Effingham, high admiral of England, to sir Edward Hoby, may further illustrate the nature and extent of this high office. The deed itself is in Latin, fairly engrossed on parchment, with a large and fine illumination, entirely filling the side and bottom margins, representing a branch of white roses tinged with red, entwined with a branch of honeysuckle, the leaves and flowers in fair and proper colours.

This commission empowers "sir Edward Hobbie, knight," to take cognizance of, and proceed in all civil and maritime causes, contracts, crimes, offences, and other matters, appertaining to the jurisdiction of the English admiralty of the queen in the hundred of Milton in the county of Kent, and the maritime parts thereof, and thereto adjacent, and to hear and determine the same: And to inquire by the oath of good and loyal men of the said hundred of all traitors, pirates, homicides, and felons, and of all suicides, and questionable deaths and casualties within such admiralty jurisdiction, and of their estates, and concerning whatever appertains to the office of the lord high admiral in the said hundred. And of and concerning the anchorage and shores and the royal fishes, viz. sturgeons, whales, shell-fish, (cetis,) porpoises, dolphins, rigge and grampuses, and generally of all other fishes whatsoever, great and small, belonging to the queen in her office of chief admiralty of England: And to obtain and receive all pecuniary penalties in respect of crimes and offences belonging to such jurisdiction within the said hundred, and to decide on all such matters: And to proceed against all offenders according to the statutes of the queen and her kingdom, and according to the admiralty power of mulcting, correcting, punishing, castigating, reforming, and imprisoning within the said hundred or its jurisdiction: And to inquire concerning nets of too small mesh, and other contrivances, or illicit instruments, for the taking of fish: And concerning the bodies of persons

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* Beatson.

* Cowel, &c.
† Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

wrecked and drowned in the waters of the hundred: And concerning the keeping and preservation of the statutes of the queen and her kingdom in the maritime parts of the said hundred: And concerning the wreck of the sea: And to exercise the office of coroner, according to the statutes in the third and fourth years of Edward the First: And to proceed according to the statutes concerning the damage of goods upon the sea in the 27th year of Edward III.: "And you the aforesaid sir Hobbie, our vice-admiral, commissary, and deputy in the office of vice-admiralty, in and over the aforesaid hundred of Milton, we appoint, recommending to you and your locum tenens firmness in the execution of your duty, and requiring you yearly in Easter and Michaelmas term to account to the Court of Admiralty your proceedings in the premises."——— "Given at Greenwich under our great seal the twelfth day of the month of July in the year of our Lord from the incarnation one thousand five hundred and eighty-five, and in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of our most serene lady Elizabeth by the grace of God queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c."

The "great seal" above mentioned is the great seal of the admiralty, engraved on a preceding page, and as there represented, of the exact size of the seal appended to the commission.

Milton Hundred, Kent.

Through a different source than that, whence the commission just set forth came to hand, the Editor has now before him various original papers formerly belonging to sir Edward Hoby, concerning his private and public concerns. The two following relate to the hundred of Milton.

I.

Articles of the Queene's Majestie Lands belonging to the Mannor of *Milton* with ther yearly values as they wilbe letten, and of the other benefitts belonging to the same mannor, which are now letten by her Majestie in farme.

	Acres.	*Value.*
Earable Lands	276 - 13*s.* 4*d.*	184*li.*
Meadowe Lands	39 - 20*s.* -	39*li.*
Mershe Lands -	12 - 20*s.* -	12*li.*
Pasture Lands -	80 - 15*s.* -	60*li.*
(Shent ?) Lands -	34 - 6*s.* 8*d.*	11*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.*
Towne meade -	25 - 5*s.* -	6*li.* 5*s.*
	466	331*li.* 0 8*d.*

Rents of Assise - - -	115*li.* 1*s.*	10*d*
The Myll - - - - -	12*li.*	
Faires and Marketts - -	10*li.*	
Relieves and Alienac'ons -	4*li.*	
Fines and Amercements -	6*li.* 13*s.*	4*d*
Wastes Strayes Fellons Goods and Wrack of Sea	13*li.* 6*s.*	8*d*
	161*li.* 1*s.*	10*d.*
	492*li.* 2*s.*	6*d.*

Articles of the Queene's Majestie Lands and other benefitts belonging to the Hundred of *Marden* now less letten in farme.

	Acres. Value.
Queene's Lands - 9 - 8*s.* -	3*li.* 12*s.*
Rents of Assise - - - -	14*li.* 9*s.* 5*d.*
Wastes Straies and Fellons goods	3*li.* 6*s.* 8*d.*
	21*li.* 8*s.* 1*d.*

S'm Tot. of the proffitte of bothe the mannors 513*li.* 10*s.* 7*d.*

It is oversom'ed viij p. ann.

II.

Sir Edward Hoby *for a Lease of the custodie of* Milton *and* Marden.

The Queene's Ma'tie by warrant of the late Lord Treasourer the sixt daye of July, in the xiijth Yeare of her Raigne, did graunt Custodia of the Mannor of Milton, and the Hundred of Milton, and Marden, &c. vnto Thomas Randolphe for Threescore years, yieldinge 120*li.* yearly rent and vjs. viijd increase of the rent. Prouiso semper q'd si aliquis alius plus dare voluerit de incr'o per Annum pro Custod. predict sine fraude vel malo ingenio Quod tunc idem Thomas Randolphe tantum pro eadem soluere teneatur si Custod. voluerit her'e sup'dict.

The Lease is by meane conveyance colorably sett over vnto one Thomas Bodley, but the interest is in one Richard Potman, Attorney towards the Lawe.

Sr Edward Hoby knight the xxvjth of Maye xlmo Regine nunc, before the nowe Lord Treasourer and the Barons of the Exchequer did personally cum, and in wrytinge under his hande, Offer, sine fraude vel malo ingenio, to increase the Queene's rent 100*li.* yearly, which sayd Offer was accepted and attested, with Mr. Baron Clarke's hande redy to be inrolled.

Whereupon the sayd Sr Edward Hoby doth humbly praye that Yor Lo'pp wilbe

pleased to gyve warrant for the inrowlinge thereof accordingely, and that a scire facias maye presently be awarded agaynst the Leasee, to shewe cause whye the former Pattent shoulde not be repealed, and the custody aforesayd graunted to the sayd Sr Edward Hoby.

Note.

The lyke tender was heretofore made xxxijdo Regine Elizabeth by Richard Varney Esquyer, agaynst Gregory Wolmer Esquyer, for the Mannor of Torrington Magna: beinge in extent to her Ma'tie for the dett of Phillipp Basset, and leased with the like Prouiso, and thereby obteyned a newe Lease from her Ma'tie.

The preceding documents are so far interesting, as they connect sir Edward Hoby with the hundred of Milton and Marden, beyond his public office of vice admiral of the former place, and show the underletting of the crown lands in the reign of Elizabeth, with something of the means employed at that time to obtain grants.

Garrick Plays.

No. XVI.

[From "Tottenham Court," a Comedy, by Thomas Nabbs, 1638.]

Lovers Pursued.

Worthgood, Bellamie, as travelling together before daylight.

Worth. Come, my Delight; let not such painted griefs
Press down thy soul: the darkness but presents
Shadows of fear; which should secure us best
From danger of pursuit.
Bell. Would it were day!
My apprehension is so full of horror;
I think each sound, the air's light motion
Makes in these thickets, is my Uncle's voice,
Threat'ning our ruins.
Worth. Let his rage persist
To enterprise a vengeance, we'll prevent it.
Wrapt in the arms of Night, that favours Lovers,
We hitherto have 'scaped his eager search;
And are arrived near London. Sure I hear
The Bridge's cataracts, and such-like murmurs
As night and sleep yield from a populous number.
Bell. But when will it be day? the light hath comfort:
Our first of useful senses being lost,
The rest are less delighted.
Worth. Th' early Cock
Hath sung his summons to the day's approach:
'Twill instantly appear. Why startled, Bellamie?
Bell. Did no amazing sounds arrive thy ear;
Pray, listen.
Worth. Come, come; 'tis thy fear suggests
Illusive fancies. Under Love's protection
We may presume of safety.
(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*
Bell. Aye me, 'tis sure my Uncle; dear Love Worthgood?
Worth. Astonishment hath seiz'd my faculties.
My Love, my Bellamie, ha!
Bell. Dost thou forsake me, Worthgood?
(*Exit, as losing him.*)
Worth. Where's my Love?
Dart from thy silver crescent one fair beam
Through this black air, thou Governess of Night,
To shew me whither she is led by fear.
Thou envious Darkness, to assist us here,
And then prove fatal!
(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*
Worth. Silence your noise, ye clamorous ministers
Of this injustice. Bellamie is lost;
She's lost to me. Not her fierce Uncle's rage,
Who whets your eager aptness to pursue me
With threats or promises; nor his painted terrors
Of laws' severity; could ever work
Upon the temper of my resolute soul
To soften it to fear, till she was lost.
Not all the illusive horrors, which the night
Presents unto th' imagination,
T' affright a guilty conscience, could possess me,
While I possess'd my Love. The dismal shrieks
Of fatal owls, and groans of dying mandrakes,
Whilst her soft palm warm'd mine, were music to me.—
Their light appears.—No safety does consist
In passion or complaints. Night, let thine arms
Again assist me; and, if no kind minister
Of better fate guide me to Bellamie,
Be thou eternal.
(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*

Bellamie, alone, in Marybone Park.

Bell. The day begins to break; and trembling Light,
As if affrighted with this night's disaster,
Steals thro' the farthest air, and by degrees
Salutes my weary longings.—O, my Worthgood,
Thy presence would have checkt these passions;
And shot delight thro' all the mists of sadness,
To guide my fear safe thro' the paths of danger:
Now fears assault me.—'Tis a woman's voice.
She sings; and in her music's chearfulness
Seems to express the freedom of a heart,
Not chain'd to any passions.

Song, within.

What a dainty life the Milkmaid leads!
When over the flowery meads
She dabbles in the dew,
And sings to her cow;
And feels not the pain
Of Love or Disdain.
She sleeps in the night, tho' she toils in the day
And merrily passeth her time away.

Bell. Oh, might I change my misery
For such a shape of quiet!

[From the "Duchess of Suffolk," an Historical Play, by T. Heywood, 1631.]

A Tragic Pursuit.

The Duchess, with her little child, preparing to escape by night from the relentless persecution of the Romanists.

Duch. (*to the Nurse.*) Give me my child, and mantle;
—now Heaven's pleasure:
Farewell;—come life or death, I'll hug my treasure.
Nay, chide not, pretty babe; our enemies come:
Thy crying will pronounce thy mother's doom.
Be thou but still;
This gate may shade us from their envious will.
(*Exit.*)

(*A noise of Pursuers. She re-enters.*)

Duch. Oh fear, what art thou? lend me wings to fly;
Direct me in this plunge of misery.
Nature has taught the Child obedience;
Thou hast been humble to thy mother's wish.
O let me kiss these duteous lips of thine,
That would not kill thy mother with a cry.
Now forward, whither heav'n directs; for I
Can guide no better than thine infancy.
Here are two Pilgrims bound for Lyon Quay,*
And neither knows one footstep of the way.

(*Noise again heard.*)

Duch. Return you? then 'tis time to shift me hence.

(*Exit, and presently Re-enters.*)

Duch. Thus far, but heav'n knows where, we have escaped
The eager pursuit of our enemies,
Having for guidance my attentive fear.
Still I look back, still start my tired feet,
Which never till now measured London street:
My Honours scorn'd that custom; they would ride;
Now forced to walk, more weary pain to bide.
Thou shalt not do so, child; I'll carry thee
In Sorrow's arms to welcome misery.
Custom must steel thy youth with pinching want,
That thy great birth in age may bear with scant
Sleep peaceably, sweet duck, and make no noise:
Methinks each step is death's arresting voice.
We shall meet nurse anon; a dug will come,
To please my quiet infant: when, nurse, when?

The Duchess, persecuted from place to place, with Berty, her Husband, takes comfort from her Baby's smiles.

Duch. Yet we have scaped the danger of our foes;
And I, that whilom was exceeding weak
Through my hard travail in this infant's birth,
Am now grown strong upon necessity,
How forwards are we towards Windham Castle?
Berty. Just half our way: but we have lost our friends,
Thro' the hot pursuit of our enemies.
Duch. We are not utterly devoid of friends;
Behold, the young Lord Willoughby smiles on us:
And 'tis great help to have a Lord our friend.

C. L.

* From which place she hopes to embark for Flanders

Theatrical Customs.

PLAY-BILLS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Conjecturing that some slight notices of the early use of play-bills by our comedians might be interesting to your readers, allow me respectfully to request the insertion of the following:—

So early as 1587, there is an entry in the Stationers' books of a license granted to John Charlewood, in the month of October, "by the whole consent of the assistants, for the onlye ymprinting of all maner of bills for players. Provided that if any trouble arise herebye, then Charlewoode to bear the charges." Ames, in his *Typogr. Antiq.*, p. 342, referring to a somewhat later date, states, that James Roberts, who printed in quarto several of the dramas written by the immortal Shakspeare, also "printed bills for the players;" the license of the Stationers' Company had then probably devolved to him. The announcements of the evening's or rather afternoon's entertainment was not circulated by the medium of a diurnal newspaper, as at present, but broadsides were pasted up at the corners of the streets to attract the passer-by. The puritanical author of a "Treatise against Idleness, Vaine-playes, and Interludes," printed in black letter, without date, but possibly anterior to 1587, proffers an admirable illustration of the practice.—"They use," says he, in his tirade against the players, "to set up their bills upon postes some certain dayes before, to admonish the people to make resort to their theatres, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." The whimsical John Taylor, the water-poet, under the head of Wit and Mirth, also alludes to the custom.—"Master Nat. Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street at a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked what play was played that day. He being angry to be stay'd on so frivolous a

demand, answered, that he might see what play was plaied on every poste. I cry your mercy, said the gentleman, I took *you* for a poste, you rode so fast."

It may naturally be inferred, that the emoluments of itinerant players could not afford the convenience of a printed bill, and hence from necessity arose the practice of announcing the play by beat of drum. Will. Slye, who attended Kempe in the provincial enactment of his "Nine Men of Gotham," is figured with a drum. Parolles, in Shakspeare's "All's Well that ends Well," alludes to this occupation of some of Will. Slye's fellows, "Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English comedians."

The long detailed titles of some of the early quarto plays induce a supposition, that the play-bills which introduced them to public notice were similarly extended. The "pleasant conceited Comedy," and "the Bloody Tragedy," were equally calculated to attract idling gazers on the book-stalls, or the "walks at St. Paul's," and to draw gaping crowds about some vociferous Autolycus, who was probably an underling belonging to the company, or a servant to one of the players; for, as they ranked as gentlemen, each forsooth had his man. A carping satirical writer, who wrote anonymously "Notes from Blackfriers," 1617, presents some traces of a play-bill crier of that period.

> ——— "Prithee, what's the play?
> The first I visited this twelvemonth day.
> They say—'A new invented boy of purle,
> That jeoparded his neck to steale a girl
> Of twelve; and lying fast impounded for't,
> Has hither sent his bearde to act his part,
> Against all those in open malice bent,
> That would not freely to the theft consent:
> Faines all to 's wish, and in the epilogue
> Goes out applauded for a famous—rogue.'
> —Now hang me if I did not look at first,
> For some such stuff, by the fond-people's thrust."

In 1642, the players, who till the subversion of the kingly prerogative in the preceding year, basked in the sunshine of court favour, and publicly acknowledged the patronage of royalty, provoked, by their loyalty, the vengeance of the stern unyielding men in power. The lords and commons, assembled on the second day of September in the former year, suppressed stage plays, during these calamitous times, by the following

Ordinance.

"Whereas the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood, by a Civill Warre; call for all possible meanes to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these judgments; amongst which, fasting and prayer having been often tried to be very effectuall, have bin lately, and are still enjoyned: And whereas public sports doe not well agree with public calamities, nor publike Stage Playes with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levitie: It is therefore thought fit, and ordeined by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes, and set times of humiliation doe continue, publike Stage Playes shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe times of joy and gladnesse to these nations."

The tenour of this ordinance was strictly enforced; many young and vigorous actors joined the king's army, in which for the most part they obtained commissions, and others retired on the scanty pittances they had earned, till on the restoration, the theatre burst forth with new effulgence. The play-bill that announced the opening of the new theatre, in Drury-lane, April 8, 1663, has been already printed in the *Every-Day Book*. The actors' names were then, for the first time, affixed to the characters they represented; and, to evince their loyalty, "Vivat Rex et Regina," was appended at the foot of the bills, as it continues to this day.

In the reign of the licentious Charles II., wherein monopolies of all kinds were granted to court favourites, licenses were obtained for the sole printing of play-bills. There is evidence in Bagford's Collections, Harl. MSS. No. 5910, vol. ii., that in August, 1663, Roger L'Estrange, as surveyor of the imprimery and printing presses, had the "sole license and grant of printing and publishing all ballads, plays, &c. not previously printed, play-bills, &c." These privileges he sold to operative printers. When that license ceased, I have yet to learn.

The play-bills at Bartholomew-fair were in form the same as those used at the regular theatres; but, as they were given among the populace, they were only half the size. One that Dogget published recently, in my

possession, had W. R. in the upper corners, as those printed in the reign of Charles II., had C. R., the royal arms being in the centre.

The luxurious mode of printing in alternate black and red lines, was adopted in Cibber's time; the bills of Covent-garden theatre were generally printed in that manner. The bills of Drury-lane theatre, within the last ten years, have issued from a private press, set up in a room below the stage of that theatre. The bills for the royal box, on his majesty's visit to either theatre, are printed on white satin.

Connected with these notices of play-bills, are the means by which they were dispersed. A century ago, they were sold in the theatres by young women, called "orange-girls," some of whom, Sally Harris and others, obtained considerable celebrity; these were succeeded by others, who neither coveted nor obtained notoriety. The "orange-girls" have *gone out*, and staid married women, who pay a weekly stipend to the box-lobby fruit-woman, now vend play-bills in the theatre, but derive most of their emolument from the sale of the "book of the play," or "the songs" of the evening. The old cry about the streets, "Choice fruit, and a bill of the play—Drury-lane or Covent-garden," is almost extinct; the barrow-women are obliged to obtain special permission to remain opposite some friendly shopkeeper's door; and the play-bills are chiefly hawked by little beggarly boys.

I am, sir, &c.

WILL O' THE WISP.

March, 1827.

THE LINNET FANCY.

To the Editor of the Table Book.

It is my fantasie to have these things,
For they amuse me in my moody hours:
Their voices waft my soul into the woods:
Where bends th' enamour'd willow o'er the stream,
They make sweet melody.

Of all the earthly things by which the brain of man is twisted and twirled, heated and cooled, fancy is the most powerful. Like a froward wife, she invariably leads him by the nose, and almost every man is in some degree ruled by her. One fancies a horse, another an ass—one a dog, another a rabbit—one's delight is in dress, another's in negligence—one is a lover of flowers, another of insects—one's mind runs on a pigeon, another's on a hawk—one fancies himself sick, the doctor fancies he can cure him: death—that stern reality—settles the matter, by fancying both. One, because he has a little of this life's evil assail him, fancies himself miserable, another, as ragged as a colt, fancies himself happy. One, as ugly as sin, and as hideous as death, fancies himself handsome—another, a little higher than six-penn'orth of halfpence, fancies himself a second Saul. In short, it would take a monthly part of the *Table Book* to enumerate the different vagaries of fancy—so multifarious are her forms. Leaving this, proceed we to one of the fancies which amuse and divert the mind of man in his leisure and lonely hours—the "*Linnet* Fancy."

"Linnet fancy!" I think I hear some taker-up of the *Table Book* say, "What's in a linnet?—rubbish—

A bird that, when caught,
May be had for a groat."

Music! I answer—melody, unrivalled melody—equal to Philomel's, that ever *she*-bird of the poets.—I wish they would call things by their proper names; for, after all, it is a cock—hens never make harmonious sounds. The fancy is possessed but by a few, and those, generally, of the "lower orders"—the weavers and cobblers of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, for instance. A good bird has been known to fetch ten sovereigns. I have frequently seen three and four given for one.

Whence the song of the linnet was obtained I cannot tell; but, from what I have heard the tit-lark and sky-lark do, I incline to believe that a good deal of theirs is in the song of the linnet. This song consists of a number of *jerks*, as they are called, some of which a bird will dwell on, and time with the most beautiful exactness: this is termed a "*weighed* bird." Others rattle through it in a hurried manner, and take to what is termed *battling*; these are birds often "sung" against others. It is with them as in a party where many are inclined to sing, the loudest and quickest tires them out; or, as the phrase is, "knocks them down." These *jerks* are as under. Old fanciers remember more, and regret the spoliation and loss of the good old strain. I have heard some of them say, that even larks are not so good as they were forty years ago. The reader must not suppose that the *jerks* are warbled in the apple-pie order in which he sees them here: the birds put them forth as they please: good birds always *finish* them.

London Bird Catcher, 1827.

Jerks.

Tuck—Tuck—Fear.
Tuck, Tuck, Fear—Ic, Ic, Ic.
Tuck, Tuck, Fear—Ic quake-e-weet.
This is a *finished jerk.*
Tuck, Tuck, Joey.
Tuck, Tuck, Tuck, Tuck, Joey—Tolloc cha, Ic quake-e-weet.
Tuck, Tuck, Wizzey.
Tuck, Tuck, Wizzey—Tyr, Tyr, Tyr, Cher—Wye wye Cher.
Tolloc, Ejup, R—Weet, weet, weet.
Tolloc, Ejup, R—Weet, cheer.
Tolloc, Ejup, R—Weet, weet, weet—cheer.
Tolloc, Tolloc, cha—Ic, Ic, Ic, Ic quake—Ic, Ic.
Tolloc, Tolloc, cha—Ic, Ic, Ic, Ic, quake—Ic, Ic, Tyr, Fear.
Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Weet, weet, weet, cheer—Tolloc, cha—Ejup.
Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Ejup.
Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Cha, cea—Pipe, Pipe, Pipe.
Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Ejup—Pipe, Pipe, Pipe.
Lug, Lug, G—Cher, Cher, Cher.
Lug, Lug—Orchee, weet.
Lug, Lug, G—Pipe, Pipe, Pipe.
Lug, Lug, G—Ic, Ic, Ic, Ic, quake, e Pipe Chow.
Lug, Lug, E chow—Lug, Ic, Ic, quake e weet.
Lug, Lug, or—cha cea.
Ic Ic R—Ejup—Pipe chow.

Lug, Lug, E chow, Lug, Ic, Ic, quake-e-weet.

Ic, Ic, R—Ejup, Pipe.

Ic, Ic, R—Ejup, Pipe, chow.

Ic Ic—R cher—Wye, wye, cher.

Ic, Ic R, cher—Weet, cheer.

Ic, Ic—quake-e-weet.

Ic, chow—E chow—Ejup, weet.

Tyr, Tyr, Cher—Wye, wye, cher.

Bell, Bell, Tyr.

Ejup, Ejup, Pipe, Chow.

Ejup, Ejup, Pipe.

Ejup, Ejup, Poy.

Peu Poy—Peu Poy. This is when calling to each other.

Cluck, Cluck, Cha.

Cluck, Cluck, Cha, Wisk—R, Wisk.

Ic, quake-e-weet—R Cher.

Ic, Quake-e-Pipe—Tolloc Ic—Tolloc Ic Tolloc Ic—R Cher.

Fear, Fear, weet—Ejup, Pipe, Chow.

Pipe, Pipe, Pipe, Pipe—Ejup, Ejup, Ejup.

Ejup R—Lug, Ic, Ic, quake-e-weet.

Ic, Ic, R, Chow, Ic, Ic, R—Ic, Ic, quake, tyr, fear.

Most of these my own birds do. Several strains have been known of the linnet, the best of which I believe was Wilder's.

The method of raising is this. Get a good bird—as soon as *nestlings* can be had, purchase four, or even six; put them in a large cage, and feed them with boiled or scalded rape-seed, mixed with bread. This will do till about three weeks old; then throw in dry seed, rape, flax, and canary, bruised; they will pick it up, and so be weaned from the moist food. You may then cage them off in back-cages, and hang them under the old ones.

If you do not want the trouble of feeding them, buy them at a shop about a month old, when they are able to crack the seed. Some persons prefer *branchers* to nestlings; these are birds caught about July. When they are just able to fly among the trees, they are in some cases better than the others; and invariably so, if they take your old bird's song, being stronger and steadier. Nestlings lose half their time in playing about the cage.

As two heads are said to be better than one, so are two birds, therefore he who wants to raise a strain, should get two good ones, about the end of May—*stop* one of them This is done by putting your cage in a box, just big enough to hold it, having a door in front to pull up. Some have a glass in the door to enable them to see the birds; others keep them in total darkness, only opening their prison to give them food and water. The common way is to put the cage in the box, and close the door, by a little at a time, daily, keeping it in a warm place. This is a brutal practice, which I have never subscribed to, nor ever shall; yet it *does* improve the bird, both in feather and song. By the time he has "moulted off," the other bird will "come in" stout, and your young ones will take from him; thus you will obtain good birds.

To render your birds tame, and free in song, move them about; tie them in handkerchiefs, and put them on the table, or any where that you safely can; only let their usual place of hanging be out of sight of each other. Their seeing one another makes them fretful. To prevent this, have tin covers over their water-pots.

The man who keeps birds *should* pay attention to them: they cannot speak, but their motions will often tell him that something is wrong; and it will then be his business to discover what. He who confines birds and neglects them, deserves to be confined himself; they merit all we can do for them, and are grateful. What a fluttering of wings—what a stretching of necks and legs—what tappings with the bill against the wires of their cages have I heard, when coming down to breakfast; what a burst of song—as much as to say, "Here's master!"

Should any one be induced, from this perusal, to become a *fancier*, let him be careful with *whom*, and *how* he deals, or he will assuredly be taken in. In choosing a bird, let him see that it stands up on its perch boldly; let it be snake-headed, its feathers smooth and sleek, its temper good; this you may know by the state of its tail: a bad-tempered bird generally rubs his tail down to a mere bunch of rags. Hear the bird *sing*; and be sure to keep the seller at a distance from him; a motion of his master's hand, a turn of his head, may stop a bird when about to do something bad. Let him "go *through*" with his song uninterrupted; you will then discover his faults.

In this dissertation (if it may be so called) I have merely given what has come under my own observation; others, who are partial to linnets, are invited to convey, through the same medium, their knowledge, theoretical and practical, on the subject.

I am, sir, &c.

S. R. J

Foundation of the LONDON UNIVERSITY.

On Monday, the 30th of April, 1827, his royal highness the duke of Sussex laid the foundation-stone of the London University. The spot selected for the building is situated at the end of Gower-street, and comprehends a very extensive piece of ground. The adjacent streets were crowded with passengers and carriages moving towards the place. The day was one of the finest of this fine season. The visiters, who were admitted by cards, were conducted to an elevated platform, which was so much inclined, that the most distant spectator could readily see every particular of the ceremony. Immediately before this platform, and at about three yards distant from it, was another, upon which the foundation-stone was placed. The persons admitted were upwards of two thousand, the greatest proportion composed of well-dressed ladies. Every house in the neighbourhood, which afforded the smallest opportunity of witnessing the operations, was crowded from the windows to the roof; and even many windows in Gower-street, from which no view of the scene could be any way obtained, were filled with company. At a quarter past three o'clock, the duke of Sussex arrived upon the ground, and was greeted by the acclamations of the people both inside and outside the paling. When he descended from his carriage, the band of the third regiment of foot-guards, which had been upon the ground some time before, playing occasional airs, struck up "God save the king." The royal duke, attended by the committee and stewards, went in procession to the platform, upon which the foundation-stone was deposited. The stone had been cut exactly in two, and in the lower half was a rectangular hollow, to receive the medals and coins, and an inscription engraved upon a copper-plate:—

DEO OPT. MAX.
SEMPITERNO ORBIS ARCHITECTO
FAVENTE
QVOD FELIX FAVSTVM QVE SIT
OCTAVVM REGNI ANNVM INEVNTE
GEORGIO QVARTO BRITANNIARVM
REGE
CELSISSIMVS PRINCEPS AVGVSTVS FREDE-
RICVS
SUSSEXIAE DVX
OMNIVM BONARVM ARTIVM PATRONVS
ANTIQVISSIMI ORDINIS ARCHITECTONICI
PRAESES APVD ANGLOS SVMMVS
PRIMVM LONDINENSIS ACADEMIAE LAPIDEM
INTER CIVIVM ET FRATRVM
CIRCVMSTANTIVM PLAVSVS
MANV SVA LOCAVIT
PRID. KAL. MAII.
OPVS
DIV MVLTVM QVE DESIDERATVM
VRBI PATRIAE COMMODISSIMVM
TANDEM ALIQVANDO INCHOATVM EST
ANNO SALVTIS HVMANAE
MDCCCXXVII
ANNO LVCIS NOSTRAE
MMMMMDCCCXXVII.
NOMINA CLARISSIMORVM VIRORVM
QVI SVNT E CONCILIO
HENRICVS DVX NORFOLCIAE
HENRICVS MARCHIO DE LANSDOWN
DOMINVS IOANNES RVSSELL
IOANNES VICECOMES DVDLEY ET WARD
GEORGIVS BARO DE AVCKLAND
HONORABILIS IAC. ABERCROMBIE
IACOBVS MACINTOSH EQVES

ALEX. BARING	GEORGIVS BIRKBECK
HEN. BROUGHAM	THOMAS CAMPBELL
I. L. GOLDSMID	OLINTHVS GREGORY
GEORGIVS GROTE	IOSEPHVS HVME
ZAC. MACAULAY	IACOBVS MILL
BENIAMINVS SHAW	IOHANNES SMITH
GVLIELMVS TOOKE	HEN. WARBVRTON
HEN. WAYMOVTH	IOANNES WISHAW

THOMAS WILSON
GVLIELMVS WILKINS, ARCHITECTVS.

After this inscription had been read, the upper part of the stone was raised by the help of pullies, and his royal highness having received the coins, medals, and inscription, deposited them in the hollow formed for their reception. The two parts of the stone were then fastened together, and the whole was lifted from the ground. A bed of mortar was next laid upon the ground by the workmen, and his royal highness added more, which he took from a silver plate, and afterwards smoothed the whole with a golden trowel, upon which were inscribed the following words:—"With this trowel was laid the first stone of the London University, by his royal highness Augustus duke of Sussex, on the 30th of April, 1827. William Wilkins, architect; Messrs. Lee and Co. builders." The stone was then gradually lowered amidst the cheers of the assembly, the band playing "God save the king." His royal highness, after having proved the stone with a perpendicular, struck it three times with a mallet, at the same time saying, "May God bless this undertaking which we have so happily commenced, and make it prosper for the honour, happiness, and glory, not only of the metropolis, but of the whole country."

An oration was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Maltby, in which he offered up a prayer to the Almighty in behalf of the proposed University.

Dr. Lushington stated, that he had been chosen by the committee as the organ of their opinions. He remarked that the London University must effect good. The clouds of ignorance had passed away, and the sun had broken forth and dispelled the darkness which had hitherto prevailed. No man dared now to assert that the blessings of education should not be extended to every, even the lowest, of his majesty's subjects. He then expatiated on the advantages which were likely to arise from the establishment of a London University, and especially on its admission of Dissenters, who were excluded from the two great Universities. He concluded by passing an eloquent compliment upon the public conduct of the duke of Sussex, who, attached to no party, was a friend to liberality, and promoted by his encouragement any efforts of the subjects of this realm, whatever their political opinions, if their motives were proper and praiseworthy.

The duke of Sussex acknowledged the compliments paid to him, and stated, that the proudest day of his life was that upon which he had laid the first stone of the London University, surrounded as he was by gentlemen of as high rank, fortune, and character, as any in the kingdom. He was quite convinced that the undertaking must be productive of good. It would excite the old Universities to fresh exertions, and force them to reform abuses. His royal highness concluded, amidst the cheers of the assembly, by repeating that the present was the happiest day of his life.

His royal highness and the committee then left the platform, and the spectators dispersed, highly gratified with the exhibition of the day.

In the evening, the friends and subscribers to the new University dined together, in the Freemasons' Hall. On no previous occasion of a similar nature was that room so crowded; upwards of 420 persons sat down to table, with his royal highness the duke of Sussex in the chair.

The cloth having been removed, "The King" was drank with three times three.

The next toast was "The Duke of Clarence, the Lord High Admiral of England," and the rest of the royal family. As soon as the royal chairman, in proposing the above toast, stated the title of the new office held by his royal brother, the room rang with acclamations.

The duke of Norfolk then proposed the health of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, who, he said, had added to the illustrious title which he inherited by birth, that of the friend of the arts, and the patron of every liberal institution in the metropolis. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with three times three.

His Royal Highness said, that he received what his noble friend had been pleased to say of him, more as an admonition than as a compliment, because it brought to his recollection the principles on which his family was seated on the throne of this country. He was rejoiced at every circumstance which occurred to refresh his memory on that subject, and never felt so happy as when he had an opportunity of proving by acts, rather than professions, how great was his attachment to the cause of liberty and the diffusion of knowledge. (Cheers.) He repeated what he had stated in the morning, that the University of London had been undertaken with no feelings of jealousy or ill-will towards the two great English Universities already existing, but only to supply a deficiency, which was notoriously felt, and had been created by changes in circumstances and time since the foundation of those two great seminaries of learning. He concluded by once more repeating, that he had never felt more proud in his life than when he was laying the foundation-stone of the new University in the presence of some of the most honest and enlightened men of whom this country could boast. (Applause.) He then proposed "Prosperity to the University of London," which was drunk with three times three, and loud applause.

Mr. Brougham rose amidst the most vehement expressions of approbation. He rose, he said, in acquiescence to the command imposed upon him by the council, to return thanks to the royal chairman for the kind and cordial manner in which he had been pleased to express himself towards the new University, and also to the company present for the very gratifying manner in which they had received the mention of the toast. The task had been imposed upon him, God knew, not from any supposed peculiar fitness on his part to execute it, but from a well-grounded recollection that he was amongst the earliest and most zealous promoters of the good work they were met to celebrate. Two years had not elapsed since he had the happiness of attending a meeting, at which, peradventure, a great proportion of those

whom he was now addressing were present, for the purpose of promoting the foundation of the new University, held in the middle of the city of London, the cradle of all our great establishments, and of the civil and religious liberties of this land; the place where those liberties had first been nurtured; near the spot where they had been watered by the most precious blood of the noblest citizens; and he much deceived himself if the institution, the foundation of which they had met to celebrate, was not destined, with the blessing of Divine Providence, to have an extensive influence in rendering the liberties to which he had before alluded, eternal in England, and to spread the light of knowledge over the world. (Cheers.) On the day which he had referred to, the circumstances under which he spoke were very different from those which now surrounded him. The advocates of the University had then to endure the sneers of some, the more open taunts and jibes of others, accompanied with the timidly expressed hopes of many friends, and the ardent good wishes and fond expectations of a large body of enlightened men, balanced however by the loudly expressed and deep execrations of the enemies of human improvement, light, and liberty, throughout the world. (Applause.) Now, however, the early clouds and mists which had hung over the undertaking had disappeared, and the friends of the new University had succeeded in raising the standard of the establishment in triumph over its defeated enemies—they had succeeded in laying the foundation of the University, amidst the plaudits of surrounding thousands, accompanied by the good wishes of their kind in every corner of the globe. (Cheers.) The council had come to a fixed resolution that in the selection of teachers for the University, no such phrase as "candidate" for votes should ever be used in their presence. The appointments would be given to those who were found most worthy; and if the merits, however little known, should be found to surpass those of others the most celebrated, only in the same proportion as the dust which turned the balance, the former would certainly be preferred. Instead of teaching only four or five, or at the utmost six months in the year, it was intended that the lectures at the new University should continue nine months in the year. After each lecture, the lecturer would devote an hour to examining, in turn, each of the pupils, to ascertain whether he had understood the subject of his discourse. The lecturer would then apply another hour, three times in the week, if not six, (the subject was under consideration,) to the further instruction of such of his pupils as displayed particular zeal in the search of knowledge. By such means, it was hoped that the pupils might not only be encouraged to learn what was already known, but to dash into untried paths, and become discoverers themselves. (Applause.) The honourable and learned gentleman then proceeded, in a strain of peculiar eloquence, to defend himself from a charge which had been made against him, of being inimical to the two great English Universities, which he designated the two lights and glories of literature and science. Was it to be supposed that because he had had the misfortune not to be educated in the sacred haunts of the muses on the Cam or the Isis, that he would, like the animal, declare the fruit which was beyond his reach to be sour? He hoped that those two celebrated seats of learning would continue to flourish as heretofore, and he would be the last person in the world to do any thing which could tend to impair their glory. The honourable and learned gentleman said, he would conclude by repeating the lines from one of our sweetest minstrels, which he had before quoted in reference to the undertaking which they had assembled to support. He then quoted the passage prophetically—now it was applicable as a description of past events:—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The Royal Chairman then proposed "The Marquis of Lansdown, and the University of Cambridge," which was drank with great applause.

The Marquis of Lansdown, on rising, was received with loud cheers. He felt himself highly honoured, he said, in having his name coupled with the University in which he had received his education. He felt the greatest veneration for that institution, and he considered it by no means inconsistent with that feeling to express the most ardent wishes for the prosperity of the new University. (Applause.) He was persuaded that the extension of science in one quarter could not be prejudicial to its cultivation in another. (Applause.)

"The Royal Society" was next drank, then "Prosperity to the City of London,"

and Mr. Alderman Venables returned thanks.

"Prosperity to the City of Westminster" being drank, Mr. Hobhouse returned thanks.

"The health of "Lord Dudley" was drank with much applause.

Amongst the other toasts were "Prosperity to the Universities of Scotland and Ireland;" "Henry Brougham, Esq., and the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge;" "The Duke of Norfolk;" "The Mechanics' Institution," &c.

The company did not separate till a late hour.*

* The Times

Syr Delavalle ande the Moncke.

A LEGENDE OFFE TINMOUTHE PRIORIE.

(*For the Table Book.*)

"O horrydde dede toe kylle a manne forre a ppgges hede."—INSCRIPTION.

Quahat want ye, quahat want ye thoue jollie fryare,
Sayde Syr Delavalles Wardoure brave;
Quahat lack ye, quahat lack ye, thoue jollie fryare;—
—— Saythe—Openne ye portalle, knave,
Three wearye legues fro ye Pryorye
Ive com synne ye sonne hathe smylde onne ye sea.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, thoue halie fryare,
I maie notte lett ye ynne;
Syr Delavalles moode ys notte forre ye Roode,
Ande hee cares nott toe shryve hys synne;
And scheoulde hee retorne quithe hys hoonde and horne,
Hee will gare thye haliness rynne.

Forre Chryste hys sak nowe saie nott naie,
Botte openne ye portalle toe mee;
Ande I wylle donne a ryche benyzonne
Forre thye gentlesse ande cortesye:—
Bye Masse ande bye Roode gyffe thys boone ys quithstoode,
Thoue shalte perryshe bye sorcerie.

Yenne quycklie ye portalle wals openndd wyde,
Syr Delavalles hal wals made free,
Ande ye table wals spredde forre ye fryare quithe spede,
Ande he fesstedde ryghte plentyfullie:
Dyde a fryare wyghte everre lack off myghte
Quhenne hee token chepe hostelrye?

Ande ye fryare hee ate, ande ye fryare hee dronke,
Tylle ye cellarmonne wonderred fulle sore;
And hee wysh'd hymm atte home att Saynte Oswynnes tombe,*
Quithe hys relyckes ande myssall lore:
Botte ye fryare hee ate offe ye vensonne mete,
Ande ye fryare hee dronke ye more.

Nowe thys daie wals a daie off wassell keppt,
Syr Delavalles byrthe daie I weene,
And monnie a knyeghte ande ladye bryghte,
Ynne Syr Delavalles castell wals seene;
Botte synne ye sunne onne ye blue sea schonne,
They'd huntedd ye woodes sae greene.

And ryche and rare wals ye feste prepardde
Forre ye knyeghtes ande ladyes gaie;
Ande ye fyelde ande ye floode baythe yyeldedd yere broode
Toe grace ye festalle daie;
And ye wynnes fro Espagne wyche longe hadde layne,
And spyces fro farre Cathaye.

Botte fyrst ande fayrest offe al ye feste,
Bye Syr Delavalle pryzd moste dere,
A fatte boare rostedde ynn seemlye gyze,
Toe grace hys lordlye chere:
Ye reke fro ye fyre sore bongerdde ye fryare,
Ynne spyte of refectynge gere.

Ande thuss thoughte ye fryare als he sate,
Y'sse Boare ys ryghte savourie;
I wot tys noe synn ytts hede toe wynne,
Gyffe I mote ryghte cunnynglie;
Ysse goddelesse knyeghte ys ane churche hatyage wyghte,
Toe fylche hymme ne knaverie.

Quithe yatt hee toke hys lethernne poke,
Ande whettedde hys knyfe soe shene,
Ande hee patyentlye sate atte ye kytchenne yate
Tyll ne villeins quehere thyther seene;
Yenne quithe meikle drede cutte offe ye boares hede,
Als thoe ytte nevere hadde beene.

Yenne ye fryare hee nymblie footedde ye swerde,
Ande bente hym toe halie pyle;
Forre ance quithynne yttes sacredde shrynne,
Hee'd louecche and joke atte hys guyle;
Botte hie thee faste quithe thye outmoste haste,
Forre thye gate ys monnie a myle.

Nowe Chryste ye save, quehene ye vylleins sawe,
Ye boare quithouten ye hede,
They wyst ande grie yatte wytcherie
Hadde donne ye featouse dede:
Ynne sore dystraughte ye fryare they souecghte
Toe helpe y'em ynne yere nede.

Theye souecghte and souecghte ande lang theye souecghte,
Ne fryare ne hede cold fynde,
Forre fryare ande hede farre oer ye mede,
Were scuddynge ytte lyk ye wynde:
Botte haste, botte haste, thoue jollie fryare,
Quehere boltt and barre wylle byade.

* St. Oswyn's tomb was at Tynemouth Priory.

Ye sunne wals hyghe yone hys journeye fyghte,
Ande homewarde ye fysher bote rowedde,*
Quehenne ye deepe soundynge horne shoudde Syr Delavalles retorne,
Quithe hys knychtes ande ladyes proude:
Ye bagpypes y'sonde ande ye jeste went rorde,
Ande revelrye merrye ande loude.

Botte meikle, botte meikle wals ye rage,
Offe ye hoste and compagnie,
Quehenne ye tale wals tolde offe ye dede soe bolde,
Quilke wals layde toe wytcherie:
Ande howe ynne destraucghte ye moncke they soucghte,
Ye moneke offe ye Pryorie.

Now rycghtlie y wyss Syr Delavalle knewe,
Quehenne tould of ye fryare knave;
Bye mye knycghthoode I vowe hee schalle derelye rue,
Thys trycke hee thoughte soe brave;
Ande awaie flewe ys knycghte, lyk ane egle's flychte,
Oere ye sandes of ye northerne wave.

Ande faste and faste Syr Delavalle rodde,
Tylle ye Pryorie yate wals ynne vyewe.
Ande ye knycghte wals awar offe a fryare talle,
Quithe ane loke baythe tiredde ande grewe,
Who quithe rapydde spanne oerre ye grene swerde ranne,
Ye wrathe offe ye knycghte toe eschewe.

Botte staie, botte staie, thou fryare knave,
Botte staie ande shewe toe mee,
Quatte thoue haste ynne yatte leatherne poke,
Quilke thoue mayest carrie soe hie,
Now Chryste ye save, sayde ye fryare knave,
Fire-botte forre ye Pryorie.

Thoue lyest! thoue lyest! thoue knavyshe preste,
Thoue lyest untoe mee,
Ye knycghte hee toke ye leatherne poke,
Ande hys boare's hede dydde espie,
And stylle ye reke fro ye scotchedde cheke,
Dydde seeme rychte savourie.

Goddeswotte! botte hadde ye seene ye fryare,
Quithe his skynne of lividde hue,
Quehenne ye knycghte drewe outte ye rekynge snoutte,
Ande fioryshedde hys huntynge thewe;
Gramercye, gramercye, nowe godde Syr Knycghte,
Als ye Vyrgynne wylle mercye schewe.

Botte ye knycghte hee bangedde ye fryare abouttе,
Ande botte hys backe falle sore;
And hee botte hym als hee rolleddе onne ye swerde,
Tylle ye fryare dydde loudlie roare:
Ne mote hee spare ye fryare maire,
Y'anne Mahounde onne easterene shore.†

Nowe tak ye yatte ye dogge offe ane moncke,
Nowe tak ye yatte fro mee;
Ande awaie rodde ye knycghte, ynne grete delycghte,
Atte hys fete offe fiagellrie;

Ande ye sands dydde resounde toe hys chevalx boundde,*
Als hee rodde nere ye mergynnedde sea.

Botte whaes yatte hyghes fro ye Pryorie yatte,
Quithe a crosse soe halie ande talle,
Ande offe monckes a crowde al yelpynge lowde,
Atte quahatte mote ye fryare befalle;
Forre theye seene ye dede fra ye Pryorie hede,
Ande herde hym piteousse calle.

Ye fryare hee laye ynne sare distraucghte,
Al wrythynge ynne grymme dismaie,
Eche leeshedde wounde spredde blode onne ye grounde.
And tyngedde ye daisie gaie:
Wae fa' ye dede, ande yere laye ye hede,
Bothe reekynge als welle mote theye.

Ne worde hee spak, ne cryne colde mak,
Quehenne ye pryore cam breathlesse nyghe;
Botte ye teares y'ranne fro ye halie manne,
Als hee heavedde monie a syghe:
Y'nne ye pryore wals redde offe ye savourie hede,
Y'atte nere ye moncke dydde ly.

Y'enne theye bore ye moncke toe ye Pryorie yatte,
Ynne dolorousse steppe ande slowe,
They vengeannce vowdde, ynne curses loude,
Onne ye horsmanne wyghte I trowe;
Ye welkynne range wi yere yammerynges lange,
Als ye cam ye Pryorie toe.

A leache offe skylle, quithe meikle care.
Ande herbes ande conjurie,
Soone gav ye moncke hys wontedde sponke,
Forre hys quyppes ande knaverie;
Quehenne hee tould how ye knycghte, Syr Delavalle hyghte,
Hadde donne ye batterie.

Botte woe forre thys knycghte offe hyghe degre,
And greete als welle hee maie,
Forre ye fryare y'wot hee batteredde and bruysdde,
Toke ylle, als ye churchmenne saye,
Ande ys surelie dede quythouten remede,
Quithynne yere ande eke a daie.

Farewelle toe y're landes, Syr Delavalle bolde,
Farewelle toe y're castelles three,
Y'ere gonne fro thye heyre, tho greiveste thoue saire
Y'ere gonne toe ye Pryorie;
Ande thoue moste thole a wollenne stole,
Ande lacke thye libertie—

Three lange lange yeres ynne dolefulle gyze,
Ynne Tynemouthe Abbie praie,
And monie a masse toe hevenwerde passe,
Forre ye fryare yatte thou dyddst slaye:
Thoue mayest loke oere ye sea ande wyshe toe bee free,
Botte ye pryore offe Tynemouthe saythe naye.

* There is an old picturesque fishing town, called Callercoats, in the direct road between the seat of the Delavals and Tynemouth abbey.

† The whipping described in this ballad was performed within about three quarters of a mile from the entrance of the Abbey, within hearing and sight of the astonished "halie monckes."

* The nearest road from Delaval Castle to Tynemouth Abbey is a fine sandy beach, beaten hard by the ceaseless dash of the German Ocean wave

Quehenne thoue haste spente thrae lange lange yeres
Toe ye halie londe thoue moste hie,
Thye falchyonne wyelde onne ye battelled fyelde,
Gaynste ye paynimme chevalrie;
Three crescentes bryghte moste thoue wynne ynne fyghte,
Ere thone wynnste thye dere countrie.

Ande onne ye spotte quehere ye ruthlesa dede
Ystayndde ye medowe grene,
Al fayre toe see ynne masonrie,
Als talle als ane oakenne treene,
Thoue moste sette a stonne quithe a legende thereonne,
Yatte ye murtherre yere hadde beene.

Ye masses maiste gryevedde Syr Delavalle sore,
Botte praye he moste ande maye,
Hee thrummelldde hys bede, ande bente hys hede,
Thoroughe ye nyhte ande thoroughe ye daye,
Tylle ye three yeres oerre, hee lepte toe ye shore,
Ande cryedde toe ye battelle awaye!

Hee doffedde hys stole offe woolenne coorse,
Ande donnde ynne knyeghtlye pryde,
Hys blade ande cuirasse, ande sayde ne mo masse,
Quehyle hee crossedde ye byllowye tyd:
Ne candle, ne roode, botte ye fyghtynge moode,
Wals ye moode offe ye borderre syde.

Soone soone myddst ye foes offe ye halie londe,
Quehere ye launces thyckestte grewe,
Wals Syr Delavalle seene, quithe hys brande soe kene,
Onne hys stede soe stronge ande trewe;
Ye Paganues they felle, ande passdde toe helle,
Ande hee monie a Saracenne slewe.

Ande hee soone fra ye rankes offe Saladynne bore
Three crescentes off sylverre sheene,
Ne paganne knyeghte mote quithestonde hys myghte,
Who foughtenne forre wyffe and wene;
Saincte George, cryedde ye knyeghte, ande Englande's myghte,
Orre a bedde nethe ye hyllocke grene.

Gallantlye rodde Syr Delavalle onne
Quehere lethal woundes were gyvenne,
Ande ye onnesettes brave, lyk a swepynge wave,
Rolldde ye warriors off Chryste toe hevene:
Botte forre eche halie knyeghte y' slayne ynne fyghte,
A hondredde fals hertes were ryvenne.

Nowe brave Syr Delavalles penaunce wals donne,
Hee hanewerde soughtenne hys waie;
Ero ye battel playne acrosse ye mayne,
Toe fayre Englonndes wellcom baie;
Toe see hys lone bryde, toe ye northe hee hyedde,
Quithoutenne stoppe orr staye.

* * * * *

Ance maire ys merrye ye borderre londe,
Harke thoroughe ye myddnyghte gale,
Ye bagpypes agayne playe a wasselle strayne,
Roude ronde flees ye joyaunce tale:
Monie a joke offe ye fryares poke
Ys passedde oerre hylle ande dale.

Ye Ladye Delavalle ance maire smylde,
Ande sange tylle herre wene onne herre knee,
Ande pryedde herre knyeghte ynne fonde delyghte,
Quihile hee helde herre lovynglye:
Ne gryevedde hee maire offe hys dolorres sayre,
Tho' stryppedde offe londe ande ffee.

Atte Werkeworthe castelle, quilke proudlie lookes
Oerre ye stormie northernne mayne,
Ye Percye gretedde ye borderre knyeghte,
Quithe hys merryeste mynstrelle strayne:
Throngedde wals ye hal, quithe nobles alle,
Toe wellcom ye knyeghte agayne.

Nowe at thys daye quihile yeres rolle onne
Ande ye knyeghte dothe cauldlie ly,
Ye stonne doth stande onne ye sylente londe
Toe tellen toe strangeres nyghe,
Yatte ane horrydde dede forre a pygge hys hede
Dydde y'ere toe hevenwerdde crye.

ON THE ABOVE LEGEND.

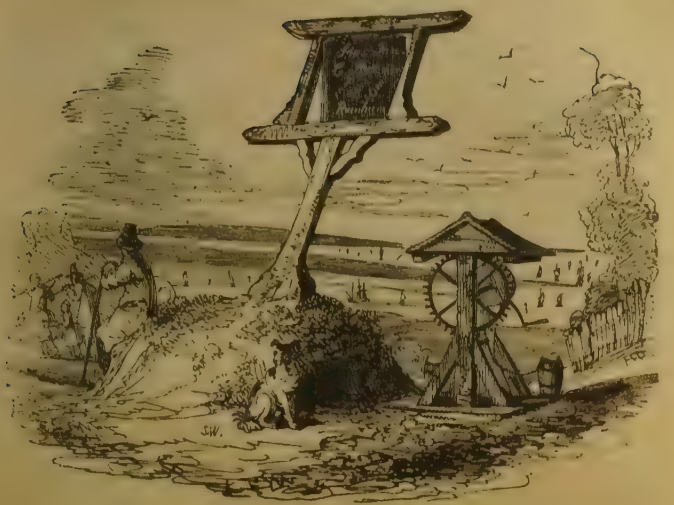
To the Editor.

The legend of "Syr Delavalle and the Moncke" is "owre true a tale." The stone syr Delavalle was compelled to erect in commemoration of this "horryd dede" is (or rather the shattered remains of its shaft are) still lying close to a neat farm-house, called Monkhouse, supposed to be built on the identical spot on which the "flagellrie" was effected, and is often bent over by the devout lovers of monkish antiquity.

The poem was found amongst the papers of an ingenious friend, who took pleasure in collecting such rhymes; but as he has been dead many years, I have no means of ascertaining at what period it was written, or whether it was the original channel through which the story has come down to posterity. I have some confused recollection, that I heard it stated my friend got this, and several similar ballads, from a very old man who resided at a romantic village, at a short distance from Tynemouth Priory, called "Holywell." It is possible that there may be some account of its source among my lamented friend's papers, but as they are very multitudinous and in a confused mass, I have never had courage to look regularly through them. There are several other poems of the like description, the labour of copying which I may be induced to undergo should I find that this is within the range of the *Table Book*.

ALPHA

London, April 14, 1827.



On Chatham Hill.

This sketch, in the pocket-book of an artist, suddenly startled recollection to the April of my life—the season of sunshine hopes, and stormy fears—when each hour was a birth-time of thought, and every new scene was the birth-place of a new feeling. The drawing carried me back to an October morning in 1797, when I eagerly set off on an errand to Boughton-hill, near Canterbury, for the sake of seeing the country on that side of Chatham for the first time. The day was cloudy, with gales of wind. I reached Chatham-hill, and stood close to this sign, looking over the flood of the Medway to the Nore, intently peering for a further sea-view. Flashes of fire suddenly gleamed in the dim distance, and I heard the report of cannon. Until then, such sounds from the bosom of the watery element were unknown to me, and they came upon my ear with indescribable solemnity. We were at war with France; and supposing there was a battle between two fleets off the coast, my heart beat high; my thoughts were anxious, and my eyes strained with the hope of catching something of the scene I imagined. The firing was from the fleet at the Nore, in expectation of a royal review. The king was then proceeding from Greenwich to Sheerness, in the royal yacht, attended by the lords of the admiralty, to go on board the Dutch ships captured by lord Duncan, at the battle of Camperdown.* On my return to Chatham, the sign of "the Star" was surrounded by sailors, who, with their shipmates inside the house, were drinking grog out of pewter-pots and earthen basins, and vociferating "Rule Britannia."

The following year, on the evening of a glorious summer's day, I found refuge in this house from the greatest storm I had then seen. It came with gusts of wind and peals of thunder from the sea. Standing at the bow-window, I watched the lightning sheeting the horizon, making visible the buried objects in the black gloom, and forking fearfully down, while the rain fell in torrents, and the trees bent before the furious tempest like rushes. The elements quickly ceased their strife, the moon broke out, and in a few minutes there was

> The spacious firmament on high,
> And all the blue ethereal sky
> And spangled heavens, a shining frame.

* Owing to adverse winds, his majesty could not get farther than the Hope.

The "Star" in war time was the constant scene of naval and military orgies, and therefore rather repelled than courted other visitants. It is now a respectable inn and a stage for the refreshment of coach travellers. During a hasty trip to Canterbury a short time ago, Mr. Samuel Williams stopped there long enough to select its sign, and the character of the view beyond it, as "a bit" for his pencil, which I, in turn, seized on, and he has engraved it as a decoration for the *Table Book*.

My readers were instructed at the outset of the work that, if they allowed me to please myself, we might all be pleased in turn. If I am sometimes not their most faithful, I am never otherwise than their most sincere servant; and therefore I add that I am not always gratified by what gratifies generally, and I have, in this instance, presented a small matter of my particular liking. I would have done better if I could. There are times when my mind fails and breaks down suddenly—when I can no more think or write than a cripple can run: at other times it carries me off from what I ought to do, and sets me to something the very negative to what I wish. I then become, as it were, possessed; an untamable spirit has its will of me in spite of myself:—what I have omitted, or done, in the present instance, illustrates the fact.

*

GREENGROCERS' DEVICES.

For the Table Book.

Dear Sir,—In my wanderings through the metropolis at this season, I observe an agreeable and refreshing novelty, an ingenious contrivance to make mustard and cress seeds grow in pleasant forms over vessels and basketwork, covered on their exterior with wet flannel, wherein the seeds are deposited, and take root and grow, to adorn the table or recess. The most curious which struck me, consisted of a "hedgehog"—a doll's head looking out of its vernally-growing clothes—a "Jack in the green"—a Dutch cheese in "a bower"—"Paul Pry"—and "Pompey's pillar."

If greengrocers proceed in these devices, their ingenuity may suggest a rivalry of signs of a more lasting nature, suitable to the shop windows of other tradesmen.

Yours, truly,

April 30, 1827. J. R.

Garrick Plays.

No. XVII.

[From the "Parliament of Bees;" further Extracts.]

Oberon. Flora, a Bee.

Ober. A female Bee! thy character?
Flo. Flora, Oberon's Gardener,
Huswive both of herbs and flowers,
To strew thy shrine, and trim thy bowers,
With violets, roses, eglantine,
Daffadown, and blue columbine,
Hath forth the bosom of the Spring
Pluckt this nosegay, which I bring
From Eleusis (mine own shrine)
To thee, a Monarch all divine;
And, as true impost of my grove,
Present it to great Oberon's love.
Ober. Honey dews refresh thy meads.
Cowslips spring with golden heads;
July-flowers and carnations wear
Leaves double-streakt, with maiden-hair;
May thy lilies taller grow,
Thy violets fuller sweetness owe;
And last of all, may Phœbus love
To kiss thee: and frequent thy grove
As thou in service true shalt be
Unto our crown and royalty.

Oberon holds a Court, in which he sentences the Wasp, the Drone, and the Humble-bee, for divers offences against the Commonwealth of Bees.

Obefon. Prorex, his Viceroy; and other Bees.

Pro. And whither must these flies be sent?
Ober. To Everlasting Banishment.
Underneath two hanging rocks
(Where babbling Echo sits and mocks
Poor travellers) there lies a grove,
With whom the Sun's so out of love,
He never smiles on't: pale Despair
Calls it his Monarchal Chair.
Fruit half-ripe hang rivell'd and shrunk
On broken arms, torn from the trunk:
The moorish pools stand empty, left
By water, stol'n by cunning theft
To hollow banks, driven out by snakes,
Adders, and newts, that man these lakes:
The mossy leaves, half-swelter'd, serv'd
As beds for vermin hunger starv'd:
The woods are yew-trees, bent and broke
By whirlwinds; here and there an oak,
Half-cleft with thunder. To this grove
We banish them.
Culprits. Some mercy, Jove!
Ober. You should have cried so in your youth,
When Chronos and his daughter Truth
Sojourn'd among you; when you spent

Whole years in riotous merriment,
Thrusting poor Bees out of their hives,
Seizing both honey, wax, and lives.
You should have call'd for mercy when
You impaled common blossoms; when,
Instead of giving poor Bees food,
You ate their flesh, and drank their blood.
Fairies, thrust 'em to their fate.

Oberon then confirms Prorex in his Government; and breaks up Session.

Obar. —— now adieu!
Prorex shall again renew
His potent reign: the massy world,
Which in glittering orbs is hurl'd
About the poles, be Lord of: we
Only reserve our Royalty—
*Field Music.** Oberon must away;
For us our gentle Fairies stay:
In the mountains and the rocks
We'll hunt the Grey, and little Fox,
Who destroy our lambs at feed,
And spoil the nests where turtles feed.

[From "David and Bethsabe," a Sacred Drama, by George Peel, 1599.]

Nathan. David.

Nath. Thus Nathan saith unto his Lord the King:
There were two men both dwellers in one town;
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought, and nourish'd by his hand,
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make his meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly poor man's store;
And drest it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?
Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judged, and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.
Nath. THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST JUDGED THYSELF.—
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
I thee anointed King in Israel,
And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess,
His wives unto thy bosom I did give,
And Juda and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more.
Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?
Urias thou hast killed with the sword,
Yea with the sword of the uncircumcised
Thou hast him slain; wherefore from this day forth
The sword shall never go from thee and thine:
For thou hast ta'en this Hithite's wife to thee,
Wherefore behold I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee,
Yea I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess.
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.
Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinned, oh sinned grievously, and lo!
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.
Nath. David, stand up; thus saith the Lord by me,
David the King shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
To triumph and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,
And say, "He set a wicked man to reign
Over his loved people and his tribes;"
The Child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His Mother's sin, his Kingly Father's scorn.
Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
But must it die, that David loveth so?
O that the mighty one of Israel
Nill change his doom, and says the Babe must die!
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates;
Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon;
Ye sprouting almonds with your flowing tops,
Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:
The Babe must die, that was to David born,
His Mother's sin, his Kingly Father's scorn.

C. L.

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* The hum of Bees.

Dissertations on Doomsday.

For the Table Book.

§ I. NAME.

Doomsday Book, one of the most ancient records of England, is the register from which judgment was to be given upon the value, tenure, and services of lands therein described.

Other names by which it appears to have been known were Rotulus Wintoniæ, Scriptura Thesauri Regis, Liber de Wintonia, and Liber Regis. Sir Henry Spelman adds, Liber Judiciarius, Censualis Angliæ, Angliæ Notitia et Lustratio, and Rotulus Regis.

§ II. Date.

The exact time of the Conqueror's undertaking the Survey, is differently stated by historians. The Red Book of the Exchequer seems to have been erroneously quoted, as fixing the time of entrance upon it in 1080; it being merely stated in that record, that the work was undertaken at a time subsequent to the total reduction of the island to William's authority. It is evident that it was finished in 1086. Matthew Paris, Robert of Gloucester, the Annals of Waverley, and the Chronicle of Bermondsey, give the year 1083, as the date of the record; Henry of Huntingdon, in 1084; the Saxon Chronicle in 1085; Bromton, Simeon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, the Chronicle of Mailros, Roger Hovedon, Wilkes, and Hanningford, in 1086; and the Ypodigma Neustriæ and Diceto in 1087.

The person and property of Odo, bishop of Bayeux, are said to have been seized by the Conqueror in 1082.

§ III. Origin and Object.

Ingulphus affirms, that the Survey was made in imitation of the policy of Alfred, who, at the time he divided the kingdom into counties, hundreds, and tithings, had an Inquisition taken and digested into a Register, which was called, from the place in which it was reposited, the Roll of Winchester. The formation of such a Survey, however, in the time of Alfred, may be fairly doubted, as we have only a solitary authority for its existence. The separation of counties also is known to have been a division long anterior to the time of Alfred. Bishop Kennet tells us, that Alfred's Register had the name of Domeboc, from which the name of *Doomsday Book* was only a corruption.

Dom-boc is noticed in the laws of Edward the elder, and more particularly in those of Æthelstan, as the code of Saxon laws.

§ IV. Mode of Execution.

For the adjusting of this Survey, certain commissioners, called the king's justiciaries, were appointed inquisitors: it appears, upon the oaths of the sheriffs, the lords of each manor, the presbyters of every church, the reeves of every hundred, the bailiffs, and six villans of every village, were to inquire into the name of the place, who held it in the time of Edward (the Confessor,) who was the present possessor, how many hides in the manor, how many carrucates in demesne, how many homagers, how many villans, how many cotarii, how many servi, what freemen, how many tenants in socage, what quantity of wood, how many meadows and pasture, what mills and fish-ponds, how much added or taken away, what the gross value in king Edward's time, what the present value, and how much each free-man or soch-man had or has. All this was to be triply estimated; first, as the estate was in the time of the Confessor; then, as it was bestowed by king William; and, thirdly, as its value stood at the formation of the Survey. *The jurors were, moreover, to state whether any advance could be made in the value.* The writer of the Saxon Chronicle, with some degree of asperity, informs us, that not a hyde or yardland, not an ox, cow, or hog, were omitted in the census.

PRINCIPAL MATTERS NOTICED IN THIS RECORD.

§ I. Persons.

(1.) After the bishops and abbats, the highest persons in rank were the Norman barons.

(2.) *Taini*, tegni, teigni, teini, or teinni, are next to be mentioned, because those of the highest class were in fact nobility, or barons of the Saxon times. Archbishops, bishops, and abbats, as well as the great barons, are also called thanes.

(3.) *Vavassores*, in dignity, were next to the barons, and higher thanes. Selden says, they either held of a mesne lord, and not immediately of the king, or at least of the king as of an honour or manor and not in chief. The grantees, says sir Henry Spelman, that received their estates from the barons or capitanei, and not from the king, were called valvasores, (a degree above knights.)

(4.) The *aloarii*, alodarii, or alodiarii, tenants in allodium, (a free estate "possessio libera.") The *dinges* mentioned, tom i. fol. 298, are supposed to have been persons of the same description.

(5.) *Milites*. The term miles appears not to have acquired a precise meaning at the time of the Survey, sometimes implying a soldier, or mere military servant, and sometimes a person of higher distinction.

(6.) *Liberi Homines* appears to have been a term of considerable latitude; signifying not merely the freeman, or freeholders of a manor, but occasionally including all the ranks of society already mentioned, and indeed all persons holding in military tenure. "The ordinary freemen, before

the conquest," says Kelham, "and at the time of compiling Doomsday, were under the protection of great men; but what their quality was, further than that their persons and blood were free, that is, that they were not nativi, or bondmen, it will give a knowing man trouble to discover to us." These freemen are called in the Survey *liberi homines comendati*. They appear to have placed themselves, by voluntary homage, under this protection: their lord or patron undertook to secure their estates and persons, and for this protection and security they paid to him an annual stipend, or performed some annual service. Some appear to have sought a patron or protector, for the sake of obtaining their freedom only; such *the liberi homines commendatione tantum* may be interpreted. According to the laws of the Conqueror, a quiet residence of a year and a day, upon the king's demesne lands, would enfranchise a villan who had fled from his lord. "*Item si servi permanserint sine calumnia per annum et diem in civitatibus nostris vel burgis in muro vallatis, vel in castris nostris, a die illa liberi afficiuntur et liberi a jugo servitutis suæ sunt in perpetuum.* The *commendati dimidii* were persons who depended upon two protectors, and paid half to one and half to the other. *Sub commendati* were under the command of those who were themselves depending upon some superior lord. *Sub commendati dimidii* were those who were under the *commendati dimidii*, and had two patrons or protectors, and the same as they had. *Liberi homines integri* were those who were under the *full* protection of *one* lord, in contradistinction to the *liberi homines dimidii*. Commendatio sometimes signified the annual rent paid for the protection. *Liberi homines ad nullam firmam pertinentes* were those who held their lands independent of any lord. Of others it is said, "qui remanent in manu regis." In a few entries of the Survey, we have *liberæ feminæ*, and one or two of *liberæ feminæ commendatæ*.

(7.) *Sochmanni*, or *socmens*, were those inferior landowners who had lands in the soc or franchise of a great baron; privileged villans, who, though their tenures were absolutely copyhold, yet had an interest equal to a freehold.

(8.) Of this description of tenantry also were the *rachenistres*, or *radchenistres*, who appear likewise to have been called *radmanni*, or *radmans*. It appears that some of the radchenistres, like the sochmen, were less free than others. Dr. Nash conjectured that the radmanni and radchenistres were probably a kind of freemen who served on horseback. Rad-cnihr is usually interpreted by our glossarists *equestris homo sive miles*, and Radhene *equestris exercitus*.

(9.) *Villani*. The clearest notion of the tenure of villani is probably to be obtained from sir W. Blackstone's Commentaries. "With regard to folk-land," says he, "or estates held in villenage, this was a species of tenure neither strictly Feodal, Norman, nor Saxon, but mixed or compounded of them all; and which also, on account of the heriots that usually attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government, there were, as sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they and their children, and their effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the *folkland*, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable that they, who were strangers to any other than a feodal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty, which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called *villenage*, and the tenants villeins; either from the word *vilis*, or else, as sir Edward Coke tells us, a villa; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most sordid kind. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chatels. The villeins could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord."

(10.) *Bordarii* of the Survey appear at various times to have received a great variety of interpretations. Lord Coke calls them "boors, holding a little house, with some land of husbandry, bigger than a cottage."

Some have considered them as cottagers, taking their name from living on the borders of a village or manor; but this is sufficiently refuted by Doomsday itself, where we find them not only mentioned generally among the agricultural occupiers of land, but in one instance as "circa aulam manentes," dwelling near the manor-house; and even residing in some of the larger towns. Bord. bishop Kennett notices, was a cottage. The *cos-cets*, corcez, cozets, or cozez, were apparently the same as the cottarii and cotmanni; cottagers who paid a certain rent for very small parcels of land.

(11.) *Bures*, buri, or burs, are noticed in the first volume of Doomsday itself, as synonymous with *coliberti*. The name of coliberti was unquestionably derived from the Roman civil law. They are described by lord Coke as tenants in free socage by free rent. Cowel says, they were certainly a middle sort of tenants, between servile and free, or such as held their freedom of tenure under condition of such works and services, and were therefore the same landholders whom we meet with (in after-times) under the name of conditionales.

Such are the different descriptions of tenantry, and their rights more particularly noticed in Doomsday.

(12.) *Servi*. It is observed by bishop Kennett, and by Morant after him, in his History of Essex, that the servi and villani are, all along in Doomsday, divided from each other; but that no author has fixed the exact distinction between them. The servi, bishop Kennett adds, might be the pure villanes, and villanes in gross, who, without any determined tenure of land, were, at the arbitrary pleasure of the lord, appointed to servile works, and received their wages and maintenance at the discretion of the lord. The other were of a superior degree, and were called villani, because they were villæ or glebæ adscripti, i. e. held some cottage and lands, for which they were burthened with such stated servile works as their lords had annexed to them. The Saxon name for servus was Eyne. The ancillæ of the Survey were females, under circumstances nearly similar to the servi. These were disposed of in the same way, at the pleasure of the lord. The laws, however, protected their chastity; they could not be violated with impunity, even by their owners.

(13.) *Censarii*, *censores*, or *censorii*, were also among the occupiers of land. They appear to have been free persons, *nsecum reddentes*.

(14.) *Porcarii*. Although in one or two instances in Doomsday Survey mere swineherds seem to have been intended by *Porcarii*, yet in the generality of entries in which they are mentioned, they appear in the rank of free occupiers, who rented the privilege of feeding pigs in the woodlands, some for money, and some for payments in kind.

(15.) The *homines*, who are so frequently mentioned, included all sorts of feudatory tenants. They claimed a privilege of having their causes and persons tried only in the court of their lord, to whom they owed the duty of submission, and professed dependance.

(16.) *Angli* and *Anglici* occur frequently in the Survey among the under tenants, holding in different capacities.

(17.) Among the *offices* attached to names, we find accipitrarii or ancipitrarii, arbalistarii or balistarii arcarii biga, camerarii campo, constabularius, cubicularius, dapifer, dispensator, equarius, forestarii huscarli ingeniator, interpres, lagemanni, Latinarius, legatus liberatores marescal, or marescalcus medici, monitor, pincerna recter navis regis, scutularius, stalre, stirman or stiremannus regis, thesaurarius and venatores of a higher description.

(18.) *Offices* of an *inferior* description, and trades, are aurifabri, carpentarii, cemetarii, cervisiarii, coci, coqui, or koci, fabri, ferrarii, figuli fossarii, fossator, granetarius, hostarius, inguardi, joculator regis, joculatrix, lanatores, loricati, lorimarius, loripes, mercatores, missatici, monetarii, parcher, parm't piscatores, pistores, portarius potarii, or poters, prebendarii prefecti, prepositi salinarii servientes, sutores, tonsor, and vigilantes homines. Among ecclesiastical offices, we have Capicerius, Æcel. Winton the sacrist, and Matricularias, Æcel. S. Johannis Cestriæ. Buzecarts were mariners. Hospites, occupiers of houses.

Among the assistants in husbandry, we find apium custos, avantes homines, berquarii bovarii caprarum mediator daia granatarius mellitarii, mercennarius, porcarii, and vacarius. S. R. F.

I. ANCIENT TENURE.
II. MODERN ANECDOTE.

For the Table Book.

Tenure of the ancient Manor of Bilsington Priory, the Seat of Thomas Carr Rider, Esq.

The manor of Bilsington inferior was held in grand sergeantry in the reign of Edward III. by the service of presenting three maple cups at the king's coronation·

and, at the time of the coronation of Charles II., by the additional service of carrying the last dish of the second course to the king's table. The former service was performed by Thomas Rider, who was knighted (Mos pro Lege) by his late majesty George III., when the king, on receiving the maple cups from the lord of the manor, turned to the mayor of Oxford, who stood at his right hand, and, having received from him for his tenure of that city a gold cup and cover, gave him these three cups in return.

ANECDOTE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS WASHINGTON AND THE CELEBRATED ADMIRAL VERNON, UNCLE TO THE LATE EARL OF SHIPBROOK.

When the admiral was attacking Porto Bello, with his six ships only, as is described on the medal struck on the occasion, he observed a fine young man in appearance, who, with the most intrepid courage, attended with the most perfect calmness, was always in that part of the ship which was most engaged. After the firing had ceased, he sent his captain to request he would attend upon him, which he immediately obeyed; and the admiral entering into conversation, discovered by his answers and observations that he possessed more abilities than usually fall to the lot of mankind in general. Upon his asking his name, the young man told him it was George Washington; and the admiral, on his return home, strongly recommended him to the attention of the admiralty. This great man, when he built his house in America, out of gratitude to his first benefactor, named it "Mount Vernon," and at this moment it is called so.

Zoology.

I. THE KING'S OSTRICH. II. THE HORSE ECLIPSE.

Mr. Joshua Brookes, the eminent anatomist, gave a lecture on Wednesday evening, the 25th of April, 1827, at the house of the Zoological Society, in Bruton-street, on the body of an ostrich which his majesty had presented to the society. The lecture was attended by lord Auckland, lord Stanley, Dr. Birkbeck, and several other noblemen and gentlemen distinguished for their devotion to the interests of science. The ostrich, which was a female, and had been presented to his majesty about two years before by colonel Denham, had been kept at Windsor, and had died about three weeks previous to the lecture, of obesity, a disease which frequently shortens the lives of wild animals of every species, when attempts are made to domesticate them.

Mr. Brookes commenced by observing, that when he retired from the practice of anatomy, he did not expect to appear again before the public; but, as the noble directors of the society had honoured him by considering that his services might be of some use in forwarding that most interesting science zoology, he had only to remark that he felt great pride in adding his mite of information to the mass with which the society was furnished from other sources. The period had arrived, when the science of natural history bad fair to reach a height in this country, which would enable us to rival the establishments founded for its promotion abroad. The founder of the study of zoology in England was the great John Hunter; and he was followed by individuals well known to the scientific world, in Edinburgh, Gottingen, and Amsterdam. In the latter city, the science of zoology was pursued with great success by professor Camper, who, when he was in London, invited him (Mr. Brookes) and a professional friend to breakfast, and treated them with bones, consisting of the teeth of rats, mice, and deer, served up in dishes made out of the rock of Gibraltar. The fact was, that the professor had, shortly before, explored this celebrated rock, in search of bones, for the purposes of comparative anatomy. The learned lecturer then entered into a very minute account of the various peculiarities of the ostrich, and described with great clearness the organs by which this extraordinary bird was enabled to travel with its excessive speed. This peculiarity he ascribed to the power of the muscles, which pass from the pelvis to the foot, and cause the ostrich to stand in a vertical position, and not like other birds resembling it, on the toes.

For proof of the intimate relation between muscular power and extraordinary swiftness, Mr. Brookes mentioned that the chief professor of the Veterinary College had informed him, that upon dissecting the body of the celebrated racer Eclipse, one of the fleetest horses ever seen in this kingdom, it was found that he possessed muscles of unparalleled size. The lecturer here produced an anatomical plate of Eclipse, for the purpose of displaying his extraordinary muscular power, and observed, that if he had not told his hearers that it represented a race-horse, from the size of the muscles they might conclude, that he was showing them the plate of a cart-horse.*

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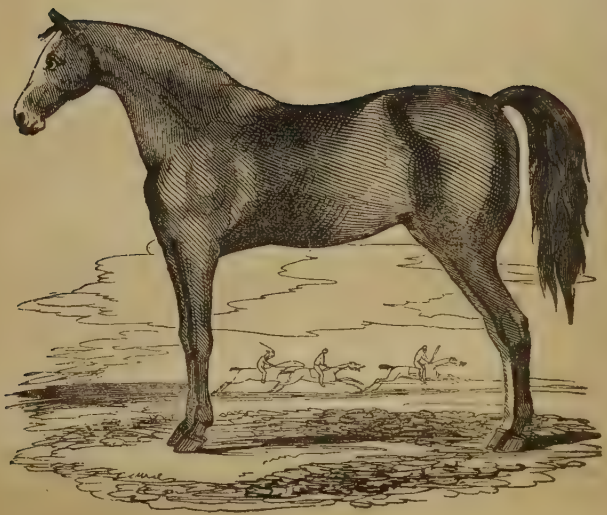
* The Times.



Eclipse.

This engraving is from a drawing, in a treatise "on the proportions of Eclipse: by Mr. Charles Vial de Saint Bel, professor of the Veterinary College of London, &c." 4to. 1791. Mr. Saint Bel's work was written with a view to ascertain the mechanical causes which conspire to augment the velocity of the gallop; and no single race-horse could have been selected as a specimen of speed and strength equal to Eclipse. According to a calculation by the writer just mentioned, Eclipse, free of all weight, and galloping at liberty in his greatest speed, could cover an extent of twenty-five feet at each complete action on the gallop; and could repeat this action twice and one third in each second of time: consequently, by employing without reserve all his natural and mechanical faculties on a straight line, he could run nearly four miles in the space of six minutes and two seconds.

Eclipse was preeminent above all other horses, from having ran repeated races, without ever having been beat. The mechanism of his frame was almost perfect; and yet he was neither handsome, nor well proportioned. Compared with a table of the geometrical portions of the horse, in use at the veterinary schools of France, Eclipse measured in height one seventh more than he ought—his neck was one third too long—a perpendicular line falling from the stifle of a horse should touch the toe; this line in Eclipse touched the ground, at the distance of half a head before the toe—the distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee should be the same as from the bend of the knee to the ground; the former, in Eclipse, was two parts of a head longer than the latter. These were some of the remarkable differences between the presumed standard of proportions in a well-formed horse, and the horse of the greatest celebrity ever bred in England.

The excellence of Eclipse in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be transmitted, perhaps, to the end of time. He was bred by the former duke of Cumberland, and, being foaled during the "great eclipse," was named "Eclipse" by the duke in consequence. His royal highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted; for, when a yearling, Eclipse was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud, and a remarkable circumstance attended his sale. Mr. Wildman, a sporting gentleman, arrived after the sale had commenced, and a few lots had been knocked down. Producing his watch, he insisted that the sale had begun before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated; Mr. Wildman was not to be appeased, and demanded that the lots already sold should be put up again. The dispute causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to, rather than retard progress, it was at his service. Eclipse was the only lot he had fixed upon, and the horse was transferred to him at the price of forty-six guineas. At four, or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased him of Mr. Wildman for seventeen hundred guineas. He remained in Col. O'Kelly's possession, winning king's plates and every thing he ran for, until the death of his owner, who deemed him so valuable, as to insure the horse's life for several thousand guineas. He bequeathed him to his brother, Philip O'Kelly, Esq. The colonel's decease was in November, 1787. Eclipse survived his old master little more than a year, and died on the 27th of February, 1789, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His heart weighed 13lbs. The size of this organ was presumed to have greatly enabled him to do what he did in speed and strength. He won more matches than any horse of the race-breed was ever known to have done. He was at last so worn out, as to have been unable to stand, and about six months before his death was conveyed, in a machine constructed on purpose, from Epsom to Canons, where he breathed his last.

Colonel Dennis O'Kelly, the celebrated owner of Eclipse, amassed an immense fortune by gambling and the turf, and purchased the estate of Canons, near Edgware, which was formerly possessed by the duke of Chandos, and is still remembered as the site of the most magnificent mansion and establishment of modern times. The colonel's training stables and paddocks, at another estate near Epsom, were supposed to be the best appointed in England.

Besides O'Kelly's attachment to Eclipse, he had an affection to a parrot, which is famed for having been the best bred bird that ever came to this country. He gave fifty guineas for it at Bristol, and paid the expenses of the woman who brought it up to town. It not only talked what is usually termed "every thing," but sang with great correctness a variety of tunes, and beat time as he sang; and if perchance he mistook a note in the tune, he returned to the bar wherein the mistake arose, and corrected himself, still beating the time with the utmost exactness. He sang any tune desired, fully understanding the request made. The accounts of this bird are so extraordinary, that, to those who had not seen and heard the bird, they appeared fabulous.

THE EVENING LARK.

For the Table Book.

I love thee better at this hour, when rest
Is shadowing earth, than e'en the nightingale:
The loudness of thy song that in the morn
Rang over heaven, the day has softened down
To pensive music.

In the evening, the body relaxed by the toil of the day, disposes the mind to quietness and contemplation. The eye, dimmed by close application to books or business, languishes for the greenness of the fields; the brain, clouded by the smoke and vapour of close rooms and crowded streets, droops for the fragrance of fresh breezes, and sweet smelling flowers.

Summer cometh,
The bee hummeth,
The grass springeth,
The bird singeth,
The flower groweth,
And man knoweth
The time is come
When he may rove
Thro' vale and grove,
No longer dumb.

There he may hear sweet voices,
Borne softly on the gale;
There he may have rich choices
Of songs that never fail;
The lark, if he be cheerful,
Above his head shall tower;
And the nightingale, if fearful,
Shall soothe him from the bower.

* * *

And red his eye with study,
If pale with care his cheek,
To make them bright and ruddy,
The green hills let him seek.
The quiet that it needeth
His mind shall there obtain;
And relief from care, that feedeth
Alike on heart and brain.

Urged by this feeling, I rambled along the Old Kent Road, making my way through the Saturnalian groups, collected by that mob-emancipating-time Easter Monday; wearied with the dust, and the exclamations of the multitude, I turned down the lane leading to the fields, near the place wherein the fair of Peckham is held, and sought for quietness in their greenness—and found it not. Instead of verdure, there were rows of dwellings of "plain brown brick," and a half-formed road, from whence the feet of man and horse impregnated the air with stifling atoms of vitrified dust. Proceeding over the Rye, up the lane at the side of Forest-hill, I found the solitude I needed. The sun was just setting; his parting glance came from between the branches of the trees, like the mild light of a lover's eye, from her long dark lashes, when she receives the adieu of her beloved, and the promise of meeting on the morrow. The air was cool and fitful, playing with the leaves, as not caring to stir them; and as I strayed, the silence was broken by the voice of a bird—it was the tit-lark. I recognised his beautiful "weet" and "fe-er," as he dropped from the poplar among the soft grass; and I lingered near the wood, in the hope of hearing the nightingale—but he had not arrived, or was disposed to quiet. Evening closed over me: the hour came

When darker shades around us thrown
Give to thought a deeper tone.

Retracing my steps, I reached that field which stretches from the back of the Rosemary-branch to the canal; darkness was veiling the earth, the hum of the multitude was faintly audible; above it, high in the cool and shadowy air, rose the voice of a sky-lark, who had soared to take a last look at the fading day, singing his vespers. It was a sweeter lay than his morning, or mid-day carol—more regular and less ardent—divested of the fervour and fire of his noontide song—its hurried loudness and shrill tones. The softness of the present melody suited the calm and gentle hour. I listened on, and imagined it was a bird I had heard in the autumn of last year: I recollected the lengthy and well-timed music—the "cheer che-er," "weet, weet, che-er"—"we-et, weet, cheer"—"che-er"—"weet, weet"—"cheer, weet, weet." I still think it to have been the very bird of the former season. Since then he had seen

The greenness of the spring, and all its flowers;
The ruddiness of summer and its fruits;
And cool and sleeping streams, and shading bowers
The sombre brown of autumn, that best suits
His leisure hours, whose melancholy mind
Is calm'd with list'ning to the moaning wind,
And watching sick leaves take their silent way,
On viewless wings, to death and to decay.

He had survived them, and had evaded the hawk in the cloud, and the snake in the grass. I felt an interest in this bird, for his lot had been like mine. The ills of life—as baleful to man, as the bird of prey and the invidious reptile to the weakest of the feathered race—had assailed me, and yet I had escaped. The notes in the air grew softer and fainter—I dimly perceived the flutter of descending wings—one short, shrill cry finished the song—darkness covered the earth—and I again sought human habitations, the abodes of carking cares, and heart-rending jealousies.

S. R. J.

April 16, 1827.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breath'd on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin of the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds thro' the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent thro' the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the nightbird's lay thro' the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark ice-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loos'd the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their starry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie, may be now your home;
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

For the Table Book.

To the accounts in the *Every-Day Book* of the observance of *Mid Lent*, or "Mothering Sunday," I would add, that the day is scrupulously observed in this city and neighbourhood; and, indeed, I believe generally in the western parts of England. The festival is kept here much in the same way as the 6th of January is with you: that day is passed over in silence with us.

All who consider themselves dutiful children, or who wish to be so considered by others, on this day make presents to their mother, and hence derived the name of "*Mothering* Sunday." The family all assemble; and, if the day prove fine, proceed, after church, to the neighbouring village to eat frumerty. The higher classes partake of it at their own houses, and in the evening come the cake and wine. The "*Mothering* cakes" are very highly ornamented, artists being employed to paint them. This social meeting does not seem confined to the middling or lower orders; none, happily, deem themselves too high to be good and amiable.

The custom is of great antiquity; and long, long may it be prevalent amongst us.

Your constant reader,
JUVENIS (N.)

Bristol, March 28, 1827.

Defoeana.

No. II.

MIXED BREEDS;

OR,

EDUCATION THROWN AWAY.

I came into a public-house once in London, where there was a black Mulatto-looking man sitting, talking very warmly among some gentlemen, who I observed were listening very attentively to what he said; and I sat myself down, and did the like; 'twas with great pleasure I heard him discourse very handsomely on several weighty subjects; I found he was a very good scholar, had been very handsomely bred, and that learning and study was his delight; and more than that, some of the best of science was at that time his employment: at length I took the freedom to ask him, if he was born in England? He replied with a great deal of good humour, but with an excess of resentment at his father, and with tears in his eyes, "Yes, yes, sir, I am a true born Englishman, to my father's shame be it spoken; who, being an Englishman himself, could find in his heart to join himself to a negro woman, though he must needs know, the children he should beget, would curse the memory of such an action, and abhor his very name for the sake of it. Yes, yes, (said he repeating it again,) I am an Englishman, and born in lawful wedlock; happy it had been for me, though my father had gone to the devil for wh——m, had he lain with a cook-maid, or produced me from the meanest beggar in the street. My father might do the duty of nature to his black wife; but, God knows, he did no justice to his children. If it had not been for this black face of mine, (says he, then smiling,) I had been bred to the law, or brought up in the study of divinity: but my father gave me learning to no manner of purpose; for he knew I should never be able to rise by it to any thing but a *learned valet de chambre*. What he put me to school for I cannot imagine; he spoiled a good tarpawling, when he strove to make me a gentleman. When he had resolved to marry a slave, and lie with a slave, he should have begot slaves, and let us have been bred as we were born: but he has twice ruined me; first with getting me a frightful face, and then going to paint a gentleman upon me." —It was a most affecting discourse indeed, and as such I record it; and I found it ended in tears from the person, who was

in himself the most deserving, modest, and judicious man, that I ever met with, under a negro countenance, in my life.

CHINESE IDOL.

It had a thing instead of a head, but no head; it had a mouth distorted out of all manner of shape, and not to be described for a mouth, being only an unshapen chasm, neither representing the mouth of a man, beast, fowl, or fish: the thing was neither any of the four, but an incongruous monster: it had feet, hands, fingers, claws, legs, arms, wings, ears, horns, every thing mixed one among another, neither in the shape or place that nature appointed, but blended together, and fixed to a bulk, not a body; formed of no just parts, but a shapeless trunk or log; whether of wood, or stone, I know not; a thing that might have stood with any side forward, or any side backward, any end upward, or any end downward; that had as much veneration due to it on one side, as on the other; a kind of *celestial hedgehog*, that was rolled up within itself, and was every thing every way; formed neither to walk, stand, go, nor fly; neither to see, hear, nor speak; but merely to instil ideas of something nauseous and abominable into the minds of men that adored it.

MANNERS OF A LONDON WATERMAN, AND HIS FARE, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

What I have said last [*of the Manners of a spruce London Mercer*,*] makes me think on another way of inviting customers, the most distant in the world from what I have been speaking of, I mean that which is practised by the watermen, especially on those whom by their mien and garb they know to be peasants. It is not unpleasant to see half a dozen people surround a man they never saw in their lives before, and two of them that can get the nearest, clapping each an arm over his neck, hug him in as loving and familiar a manner as if he were their brother newly come home from an East India voyage; a third lays hold of his hand, another of his sleeve, his coat, the buttons of it, or any thing he can come at, whilst a fifth or a sixth, who has scampered twice round him already without being able to get at him, plants himself directly before the man in hold, and within three inches of his nose, contradicting his rivals with an open-mouthed cry, shows him a dreadful set of large teeth, and a small remainder of chewed bread and cheese, which the countryman's arrival had hindered from being swallowed. At all this no offence is taken, and the peasant justly thinks they are making much of him; therefore far from opposing them he patiently suffers himself to be pushed or pulled which way the strength that surrounds him shall direct. He has not the delicacy to find fault with a man's breath, who has just blown out his pipe, or a greasy head of hair that is rubbing against his chaps: dirt and sweat he has been used to from his cradle, and it is no disturbance to him to hear half a score people, some of them at his ear, and the furthest not five feet from him, bawl out as if he was a hundred yards off: he is conscious that he makes no less noise when he is merry himself, and is secretly pleased with their boisterous usages. The hawling and pulling him about he construes in the way it is intended; it is a courtship he can feel and understand: he can't help wishing them well for the esteem they seem to have for him: he loves to be taken notice of, and admires the Londoners for being so pressing in their offers of service to him, for the value of threepence or less; whereas in the country, at the shop he uses, he can have nothing but he must first tell them what he wants, and, though he lays out three or four shillings at a time, has hardly a word spoke to him unless it be in answer to a question himself is forced to ask first. This alacrity in his behalf moves his gratitude, and unwilling to disoblige any, from his heart he knows not whom to choose. I have seen a man think all this, or something like it, as plainly as I could see the nose on his face; and at the same time move along very contentedly under a load of watermen, and with a smiling countenance carry seven or eight stone more than his own weight, to the water side.

Fable of the Bees: 1725.

* See *Table Book*, p. 567.

May.

MAY GOSLINGS.—MAY BATHERS.

For the Table Book.

On the first of May, the juvenile inhabitants of Skipton, in Craven, Yorkshire, have a similar custom to the one in general use on the first of April. Not content with making their companions *fools* on one day,

they set apart another, to make them "May *goslings*," or geese. If a boy made any one a May gosling on the second of May, the following rhyme was said in reply :—

"May-day's past and gone,
Thou's a gosling, and I'm none."

This distich was also said, *mutatis mutandis*, on the second of April. The practice of making May goslings was very common about twelve years ago, but is now dying away.

As the present month is one when very severe colds are often caught by bathers, it may not be amiss to submit to the readers of the *Table Book* the following old saying, which is very prevalent in Skipton :—

"They who bathe in May
Will be soon laid in clay;
They who bathe in June
Will sing a merry tune."

T. Q. M.

SAILORS ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

For the Table Book.

Sir,—You have described the ceremony adopted by our sailors, of shaving all nautical tyros on crossing the *line*,* but perhaps you are not aware of a custom which prevails annually on the first of May, in the whale-fishery at Greenland and Davis's Straits. I therefore send you an account of the celebration which took place on board the Neptune of London, in Greenland, 1824, of which ship I was surgeon at that period.

Previous to the ship's leaving her port, the sailors collected from their wives, and other female friends, ribands "for the garland," of which great care was taken until a few days previous to the first of May, when all hands were engaged in preparing the said garland, with a model of the ship.

The garland was made of a hoop, taken from one of the beef casks; this hoop, decorated with ribands, was fastened to a stock of wood, of about four feet in length, and a model of the ship, prepared by the carpenter, was fastened above the hoop to the top of the stock, in such a manner as to answer the purpose of a vane. The first of May arrives; the tyros were kept from between decks, and all intruders excluded while the principal performers got ready the necessary apparatus and dresses. The barber was the boatswain, the barber's mate was the cooper, and on a piece of tarpawling, fastened to the entrance of the fore-hatchway, was the following inscription :—

"Neptune's Easy Shaving Shop,
Kept by
John Johnson."

The performers then came forward, as follows :—First, the fiddler, playing as well as he could on an old fiddle, "See the conquering hero comes;" next, four men, two abreast, disguised with matting, rags, &c. so as to completely prevent them from being recognised, each armed with a boat-hook; then came Neptune himself, also disguised, mounted on the carriage of the largest gun in the ship, and followed by the barber, barber's mate, swab-bearer, shaving-box carrier, and as many of the ship's company as chose to join them, dressed in such a grotesque manner as to beggar all description. Arrived on the quarter-deck they were met by the captain, when his briny majesty immediately dismounted, and the following dialogue ensued :—

Nept. Are you the captain of this ship, sir?

Capt. I am.

Nept. What's the name of your ship?

Capt. The Neptune of London.

Nept. Where is she bound to?

Capt. Greenland.

Nept. What is your name?

Capt. Matthew Ainsley.

Nept. You are engaged in the whale fishery?

Capt. I am.

Nept. Well, I hope I shall drink your honour's health, and I wish you a prosperous fishery.

[*Here the captain presented him with three quarts of rum.*]

Nept. (*filling a glass.*) Here's health to you, captain, and success to our cause. Have you got any fresh-water sailors on board? for if you have, I must christen them, so as to make them useful to our king and country.

Capt. We have eight of them on board at your service; I therefore wish you good morning.

The procession then returned in the same manner as it came, the candidates for nautical fame following in the rear; after descending the fore-hatchway they congregated between decks, when all the offerings to Neptune were given to the deputy, (the cook,) consisting of whiskey, tobacco, &c. The barber then stood ready with his box

* Every-Day Book, vol. ii.

of lather, and the landsmen were ordered before Neptune, when the following dialogue took place with each, only with the alteration of the man's name, as follows:—

Nept. (*to another.*) What is your name?

Ans. Gilbert Nicholson.

Nept. Where do you come from?

Ans. Shetland.

Nept. Have you ever been to sea before?

Ans. No.

Nept. Where are you going to?

Ans. Greenland.

At each of these answers, the brush dipped in the lather (consisting of soap-suds, oil, tar, paint, &c.) was thrust into the respondent's mouth and over his face; then the barber's-mate scraped his face with a razor, made of a piece of iron hoop well notched; his sore face was wiped with a damask towel, (a boat-swab dipped in filthy water) and this ended the ceremony. When it was over they undressed themselves, the fiddle struck up, and they danced and regaled with their grog until they were "*full three sheets in the wind.*"

I remain, sir, &c.

H. W. Dewhurst.

Crescent-street,
Euston-square.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

During the siege of Acre, Daniel Bryan, an old seaman and captain of the fore-top, who had been turned over from the Blanche into sir Sidney Smith's ship Le Tigré, repeatedly applied to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, one of their generals fell among the multitude of the slain, and the Turks, in triumph, struck off his head, and, after mangling the body with their sabres, left it a prey to the dogs, which in that country are of great ferocity, and rove in herds. In a few days it became a shocking spectacle, and when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to their ship, inquiries were constantly made respecting the state of the French general. To Dan's frequent demands of his messmates why they had not buried him, the only answer he received was, "Go and do it yourself." One morning having obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough, good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I've been burying the general, sir, and now I'm come to see the sick!" Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, but fearing that he might catch the plague, which was making great ravages among the wounded Turks, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the cockswain asked of the surgeon if he had seen old Dan? It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred, and on further inquiry of the boat's crew they related the following circumstances:—

The old man procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down, out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him. "No!" he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and *my* loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down, with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty was to beat away the dogs. The French levelled their pieces—they were on the instant of firing at the hero!—but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the file: instantaneously the din of military thunder ceased, a dead, solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at its head, and another at its feet. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write

"Here you lie, old Crop!"

He was then, with his pick-axe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, sir Sidney, having been informed of the circumstance, ordered old Dan to be called into the cabin.—"Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general."—"Yes, your honour."—"Had you any body with you?"—"Yes, your honour."—"Why, Mr. —— says you had not."—"But I had, your honour."—"Ah! who had you?"—"God Almighty, sir."—"A very good assistant, indeed. Give old Dan a glass of grog."—"Thank your honour." Dan drank the grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He was for several years a pensioner in the royal hospital at Greenwich.

THE "RIGHT" LORD LOVAT.

The following remarkable anecdote, communicated by a respectable correspondent, with his name and address, may be relied on as genuine.

For the Table Book.

An old man, claiming to be "the *right* lord Lovat," i. e. heir to him who was beheaded in 1745, came to the Mansion-house in 1818 for advice and assistance. He was in person and face as much like the rebel lord, if one may judge from his pictures, as a person could be, and the more especially as he was of an advanced age. He said he had been to the present lord Lovat, who had given him food and a little money, and turned him away. He stated his pedigree and claim thus:—The rebel lord had an only brother, known by the family name of Simon Fraser. Before lord Lovat engaged in the rebellion, Simon Fraser went to a wedding in his highland costume; when he entered the room where the party was assembled, an unfortunate wight of a bagpiper struck up the favourite march of a clan in mortal enmity with that of Fraser, which so enraged him, that he drew his dirk and killed the piper upon the spot. Fraser immediately fled, and found refuge in a mine in Wales. No law proceedings took place against him as he was absent, and supposed to have perished at sea. He married in Wales, and had one son, the old man abovenamed, who said he was about sixty. When lord Lovat was executed his lands became forfeited; but in course of time, lord L. not having left a son, the estates were granted by the crown to a collateral branch, (one remove beyond Simon Fraser,) the present lord, it not being known that Simon Fraser was alive or had left issue. It is further remarkable that the applicant further stated, that both he and his father, Simon Fraser, were called lord Lovat by the miners and other inhabitants of that spot where he was known. The old man was very ignorant, not knowing how to read or write, having been born in the mine and brought up a miner; but he said he had preserved Simon Fraser's highland dress, and that he had it in Wales.

FAST-PUDDING.

EXTRACT FROM THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF FRIAR BACON.

How Friar Bacon deceived his Man, that would fast for conscience sake.

Friar Bacon had only one man to attend him; and he, too, was none of the wisest, for he kept him in charity more than for any service he had of him. This man of his, named Miles, never could endure to fast like other religious persons did; for he always had, in one corner or other, flesh, which he would eat, when his master eat bread only, or else did fast and abstain from all things.

Friar Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or other to be even with him, which he did, one Friday, in this manner: Miles, on the Thursday night, had provided a great black-pudding for his Friday's fast; that pudding he put in his pocket, (thinking to warm it so, for his master had no fire on those days.) On the next day, who was so demure as Miles! he looked as though he could not have eat any thing. When his master offered him some bread, he refused it, saying, his sins deserved a greater penance than one day's fast in a whole week. His master commended him for it, and bid him take heed he did not dissemble, for if he did, it would at last be known. "Then were I worse than a Turk," said Miles. So went he forth, as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to *prey* privily on his black-pudding. Then he pulled out, and fell to it lustily: but he was deceived, for, having put one end in his mouth, he could neither get it out again, nor bite it off; so that he stamped for help. His master hearing him, came; and finding him in that manner, took hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the hall, and showed him to all the scholars, saying, "See here, my good friends and fellow-students, what a devout man my servant Miles is! He loved not to break a fast-day—witness this pudding, that his conscience will not let him swallow!" His master did not release him till night, when Miles did vow never to break any fast-day while he lived.

CLERICAL ERRORS.

For the Table Book.

THE REV. MR. ALCOCK, OF BURNSAL, NEAR SKIPTON, YORKSHIRE.

Every inhabitant of Craven has heard tales of this eccentric person, and numberless are the anecdotes told of him. I have not the history of Craven, and cannot name the period of his death exactly, but I believe it happened between fifty and sixty years ago. He was a learned man and a wit—so much addicted to waggery, that he

sometimes forgot his office, and indulged in sallies rather unbecoming a minister, but nevertheless he was a sincere Christian. The following anecdotes are well known in Craven, and may amuse elsewhere. One of Mr. Alcock's friends, at whose house he was in the habit of calling previously to his entering the church on Sundays, once took occasion to unstitch his sermon and misplace the leaves. At the church, Mr. Alcock, when he had read a page, discovered the joke. "Peter," said he, "thou rascal! what's thou been doing with my sermon?" then turning to his congregation he said, "Brethren, Peter's been misplacing the leaves of my sermon, I have not time to put them right, I shall read on as I find it, and you must make the best of it that you can;" and he accordingly read through the confused mass, to the astonishment of his flock. On another occasion, when in the pulpit, he found that he had forgotten his sermon; nowise disappointed at the loss, he called out to his clerk, "Jonas, I have left my sermon at home, so hand us up that Bible, and I'll read 'em a chapter in Job worth ten of it!" Jonas, like his master, was an oddity, and used to make a practice of falling asleep at the commencement of the sermon, and waking in the middle of it, and bawling out "amen," thereby destroyed the gravity of the congregation. Mr. Alcock once lectured him for this, and particularly requested he would not say amen till he had finished his discourse. Jonas promised compliance, but on the following Sunday made bad worse, for he fell asleep as usual, and in the middle of the sermon awoke and bawled out "Amen at a venture!" The Rev. Mr. Alcock is, I think, buried before the communion-table of Skipton church, under a slab of blue marble, with a Latin inscription to his memory.

T. Q. M.

REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

For the Table Book.

Frank Fry, of Christian Malford, Wilts, whose bones lie undisturbed in the churchyard of his *native* village, wrote for himself the following

"Epitaph.

"Here lies I
Who did die;
I lie did
as I die did.
Old Frank Fry!

"When the worms comes
To pick up their crumbs,
They'll have in I—
A rare Frank Fry!"

The worms have had, in Frank, a lusty subject—his epitaph is recorded only in the *Table Book*.

*, *, P.

A MODERN MYSTERY.

To the Editor.

Blackwall, April 13, 1827.

Sir,—As I perceive you sometimes insert in your *Table Book* articles similar to the enclosed original printed Notice, you may perhaps think it worthy of a place in your amusing miscellany; if so, it is much at your service.

I am, &c.
F. W.

(*Literal Copy.*)

NOTICE.

SAturday 30 and on Sunday 31 of the corrent, in the Royal Theatre of St. Charles will be represented by the Italian Company the famous Holy Drama intitled

"IL TRIONFO DI GIUDITTA,

O SIA

LA MORTE D'OLOFERNE.

In the interval of the frist to the second act it shall have a new and pompous Ball of the composition of John Baptista Gianini, who has by title:

IL SACRIFICIO D'ABRAMO,

in which will enter all the excellent corp of Ball, who dance at present in the said Royal Theatre; the spetacle will be finished with the second act and Ball analog to the same Drama, all with the nessessary decoration.

This is who is offered to the Respectable Publick of whom is waited all the proctetion and concurrence:

It will begin at 8 *o'clok.*

Na Officina de Simão Thaddeo Ferreira. 1811. Com licenca.

ODD SIGN.

For the Table Book.

At West-end, near Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire, a gate hangs, as a sign to a public-house, with this inscription on it—

This gate hangs well,
And hinders none;
Refresh and pay,
And travel on.

J. W.

Pair of Curious Old Snuffers

Described on the next page.

SNUFFERS.

Perhaps there is no implement of domestic use that we are less acquainted with, in its old form, than snuffers. I have now before me a pair, which for their antiquity and elegant workmanship seem worth attention: the engraving on the other side represents their exact size and construction.

After some research, I can only meet with particulars of one other pair, which were found in digging the foundation of a granary, at the foot of a hill adjoining to Cotton Mansion-house, (formerly the seat of the respectable family of the Mohuns,) in the parish of St. Peter, Portisham, about two miles north-east from Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire. They were of brass, and weighed six ounces. "The great difference," says Mr. Hutchins, "between these and modern utensils of the same name and use is, that these are in shape like a heart fluted, and consequently terminate in a point. They consist of two equal lateral cavities, by the edges of which the snuff is cut off and received into the cavities, from which it is not got out without particular application and trouble. There are two circumstances attending this little utensil, which seem to bespeak it of considerable age: the roughness of the workmanship, which is in all respects as rude and coarse as can be well imagined, and the awkwardness of the form." There is an engraving of the Dorsetshire snuffers in the history of that county.

The snuffers now submitted to notice are superior in design and workmanship to those found in Dorsetshire. The latter seem of earlier date, and they divide in the middle of the upper as well as the lower part, but in one respect both pairs are alike: they are each "in shape like a heart," and they each terminate in a point formed exactly in the manner shown by the present engraving. The print likewise shows that the box of the snuffers bears a boldly chased winged head of Mercury, who had more employments and occupations than any other of the ancient deities. Whether as the director of theft, as the conductor of the departed to their final destination, as an interpreter to enlighten, or as an office-bearer constantly in requisition, the portrait of Mercury is a symbol appropriate to the implement before us. The engraving shows the exact size of the instrument, and the present appearance of the chasing, which is in bold relief, and was, originally, very elegant.

These snuffers are plain on the underside, and made without legs. They were purchased, with some miscellaneous articles, by a person who has no clue to their former possessors, but who rightly imagined that in an archæological view they would be acceptable to the *Table Book*.

*

Garrick Plays.

No. XVIII.

[From "David and Bethsabe:" further Extracts.]

Absalon, rebelling.

Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
Now, Jove,* let forth the golden firmament,
And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
Which thou hast made to give their glories light.
To shew thou lovest the virtue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
Whose influence may govern Israel
With state exceeding all her other Kings.
Fight, Lords and Captains, that your Sovereign
May shine in honour brighter than the sun
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
Make this fair Land as fruitful as the fields,
That with sweet milk and honey overflowed.
God in the whissing of a pleasant wind
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees,
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs;
As whilom he was good to Moyses' men,
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
And in the night a pillar bright as fire
Shall go before you like a second sun,
Wherein the Essence of his Godhead is;
That day and night you may be brought to peace,
And never swerve from that delightsome path
That leads your souls to perfect happiness:
This he shall do for joy when I am King.
Then fight, brave Captains, that these joys may fly
Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

* * * * *

Absalon, triumphant.

Absalon. First Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd thro' Hebron King of Israel;
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With complete state and glory of a crown.
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run;
And to the air, whose rupture rings my fame,
Wheree'er I ride, they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalon, that in his face
Carries the final purpose of his God,
(That is, to work him grace in Israel),

---

* Jove, for Jehovah.

Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
The state that most may satisfy his joy—
Keeping his statutes and his covenants sure?
His thunder is intangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd.
I am the man he made to glory in,
When by the errors of my father's sin
He lost the path, that led into the Land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blest.

[From a "Looking Glass for England and London," a Tragi-comedy, by Thomas Lodge and Robert Green, 1598.]

Alvida, Paramour to Rasni, the Great King of Assyria, courts a petty King of Cilicia.

Alvida. Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
And let the Eunuchs play you all asleep:
Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
And play the wantons, whilst I talk awhile.
Ladies. Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.
(*Exeunt.*)
Alvida. King of Cilicia, kind and courteous;
Like to thyself, because a lovely King;
Come lay thee down upon thy Mistress' knee,
And I will sing and talk of Love to thee.
Cilicia. Most gracious Paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abject wretch as I
To talk with Rasni's Paramour and Love.
Alvida. To talk, sweet friend! who would not talk with thee?
Oh be not coy: art thou not only fair?
Come twine thine arms about this snow-whit
A love-nest for the Great Assyrian King.
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician Prince,
None but thyself can merit such a grace.
Cilica. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.
Alvida. No, King, fair King, my meaning is to yoke thee,
Hear me but sing of Love: then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing looks, my changed cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.
Cilicia. Sing, Madam, if you please; but love in jest.
Alvida. Nay, I will love, and sigh at every jest.

(*She sings.*)

Beauty, alas! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn,
When as Beauty kiss'd to woo thee?
Thou by Beauty dost undo me.
Heigho, despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none:
Wanton thou; and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason;
Cruelty is cursed treason.
Heigho, I love; Heigho, I love;
Helgho, and yet he eyes me not.

Cilicia. Madam your Song is passing passionate.
Alvida. And wilt thou then not pity my estate?
Cilicia. Ask love of them who pity may impart.
Alvida. I ask of thee, sweet; thou hast stole my heart.
Cilicia. Your love is fixed on a greater King.
Alvida Tut, women's love—it is a fickle thing.
I love my Rasni for my dignity:
I love Cilician King for his sweet eye.
I love my Rasni, since he rules the world:
But more I love this Kingly little world.
How sweet he looks!—O were I Cynthia's sphere,
And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear:
Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,
Thus would I kiss my Love at every beck.
Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep;
And if thou wak'st not soon, thus would I weep:
And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I love thee.

[From "Tethys' Festival," by Samuel Daniel, 1610.]

Song at a Court Masque

Are they shadows that we see
And can shadows pleasure give?—
Pleasures only shadows be,
Cast by bodies we conceive;
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.—
But these pleasures vanish fast,
Which by shadows are exprest:—
Pleasures are not, if they last;
In their passing is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.
Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold;
Take it sudden as it flies,
Tho' you take it not to hold:
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must lengthen it in the heart.

C. L.

Scylla and Charybdis.

Ancient and Present State.

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdis.

This Latin verse, which has become proverbial, is thus translated:—

He falls on Scylla, who Charybdis shuns.

The line has been ascribed to Ovid; it is not, however, in that or any other classic poet, but has been derived from Philippe Gualtier, a modern French writer of Latin verses. Charybdis is a whirlpool in the straits of Messina, on the coast of Sicily, opposite to Scylla, a dangerous rock on the coast of Italy. The danger to which mariners were exposed by the whirlpool is thus

described by Homer in Pope's translation:

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,
And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms;
When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves:
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;
Eternal mists obscure the aërial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main.
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the refluent tides,
The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;
Deep, wondrous deep, below appears the ground.

Virgil imagines the origin of this terrific scene:

That realm of old, a ruin huge, was rent
In length of ages from the continent.
With force convulsive burst the isle away;
Through the dread opening broke the thund'ring sea:
At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,
And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;
And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides
With scanty channels, and contracted tides.
Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,
Charybdis on the left the flood devours.

Pitt.

A great earthquake in the year 1783 diminished the perils of the pass.* Thirteen years before this event, which renders the scene less poetical, Brydone thus describes

SCYLLA.

May 19, 1770. Found ourselves within half a mile of the coast of Sicily, which is low, but finely variegated. The opposite coast of Calabria is very high, and the mountains are covered with the finest verdure. It was almost a dead calm, our ship scarce moving half a mile in an hour, so that we had time to get a complete view of the famous rock of Scylla, on the Calabrian side, Cape Pylorus on the Sicilian, and the celebrated Straits of the Faro that runs between them. Whilst we were still some miles distant from the entry of the Straits, we heard the roaring of the current, like the noise of some large impetuous river confined between narrow banks. This increased in proportion as we advanced, till we saw the water in many places raised to a considerable height, and forming large eddies or whirlpools. The sea in every other place was as smooth as glass. Our old pilot told us, that he had often seen ships caught in these eddies, and whirled about with great rapidity, without obeying the helm in the smallest degree. When the weather is calm, there is little danger; but when the waves meet with this violent current, it makes a dreadful sea. He says, there were five ships wrecked in this spot last winter. We observed that the current set exactly for the rock of Scylla, and would infallibly have carried any thing thrown into it against that point; so that it was not without reason the ancients have painted it as an object of such terror. It is about a mile from the entry of the Faro, and forms a small promontory, which runs a little out to sea, and meets the whole force of the waters, as they come out of the narrowest part of the Straits. The head of this promontory is the famous Scylla. It must be owned that it does not altogether come up to the formidable description that Homer gives of it; the reading of which (like that of Shakspeare's Cliff) almost makes one's head giddy. Neither is the passage so wondrous narrow and difficult as he makes it. Indeed it is probable that the breadth of it is greatly increased since his time, by the violent impetuosity of the current. And this violence too must have always diminished, in proportion as the breadth of the channel increased.

Our pilot says, there are many small rocks that show their heads near the base of the large ones. These are probably the dogs that are described as howling round the monster Scylla. There are likewise many caverns that add greatly to the noise of the water, and tend still to increase the horror of the scene. The rock is near two hundred feet high. There is a kind of castle or fort built on its summit; and the town of Scylla, or Sciglio, containing three or four hundred inhabitants, stands on its south side, and gives the title of prince to a Calabrese family.

CHARYBDIS.

The harbour of Messina is formed by a small promontory or neck of land that runs off from the east end of the city, and separates that beautiful basin from the rest of the Straits. The shape of this promontory is that of a reaping-hook, the curvature of which forms the harbour, and secures it from all winds. From the striking resemblance of its form, the Greeks, who never gave a name that did not either describe the object or express some of its most remarkable properties, called this place Zancle, or the Sickle, and feigned that the sickle of Saturn fell on this spot, and gave it its form. But the Latins, who were not quite so fond

* Bourn's Gazetteer.

of fable, changed its name to Messina, (from *Messis*, a harvest,) because of the great fertility of its fields. It is certainly one of the safest harbours in the world after ships have got in; but it is likewise one of the most difficult access. The celebrated gulf or whirlpool of Charybdis lies near to its entry, and often occasions such an intestine and irregular motion in the water, that the helm loses most of its power, and ships have great difficulty to get in, even with the fairest wind that can blow. This whirlpool, I think, is probably formed by the small promontory I have mentioned; which contracting the Straits in this spot, must necessarily increase the velocity of the current; but no doubt other causes, of which we are ignorant, concur, for this will by no means account for all the appearances which it has produced. The great noise occasioned by the tumultuous motion of the waters in this place, made the ancients liken it to a voracious sea-monster perpetually roaring for its prey; and it has been represented by their authors, as the most tremendous passage in the world. Aristotle gives a long and a formidable description of it in his 125th chapter *De Admirandis*, which I find translated in an old Sicilian book I have got here. It begins, "Adeo profundum, horridumque spectaculum, &c." but it is too long to transcribe. It is likewise described by Homer, 12th of the Odyssey; Virgil, 3d Æneid; Lucretius, Ovid, Sallust, Seneca, as also by many of the old Italian and Sicilian poets, who all speak of it in terms of horror; and represent it as an object that inspired terror, even when looked on at a distance. It certainly is not now so formidable; and very probably, the violence of this motion, continued for so many ages, has by degrees worn smooth the rugged rocks and jutting shelves, that may have intercepted and confined the waters. The breadth of the Straits too, in this place, I make no doubt is considerably enlarged. Indeed, from the nature of things it must be so: the perpetual friction occasioned by the current must wear away the bank on each side, and enlarge the bed of the water.

The vessels in this passage were obliged to go as near as possible to the coast of Calabria, in order to avoid the suction occasioned by the whirling of the waters in this vortex; by which means when they came to the narrowest and most rapid part of the Straits, betwixt Cape Pelorus and Scylla, they were in great danger of being carried upon that rock. From whence the proverb, still applied to those, who in attempting to avoid one evil fall into another.

There is a fine fountain of white marble on the key, representing Neptune holding Scylla and Charybdis chained, under the emblematical figures of two sea-monsters, as represented by the poets.

The little neck of land, forming the harbour of Messina, is strongly fortified. The citadel, which is indeed a very fine work, is built on that part which connects it with the main land. The farthermost point, which runs out to sea, is defended by four small forts, which command the entry into the harbour. Betwixt these lie the lazaret, and a lighthouse to warn sailors of their approach to Charybdis, as that other on Cape Pelorus is intended to give them notice of Scylla.

It is probably from these lighthouses (by the Greeks called Pharoi) that the whole of this celebrated Strait has been denominated the Faro of Messina.

According to Brydone, the hazard to sailors was less in his time than the Nestor of song, and the poet of the Æneid, had depicted in theirs. In 1824, Capt. W. H. Smyth, to whom a survey of the coast of Sicily was intrusted by the lords of the Admiralty, published a "Memoir" in 1824, with the latest and most authentic accounts of these celebrated classic spots—viz.:

Scylla.

As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the Rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs;—why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought in justice to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate

narration of facts. Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and that in a gale its caverns 'roar like dogs;' but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side. The one on the south side is memorable for the disaster that happened there during the dreadful earthquake of 1783, when an overwhelming wave (supposed to have been occasioned by the fall of part of a promontory into the sea) rushed up the beach, and, in its retreat, bore away with it upwards of two thousand people.

Charybdis.

Outside the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy four gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees in some measure with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas; and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex, particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Colas, who lost his life here. I have never found reason, however, during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them.

For the Table Book.

A FRAGMENT.

From Cornelius May's "Journey to the greate Markett at Olympus"—"Seven Starrs of Witte."

One daye when tired with worldly toil,
Upp to the Olympian mounte
I sped, as from soul-cankering care,
Had ever been my wonte;
And there the gods assembled alle
I founde, O strange to tell!
Chaffering, like chapmen, and around
The wares they had to sell.
Eache god had sample of his goodes,
Which he displaied on high;
And cried, "How lack ye?" "What's y're neede?"
To every passer by.
Quoth I, "What have you here to sell?
To purchase being inclined;"
Said one, "We've art and science here,
And every gifte of minde."
"What coin is current here?" I asked,
Spoke Hermes in a trice,
"Industrie, perseverence, toile,
And life the highest price."
I saw Apollo, and went on,
Liking his wares of olde;
"Come buy," said he, "this lyre of mine,
I'll pledge it sterling golde;
This is the sample of its worthe,
'Tis cheape at life, come buy!"
So saying, he drew olde Homer forth,
And placed him 'neath my eye.
I turn'd aside, where in a row
Smalle bales high piled up stood;
Tyed rounde with golden threades of life,
And eache inscribed with blood,
"Travell to far and foreign landes;"
"The knowledge of the sea;"
"Alle beastes, and birdes, and creeping thinges,
And heaven's immensity;"
"Unshaken faithe when alle men change,"
"The patriot's holy heart;"
"The might of woman's love to stay
When alle besides departe."
I next saw things soe strange of forme,
Their names I mighte not knowe,
Unlike aught either in heaven or earthe,
Or in the deeps below:
Then Hermes to my thoughte replied,
"Strange as these thinges appeare,
Gigantic power, the mighte of arte
And science are laide here;
Yeare after yeare of toile and thoughte
Can buy these stores alone;
Yet boughte, how neare the gods is man,
What knowledge is made known!
The power and nature of all thinges,
Fire, aire, and earthe, and flood,
Known and made subject to man's will
For evill or for good."

Next look'd I in a darksome den,
Webbed o'er with spider's thread,
Where bookes were piled, and on eache booke
I "metaphysics" read;
Spoke Hermes, "Friend, the price of these
Is puzzling of the brain,
A gulf of words which, who gets in,
Can ne'er get oute again."
I then saw "law," piled up alofte,
And asked its price to know;
"Its price is, conscience and good name,"
Said Hermes, whispering low.
Nexte, "Physic and divinity,"
I stood as I was loth,
To take or leave, with curling lip,
Said Hermes, "Quackery, both!"
"Now, friend," said I, "since of your wares
You no good thing can telle,
You are the honestest chapman
That e'er had wares to selle."

* * * *

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND:

OR,

MANNERS OF LONDON MERCHANTS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Tempore mutato de nobis fabula narratur.

Decio, a man of great figure, that had large commissions for sugar from several parts beyond sea, treats about a considerable parcel of that commodity with Alcander, an eminent West India merchant; both understood the market very well, but could not agree. Decio was a man of substance, and thought nobody ought to buy cheaper than himself. Alcander was the same, and not wanting money, stood for his price. Whilst they were driving their bargain at a tavern near the Exchange, Alcander's man brought his master a letter from the West Indies, that informed him of a much greater quantity of sugars coming for England than was expected. Alcander now wished for nothing more than to sell at Decio's price, before the news was public; but being a cunning fox, that he might not seem too precipitant, nor yet lose his customer, he drops the discourse they were upon, and putting on a jovial humour, commends the agreeableness of the weather; from whence falling upon the delight he took in his gardens, invites Decio to go along with him to his country house, that was not above twelve miles from London. It was in the month of May, and as it happened upon a Saturday in the afternoon, Decio, who was a single man, and would have no business in town before Tuesday, accepts of the other's civility, and away they go in Alcander's coach. Decio was splendidly entertained that night and the day following; the Monday morning, to get himself an appetite, he goes to take the air upon a pad of Alcander's, and coming back meets with a gentleman of his acquaintance, who tells him news was come the night before that the Barbadoes fleet was destroyed by a storm; and adds, that before he came out, it had been confirmed at Lloyd's coffee-house, where it was thought sugars would rise twenty-five per cent. by change time. Decio returns to his friend, and immediately resumes the discourse they had broke off at the tavern. Alcander who, thinking himself sure of his chap, did not design to have moved it till after dinner, was very glad to see himself so happily prevented; but how desirous soever he was to sell, the other was yet more eager to buy; yet both of them afraid of one another, for a considerable time counterfeited all the indifference imaginable, till at last Decio, fired with what he had heard, thought delays might prove dangerous, and throwing a guinea upon the table, struck the bargain at Alcander's price. The next day they went to London; the news proved true, and Decio got five hundred pounds by his sugars. Alcander, whilst he had strove to overreach the other, was paid in his own coin: yet all this is called *fair dealing*; but I am sure neither of them would have desired to be done by, as they did to each other.

Fable of the Bees, 1725.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

The acceptance of this office, or stewardship, vacates a seat in parliament, but without any emolument or profit. Chiltern is a ridge of chalky hills crossing the county of Bucks, a little south of the centre, reaching from Tring in Hertfordshire to Henly in Oxford. This district belongs to the crown, and from time immemorial has given title to the nominal office of stewards of the Chiltern hundreds. Of this office, as well as the manor of East Hundred, in Berks, it is remarkable, that although frequently conferred upon members of parliament, it is not productive either of honour or emolument; being granted at the request of any member of that house, merely to enable him to vacate his seat by the acceptance of a nominal office under the crown; and on this account it has frequently been granted to three or four members a week.

Tommy Bell of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham.

This is an eccentric, good-humoured character—a lover of a chirruping cup—and a favourite with the pitmen of Durham. He dresses like them, and mixes and jokes with them; and his portrait seems an appropriate illustration of the following paper, by a gentleman of the north, well acquainted with their remarkable manners.

THE PITMAN.

For the Table Book.

" O the bonny pit laddie, the cannie pit laddie,
The bonny pit laddie for me, O!—
He sits in a hole, as black as a coal,
And brings all the white money to me, O!"
OLD PIT SONG.

Gentle Reader,—Whilst thou sittest toasting thy feet at the glowing fuel in thy grate, watching in dreaming unconsciousness the various shapes and fantastic forms appearing and disappearing in the bright, red heat of thy fire—here a beautiful mountain, towering with its glowing top above the broken and diversified valley beneath—there a church, with its pretty spire peeping above an imagined village; or, peradventure, a bright nob, assuming the ken of human likeness, thy playful fancy picturing it the semblance of some distant friend—I say, whilst thou art sitting in this fashion, dost thou ever think of that race of mortals, whose whole life is spent beyond a hundred fathoms below the surface of mother earth, plucking from its unwilling bosom the materials of thy greatest comfort?

The pitman enables thee to set at nought the "pelting of the pitiless storm,"

and render a season of severity and pinching bitterness, one of warmth, and kindly feeling, and domestic smiles. If thou hast never heard of these useful and daring men, who

> " Contemn the terrors of the mine,
> Explore the caverns, dark and drear,
> Mantled around with deadly dew;
> Where congregated vapours blue,
> Fir'd by the taper glimmering near,
> Bid dire explosion the deep realms invade,
> And earth-born lightnings gleam athwart th' infernal shade;"*

—who dwell in a valley of darkness for thy sake, and whose lives are hazarded every moment in procuring the light and heat of the flickering flame—listen with patience, if not with interest, to a short account of them, from the pen of one who is not unmindful of

> " The simple annals of the poor."

The pitmen, who are employed in bringing coals to the surface of the earth, from immensely deep mines, for the London and neighbouring markets, are a race entirely distinct from the peasantry surrounding them. They are principally within a few miles of the river Wear, in the county of Durham, and the river Tyne, which traces the southern boundary of Northumberland. They reside in long rows of one-storied houses, called by themselves " pit-rows," built near the chief entrance to the mine. To each house is attached a small garden,

> " For ornament or use,"

and wherein they pay so much attention to the cultivation of flowers, that they frequently bear away prizes at floral exhibitions.

Within the memory of the writer, (and his locks are not yet " silver'd o'er with age,") the pitmen were a rude, bold, savage set of beings, apparently cut off from their fellow men in their interests and feelings; often guilty of outrage in their moments of obvious mirth; not from dishonest motives, or hopes of plunder, but from recklessness, and lack of that civilization, which binds the wide and ramified society of a great city. From the age of five or six years, their children are immersed in the dark abyss of their lower worlds; and when even they enjoy the " light of the blessed sun," it is only in the company of their immediate relations: all have the same vocation, and all stand out, a sturdy band, separate and apart from the motley mixture of general humanity.

The pitmen have the air of a primitive race. They marry almost constantly with their own people; their boys follow the occupations of their sires—their daughters, at the age of blooming and modest maidenhood, linking their fate to some honest " *neebor's bairn*:" thus, from generation to generation, family has united with family, till their population has become a dense mass of relationship, like the clans of our northern friends, " ayont the Cheviot's range." The dress of one of them is that of the whole people. Imagine a man, of only middling stature, (few are tall or robust,) with several large blue marks, occasioned by cuts, impregnated with coal-dust, on a pale and swarthy countenance, a coloured handkerchief around his neck, a " posied waistcoat " opened at the breast, to display a striped shirt beneath, a short blue jacket, somewhat like, but rather shorter than the jackets of our seamen, velvet breeches, invariably unbuttoned and untied at the knee, on the " tapering calf " a blue worsted stocking, with white clocks, and finished downwards by a long, low-quartered shoe, and you have a pitman before you, equipped for his Saturday's cruise to " canny Newcastle," or for his Sabbath's gayest holiday.

On a Saturday evening you will see a long line of road, leading to the nearest large market town, grouped every where with pitmen and their wives or " lasses," laden with large baskets of the " stomach's comforts," sufficient for a fortnight's consumption. They only are paid for their labour at such intervals; and their weeks are divided into what they term " pay week," and " bauf week," (the etymology of " bauf,"* I leave thee, my kind reader, to find out.)—All merry and happy—trudging home with their spoils—not unfrequently the thrifty husband is seen " half seas over," wrestling his onward way with an obstinate little pig, to whose hind leg is attached a string, as security for allegiance, while ever and anon this third in the number of " obstinate graces," seeks a sly opportunity of evading its unsteady guide and effecting a retreat over the road, and " Geordie" (a common name among them) attempts a masterly retrograde reel to regain his fugitive. A long cart, lent

* Hudibras.

* Quære? Whether some wag has not originally given the pitman the benefit of this term from *baffer* or baffolier, to mock or affront; " nibline," it may be a corruption of our English term " balk," to disappoint.

by the owners of the colliery for the purpose, is sometimes filled with the women and their marketings, jogging homeward at a smart pace; and from these every wayfarer receives a shower of taunting, coarse jokes, and the air is filled with loud, rude merriment. Pitmen do not consider it any deviation from propriety for their wives to accompany them to the alehouses of the market town, and join their husbands in their glass and pint. I have been amused by peeping through the open window of a pothouse, to see parties of them, men and women, sitting round a large fir table, talking, laughing, smoking, and drinking con amore; and yet these poor women are never addicted to excessive drinking. The men, however, are not particularly abstemious when their hearts are exhilarated with the bustle of a town.

When the pitman is about to descend to the caverns of his labour, he is dressed in a checked flannel jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, with a bottle or canteen slung across his shoulders, and a satchell or haversack at his side, to hold provender for his support during his subterrene sojourn. At all hours, night and day, groups of men and boys are seen dressed in this fashion wending their way to their colliery, some carrying sir Humphrey Davy's (called by them "Davy's") safety-lamp, ready trimmed, and brightened for use. They descend the pit by means of a basket or "corfe," or merely by swinging themselves on to a chain, suspended at the extreme end of the cordage, and are let down, with inconceivable rapidity, by a steam-engine. Clean and orderly, they coolly precipitate themselves into a black, smoking, and bottomless-looking crater, where you would think it almost impossible human lungs could play, or blood dance through the heart. At nearly the same moment you see others coming up, as jetty as the object of their search, drenched and tired. I have stood in a dark night, near the mouth of a pit, lighted by a suspended grate, filled with flaring coals, casting an unsteady but fierce reflection on the surrounding swarthy countenances; the pit emitting a smoke as dense as the chimney of a steam-engine; the men, with their sooty and grimed faces, glancing about their sparkling eyes, while the talking motion of their red lips disclosed rows of ivory; the steam-engines clanking and crashing, and the hissing from the huge boilers, making a din, only broken by the loud, mournful, and musical cry of the man stationed at the top of the pit "shaft," calling down to his companions in labour at the bottom. This, altogether, is a scene as wild and fearful as a painter or a poet could wish to see.

All have heard of the dreadful accidents in coal-mines from explosions of fire-damp, inundations, &c., yet few have witnessed the heart-rending scenes of domestic calamity which are the consequence. Aged fathers, sons, and sons' sons, a wide branching family, all are sometimes swept away by a fell blast, more sudden, and, if possible, more terrible, than the deadly Sirocca of the desert.

Never shall I forget one particular scene of family destruction. I was passing along a "pit-row" immediately after a "firing," as the explosion of fire-damp is called, when I looked into one of the houses, and my attention became so rivetted, that I scarcely knew I had entered the room. On one bed lay the bodies of two men, burnt to a livid ash colour; the eldest was apparently sixty, the other about forty—father and son:—on another bed, in the same room, were "streaked" three fine boys, the oldest not more than fifteen—sons of the younger dead—all destroyed at the same instant by the same destructive blast, let loose from the mysterious hand of Providence: and I saw—Oh God! I shall never forget—I saw the vacant, maddened countenance, and quick, wild glancing eye of the fatherless, widowed, childless being, who in the morning was smiling in her domestic felicity; whose heart a few hours before was exultingly beating as she looked on her "*gudeman and bonny bairns.*" Before the evening sun had set she was alone in the world; without a prop for her declining age, and every endearing tie woven around her heart was torn and dissevered. I passed into the neat little garden—it was the spring time—part of the soil was fresh turned up, and some culinary plants were newly set:—these had been the morning work of the younger father—his spade was standing upright in the earth at the last spot he had laboured at; he had left it there, ready for the evening's employment:—the garden was yet blooming with all the delightful freshness of vernal vegetation; its cultivator was withered and dead—his spade was at hand for another to dig its owner's grave.

Amidst all their dangers, the pitmen are a cheerful, industrious race of men. They were a few years ago much addicted to gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, &c. Their spare hours are diverted now to a widely different channel; they are for the most part members of the Wesleyan sects;

and, not unfrequently in passing their humble but neat dwellings, instead of brawls and fights you hear a peaceful congregation of worshippers, uttering their simple prayers; or the loud hymn of praise breaking the silence of the eventide.

The ancient custom of sword-dancing at Christmas is kept up in Northumberland, exclusively by these people. They may be constantly seen at that festive season with their fiddler, bands of swordsmen, Tommy and Bessy, most grotesquely dressed, performing their annual routine of warlike evolutions. I have never had the pleasure of seeing the *Every-Day Book*, but I have no doubt this custom has there been fully illustrated.

Ψ

Some years ago a Tynemouth vessel, called the "Northern Star," was lost, and the following ballad made on the occasion: the memory of a lady supplies the words—

For the Table Book.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

The Northern Star
Sail'd over the bar,
Bound to the Baltic sea—
In the morning grey
She stretch'd away,—
'Twas a weary day to me.

For many an hour
In sleet and shower
By the lighthouse rock I stray,
And watch till dark
For the winged bark
Of him that is far away.

The castle's bound
I wander round
Amidst the grassy graves,*
But all I hear
Is the north wind drear,
And all I see are the waves.

Oh roam not there
Thou mourner fair,
Nor pour the useless tear;
Thy plaint of woe
Is all below—
The dead—*they* cannot hear.

The Northern Star
Is set afar,
Set in the Baltic sea,
And the waves have spread
The sandy bed,
That holds thy love from thee.

* Tynemouth-castle, the grounds of which are used as a cemetery.

British Mines.

For the Table Book.

Mines of gold and silver, sufficient to reward the conqueror, were found in Mexico and Peru; but the island of Britain never produced enough of the precious metals to compensate the invader for the trouble of slaughtering our ancestors.

Camden mentions gold and silver mines in Cumberland, a mine of silver in Flintshire, and of gold in Scotland. Speaking of the copper mines of Cumberland, he says that veins of gold and silver were found intermixed with the common ore; and in the reign of Elizabeth gave birth to a suit at law between the earl of Northumberland and another claimant.

Borlase, in his History of Cornwall, relates, "that so late as the year 1753 several pieces of gold were found in what the miners call stream tin; and silver is now got in considerable quantity from several of our lead mines."

A curious paper, concerning the gold mines of Scotland, is given by Mr. Pennant, in the Appendix, No. 10. to his second part of a "Tour in Scotland, in 1772;" but still there never was sufficient gold and silver enough to constitute the price of victory. The other metals, such as tin, copper, iron, and lead, are found in abundance at this day; antimony and manganese in small quantities.*

Of the *copper* mines now working in Cornwall, "Dolcoath," situated near Camborn, is the deepest, having a 220 fathom level under the adit, which is 40 fathoms from the surface; so that the total depth is 260 fathoms, or 1560 feet: it employs upwards of 1000 persons. The "Consolidated Mines," in Gwennap, are the most productive perhaps in the world, yielding from 10*l.* to 12000*l.* a month of copper ore, with a handsome profit to the shareholders. "Great St. George" is the only productive mine near St. Agnes, and the only one producing metal to the "English Mining Association."

Of the *tin* mines, "Wheal Nor," in Breague, is an immense concern, producing an amazing quantity, and a large profit to the company. "Carnon Stream," near Perran, is now yielding a good profit on its

* A Missouri paper states, that copper is in such abundance and purity, from the falls of St. Anthony to Lake Superior, that the Indians make hatchets and ornaments of it, without any other instrument than the hammer. The mines still remain in the possession of the Indians.

capital. It has a shaft sunk in the middle of the stream. The washings down from so many mines, the adits of which run in this stream, bring many sorts of metal, with some curious bits of gold.

Of late years the mine called Wheal Rose, and some others belonging to sir Christopher Hawkins, have been the most prolific of *lead*, mixed with a fair proportion of silver. Wheal Penhale, Wheal Hope, and others, promise favourably.

As yet Wheal Sparnon has not done much in *cobalt*; the quality found in that mine is very excellent, but quantity is the "one thing needful."

The immense quantity of *coals* consumed in the numerous fire-engines come from Wales; the vessels convey the copper ore, as it is brought by the copper companies, to their smelting works: it is a back freight for the shipping.

Altogether, the number of individuals who derive their living by means of the mineral district of Cornwall must be incalculable; and it is a great satisfaction to know, that this county suffered *less* during the recent bad times than perhaps any other county.

SAM SAM'S SON.

April 30, 1827.

Angling

AT THAMES DITTON.

For the Table Book.

Thames Ditton is a pretty little village, delightfully situated on the banks of the Thames, between Kingston and Hampton Court palace. During the summer and autumn, it is the much-frequented resort of the followers of Isaac Walton's tranquil occupation.

The Swan inn, only a few paces from the water's edge, remarkable for the neatness and comfort of its appearance, and for the still more substantial attractions of its internal accommodation, is kept by Mr. John Locke, a most civil, good-natured, and obliging creature; and, what is not of slight importance to a bon-vivant, he has a wife absolutely incomparable in the preparation of "stewed eels," and not to be despised in the art of cooking a good beef-steak, or a mutton-chop.

But what is most remarkable in this place is its appellation of "*lying* Ditton"—from what reason I have ever been unable to discover, unless it has been applied by those cockney anglers, who, chagrined at their want of sport, have bestowed upon it that very opprobrious designation; and perhaps not entirely without foundation for when they have been unsuccessful in beguiling the finny tribe, the fishermen, who attend them in their punts, are always prepared to assign a cause for their failure; as that the water is too low—or not sufficiently clear—or too muddy—or there is a want of rain—or there has been too much of that element—or—any thing else—except a want of skill in the angler himself, who patiently sits in his punt, watching the course of his float down the stream, or its gentle diving under the water, by which he flatters himself he has a bite, listening to the stories of his attendant, seated in calm indifference at his side, informing him of the mortality produced among the gelid tribe by the noxious gas which flows into the river from the metropolis, the alarming effects from the motion of the steam-boats on their fishy nerves, and, above all, from their feeding at that season of year on the green weeds at the bottom.

However, there are many most skilful lovers of the angle who pay weekly, monthly, or annual visits to this retired spot; amongst whom are gentlemen of fortune, professional men, and respectable tradesmen. After the toils of the day, the little rooms are filled with aquatic sportsmen, who have left the cares of life, and the great city behind them, and associate in easy conversation, and unrestrained mirth.

One evening last summer there alighted from the coach a gentleman, apparently of the middle age of live, who first seeing his small portmanteau, fishing-basket, and rods safely deposited with the landlord, whom he heartily greeted, walked into the room, and shaking hands with one or two of his acquaintances, drew a chair to the window, which he threw up higher than it was before; and, after surveying with a cheerful countenance the opposite green park, the clear river with its sedgy islands, and the little flotilla of punts, whose tenants were busily engaged on their gliding floats, he seemed as delighted as a bird that has regained his liberty: then, taking from his pocket a paper, he showed its contents to me, who happened to be seated opposite, and asked if I was a connoisseur in "single hair;" for, if I was, I should find it the best that could be procured for love or money. I replied that I seldom fished with any but gut-lines; yet it appeared, as far as I could judge, to be very fine. "Fine!" said he, "it would do for the filament of a spider's-web; and yet

I expect to-morrow to kill with it a fish of a pound weight. I recollect," continued he, "when I was but a tyro in the art of angling, once fishing with an old gentleman, whose passion for single-hair was so great, that, when the season of the year did not permit him to pursue his favourite diversion, he spent the greatest part of his time in travelling about from one end of the kingdom to the other, seeking the best specimens of this invaluable article. On his visits to the horse-dealers, instead of scrutinizing the horses in the customary way, by examining their legs, inquiring into their points and qualities, or trying their paces, to the unspeakable surprise of the venders, he invariably walked up to the nether extremities of the animals, and seized hold of their tails, by which means he was enabled to select a capital assortment of hairs for his ensuing occupation."

After the new-comer had finished his amusing anecdote, the noise of a numerous flock of starlings, which had assembled among the trees in the park preparatory to their evening adjournment to roost, attracted his notice by the babel-like confusion of their shrill notes, and led him again to entertain us with a story touching *their* peculiarities.

"I remember," said he, "when I was at a friend's house in Yorkshire last autumn, there were such immense numbers of these birds, who sought their sustenance by day on the neighbouring marshes, and at night came to roost in his trees, that at length there was not room for their entire accommodation; the consequence of which was, that it became a matter of necessity that a separation of their numbers should take place—a part to other quarters, the remainder to retain possession of their old haunts. If I might judge from the conflicting arguments which their confused chatterings seemed to indicate, the contemplated arrangement was not at all relished by those who were doomed to separate from their companions—a separation, however, did take place—but the exiles would not leave the field undisputed. Birds, like aid-de-camps of an army, flew from one side to the other—unceasing voices gave note of dreadful preparation—and, at last, both sides took flight at the same instant. The whirring sound of their wings was perfectly deafening; when they had attained a great height in the air, the two forces clashed together with the greatest impetuosity; immediately the sky was obscured with an appearance like the falling of snow, descending gradually to the earth, accompanied with a vast quantity of bodies of the starlings, which had been speared through by hostile beaks—they literally fell like hail. It was then growing rather dusk; I could merely see the contending flocks far above me for some time—it became darker—and I returned to narrate this extraordinary aërial combat to my friend, who in the morning had the curiosity to accompany me to the field of battle, where we picked up, according to an accurate calculation, 1087 of these birds, some quite dead, and others generally severely wounded, with an amazing quantity of their feathers."

I saw this amusing gentleman on the following morning sitting quietly in his punt, exercising his single-hair skill, nearly opposite to the little fishing-house.

E. J. H.

April, 1827.

TICKLING TROUT.

For the Table Book.

It is a liberty taken by poachers with the little brook running through Castle Coombe, to catch trout by *tickling*. I instance the practice there because I have there witnessed it, although it prevails in other places. The person employed wades into the stream, puts his bare arms into the hole where trout resort, slides his fingers under the fish, feels its position, commences tickling, and the trout falls gradually into his hand, and is thrown upon the grass. This is a successful snare, destructive to the abundance of trout, and the angler's patient pleasure. The lovers of the "hook and eye" system oppose these ticklish practices, and the ticklers, when caught, are "punished according to law," while the patrons of the "rod and line" escape. Shakspeare may have hinted at retribution, when he said

"A thousand men the *fishes* gnawed upon."

Pope tell us that men are

"Pleased with a feather, *tickled* with a straw."

P.

THE CLERKS OF CORNWALL.

1. In the last age there was a familiarity between the parson and the clerk and the people, which our feelings of decorum would revolt at, *e. g.*—"I have seen the ungodly flourish like a *green bay* tree."—"How can that be, maister?" said the clerk

of St. Clement's. Of this I was myself an ear-witness.

2. At Kenwyn, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west-end of the church; the parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of the pew, and went down and parted them, returned to his pew, and, doubtful where he had left off, asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?" "Why down parting the dogs, maister," said Roger.

3. At Mevagizzey, when non-resident clergymen officiated, it was usual with the squire of the parish to invite them to dinner. Several years ago, a non-resident clergyman was requested to do duty in the church of Mevagizzey on a Sunday, when the Creed of St. Athanasius is directed to be read. Before he had begun the service, the parish-clerk asked him, whether he intended to read the Athanasian Creed that morning. "Why?" said the clergyman. "Because if you do, no dinner for you at the squire's, at Penwarne."

4. A very short time since, parish-clerks used to read the first lesson. I once heard the St. Agnes clerk cry out, "At the mouth of the burning *viery vurnis*, — Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego, *com voath and com hether*." [Daniel, chap. iii.]

The clerk of Lamorran, in giving out the Psalm, "Like a timorous bird to distant mountains fly," always said, "Like a *temmersum burde*, &c. &c." with a shake of the head, and a quavering of the voice, which could not but provoke risibility.*

* Rev. Mr. Polwhele's Recollections.

Custom

OBSERVED BY THE

LORD LIEUTENANTS OF IRELAND.

On the great road from London to West Chester, we find, at the principal inns, the coats of arms of several lord lieutenants of Ireland, framed, and hung up in the best rooms. At the bottom of these armorial pictures (as I may call them) is a full display of all the titles of the party, together with the date of the year when each vice-royship commenced. I have often inquired the reason of this custom, but never could procure a satisfactory answer. I do not reprobate the idea of this relique of ancient dignity, as these heraldic monuments were doubtless intended to operate as public evidences of the passage of each lord-deputy to his delegated government. They now seem only to be preserved for the gratification of the vanity of the capital inn-keepers, by showing to humble travellers that such and such lord lieutenants did them the honour to stop at their houses; and yet I will not say, but that for half-a-crown handsomely offered to his excellency's gentleman, they might likewise become part of the furniture of every ale-house in Dunstable.

After fruitless inquiry, accident furnished me with the ground of this custom, which now only serves to excite a little transitory curiosity. Having occasion to look into sir Dudley Digge's "Complete Ambassador," published in 1654, I was obliged to the editor for a solution, who, in the preface, (signed A. H.,) speaking of the reserve of the English ambassadors, in not making public their negotiations, has this observation:—"We have hardly any notion of them but by their arms, which are hung up in inns where they passed."

This paragraph at once accounts for the point before us, and is sufficient, at the same time, to show that the custom was anciently, and even in the seventeenth century, common to every ambassador, though it now only survives with those who go in the greater and more elevated line of royal representation to Ireland.

SAMUEL PEGGE.*

* Curialia Miscellanea.

For the Table Book.

THE BACHELOR'S PLAINT.

AN ODE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Hark! the curfew, friend to night,
Banishes the cheerful light;
Now the scholar, monk, and sage—
All by lamp that con the page—
All to whom the light is dear
Sigh that sullen knell to hear!
Labour now with day is done;
To the wave the weary sun
Rushes, from its cool to borrow
Vigour for his course to-morrow:
Yet, in kindness, scorning quite
Thus to rob the world of light,
He lends the moon his useful beams,
And through the night by proxy gleams.
Kine unyok'd, sheep safely penn'd,
Ploughmen, hind, and shepherd wend
To the hostel's welcome latch,
From the tankard's draught to snatch

Strength, relax'd, which, blithe of strain,
Deeds of day they act again!
Now the nightingale's sad note
Through the listening air 'gins float,
Warning youth in warded tower,
Maiden in her greenwood bower;
'Tis the very witching time,
Dear alike to love and rhyme!
Every lover, at the strain,
Speeds the shady grove to gain,
Where awaits the treasur'd maid;
Where each care and toil's repaid!
Each fond heart now lightly veers,
With alternate hopes and fears;
Each fond heart now sweetly glows,
With love's rapturous joys and woes;
Each fond heart—ah, why not mine!—
Gently hails the day's decline;
But, alas! mine,—woe is me!—
Is benumb'd by apathy;
Is indifference' dull throne—
There she reigns, unmov'd, alone!
There one stagnant calm presides,
Chilling all sweet feelings' tides!
Ah, methinks, I fierce despair
Better than such calm could bear:
I have nought to hope or fear—
No emotion claims a tear—
No soft rapture wakes a smile,
Meeding centuries of toil!
Listless, sad, forlorn, I rove,
Feeling still the heart wants Love!
Nought to me can pleasure give,
Shadow of the dead I live!
No sweet maid's consenting blush
On my cheek brings rapture's flush!
No fond maiden's tender tear
Thrills my soul with transports dear!
No kind maiden's kiss bestows
Blest reward for all my woes!
No sweet maid's approving smile
Beams my labours to beguile!
Best incentive Love can claim,
Leading age to wealth and fame.
A lone and lonely being I,
Only seem to live—to die!
With mankind my vacant heart
Feels as if it had no part!
Love, thy slave I'd rather be,
Than free, if this is being free!
Rather feel thy worst annoy,
Than live and never know thy joy!
Come, then, let thy keenest dart,
Drive this loath'd Freedom from my heart:
I'll bear whole ages of thy pain,
One moment of thy bliss to gain!

W. T. M.

May, 1827.

BRUMMELLIANA.

A great deal used to be said of Beau Nash and his witticisms; but certainly we never met with any thing of his which was at all equal to the oracular sentences of the gentleman who gives a name to this article. Of all the beaux that ever flourished—at least, of all that ever flourished on the same score—exemplary of waistcoat, and having authoritative boots from which there was no appeal—he appears to us to have been the only one who made a proper and perfect union of the coxcombical and ingenious. Other men may have been as scientific on the subject of bibs, in a draper-like point of view; and others may have said as good things, which had none of the colouring arising out of the consciousness of fashionable preeminence. Beau *Fielding*, we believe, stands on record as the handsomest of beaux. There is Beau *Skeffington*, now rather sir Lumley, who, under all his double-breasted coats and waistcoats, never had any other than a single-hearted soul; he is to be recorded as the most amiable of beaux; but Beau Brummell for your more than finished coxcomb. He could be grave enough, but he was any thing but a solemn coxcomb. He played with his own sceptre. It was found a grand thing to be able to be a consummate fop, and yet have the credit of being something greater; and he was both. Never was any thing more exquisitely conscious, yet indifferent; extravagant, yet judicious. His superiority in dress gave such importance to his genius, and his genius so divested of insipidity his superiority in dress, that the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat; and

"You might almost say the body thought."

It was a moot point which had the more tact, his gloves or his fingers' ends. He played the balls of wit and folly so rapidly about his head, that they lost their distinctions in one crowning and brilliant halo.

Mr. Brummell, it is true, is no longer in favour as a settler of fashions. Why, it is not our business to inquire. But though it may be said of his waistcoat, like Troy, that it *was*, his wit *is*, and will remain; and here, for the first time, a few specimens of it are collected. If George Etheridge himself would not have acknowledged a brother in George Brummell, then are no two gloves of a colour.

To begin with what is usually reckoned the prince of his good things. Mr. Brummell having fallen out of favour with an

illustrious person, was of course to be *cut*, as the phrase is, when met in public. Riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the personage in question, who spoke to the friend without noticing Mr. Brummell, he affected the air of one who waits aloof while a stranger is present; and then, when the great man was moving off, said to his companion, loud enough for the other to hear, and placidly adjusting his bibs, "Eh! who is our fat friend?"

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, madam, I once eat a pea."

Being met limping in Bond-street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know: "they put me in my coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar: nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?"—"No."—"Why, do you know, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," observed a sympathizing group. "Why do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel, Weston, (his valet,) put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? port?—Oh, *port!*—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drank by the lower orders?"

Going to a rout, where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him, and attempted it, he turned placidly round to him, and, with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his *name*. "Johnson," was the answer. "Jauhnson," said Brummell, recollecting, and pretending to feel for a card; "Oh, the name, I remember, was Thaun-son (Thompson;) and Jauhnson and Thaunson, you know, Jauhnson and Thaunson, are really so much the same kind of thing!"

A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it was only a farthing."—"Fellow," said Mr. Brummell, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It was his opinion, that port, and not porter, should be taken with cheese. "A gentleman," said he, "never *malts* with his cheese, he always *ports*."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

Upon receiving some affront from an illustrious personage, he said that it was "rather too good. By gad, I have half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old G—e into fashion."

When he went visiting, he is reported to have taken with him an elaborate dressing apparatus, including a silver basin; "For," said he, "it is impossible to spit in clay."

On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? "Yes," replied B. "last winter."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life, "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champaigne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."*

* Literary Pocket Book.

The Crooked Billet, on Penge Common.

Friday, May, — 1827.

I had appointed this morning with my friend W. for a visit to the gallery of paintings at Dulwich College; and he was to obtain from a printseller an admission ticket, and bring it with him. He came furnished with the ticket, but as the ticket provided that the public were not to be admitted on a Friday, our seeing the pictures was out of the question. Neither of us, however, was in a humour to be disappointed of a holiday; we therefore set out in the direction we had intended. A coachman hailed us from the box of a Dulwich stage; we gave him an assenting nod, and mounted the roof: and after a brisk drive through Walworth and Camberwell, which are now no other way distinguishable from the metropolis, than by the irregular forms and sizes of the houses, and the bits of sickly grass and bottle-green poplars that further diversify them, we attained to the sight of the first out-of-town looking trees and verdure on the ascent towards Herne-hill. Here we began to feel "another air;" and during the calm drive down the hill into Dulwich—the prettiest of all the village entrances in the environs of London—we had glimpses, between the elms and sycamores, of pleasant lawns and blooming gardens, with bursts of the fine distances. The calm of the scene was heightened by the note of the cuckoo: it was no "note of fear" to us—we remembered our good wives surrounded by their families; they had greeted our departure with smiles, and hopes that the day would be pleasant, and that we should enjoy ourselves;—the mother and the children rejoiced in "father's holiday" as a day of happiness to them, because it would make him happier.

Leaving Dulwich College on our right, with an useless regret, that, by our mistake as to the day, the picture-gallery was closed

to us, we indulged in a passing remark on the discrepancies of the building—the hall and west wing of the Elizabethan age; the east wing in the Vanbrugh style; and the gallery differing from each. Alighting, just beyond, at the end of the old road, and crossing to the new one in the same line, we diligently perused an awful notice from the parochial authorities against offenders, and acquainted ourselves with the rewards for apprehending them. The board seemed to be a standing argument in behalf of reading and writing, in opposition to some of the respectable inhabitants of Dulwich, who consider ignorance the exclusive property of labourers and servants, which they cannot be deprived of without injury to their morals.

Ascending the hill, and leaving on the left hand a large house, newly built by a rich timber-merchant, with young plantations that require years of growth before they can attain sufficient strength to defend the mansion from the winds, we reached the summit of the hill, and found a direction-post that pointed us to a choice of several roads. We strolled into one leading to Penge Common through enclosed woodlands. Our ears were charmed by throngs of sweet singing birds; we were in a cathedral of the feathered tribes, where "every denomination" chanted rapturous praises and thanksgivings; the verger-robins twittered as they accompanied us with their full sparkling eyes and bright liveried breasts.

> Chiefs of the choir, and highest in the heavens,
> As emulous to join the angels' songs,
> Were soaring larks; and some had dared so far
> They seem'd like atoms sailing in the light;
> Their voices and themselves were scarce discern'd
> Above their comrades, who, in lower air
> Hung buoyant, brooding melody, that fell
> Streaming, and gushing, on our thirsty ears.
> In this celestial chancel we remain'd
> To reverence these creatures' loud Te Deum—
> A holy office of their simple natures
> To Him—the great Creator and Preserver—
> Whom they instinctively adored.

A gate in the road was opened to us by a poor woman, who had seen our approach from her road-side dwelling; she had the care of collecting the toll from horsemen and carriage-drivers—we were *foot*-passengers, and credited our tailors for the civility. At a few yards beyond this turnpike we stopped to read a dictatorial intimation:—"All trespassers on these woods will be prosecuted, and the constables have orders to take them into custody." I am not sure that there is a "physiognomy of hand-writing," but I am a believer in the physiognomy of style, and the features of this bespoke a Buonaparte of the hundred who had partaken of the carvings under an enclosure-act. No part was fenced off from the common road, and the land had been open to all till spoliation deprived the commoners of their ancient right, and annexed the common soil to a neighbouring domain. Whose it now is, by law, I know not, nor inquired. I look around, and cottages have disappeared, and there are villas instead; and the workhouses are enlarged, and, instead of labour, tread-mills are provided. According to a political economist of ancient times, "There is much food in the tillage of the poor;" and "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." To whom of old was it said, "The spoil of the poor is in your houses?"

We lingered on our way, and passed a bridge over the canal, towards a well-looking public-house, called "the Old Crooked Billet." Before the door is, what is called, a "sign," which, according to modern usage, is a sign-post, with a sign-board without a sign, inscribed with the name of what the sign had been. Formerly this was a little ale-house, and to denote its use to the traveller, the landlord availed himself of one of the large old trees then before the door, and hung upon the lowest of its fine spreading branches not the "sign" of the billet, but a real "crooked billet:" this was the origin of "the Old Crooked Billet" on (what *was*) Penge Common. We had set out late and loitered, and after a brief reconnoitre entered the house in search of

refreshment. The landlord and his family were at dinner in a commodious, respectable bar. He rose to us like "a giant refreshed," and stood before us a good-humoured "Boniface"—every inch a man—who had attained to strength and fair proportion, by virtue of the ease and content wherein he lived. We found from his notable dame that we could have eggs and bacon, and spinach put into the pot from the garden, in a few minutes; nothing could have been suggested more suitable to our inclination, and we had the pleasure of being smiled into a comfortable parlour, with a bow-window view of the common. The time necessary for the preparation of our meal afforded leisure to observe the hostel. W. went out to pencil the exterior in his sketch-book. Except for the situation, and the broad, good-humoured, country face of our landlord, we might have imagined ourselves in town; and this was the only uncomfortable feeling we had. The sign-board on the other side of the road revealed the name of our entertainer—"R. Harding," and the parlour mantlepiece told that he was a "Dealer in Foreign Wines, Segars, &c." This inscription, written in clerk-like German text, framed and glazed, was transportation against my will, to the place from whence I came. Our attention was diverted by the rolling up of a gig, espied afar off by "mine host," who waited at the door with an eye to business, and his hands in the pockets of his jean jacket. The driver, a thin, sharp-featured, pock-faced man, about forty, alighted with as much appearance of kindly disposition as he could bring his features to assume, and begged the favour of an order for "a capital article." His presented card was received with a drop of the landlord's countenance, and a shake of the head. The solicitor—and he looked as keenly as a Chancery-lane one—was a London Capillaire-maker; he urged "a single bottle;" the landlord pleaded his usage of sugar and demurred, nor could he be urged on to trial. Our repast brought in, and finished with a glass of country brewed and a segar, W. completed his sketch, and we paid a moderate charge, and departed with "the Old Crooked Billet" as exhibited in the engraving. The house affords as "good accommodation for man and horse" as can be found in any retired spot so near London. Our stroll to it was delightful. We withdrew along the pleasant road to the village of Beckenham. Its white pointed spire, embowered in trees, had frequently caught our sight in the course of the day, and we desired to obtain a near view of a church, that heightened the cheerful character of the landscape. It will form another article—perhaps two.

*

Witchcraft.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

To the Editor.

Witherslack, near Milnthorpe, Westmoreland.

Sir,—I think you have not celebrated in the *Every-Day Book* the virtues of the mountain ash, or as it is called in the northern counties, the *Wiggen Tree.* —Its *anti-witching* properties are there held in very high esteem. No witch will come near it; and it is believed that the smallest twig, which might cross the path of one of these communers with the powers of darkness, would as effectually stop her career, however wild it might be, or however intent she might be on the business of evil, as did the "key-stane" of the bridge of Doon stop the fiendish crew, that pursued poor Tam O'Shanter and his luckless mare Maggie.

You are well aware that there are few places, especially in the country, in which one of these agents of the devil, ycleped "witches," does not reside. She may always be known by her extreme penury and ugliness. There is generally also a protuberance of flesh on some part of the neck or jaw, by which it is known that she has sold herself to the father of lies. She has usually a large black cat, of which she is prodigiously fond, and takes special care. Some shrewdly suspect this to be the "old gentleman" himself. She is very envious, and frequently makes malicious prognostications of evil, which subsequent events but too faithfully verify. She must therefore, with all these qualifications, be the authoress of every mishap, which cannot more reasonably be accounted for. For example, should the "auld witch" call at any farm-house during the operation of churning, and be suffered to depart without a sop being thrown to her, in the shape of a small print of butter, you will be sure to have many a weary hour of labour the next time you churn, before butter can be obtained. And, therefore, to prevent the old beldam introducing herself into the churn, the churn-staff must be made of the "*Wiggen* Tree," and you will be effectually freed

from her further interference in that case. The cattle in the stables and cow-houses, if she takes a spite against you, are frequently found, or dreaded to be found, (for many an instance of such things is recorded on undoubted testimony,) in a morning, tied together, standing on their heads, the cows milked, and every other mischievous prank played, which a malicious fiend could invent: and therefore to prevent all these dire ills, the shafts of the forks, and all other utensils used in those places, must be made of the all-powerful "Wiggen." She frequently does the same mischief in places far remote on the same night; and although old and crippled, and showing "all the variety of wretchedness" by day, at night she mounts her broomstick, and wings her airy course to the moon, if need be. All honest people, who have a due regard to undisturbed slumbers during the night, when all the world knows that

> Church-yards yawn,
> And hell itself breathes forth contagion to the world,

take special care to have a branch of this never-failing antidote to witchery at their bed heads. This has been the practice of my mother ever since I can remember; she also carries a hare's foot in her pocket, to guard against all attacks in that quarter by day. You will think that these precautions are very uncalled for, perhaps, at this time of day, but such we have been in our generations, and such to a considerable extent we *now are*, and therefore pray do record us.

I remain, Sir, &c.

CARLE.

A PARTICULAR DIRECTION.

A few months ago a letter, bearing the following curious superscription, was put into the post-office in Manchester:—"For Mr. Colwell that Keeps the Shop in Back Anderson-st. to Bee Gave to Jack Timlen that Keeps the pigs in his own Sellar in Back Anderson-st. the irish man that has the Large family that bgs the mail from Mr. Colwell and milk to Bolton."*

* Bolton Express.

Garrick Plays.

No XIX.

[From the "Silver Age," an Historical Play, by Thomas Heywood, 1613.]

Proserpine seeking Flowers.

Pros. O may these meadows ever barren be,
That yield of flowers no more variety!
Here neither is the White nor Sanguine Rose,
The Strawberry Flower, the Paunce, nor Violet;
Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose:
Going to beg, I am with a Beggar met,
That wants as much as I. I should do ill
To take from them that need.—

Ceres, after the Rape of her Daughter.

Cer. Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine?
Speak, Jove's fair Daughter, whither art thou stray'd
I've sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd fields
Yet cannot find my Child. Her scatter'd flowers,
And garland half-made-up, I have lit upon;
But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon,* that hath scorcht the trees,
And singed the grass: these ruts the sun ne'er sear'd.
Where art thou, Love, where art thou, Proserpine?—

She questions Triton for her Daughter.

Cer. —— thou that on thy shelly trumpet
Summons the sea-god, answer from the depth.
Trit. On Neptune's sea-horse with my concave tramp
Thro' all the abyss I've shrill'd thy daughter's loss.
The channels clothed in waters, the low cities
In which the water-gods and sea-nymphs dwell,
I have perused; sought thro' whole woods and forests
Of leafless coral, planted in the deeps;
Toss'd up the beds of pearl; rouzed up huge whales,
And stern sea-monsters, from their rocky dens;
Those bottoms, bottomless; shallows and shelves,
And all those currents where th' earth's springs break in;
Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises,
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else:
Thro' all our ebbs and tides my trump hath blazed her,
Yet can no cavern shew me Proserpine.

She questions the Earth.

Cer. Fair sister Earth, for all these beauteous fields,
Spread o'er thy breast; for all these fertile crops,
With which my plenty hath enrich'd thy bosom;
For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain,
With which so oft thy temples I have crowned;
For all the yearly liveries, and fresh robes,
Upon thy summer beauty I bestow—
Shew me my Child!
Earth. Not in revenge, fair Ceres,
That your remorseless ploughs have rak't my breast,

* The car of Dis.

Nor that your iron-tooth'd harrows print my face
So full of wrinkles; that you dig my sides
For marle and soil, and make me bleed my springs
Thro' all my open'd veins to weaken me—
Do I conceal your Daughter. I have spread
My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,
Examin'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,
Marshes and wolds, my woods and champain fields,
My dens and caves—and yet, from foot to head,
I have no place on which the Moon* doth tread.

Cer. Then, Earth, thou'st lost her; and, for Proserpine,
I'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.
No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows;
I'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain-strike:
With idle agues I'll consume thy swains;
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whose spikes the weed and coooh-grass shall outgrow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,
Or mildews rot; and what remains, shall be
A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh Proserpine!—
You Gods that dwell above, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks,
Fountains and wells, some one among you all
Shew me her self or grave: to you I call.

Arethusa riseth.

Are. That can the river Arethusa do.
My streams you know, fair Goddess, issue forth
From Tartary by the Tenarian isles:
My head's in Hell where Stygian Pluto reigns.
There did I see the lovely Proserpine,
Whom Pluto hath rapt hence; behold her girdle,
Which on her way dropt from her lovely waist,
And scatter'd in my streams.—Fair Queen, adieu!
Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

[From the "Golden Age," an Historical Play, by the same Author, 1611.]

Sibilla, the Wife of Saturn, is by him enjoined to slay the new-born Jupiter. None can do it for his smiles.

Sibilla. Vesta. Nurse.

Sib. Mother, of all that ever mothers were
Most wretched! Kiss thy sweet babe ere he die,
That hath life only lent to suffer death.
Sweet Lad, I would thy father saw thee smile.
Thy beauty, and thy pretty infancy,
Would mollify his heart, were't hew'd from flint,
Or carved with iron tools from Corsic rock.
Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.
Oh! if thou needs must die, I'll be thy murtheress,
And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.—
And can'st thou laugh to see thy mother weep?
Or art thou in thy chearful smiles so free,
In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny?
I'll kiss thee ere I kill thee: for my life
The Lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.

Vest. Then give him me; I am his Grandmother,
And I will kill him gently: this sad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt him not.

Vest. Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat
I have not heart to give thee many wounds,
My kindness is to take thy life at once.
Now—
Alack, my pretty Grandchild, smilest thou still?
I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.

Nurse. You may be careless of the King's command,
But it concerns me; and I love my life
More than I do a Stripling's. Give him me,
I'll make him sure; a sharp weapon lend,
I'll quickly bring the Youngster to his end.—
Alack, my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin
With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.
O Madam, he's so full of angel grace,
I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'll wink, and strike; come, once more reach him hither;
For die he must, so Saturn hath decreed:
'Las, for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vest. Ne shall he do. But swear me secrecy;
The Babe shall live, and we be dangerless.

C. L.

* Proserpine; who was also Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth.

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.

One of the superstitions prevailing in Devonshire is, that any individual neglecting to kill the first butterfly he may see for the season will have ill-luck throughout the year. The following recent example is given by a young lady:—"The other Sunday, as we were walking to church, we met a man running at full speed, with his hat in one hand, and a stick in the other. As he passed us, he exclaimed, 'I sha'n't hat'en now, I b'lieve.' He did not give us time to inquire what he was so eagerly pursuing; but we presently overtook an old man, whom we knew to be his father, and who being very infirm, at upwards of seventy, generally hobbled about by the aid of two sticks. Addressing me, he observed, 'My *zin* a took away wan a' my sticks, miss, wan't be ebble to kill'n now, though, I b'lieve.' 'Kill what?' said I. 'Why, 'tis a butterfly, miss, the *furst* hee'th a zeed for the year; and they zay that a body will have cruel bad luck if a ditn'en kill a *furst* a zeeth.'"*

* Dorset Chronicle, May, 1825.

KING JAMES I. AT DURHAM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—If you think the subjoined worthy of a place in your *Table Book*, I shall feel glad to see it. I believe it has never been in print; it is copied from an entry in one of the old corporation books.

Yours, very truly,
Durham, May, 1827. M. J.

THE MANNER OF THE KINGES MAJESTY COMING TO THE CITTIE OF DURHAM, ANNO DOM. 1617, AS FOLLOWETH.

Upon Good Friday, being the 18th of April, 1617, Mr. Heaborne, one of his majesties gentlemen ushers spoke to George Walton, Maior, that it was his majesties pleasure to come in state unto the cittie, and that it were fitting that the maior and aldermen should be ready upon the next daie following, being Satturdaie, to give their attendance upon his majestie in some convenient place within the cittie; and the said maior to have his *foot-cloth horse* their ready to attend, which likewise was done upon Elvet Bridge, near the tower thereof, being new rayled, within the rayles of wood then made for that purpose: at which time his said majesties said gentleman usher standing by the said maior and aldermen till his majesties coming, when there was a speech delivered by the said maior to his majestie, together with the maces and staffe; and at time fitting in the same speech so made, a silver bowle gilt, with a cover, was presented by the said maior to his majestie, which appeares as followeth:—

"Most gracious soveraigne. What unspeakable joy is this your highness presents unto us, your loving subjects; our tongues are not able to utter, nor our meanes to shew you welcome. Your gracious majestie, at your happie cominge hither with much peace and plentie found this cittie inabled, with divers liberties and priveledges, all sovering pittie and power spiritual and temporal being in yourself, gave unto us the same againe; and afterwards, of your gracious bountie, confirmed them under your great seal of England. We humbly beseech your majestie continue your favours towards this cittie; and in token of our love and loyaltie, crave the acceptance of this myte, and we shall be readie to the uttermost expence of our dearest bloud, to defend you and your royal progeny here on earth, as with our prayers to God to blesse you and all yours in all eternitie."

After which speech the maior was called by his majesties gentleman usher to take his horse, and to ride before his majestie; immediate upon which commandment made by his majesties gentleman usher, there was at the same place, about forty yards distance, certayne verses spoken by an apprentice of this cittie to his majestie, as followeth: after which, the maior was placed in rank next the sword, and so rode forward, carring the citties mace, to the church.

To the Kinges most Excellent Majestie.

"Durham's old cittie thus salutes our king
With entertainment, she doth homlie bring:
And cannot smyle upon his majestie
With shew of greatness; but humilitie
Makes her express herself in modern guise
Dejected to this north, bare to your eyes.
For the great prelate, which of late adorde
His dignities, and for which we implore
Your highnesse aide to have a continuance—
And so confirmed by your dread —— arm.
Yet what our royal James did grant herein,
William, our bishoppe, hath oppugnant been;
Small task to sway down smallnesse, where man's might
Hath greater force than equity or right.
But these are only in your brest included
From your most gracious grant. Therefore we pray,
That the faire sunshine of your brightest daie,
Would smyle upon this cittie with clere beams,
To exhale the tempest off insuing streames.
Suffer not, great prince, our ancient state,
By one fore'd will to be depopulate,
Tis one seeks our undoeing: but to you,
Ten thousand hearts shall pray, and knees shall bowe:
And this dull cell of earth wherein we live,
Unto your name immortal prayse shall give.
Confirm our grant, good kinge. Durham's old cittie
Would be more powerful so it has Jame's pittie."

REMARK.

The complaint against the bishop arose from a suit which he had instituted against the corporation in the Exchequer, for taking all the bishop's privileges and profits of the markets and courts into their own hands, and for driving his officers by violence out of the tollbooth on the 3d of October, (7th of James I.,) and preventing their holding the courts there as usual, as well as for several other similar matters, when judgment was given against the corporation on the 24th of June, (8th of James I.,) 1611.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Every intelligent mind of right reflection accords its wishes for general enlightenment. It appears, from a fashionable miscellany, that a late distinguished writer expressed himself to that effect; the following are extracts from the article referred to. They contain, in the sequel, a forcible opinion on the tendency of the present general diffusion of literature.—

Conversations of Maturin.

Maturin's opinions of poetry, as of every thing else, were to be inferred rather than gathered. It was very difficult to draw him into literary conversation: like Congreve, he wished to be an author only in his study. Yet he courted the society of men of letters when it was to be had; but would at any time have sacrificed it to dally an hour in the drawing-room, or at the quadrille. Sometimes, however, amongst friends (particularly if he was in a splenetic mood) he freely entered into a discussion upon the living authors of England, and delivered his opinions rapidly, brilliantly, and with effect. On one occasion a conversation of this description took place, in which I had the pleasure of participating. I will recall the substance of it as well as I can. Do not expect from Maturin the turgidity of Boswell's great man, or the amiable philosophy of Franklin: you will be disappointed if you anticipate any thing profound or speculative from him; for at the best of times he was exceedingly fond of mixing up the frivolity of a fashionable conversazione with the most solid subjects.

I met him in the county of Wicklow on a pedestrian excursion in the autumn; a relaxation he constantly indulged in, particularly at that season of the year. It was in that part of the vale of Avoca, where Moore is said to have composed his celebrated song: a green knoll forms a gradual declivity to the river, which flows through the vale, and in the centre of the knoll there is the trunk of an old oak, cut down to a seat. Upon that venerable trunk, say the peasants, Moore sat when he composed a song that, like the Rans de Vache of the Swiss, will be sung amidst those mountains and valleys as long as they are inhabited. Opposite to that spot I met Maturin, accompanied by a young gentleman carrying a fishing-rod. We were at the distance of thirty miles from Dublin; in the heart of the most beautiful valley in the island; surrounded by associations of history and poetry, with spirits subdued into tranquillity by the Italian skies above, and the peaceful gurgling of the waters below us. Never shall I forget Maturin's strange appearance amongst those romantic dells. He was dressed in a crazy and affectedly shabby suit of black, that had waxed into a "brilliant polish" by over zeal in the service of its master; he wore no cravat, for the heat obliged him to throw it off, and his delicate neck rising gracefully from his thrice-crested collar, gave him an appearance of great singularity. His raven hair, which he generally wore long, fell down luxuriantly without a breath to agitate it; and his head was crowned with a hat which I could sketch with a pencil, but not with a pen. His gait and manner were in perfect keeping; but his peculiarities excited no surprise in me, for I was accustomed to them. In a short time we were seated on the banks of the Avoca, the stream cooling our feet with its refreshing spray, and the green foliage protecting us from the sun.

"Moore is said to have written his song in this place."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied Maturin. "No man ever wrote poetry under a burning sun, or in the moonlight. I have often attempted a retired walk in the country at moonlight, when I had a madrigal in my head, and every gust of wind rang in my ears like the footsteps of a robber. One robber would put to flight a hundred tropes. You feel uneasy in a perfectly secluded place, and cannot collect your mind."

"But Moore, who is a poet by inspiration, could write in any circumstances?"

"There is no man of the age labours harder than Moore. He is often a month working out the fag-end of an epigram. 'Pon my honour, I would not be such a victim to literature for the reputation of Pope, the greatest man of them all."

"Don't you think that every man has his own peculiarity in writing, and can only write under particular excitements, and in a particular way?"

"Certainly. Pope, who ridiculed such a caprice, practised it himself; for he never wrote well but at midnight. Gibbon dictated to his amanuensis, while he walked up and down the room in a terrible passion; Stephens wrote on horseback in a full gallop; Montaigne and Chateaubriand in the fields; Sheridan over a bottle of wine; Molière with his knees in the fire; and lord Bacon in a small room, which he said helped him to condense his thoughts. But Moore, whose peculiarity is retirement,

would never come here to write a song he could write better elsewhere, merely because it related to the place."

"Why omit yourself in the list? you have your own peculiarity."

"I compose on a long walk; but then the day must neither be too hot, nor cold; it must be reduced to that medium from which you feel no inconvenience one way or the other; and then when I am perfectly free from the city, and experience no annoyance from the weather, my mind becomes lighted by sunshine, and I arrange my plan perfectly to my own satisfaction."

"From the quantity of works our living poets have given to the public, I would be disposed to say that they write with great facility, and without any nervous whim."

* * * * * *

"But lord Byron—he must write with great ease and rapidity?"

"That I don't know; I never could finish the perusal of any of his long poems. There is something in them excessively at variance with my notions of poetry. He is too fond of the obsolete; but that I do not quarrel with so much as his system of converting it into a kind of modern antique, by superadding tinsel to gold. It is a sort of mixed mode, neither old nor new, but incessantly hovering between both."

"What do you think of Childe Harold?"

"I do not know what to think of it, nor can I give you definitively my reasons for disliking his poems generally."

"You have taken up a prejudice, perhaps, from a passage you have forgotten, and never allowed yourself patience to examine it."

"Perhaps so; but I am not conscious of a prejudice."

"No man is."

* * * * *

"And which of the living poets fulfils your ideal standard of excellence?"

"Crabbe. He is all nature without pomp or parade, and exhibits at times deep pathos and feeling. His characters are certainly homely, and his scenes rather unpoetical; but then he invests his subject with so much genuine tenderness and sweetness, that you care not who are the actors, or in what situations they are placed, but pause to recollect where it was you met something similar in real life. Do you remember the little story 'Delay is Danger?' I'll recite you a few lines describing my favourite scene, an autumn-evening landscape:—

"On the right side the youth a wood survey'd,
With all its dark intensity of shade;
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,
In this, the pause of nature and of love,
When now the young are rear'd, and when the old,
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men
Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen;
Before him swallows, gathering for the sea,
Took their short flights, and twitter'd on the lea
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,
And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun;
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look,
And of his mind—he ponder'd for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrow'd smile.'

"Except Gray's Elegy, there is scarcely so melancholy and touching a picture in English poetry."

"And whom do you estimate after Crabbe?"

"I am disposed to say Hogg. His Queen's Wake is a splendid and impassioned work. I like it for its varieties, and its utter simplicity. What a fine image is this of a devoted vessel suddenly engulfed at sea:

"Some ran to the cords, some kneel'd at the shrine.
But all the wild elements seem'd to combine;
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean!"

"But do not altogether take me at my word in what I say of Crabbe and Hogg. They have struck the chord of my taste; but they are not, perhaps, the first men of the day. Moore is a writer for whom I feel a strong affection, because he has done that which I would have done if I could: but after him it would be vain to try any thing."

* * * * *

"Is it your opinion that the swarm of minor poets and writers advance the cause of literature, or that the public taste would be more refined and informed, if those who administered to it were fewer and better?"

"I object to prescribing laws to the republic of letters. It is a free republic, in which every man is entitled to publicity if he chooses it. The effect unquestionably of a swarm of minor poets is the creation of a false taste amongst a certain class; but then that is a class that otherwise would have no taste at all, and it is well to draw their attention to literature by any agency. In the next age their moral culture will improve, and we shall go on gradually diminishing the contagion."*

* New Monthly Magazine.

"Sixpence a pound, fair cherries!"

"Troop, every one!"

Old London Cries, No. II.

We have here a print of the cherry-woman of a hundred years ago, when cherries were so little grown, that the popular street cry was double the price of the present day. Readers of the *Every-Day Book* may remember the engraving of the "London barrow-woman," with her cherry-cry—"round and sound"—the cherry-woman (that *was*) of our own times—the recollection of whose fine person, and melodious voice, must recur to every one who saw and heard her—a real picture to the mind's eye, discoursing "most excellent music."

The man blowing a trumpet, "Troop, every one!" was a street seller of hobby-horses—toys for the children of a hundred years ago. He carried them, as represented in the engraving, arranged in a partitioned frame on his shoulder, and to each horse's head was a small flag with two bills attached. The crier and his ware are wholly extinct. Now-a-days we give a boy the first stick at hand to thrust between his legs as a Bucephalus—the shadow of a shade:—our forefathers were better natured, for they presented him with something of the semblance of the generous animal. Is a horse now less popular with boys than then? or did they, at that time, rather imitate the galloping of the real hobby-horse in the pageants and mummeries that passed along the streets, or pranced in the shows at fairs and on the stage? Be that as it may, this is a pretty plaything for "little master;" and toy-makers would find account in reviving the manufacture for the rising generation. They have improved the little girl's doll, and baby-house: are they ignorant that boys, as soon as they can walk, demand a whip and a horse?

MR. HOBDAY'S GALLERY.

No. 54, Pall-mall.

In addition to the associations for the exhibition and sale of pictures by living artists, Mr. Hobday opened an establishment on the 21st of May for the same purpose, adjoining the British Institution. This gentleman is known to the public as a respectable portrait painter, with a taste for art entitled to consideration for his present spirited endeavour in its behalf.

In this exhibition there are performances of distinguished merit by several eminent artists. The Upas, or poison-tree of Java, by Mr. Danby, in illustration of the legend in Darwin's Loves of the Plants, is a fine picture, already known. Another by Mr. Danby—is a wood on the sea-shore, with figures, Ulysses and Nausicaa, from Homer. A Fête Champêtre, by Mr. Stothard, is one of a class of subjects, which its venerable painter has distinguished by his magic pencil; Mr. Edwin Landseer's Lion disturbed at his repast, a forcible and well-remembered effort of his genius, stands near it. Mr. Charles Landseer's Merchant, with Slaves and Merchandise, reposing in a Brazilian Rancho; the Entombing of Christ, by Mr. Westall; landscapes, by Messrs. Daniel, Glover, Hoffland, Laporte, Linnell, W. Westall, &c.; pictures by sir W. Beechey, Messrs. Chalon, Kidd, Heaphy, Rigaud, Singleton, Stephanoff, J. Ward, &c., grace the walls of the establishment. Every picture in this gallery is for sale; and, under Mr. Hobday's management, it promises to be a means of introducing the public to an acquaintance with distinguished works of art still remaining open to the selection of its patrons.

Topography.

ORIGINAL NOTICE.

For the Table Book.

Denton-castle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and on the north-west side of Otley, was once the seat of the parliament's general, Fairfax, and came to the present family of Ibbetson by relationship. Prince Rupert in passing by it on his march into Lancashire, in order to assist the king's troops in that quarter, was about to raze it, but going into the house, he observed the pictures of the Manners and the Villiers, Fairfax's ancestors, and out of good will towards them he desisted. It, however, was afterwards unfortunately destroyed by the carelessness of a maid servant, who dropping asleep at the time she was picking feathers, the candle fell into the feathers and burnt the house to the ground. In a few years afterwards, it was rebuilt by the father of sir Henry Ibbetson, bart. in the year 1721, and has this remarkable motto in the pediment:—

"Quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis nec poterit ferrum."

Verses

To the memory of Denzil Ibbetson, fourth son of sir Henry Ibbetson, bart., who unfortunately lost his life by an accidental discharge of his gun when shooting at Cocken, near Durham, the seat of his aunt, lady Mary Carr, sister of Henry earl of Darlington—1774.

1.

Thy fate, lamented Ibbetson, we were.
With an unfeign'd and sympathetic tear;
Thy virtues, on our mem'ries graven deep,
Recall the painful thought of what was dear.

2.

Yet 'tis not for thy sufferings, but our own,
That heaves the heartfelt melancholy sigh,
That death, which haply cost thee not a groan,
Leaves us to mourn with what we ne'er can vie.

3.

That life, good humour, and that manly sense,
Those ever-pleasing ties, that friendly heart,
Which but unwittingly could give offence,
Disarm'd ev'n Death's grim tyrant of his dart.

4.

Without one pang or agonizing groan,
Thy soul reliev'd forsook its vile abode,
For joys more worthy of the good alone—
"The bosom of thy Father and thy God."

PRONUNCIATION.

The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough*, is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz. as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ock*.

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through;
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

For the Table Book.

EMIGRATION OF THE ROOKS

FROM

CARLTON GARDENS, 1827.

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds confabulate or no:—
'Tis certain they were always able,
To hold discourse, at least in fable."
Cowper.

The mandate pass'd, the axe applied,
The woodman's efforts echoed wide;
The toppling elm trees fell around,
And cumbrous ruin strew'd the ground.
The tuneful thrush, whose vernal song
Was earliest heard the boughs among,
Exil'd from grounds, where he was bred,
To some far habitation fled;
Remote from court and courtly strife,
To pass a sober, quiet life.
O'er head the Rooks, in circles flew,
And closer still, and closer drew;
Then perch'd amid the desolation,
In senatorial consultation:
The chairman, far advanc'd in age,
A sapient-looking personage,
Who long the councils of the land
Had sway'd with a tenacious hand;
—For e'en among the feather'd race,
There are, who cling to pow'r and place:—
There wanted not, among the throng,
Those who averr'd, that much too long
He had, within the sable state,
Continued to adjudicate;—
So tardily his judgments came,
They injur'd his judicial fame;
What, though they were untied by bribe,
Or fear;—the sad impatient tribe,
Who fed on Hope's expectancies,
Were ruin'd—by his just decrees!
But to our tale:—the speaker now,
Perch'd on an elm tree's topmost bough,
Had hush'd the multitude in awe,
You might not hear a single "caw;"
He then in pride of conscious pow'r,
Commenc'd the business of the hour.
"Ye rooks and daws in senate met;"
He said, and smooth'd his breast of jet:
"What crimes, among our sable band,
Have brought this ruin on our land?
Has murder mark'd our noonday flight?
Or depredation in the night?
Has rook or daw, in thought or word,
Rebell'd against our Sovereign Lord?
No! rather say, our loyalty
Has echo'd oft, from tree to tree!
Have we not, when the cannon's sound
Gave joyous intimation round,
Of triumph won by land or sea,
Join'd in the general jubilee?
Why, then, ye advocates of *taste*,
Lay ye our habitations waste?
Why level low our rookery,
And blot it out from memory?
Man lacketh not a host of pleas,
To vindicate his cruelties.
'Improvement's come!' 'tis thus they rhyme,
'Upon the rolling car of Time.'*—
Yes! come, if blessings they dispense,
With due regard to feeling—sense;
But when they emanate from pride,
And scheme on scheme is multiplied,
To beautify by acts like this,
Their overgrown metropolis,
To please the vitiate taste of men,
They cease to be improvements then.
'Tis not enough, to please the eye,
With terrace walks, and turrets high;
With sloping lawns, and dark arcades;
With cock-boat lakes, and forest glades,
With schoolboy cataracts and jets;
With Turkish mosques and minarets!
Or Lilliputian arches, rich,
Spanning a vegetating ditch!
Improvement opes a nobler field,
Than Grecian plinth and column yield!
'Tis when the streams of treasure flow,
To lighten sorrow,—soften woe;—
Rebuild the structure, ruin raz'd,
Relume the eye, that want hath glaz'd:
And flowing far from revelry,
They cheer the sons of penury,
Who sicken in the breeze of health!
And starve, amid a nation's wealth!
To chase despair—and bring relief,
For human crime, and human grief!
These are thy triumphs, Virtue! these
Are sparks of heav'n-born sympathies,
That through man's denser nature shine,
And prove his origin divine!
Oh! may we hope, in Britain's school,
There are, who, free from sophist rule,
Have learnt not, 'neath Italian skies,
Their native genius to despise;
In whom, amid the bosom's throes,
The innate love of country glows!
Assembled birds! it is for you
To point the course we must pursue:
Our monarch ne'er could contemplate
Amid the recent change in state,
That we, like other rooks, should be
Exil'd from seats of royalty!
Then let us humbly seek the throne,
And make our common grievance known
His Majesty will ne'er consent,
That this, our sable parliament,
Should thus be driv'n abroad to roam,
And banish'd from our native home."

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* Come bright Improvement on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!
Pleasures of Hope

He ceas'd;—a shout of wild applause,
Tumultuous burst, from rooks and daws!
Ne'er yet, had yonder central sun,
Since worlds had in their orbits run,
Beheld upon a spot of earth
So much of simultaneous mirth.
Scarce had the turbulence subsided,
When, as if Fate their joy derided,
The hatchet reach'd with thund'ring stroke
The tree from whence the Chairman spoke.
Alas! the triumph was but brief;
The sound struck awe—like midnight thief—
The senate fled from falling trees,
And stretch'd their pinions to the breeze:
The shrubs behind Spring Garden-place
Receiv'd the emigrated race.
Now far from woodman's axe, with care
They build, and breed, and nestle there.

T. T.

MUSIC AND ANIMALS.

Bonaventure d'Argonne says, "Doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sounds of instruments, and that beasts are touched with it, I one day, being in the country, endeavoured to determine the point; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected; and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, lifting his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward: some birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine."

IRISHMEN ON A HOLIDAY.

When they met at a "pattern," (patron, perhaps,) or merry-making, the lively dance of the girls, and the galloping jig-note of the bagpipes, usually gave place to the clattering of alpeens, and the whoops of onslaught; when one of them sold his pig, or, under Providence, his cow, at the fair, the kicking up of a "scrimmage," or at least the plunging head foremost into one, was as much matter of course as the long draughts of ale or whiskey that closed his mercantile transaction. At the village hurling-match, the "hurlet," or crooked stick, with which they struck the ball, often changed its playful utility; nay, at a funeral, the body was scarce laid in the grave, when the voice of petty discord might be heard above the grave's silence.

These contentions, like all great events, generally arose from very trivial causes. A drunken fellow, for instance, was in a strange public-house; he could not content himself with the new faces near him, so struck at some three, six, or ten, as it might be; and, in course, got soundly drubbed. On his return home he related his case of injury, exhibiting his closed eye, battered mouth, or remnant of nose; enlisting all his relatives, "kith-and-kin;" in fact, all his neighbours who liked "a bit of diversion," and they generally included the whole male population able to bear arms. At the head of his faction he attended the next fair, or other place of popular resort, where he might expect to meet his foes; the noise of his muster went abroad, or he sent a previous challenge: the opposite party assembled in as much force as possible, never declining the encounter; one or other side was beaten, and tried to avenge its disgrace on the first opportunity; defeat again followed, and again produced like efforts and results; and thus the solemn feud ran through a number of years and several generations.

A wicked, "devil-may-care" fellow, feverish for sport, would, at fair, pattern, or funeral, sometimes smite another without any provocation, merely to create a riot; the standers-by would take different sides, as their taste or connections inclined them; and the fray, thus commencing between two individuals who owed each other no ill-will, embroiled half the assembled concourse. Nay, a youth, in despair that so fine a multitude was likely to separate peaceably, stripped off his heavy outside coat, and trailed it through the puddle, daring any of the lookers on to tread upon

it; his defiance was rarely ineffectual; he knocked down, if possible, the invited offender; a general battle ensued, that soon spread like wild-fire, and every "alpeen" was at work in senseless clatter and unimaginable hostility.

The occurrence of the word "alpeen" seems to suggest a description of the weapon of which it is the name, and this can best be given in a piece of biographical anecdote.

Jack Mullally still lives in fame, though his valiant bones are dust. He was the landlord of a public-house in a mountain district; a chivalrous fellow, a righter of wrongs, the leader of a faction of desperate fighting men, and, like Arthur, with his doughty knights, a match for any four among them, though each a hero; and, above all, the armourer of his department. In Jack's chimney-corner hung bundles of sticks, suspended there for the purpose of being dried and seasoned; and these were of two descriptions of warlike weapons; shortish oaken cudgels, to be used as quarter-staves, or, *par excellence*, genuine shillelaghs; and the alpeens themselves,—long wattles with heavy knobs at the ends, to be wielded with both hands, and competent, under good guidance, to the felling of a reasonable ox.

Jack and his subjects, Jack and his alpeens, were rarely absent from any fair within twenty miles, having always business on hands in the way of their association. When a skirmish took place, the side that could enlist in its interests Jack, his alpeens, and his merry men, was sure of victory. The patriarch was generally to be found seated by his kitchen fire; business was beneath him; he left all that to the "vanithee;" and his hours lapsed, when matters of moment did not warn him to the field, either in wetting his sticks with a damp cloth, and then heating them over the turf blaze, to give them the proper curve; or, in teaching a pet starling to speak Irish, and whistle "Shaun Buoy;" or, haply, in imbibing his own ale or whiskey, and smoking his short black pipe, or *doohdeen*, as himself termed it. And here he gave audience to the numerous suitors and ambassadors who, day by day, came to seek his aid, preparatory to a concerted engagement. His answer was never hastily rendered. He promised, at all events, to be with his corps at the appointed ground; and then and there he would proclaim of which side he was the ally. This precautionary course became the more advisable, as he was always sure of a request from both factions; and time, forethought, and inquiry, were necessary to ascertain which side might prove the weakest; for to the weakest (the most aggrieved formed no part of his calculations) Jack invariably extended his patronage.

The *vanithee*, good woman, when she heard of an approaching fair, or other popular meeting, immediately set about preparing plasters and ointments; and this resulted from a thrifty forecast; for were she to call in a doctor every time her husband's head wanted piecing, it would run away with the profits of her business. Jack, indeed, never forgot his dignity so far as to inform his wife that he intended being engaged on such occasions; but she always took it for granted, and with the bustle of a good housewife, set about her preparations accordingly: till, at length, a breach happened in his skull which set her art at defiance; and ever since she lives the sole proprietor of the public-house where Jack once reigned in glory. The poor widow has thriven since her husband's death; and is now rich, not having lately had Jack's assistance in spending, (she never had it in earning.) She recounts his exploits with modest spirit; and one blessing at least has resulted from her former matronly care of the good man—she is the Lady Bountiful of her district; a quack it may be, yet sufficiently skilful for the uncomplicated ailments of her country customers.*

LONDON HOLIDAYS.

Holidays, like all other natural and lively things, are good things; and the abuse does not argue against the use. They serve to keep people in mind that there is a green and glad world, as well as a world of brick and mortar and money-getting. They remind them disinterestedly of one another, or that they have other things to interchange besides bills and commodities. If it were not for holidays and poetry, and such like stumbling blocks to square-toes, there would be no getting out of the way of care and common-places.—They keep the world fresh for improvement. The great abuse of holidays is when they are too few. There are offices, we understand, in the city, in which, with the exception of Sundays, people have but one holiday or so throughout the year, which appears to us a very melancholy hilarity. It is like a single living thing in a solitude, which only adds to the solitariness. A clerk issuing forth on his exclusive Good Friday must in vain

* Tales of the O'Hara Family. *First Series.*

attempt to be merry, unless he is a very merry person at other times. He must be oppressed with a sense of all the rest of the year. He cannot have time to smile before he has to be grave again. It is a difference, a dream, a wrench, a lay-sabbath, any thing but a holiday. There was a Greek philosopher, who, when he was asked on his death-bed what return could be made him for the good he had done his country, requested that all the little boys might have a holiday on the anniversary of his birth-day. Doubtless they had many besides, and yet he would give them another. When we were at school, we had a holiday on every saint's day, and this was pretty nearly all that we, or, indeed, any one else, knew of some of those blessed names in the calendar. When we came to know that they had earned this pleasure for us by martyrdom and torment, we congratulated ourselves that we had not known it sooner; and yet, upon the principle of the Greek philosopher, perhaps a true lover of mannikin-kind would hardly object to have his old age burnt out at the stake, if he could secure to thousands hereafter the beatitude of a summer's holiday.*

THE HUSBANDMEN OF HINDU.

They are generally termed Koonbees, and on the whole they are better informed than the lower classes of our own countrymen; they certainly far surpass them in propriety and orderliness of demeanour. They are mild and unobtrusive in their manners, and quickly shrink from any thing like an opposite behaviour in others. Litigation is not a marked part of their character. They are forgetful of injury; or if they harbour animosity, they are seldom hurried by it into acts of violence or cruelty. Custom has taught them not to have much respect for their women, or rather, indeed, to look on them with contempt; but they are always indulgent to them, and never put any restraint on their liberty. The great attachment they have to their children forms an amiable part of their character. They are usually frugal, inclining to parsimony, and not improvident; but at their marriage feasts they are lavish and profuse, and on these and other occasions often contract debts that are a burden to them for life. Their religion strongly enjoins charity, and they are disposed to be hospitable, but their extreme poverty is a bar to their being extensively so. No person, however, would ever be in want of a meal amongst them, and they are always kind and attentive to strangers when there is nothing offensive in their manners. They are just in their dealings amongst themselves, but would not be scrupulous in overreaching government or those without. Theft is scarcely known amongst them, and the voice of the community is loud against all breaches of decorum, and attaches weight and respectability to virtuous conduct in its members. The vices of this people, which they owe chiefly to their government, are dissimulation, cunning, and a disregard to truth. They are naturally timid, and will endeavour to redress their wrongs rather by stratagem than more generous means; when roused, however, they will be found not without courage, nor by any means contemptible enemies. Although not remarkable for sharpness, they are not wanting in intelligence. They are all minutely informed in every thing that relates to their own calling. They are fond of conversation, discuss the merits of different modes of agriculture, the characters of their neighbours, and every thing that relates to the concerns of the community, and many of them are not without a tolerable knowledge of the leading events of the history of their country.

The Hindu husbandman rises at cock crow, washes his hands, feet, and face, repeats the names of some of his gods, and perhaps takes a whiff of his pipe or a quid of tobacco, and is now ready to begin his labour. He lets loose his oxen, and drives them leisurely to his fields, allowing them to graze, if there is any grass on the ground, as they go along, and takes his breakfast with him tied up in a dirty cloth, or it is sent after him by one of his children, and consists of a cake (made unleavened of the flour of Badjeree or Juwaree,) and some of the cookery of the preceding day, or an onion or two. On reaching his field it is perhaps seven or eight o'clock; he yokes his oxen, if any of the operations of husbandry require it, and works for an hour or two, then squats down and takes his breakfast, but without loosing his cattle. He resumes his work in a quarter of an hour, and goes on till near twelve o'clock, when his wife arrives with his dinner. He then unyokes his oxen, drives them to drink, and allows them to graze or gives them straw; and takes his dinner by the side of a well or a stream, or under the shade of a tree if there happens to be one, and is waited on during his meal by his wife. After his dinner he is joined by any of his fellow

* Literary Pocket Book

labourers who may be near, and after a chat takes a nap on his spread cumley or jota for half an hour, while his wife eats what he has left. He yokes his cattle again about two or half-past two o'clock, and works till sunset, when he proceeds leisurely home, ties up and feeds his oxen, then goes himself to a brook, bathes and washes, or has hot water thrown over him by his wife at home. After his ablutions, and perhaps on holidays anointing himself with sandal wood oil, he prays before his household gods, and often visits one or more of the village temples. His wife by this time has prepared his supper, which he takes in company with the males of the family. His principal enjoyment seems to be between this meal and bed-time, which is nine or ten o'clock. He now fondles and plays with his children, visits or is visited by his neighbours, and converses about the labour of the day and concerns of the village, either in the open air or by the glimmering light of a lamp, learns from the shopkeeper or beadle what strangers have passed or stopped at the village, and their history, and from any of the community that may have been at the city (Poohnah) what news he has brought. In the less busy times, which are two or three months in the year, the cultivators take their meals at home, and have sufficient leisure for amusement. They then sit in groups in the shade and converse, visit their friends in the neighbouring villages, go on pilgrimages, &c. &c.

The women of the cultivators, like those of other Asiatics, are seldom the subject of gallantry, and are looked on rather as a part of their live stock than as companions, and yet, contrary to what might be expected, their condition seems far from being unhappy. The law allows a husband to beat his wife, and for infidelity to maim her or else put her to death; but these severities are seldom resorted to, and rarely any sort of harsh behaviour. A man is despised who is seen much in company with women. A wife, therefore, never looks for any fondling from her husband; it is thought unbecoming in him even to mention her name, and she is never allowed to eat in company with him, from the time of their wedding dinner; but patiently waits on him during his meals, and makes her repast on what he leaves. But setting aside these marks of contempt, she is always treated with kindness and forbearance, unless her conduct is very perverse and bad, and she has her entire liberty. The women have generally the sole direction of household affairs, and if clever, notwithstanding all their disadvantages, not unfrequently gain as great an ascendancy over their lords as in other parts of the world.*

ROUND ROBIN.

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the gods, or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. The Cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the same attention to delicacy, and when a pope has demanded the names of some priests of their order, that one might be raised to the purple, they have sent those names written circularly, that they might not seem to recommend one more than another. The race of sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle, and call it a *round robin.*

NAMES.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, it was the fancy of the wits and learned men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classical ones. As Sannazarius, for instance, who altered his own plain name "Jacopo" to "Actius Syncerus." Numbers did the same, and among the rest, Platina the historian, at Rome, who, not without a solemn ceremonial, took the name of "Callimachus," instead of "Philip." Pope Paul II., who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be suspicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehension. He had no idea that persons could wish to alter their names, unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment, and other violent methods, to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confess, so the pope, after endeavouring in vain to convict him of heresy, sedition, &c. released him, after a long imprisonment.

Formerly there were many persons surnamed *Devil.* In an old book, the title of which does not recur, mention is made of one Rogerius Diabolus, lord of Montresor.

* Mr. Coates in Trans. Bombay Lit. Soc.

An English monk, "Willelmus, cognomento Diabolus," and another person, "Hughes le Diable, lord of Lusignan."

Robert, duke of Normandy, son to William the Conqueror, was surnamed "the Devil."

In Norway and Sweden there were two families of the name of "Trolle," in English "Devil," and every branch of these families had an emblem of the "Devil" for their coat of arms.

In Utrecht there was a family of "Teufels," or "Devils," and another in Brittany named "Diable."

A SEA BULL.

An Irishman, who served on board a man of war in the capacity of a waister, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the tafrail. After rowsing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship!—Bad luck to the arm or leg it'll leave me at last!—What! more of it yet!—Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep to be sure!"—After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's *cut off the other end of it!*"

CHEERFUL FUNERAL.

Lodovick Cortusius, an eminent lawyer, who died at Padua on the 15th of July, 1518, when upon his death-bed forbad his relations to shed tears at his funeral, and even put his heir under a heavy penalty if he neglected to perform his orders. On the other hand, he ordered musicians, singers, pipers, and fiddlers, of all kinds, to supply the place of mourners, and directed that fifty of them should walk before his corpse with the clergymen, playing upon their several instruments; for this service he ordered each of them half a ducat. He likewise appointed twelve maids in green habits to carry his corpse to the church of St. Sophia, where he was buried, and that they too as they went along should sing aloud, having each of them, as a recompense, a handsome sum of money allotted for a portion. All the clergy of Padua marched before in long procession, together with all the monks of the convent, except those wearing black habits, whom he expressly excluded by his will, lest the blackness of their hoods should throw a gloom upon the cheerfulness of the procession.

ANECDOTE.

Charles I. and Parliaments.

Mr. Pye, the late poet laureate, in his "Sketches," says, "When I was at Oxford, my tutor having the revisal of some papers relative to the civil war, (I know not if they have been published,) showed me a letter from one of the king's secretaries, with remarks on the margin in the king's own handwriting. One expression particularly struck me, as seeming to show his determination to lay aside the use of parliaments. The paper was a circular request to some of the counties for their pecuniary assistance, I believe on the Scots' invasion. The words were, as nearly as I can recollect, (sixteen years having elapsed since I saw the letter,) 'Your obliging me in this instance will induce me to ask your aid in a manner more agreeable to yourselves.' These words had a line drawn through them; and there was written on the margin, in the king's hand: 'I have scored out these words, as they seem to imply a promise of calling a parliament, of which I have no intention.'"

THE YANKEE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

For the Table Book.

A Pat—an odd joker—and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by:
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
Give that gallows its due, pray where then would you be?"
"Why honey," said Pat, "faith that's easily known
I'd be riding to town—by myself—all alone."

Sam Sam's Son

Bridge on the Road to Beckenham.

—Ancient Charity let flow this brook
Across the road, for sheep and beggar-men
To cool their weary feet, and slake their thirst.

On our way from Penge,* W. thought this object worth sketching. He occupied himself with his pencil, and I amused myself with dropping grains of dust among a fleet of tadpoles on the yellow sands, and watching their motions: a few inches from them, in a clearer shallow, lay a shoal of stickle-backs as on their Dogger-bank: a thread and a blood-worm, and the absence of my friend, and of certain feelings in behalf of the worms, would have afforded me excellent sport. The rivulet crosses the road from a meadow, where I heard it in its narrow channel, and muttering inwardly "the rapids are near," from the "Canadian Boat-song," I fell into a reverie on Wilson's magnificent painting of the falls of Niagara, in Mr. Landseer's painting-room. While I seated myself by the way-side, and, among ground-ivy and periwinkle, discriminating the diminutive forms of trees in the varied mosses of an old bank, I recollected descriptions I had read of transatlantic scenery, and the gigantic vegetation on the Ohio and Mississipi.

A labourer told us, that this little brook is called "Chaffinch's River," and that it springs from "the Alders," near Croydon, and runs into the Ravensbourne.

* See p. 674.

Garrick Plays.

No. XX.

[From "Bussy D'Ambois his Revenge," a Tragedy, by George Chapman, 1613.]

Plays and Players.

Guise. —I would have these things
Brought upon Stages, to let mighty Misers
See all their grave and serious mischiefs play'd,
As once they were in Athens and old Rome.
Clermont. Nay, we must now have nothing brought on Stages
But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics.
Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat;
Check at all goodness there, as being profaned:
When, whereseever Goodness comes, she makes
The place still sacred, though with other feet
Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
Let me learn any thing, that fits a man,
In any Stables shewn, as well as Stages.—
Baligny. Why, is not all the World esteem'd a Stage?
Clermont. Yes, and right worthily; and Stages too
Have a respect due to them, if but only
For what the good Greek Moralist says of them:
"Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches?
Give me an expert Actor; I'll shew all
That can within his greatest glory fall;
Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowness?
Give me an Actor; I'll shew every eye
What he laments so, and so much does fly:
The best and worst of both."—If but for this then,
To make the proudest outside, that most swells
With things without him, and above his worth,
See how small cause he has to be so blown up;
And the most poor man, to be griev'd with poorness;
Both being so easily borne by expert Actors:
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptful,
As every innovating Puritan,
And ignorant Swearer out of jealous envy,
Would have the world imagine. And besides
That all things have been liken'd to the mirth
Used upon Stages, and to Stages fitted;
The Splenetive Philosopher, that ever
Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the enstaging:
All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
He so conceited, that he could distill thence
Matter, that still fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a Lawyer, never so vehement pleading,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Tradesman, swearing
Never so thriftily, selling of his wares,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Holy Brother,
For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd.
Saw he a Great Man, never so insulting,
Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
Not for their good but his—he stood and laugh'd.
Saw he a Youthful Widow,
Never so weeping, wringing of her hands
For her dead Lord, still the Philosopher laugh'd.—
Now, whether he supposed all these Presentments
Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
Or else were simply vain, I take no care;
But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they were.

Stoicism.

—— in this one thing all the discipline
Of manners and of manhood is contain'd;
A Man to join himself with the Universe
In his main sway; and make (in all things fit)
One with that All; and go on, round as it:
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into straits, or into nought revert;
Wishing the complete Universe might be
Subject to such a rag of it as He.

Apparitions before the Body's Death SCOTICE, *Second Sight.*

—— these true Shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,
Fore-running thus their Bodies, may approve,
That all things to be done, as here we live,
Are done before all times in th' other life.

[From "Satiromastix," a Comedy, by Thomas Decker, 1602: in which Ben Jonson, under the name of Horace, is reprehended, in retaliation of his "Poetaster;" in which he had attacked two of his Brother Dramatists, probably Marston and Decker, under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius.]

Horace. What could I do, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the Stage? they envy me,
Because I hold more worthy company.
Demetrius. Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush for thine,
As often as thou speaks't so. Where one true
And nobly-virtuous spirit for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one ten even fr- my heart.
I make account I put up as deep share
In any good man's love, which thy worth owns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy Poesy.
No, here the gall lies; we that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy (once dying) baseness, yet must we
Dance antics on thy paper.
Crispinus. This makes us angry, but not envious.
No; were thy warpt soul put in a new mould.
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.

[From the "Antipodes," a Comedy, by Richard Brome, 1633.]

Directions to Players.

Nobleman. ————My actors
Are all in readiness, and I think all perfect,
But one, that never will be perfect in a thing

He studies; yet he makes such shifts extempore,
(Knowing the purpose what he is to speak to),
That he moves mirth in me 'bove all the rest.
For I am none of those Poetic Furies,
That threats the actor's life, in a whole Play
That adds a syllable, or takes away.
If he can fribble through, and move delight
In others, I am pleased.— * * * *
Let me not see you now,
In the scholastic way you brought to town with you,
With see-saw sack-a-down, like a sawyer;
Nor in a comic scene play Hercules Furens,
Tearing your throat to split the audients' ears;—
And you, Sir, you had got a trick of late
Of holding out your breech in a set speech;
Your fingers fibulating on your breast,
As if your buttons or your bandstrings were
Helps to your memory; let me see you in't
No more, I charge you. No, nor you, Sir,
In that o'er-action of your legs I told you of,
Your singles and your doubles—look you—thus—
Like one of the dancing-masters of the bear-garden;
And when you've spoke, at end of every speech,
Not minding the reply, you turn you round
As tumblers do, when betwixt every feat
They gather wind by firking up their breeches.
I'll none of these absurdities in my house;
But words and actions married so together,
That shall strike harmony in the ears and eyes
Of the severest, if judicious, critics.

Players. My Lord, we are corrected.

Nobleman. Go, be ready.—
But you, Sir, are incorrigible, and
Take licence to yourself to add unto
Your parts your own free fancy; and sometimes
To alter or diminish what the writer
With care and skill composed; and when you are
To speak to your Co-actors in the scene,
You hold interloqutions with the audients.

Player. That is a way, my Lord, has been allowed
On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter.

Nobleman. Yes, in the days of Tarleton and Kemp,
Before the Stage was purged from barbarism,
And brought to the perfection it now shines with.
Then Fools and Jesters spent their wits, because
The Poets were wise enough to save their own
For profitabler uses.—

C. L.

THE DIVER OF CHARYBDIS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Mr. Brydone, in the quotations you have made,* appears to doubt the accuracy of the stories relating to Charybdis. I never recollect to have heard mention of the name of Colus, but apprehend he was the same as the famous Sicilian diver, Nicolo Pesce. Associated with Charybdis, some notice of this extraordinary man may not be uninteresting.

The authenticity of this account depends entirely on the authority of Kircher. He assures us, he had it from the archives of the kings of Sicily; but its having so much of the marvellous in it, many have been disposed to doubt its accuracy. Historians are too fond of fiction, but we should by no means doubt their sincerity, when we find them on other subjects not contemptible authorities.

"In the time of Frederic, king of Sicily, (says Kircher,) there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was *Nicholas*, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under the water, was surnamed the *fish*. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea at last brought it to be almost his natural element. He was frequently known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily into Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of Lipari, no way apprehensive of danger.

"Some mariners out at sea one day observing something at a distance from them, regarded it as a sea-monster; but upon its approach it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he showed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them company for some time in their voyage, conversing and asking questions; and, after eating with them, took his leave, and jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone.

"In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed as in a goose: and his chest became so very capacious, that he was able, at one inspiration, to take in as much breath as would serve him a whole day.

"The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself;

* At page 643, &c.

who commanded Nicholas to be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but, at last, after much searching, he was discovered, and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had long been excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he now therefore conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to obtain more certain information. He therefore commanded the poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; and, as an incitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be thrown into it. Nicholas was not insensible of the danger to which he was exposed; dangers best known only to himself, and therefore he presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of showing his skill, at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was as instantly swallowed up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below, during which time the king and his attendants remained on shore anxious for his fate: but he at last appeared, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause when he came on shore; the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken proper care of; and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated with his labour, after a hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself with sleeping.

"When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought before the king, to satisfy his curiosity with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect:—He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, which rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men but to the fishes themselves. 1. The force of the water bursting up from the bottom, which required great strength to resist. 2. The abruptness of the rocks, which on every side threatened destruction. 3. The force of the whirlpool dashing against these rocks. And, 4. The number and magnitude of the polypous fish, some of which appeared as large as a man; and which, every where sticking against the rocks projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked, how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity. Being requested once more to venture into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused: but the king, desirous of having the most accurate information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations; and to give them greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations the unfortunate diver once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more."

This is Kircher's account, some assertions of whom will undoubtedly excite incredibility in the minds of all. I do not wish to offer any remarks, but leave your readers to form their own opinions.

People, by being accustomed to the water from their infancy, may often, at length, not only be enabled to stay much longer under water, but putting on a kind of amphibious nature, have the use of all their faculties as well under the water as on the dry land. Most savage nations are remarkable for this; and, even among civilized nations, many persons are found capable of continuing submerged for an incredible time.

I am, &c.

A. B.

Hackney, May, 1827.

COUNTRY LITTLE KNOWN.

We have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery, which, though partially disclosed by former travellers, has still remained, for the most part, a strange secret. It is this;—that there is actually, at this present moment, and in this our own beautiful country of Great Britain, a large tract of territory, which to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our beloved countrymen is as much an undiscovered land as the other end of New South Wales, or the Pole which they have gone to find out. We have read of places in romance, which were more shut out by magic from people's eyes, though close to them, than if a fifty-foot wall encircled them. It would seem as if some such supernatural prohibition existed with regard to the land in question; for the extremities of it reach to within a short distance from the metropolis, which it surrounds on all sides; nay, we have heard of persons riding through it,

without seeing any thing but a sign-post or some corn; and yet it is so beautiful, that it is called emphatically "the country."

It abounds in the finest natural productions. The more majestic parts of it are at a distance, but the zealous explorer may come upon its gentler beauties in an incredibly short time. Its pastures and cattle are admirable. Deer are to be met with in the course of half a day's journey; and the traveller is accompanied, wherever he goes, with the music of singing birds. Immediately towards the south is a noble river, which brings you to an upland of the most luxuriant description, looking in the water like a rich-haired beauty in her glass: yet the place is in general solitary. Towards the north, at a less distance, are some other hilly spots of ground, which partake more of the rudely romantic, running however into scenes of the like sylvan elegance; and yet these are still more solitary. The inhabitants of these lands, called the country-people, seem, in truth, pretty nearly as blind to their merits as those who never see them; but their perceptions will doubtless increase, in proportion as their polished neighbours set the example. It should be said for them, that some causes, with which we have nothing to do in this place, have rendered them duller to such impressions than they appear to have been a century or two ago; but we repeat, that they will not live in such scenes to no purpose, if those who know better take an interest in their improvement. Their children have an instinct that is wiser, till domestic cares do it away. They may be seen in the fields and green lanes, with their curly locks and brown faces, gathering the flowers which abound there, and the names of which are as pretty as the shapes and colours. They are called wild roses, primroses, violets, the rose campion, germander, stellaria, wild anemone, bird's-eye, daisies and buttercups, lady-smocks, ground-ivy, hare-bells or blue-bells, wake-robin, lillies of the valley, &c. &c. The trees are oaks, elms, birches, ash, poplar, willow, wild cherry, the flowering may-bush, &c. &c. all, in short, that we dote upon in pictures, and wish that we had about us when it is hot in Cheapside and Bond-street. It is perfectly transporting, in fine weather, like the present for instance, to lounge under the hedge-row elms in one of these sylvan places, and see the light smoke of the cottages fuming up among the green trees, the cattle grazing or lying about with a heavy placidity accordant to the time and scene, "painted jays" glancing about the glens, the gentle hills sloping down into water, the winding embowered lanes, the leafy and flowery banks, the green oaks against the blue sky, their ivied trunks, the silver-bodied and young-haired birches, and the mossy grass treble-carpeted after the vernal rains. Transporting is it to see all this; and transporting to hear the linnets, thrushes, and blackbirds, the grave gladness of the bee, and the stock-dove "brooding over her own sweet voice." And more transporting than all is it to be in such places with a friend, that feels like ourselves, in whose heart and eyes (especially if they have fair lids) we may see all our own happiness doubled, as the landscape itself is reflected in the waters.*

SPECTROLOGY.

A Remarkable Narrative.

Nicolai, the celebrated German bookseller, a member of the royal society of Berlin, presented to that institution a memoir on the subject of a complaint with which he was affected, and one of the singular consequences of which was, the representation of various spectres. M. Nicolai for some years had been subject to a congestion in the head, and was blooded frequently for it by leeches. After a detailed account of the state of his health, on which he grounds much medical as well as psychological reasoning, he gives the following interesting narrative:—

In the first two months of the year 1791, I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief: when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me a figure—the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but being much alarmed endeavoured to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm; and as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which

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* The Indicator.

lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but, on the contrary, rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination.—Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but, on the whole, I could trace no connection which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight had, either with my state of mind or with my employment, and the other thoughts which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions than that, when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case were not the consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us, must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us than the origin of these powers by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures showed themselves afterwards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know, and amongst those known to me, were the semblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation, that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner, but in vain.—For however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them *externally*; though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeared to me that the

door was opened, and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened and any person came in.

It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear. Whether I was alone, or in company, by broad daylight equally as in the nighttime, in my own as well as in my neighbour's house; yet when I was at another person's house, they were less frequent; and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed them. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife, concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present—they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a short or longer space of time, singly or more at once; but, in general, several appeared together. For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair where all is bustle; sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colours of clothes. But I think, however, that the colours were somewhat *paler* than they are in nature.

None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance—some were even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions became more frequent. About four weeks afterwards I began to hear them speak: sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another; but for the most part they addressed themselves to me: those speeches were in general short, and never contained any thing disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavoured to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone; though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons; frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but on the contrary afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches.

This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon, but during the operation the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another; this continued till half-past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterwards the colours became gradually paler; and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half-past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little; yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time I have felt a propensity, if I may be so allowed to express myself, or a sensation, as if I saw something which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation whilst writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination.

The Porch of Beckenham Church-yard.

Beyond the *Lich-gate* stand ten ancient yews—
Branching so high they seem like giant mutes,
With plumes, awaiting rich men's funerals
And poor men's bury'ngs :—stretching, over all,
An arch of triumph for Death's victories.

Over the wickets to many of the church-yards in Kent is a shed, or covered way, of ancient structure, used as a resting-place for funerals, and for the shelter of the corpse until the minister arrives to commence the service for the dead. This at Beckenham is one of the most perfect in the county: the footway beyond, to the great entrance-door of the church, is canopied by a grove of trees, "sad sociate to graves." These old church-yard buildings, now only seen in villages, were formerly called *lich-gates*, and the paths to them were called *lich-lanes*, or *lich-ways*.

The word *lich* signified a corpse. Hence the death-owl was anciently called the *lich-owl*.

> The shrieking *Litch-owl*, that doth never cry
> But boding death, and quick herself inters
> In darksome graves, and hollow sepulchres.
>
> *Drayton.*

Also, from *lich* is derived the name of the city of *Lichfield*, so called because of a massacre on that spot.

> A thousand other saints whom Amphibal had taught,
> Flying the pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,
> Were slain where *Litchfield* is, whose name doth rightly sound
> The rest of those Christians slain *dead field*, or burying ground.
>
> *Drayton.*

For the Table Book.

THE TWO GRAVES.

In yonder cowslip's sprinkled mead
A church's tapering spire doth rise,
As if it were directing us
Unto a fairer paradise;
Within the yard, so fair and green,
Full many a grave is to be seen.

Often upon a summer's eve
The church-yard's smooth, green sward I've trod!
Reading the rugged epitaphs
Of those who lie beneath the sod;
But in one spot two graves were seen,
Which always stopp'd my wandering.

Upon one stone's expansive front
Was writ, in language stiff and cold,
That he, who lay beneath that slab,
Had died when he was very old;
And at its close a simple line
Said, that his age was ninety-nine.

Another small and polish'd stone
Beside the former did appear;
It said, that that grave's occupant
Had died when in his third year:
How eloquent the polish'd praise
Lavish'd on that child's winning ways!

The old man lay beneath the stone,
Where nought in praise of him was told;
It only said, that there he lay,
And that he died when he was old:
It did not chronicle his years,
His joys and sorrows—hopes and fears.

Ninety-nine years of varying life
On gliding pinions by had fled,
(Oh what long years of toil and strife!)
Ere he was number'd with the dead;
But yet no line was left to tell
How he had liv'd, or how he fell!

Had he no wife,—no child,—no friend?
To cheer him as he pass'd away;
No one who would his name commend,
And wail as he was laid in clay?
Of this the record nought supplied,—
It only said he liv'd and died!

How must his soul have been oppress'd,
As intimates dropp'd from his side!
And he, almost unknown, was left
Alone,—upon this desert wide!
Wife—children—friends—all, all were gone,
And he left in the world alone!

His youthful friends had long grown old,
And then were number'd with the dead;
His step had totter'd, sight grown dim,
And ev'ry source of pleasure fled;
By nature's law such must have been,
Th' effect of the long years he'd seen!

But then the record nought supplied,
How he had spent this length'ned life;
Whether in peace and quietness,
Or had he worried been with strife:
Perhaps the muse to him had given
Visions of glory, fire from Heaven!

All is conjecture! He was laid
Beneath the cold, unfeeling clay,
His fame—if he had sigh'd for fame—
Had from remembrance pass'd away.
Hope, joy, fear, sorrow, all were fled,
And he lay number'd with the dead!

Oh! cold and cheerless is the thought,
That I shall be as he is now;
My very name remember'd not,
And fame's wreath wither'd on my brow:
Of me no record be supplied,
But that I liv'd, and that I died!

Such is the tone of sorrowing thought
That through my heart has often past,
As, on a summer's brightning eve,
A look upon those graves I've cast,
Where youth and age together lie,
Emblems of frail mortality!

O. N. Y.

THE WHITE LADY.

A ROMANTIC AND TRUE ANECDOTE.

At Nottingham, a year or two ago, Sophia Hyatt, in consequence of extreme deafness, was accidentally run over by a carrier's cart, at the entrance of the Maypole inn-yard, and unfortunately killed. She had arrived that morning in a gig from Newstead Papplewick, or somewhere in that neighbourhood, and had been, for the three or four preceding years, a lodger in one of the farm-houses belonging to colonel Wildman, at Newstead Abbey. No one knew exactly from whence she came, nor what were her connections. Her days were passed in rambling about the gardens and grounds of the abbey, to which, from the kindness of colonel Wildman, she had free access. Her dress was invariably the same; and she was distinguished by the servants at Newstead, as the "white lady." She had ingratiated herself with the Newfoundland dog which came from Greece with the body of lord Byron, by regularly feeding him; and on the evening before the fatal accident, she was seen, on quitting the gardens, to cut off a small lock of the dog's hair, which she carefully placed in her handkerchief. On that evening also, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet,

with a request that it might not be opened till the following morning. The contents of the packet were no less interesting than surprising; they consisted of various poems in manuscript, written during her solitary walks, and all of them referring to the bard to whom Newstead once belonged. A letter, addressed to Mrs. Wildman, was enclosed with the poetry, written with much elegance of language and native feeling; it described her friendless situation, alluded to her pecuniary difficulties, thanked the family for their kind attention towards her, and stated the necessity she was under of removing for a short period from Newstead. It appeared from her statement, that she had connections in America, that her brother had died there, leaving a widow and family, and she requested colonel Wildman's assistance to arrange certain matters, in which she was materially concerned. She concluded with declaring, that her only happiness in this world consisted in the privilege of being allowed to wander through the domain of Newstead, and to trace the various spots which had been consecrated by the genius of lord Byron. A most kind and compassionate note was conveyed to her immediately after the perusal of this letter, urging her, either to give up her journey, or to return to Newstead as quickly as possible. With the melancholy sequel the reader is acquainted. Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment, and she was buried in the church-yard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of lord Byron. The last poem she composed was the following: it seems to have been dictated by a melancholy foreboding of her fate.

My last Walk in the Gardens of Newstead Abbey.

Here no longer shall I wander
Lone, but in communion high,
Kindred spirits greet me—yonder
Glows the form that's ever nigh.

Wrapt in blissful contemplation,
From that hill no more I gaze
On scenes as fair as when creation
Rose—the theme of seraphs' lays.

And thou, fair sylph, that round its basis
Driv'st thy car, with milk-white steed;
Oft I watch'd its gentle paces—
Mark'd its track with curious heed.

Why? oh! why thus interesting,
Are forms and scenes to me unknown?
Oh you, the Muses' power confessing,
Define the charm your bosoms own.

Why love to gaze on playful fountain,
Or lake, that bore him on its breast?
Lonely to wander o'er each mountain,
Grove, or plain, his feet have press'd?

It is because the Muses hover,
And all around, a halo shed;
And still must every fond adorer
Worship the shrine, the idol fled.

But 'tis past; and now for ever
Fancy's vision's bliss is o'er;
But to forget thee, Newstead—never,
Though I shall haunt thy shades no more.*

DUELS.

Duelling in England was carried to its greatest possible excess in the reigns of James I. and of the two Charles's. In the reign of the latter Charles, the seconds always fought as well as their principals; and as they were chosen for their courage and adroitness, their combats were generally the most fatal. Lord Howard, of Carlisle, in the reign of Charles II., gave a grand fête champêtre at Spring Gardens, near the village of Charing, the Vauxhall of that day. This fête was to facilitate an intrigue between lord Howard and the profligate duchess of Shrewsbury: but the gay and insinuating Sidney flirted with the duchess, abstracted her attention from Howard, and ridiculed the fête. The next day his lordship sent a challenge to Sidney, who chose as his second a tall, furious, adroit swordsman, named Dillon; Howard selected a young gentleman, named Rawlings, just come into possession of an estate of 10,000*l.* a year. Sidney was wounded in two or three places, whilst his second was run through the heart, and left dead on the field. The duke of Shrewsbury became afterwards so irritated as to challenge the infamous Buckingham for intriguing with his wife. The duchess of Shrewsbury, in the disguise of a page, attended Buckingham to the field, and held his horse whilst he fought and killed her husband. The profligate king, in spite of every remonstrance from the queen, received the duke of Buckingham with open arms, after this brutal murder.

In 172 duels fought during the last sixty years, 69 persons were killed; (in three of these duels, neither of the combatants survived;) 96 persons were wounded, 48 desperately and 48 slightly; and 188 escaped unhurt. Thus, rather more than one-fifth lost their lives, and nearly one-half

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* Nottingham Review.

received the bullets of their antagonists. It appears also, that out of this number of duels, eighteen trials took place; six of the arraigned were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder; two were executed, and eight imprisoned for different periods.

About thirty years ago, there was a duelling society held in Charleston, South Carolina, where each "gentleman" took precedence according to the numbers he had killed or wounded in duels. The president and deputy had killed many. It happened that an old weather-beaten lieutenant of the English navy arrived at Charleston, to see after some property which had devolved upon him, in right of a Charleston lady, whom he had married; and on going into a coffee-house, engaged in conversation with a native, whose insults against England were resented, and the English lieutenant received a challenge. As soon as the affair was known, some gentlemen waited upon the stranger to inform him, that the man who had called him out was a duellist, a "dead shot," the president of the duellist club; they added, that the society and all its members, though the wealthiest people of the place, were considered so infamous by really respectable persons, that he would not be held in disesteem by not meeting the challenger. The lieutenant replied, that he was not afraid of any duellist; he had accepted the challenge, and would meet his man. They accordingly did meet, and at the first fire the lieutenant mortally wounded his antagonist. In great agony, and conscience-stricken, he invoked the aid of several divines, and calling the "duellist society" to his bedside, lectured them upon the atrocity of their conduct, and begged, as his dying request, that the club might be broken up. The death of this ruffian suppressed a society which the country did not possess sufficient morals or gentlemanly spirit to subdue.

In Virginia, a Mr. Powell, a notorious duellist, purposely met and insulted an English traveller, for having said, that "the Virginians were of no use to the American Union, it requiring one half of the Virginians to keep the other half in order;" the newspapers took it up as a national quarrel, and anticipated the meeting, without the magistracy having decency, morals, or public spirit sufficient to interfere. The Englishman, therefore, got an American duellist as his second, went into training and practice, and met his adversary amidst a mob of many thousands to witness the fight. Mr. Powell was killed on the first shot, and the Englishman remained unhurt.

The brother of general Delancey, the late barrack-master general, having high words with a "gentleman" in a coffee-house at New York, the American immediately called for pistols, and insisted upon fighting in the public coffee-room, across one of the tables. None of the "gentlemen" present interfered; they fought across the table, and the American dishonestly firing before his time, the Englishman was shot dead upon the spot. Lately, at Nashville, a gentleman was shot dead before his own door, in a duel, in the principal square of the city.

In 1763, the secretary of the English treasury, Mr. Martin, notoriously trained himself as a duellist, for the avowed purpose of shooting Mr. Wilkes, whom he first insulted in the House of Commons, and afterwards wounded in the park. This gave rise to Churchill's poem of "The Duellist;" the House of Commons ordered his majesty's sergeant surgeon to attend Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Martin was considered to "have done the state some service."

At that period duels were frequent among clergymen. In 1764, the *Rev.* Mr. Hill was killed in a duel by cornet Gardener, of the carabineer. The *Reverend* Mr. Bate fought two duels, and was subsequently created a baronet, and preferred to a deanery after he had fought another duel. The *Reverend* Mr. Allen killed a Mr. Delany in a duel, in Hyde Park, without incurring any ecclesiastical censure, though judge Buller, on account of his extremely bad conduct, strongly charged his guilt upon the jury.

In 1765, occurred a celebrated duel between the father of the late lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, a famous duellist. They quarrelled at a club-dinner at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, about game; Chaworth was a great game preserver, and lord Byron had argued upon the cruelty and impolicy of the game laws. They agreed to fight in an adjoining room, by the light of only one candle. Lord Byron entered first; and, as Chaworth was shutting the door, turning his head round, he beheld lord Byron's sword half undrawn; he immediately whipped his own weapon out, and making a lunge at his lordship, ran it through his waistcoat, conceiving that his sword had gone through his body: lord Byron closed, and, shortening his sword, stabbed Mr. Chaworth in the belly. The challenge had proceeded from Chaworth. Lord Byron read his defence to the House of Lords,

and was found guilty of manslaughter; and, upon the privilege of his peerage, was discharged on paying his fees.

In 1772, a Mr. M'Lean was challenged and killed by a Mr. Cameron; and the mother of Mr. M'Lean, on hearing of the shocking event, instantly lost her senses, whilst a Miss M'Leod, who was to have been married to the deceased, was seized with fits, and died in three days.

In Mr. Sheridan's duel with Mr. Mathews, the parties cut and slashed at each other, *à la mode de théâtre*, until Mr. Mathews left a part of his sword sticking in Mr. Sheridan's ear.

In a famous duel in which Mr. Riddell was killed, and Mr. Cunningham very severely wounded, the challenge, by mistake, had fallen in the first instance into the hands of sir James Riddell, father to Mr. Riddell, who, on having it delivered to him, did no more than provide surgeons for the event.

In 1789, colonel Lennox conceived himself to have been insulted by the late duke of York having told him, before all the officers on the parade of St. James's, "that he desired to derive no protection from his rank of prince." The colonel accordingly fought his royal highness, it was said, with cork bullets; but be that as it may, he contrived to disturb one of the huge rows of curls which it was then the fashion to wear on the side of the head.

In 1790, a captain Macrae fought and killed sir George Ramsay, for refusing to dismiss a faithful old servant who had insulted captain Macrae. Sir George urged, that even if the servant were guilty, he had been sufficiently punished by the cruel beating that captain Macrae had given him. As soon as the servant heard that his master had been killed on his account, he fell into strong convulsions, and died in a few hours. Captain Macrae fled, and was outlawed.

In 1797, colonel Fitzgerald, a married man, eloped from Windsor with his cousin, the daughter of lord Kingston. Colonel King, the brother, fought colonel Fitzgerald in Hyde Park. They fired six shots each without effect; and the powder being exhausted, colonel King called his opponent "a villain," and they resolved to fight again next day. They were, however, put under an arrest, when colonel Fitzgerald had the audacity to follow lord Kingston's family to Ireland, to obtain the object of his seduction from her parents. Colonel King hearing of this, repaired to the inn where colonel Fitzgerald put up. Colonel Fitzgerald had locked himself in his room, and refused admission to colonel King, who broke open the door, and running to a case of pistols, seized one, and desired colonel Fitzgerald to take the other. The parties grappled, and were fighting, when lord Kingston entered the room; and perceiving, from the position of the parties, that his son must lose his life, instantly shot Fitzgerald dead on the spot.

In 1803, a very singular duel took place in Hyde Park, between a lieutenant W., of the navy, and a captain I., of the army. Captain I. had seduced the lieutenant's sister. Lieutenant W. seemed impressed with a deep sense of melancholy: he insisted that the distance should be only six paces. At this distance they fired, and the shot of captain I. struck the guard of lieutenant W.'s pistol, and tore off two fingers of his right hand. The lieutenant deliberately wrapped his handkerchief round the wound, and looking solemnly to heaven, exclaimed, "I have a left hand, which never failed me." They again took their ground. Lieutenant W. looked steadfastly at captain I., and casting his eyes up to heaven, was heard to utter "forgive me." They fired, and both fell. Captain I. received the ball in his head, and died instantly: the lieutenant was shot through the breast. He inquired if captain I.'s wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked heaven that he had lived so long. He then took his mourning ring off his finger, and said to his second, "Give this to my sister, and tell her it is the happiest moment I ever knew." He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a quantity of blood gushed from his wound, and he instantly expired.

These are practices in a ***Christian*** country.

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

At a late meeting under a commission of bankruptcy, at Andover, between Mr. Fleet and Mr. Mann, both respectable solicitors of that town, some disagreement arose, which ended in the former sending the latter a challenge, to which the following answer was returned.

To Kingston Fleet, Esq.

I am honour'd this day, sir, with challenges two,
The first from friend Langdon, the second from you;
As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*,
I accept *his* "engagement," and yours must decline.
Now, in giving this preference, I trust you'll admit
I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit;

Since, encountering *him*, and my weapon a knife,
There is some little chance of *preserving* my life;
Whilst a bullet from you, sir, *might* take it away,
And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.
It, however, you still should suppose I ill-treat you,
By sternly rejecting this challenge to meet you,
Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce
Three powerful reasons by way of excuse:
In the first place, unless I am grossly deceiv'd,
I myself am in conscience the party aggriev'd;
And therefore, good sir, if a challenge *must* be,
Pray wait till that challenge be *tender'd* by *me*.
Again, sir, I think it by far the more sinful,
To stand and be shot, than to sit for a skinful;
From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you, indeed)
That fighting composes not part of my creed—
And my courage (which, though it was never disputed,
Is not, I imagine, too, too deeply rooted)
Would prefer that its fruit, sir, whate'er it may yield,
Should appear at "*the table*," and not in "*the field*."
And, lastly, *my life*, be it never forgot,
Possesses a value which *yours*, sir, does not;*
So I mean to preserve it as long as I can,
Being justly entitled "a family *Man*,"
With three or four children, (I scarce know how many,)
Whilst *you*, sir, have not, or *ought* not, to have any.
Besides, that the contest would be too unequal,
I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel:
For e'en *you* must acknowledge it would not be meet
That one small "*Mann* of war" should engage "a whole *Fleet*."

Andover, July 24, 1826.

* Mr. Fleet is a batchelor.

SIGNS OF LOVE, AT OXFORD.

By an Inn-*consolable Lover.*

She's as light as the *Greyhound*, and fair as the *Angel*;
Her looks than the *Mitre* more sanctified are;
But she flies like the *Roebuck*, and leaves me to range ill,
Still looking to her as my true polar *Star*.
New Inn-ventions I try, with new art to adore,
But my fate is, alas! to be voted a *Boar*;
My *Goats* I forsook to contemplate her charms,
And must own she is fit for our noble *King's Arms*.
Now *Cross'd*, and now *Jockey'd*, now sad, now elate,
The *Chequers* appear but a map of my fate;
I blush'd like a *Blue-cur* to send her a *Pheasant*,
But she call'd me a *Turk*, and rejected my present;
So I moped to the *Barley-mow*, griev'd in my mind,
That the *Ark* from the flood ever rescu'd mankind!
In my dreams *Lions* roar, and the *Green Dragon* grins
And fiends rise in shape of the *Seven deadly sins*.
When I ogle the *Bells*, should I see her approach,
I skip like a *Nag* and jump into the *Coach*.
She is crimson and white, like a *Shoulder of Mutton*,
Not the red of the *Ox* was so bright, when first put on:
Like the *Hollybush* prickles, she scratches my liver,
While I moan, and I die like the *Swan* by the river!

Prolific Writers.

The copiousness and the multiplicity of the writings of many authors, have shown that too many find a pleasure in the act of composition, which they do not communicate to others. Great erudition and every-day application is the calamity of that voluminous author, who, without good sense, and what is more rare, without that exquisite judgment which we call good taste is always prepared to write on any subject, but at the same time on no one reasonably. We are astonished at the fertility and the size of our own writers of the seventeenth century, when the theological war of words raged, spoiling so many pages and brains. They produced folio after folio, like almanacks. The truth is, that it was then easier to write up to a folio, than in our days to write down to an octavo; for correction, selection, and rejection, were arts as yet unpractised. They went on with their work, sharply or bluntly, like witless mowers, without stopping to whet their scythes. They were inspired by the scribbling demon of that rabbin, who, in his oriental style and mania of volume, exclaimed, that were "the heavens formed of paper, and were the trees of the earth pens, and if the entire sea run ink, these only could suffice" for the monstrous genius he was about to discharge on the world.

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

Prynne seldom dined: every three or four hours he munched a manchet, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when "he was put into this road of writing," as Anthony a Wood telleth, he fixed on "a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light;" and then, hunger nor thirst did he experience, save that of his voluminous pages. Prynne has written a library, amounting, perhaps, to nearly two hundred books. Our unlucky author, whose life was involved in authorship, and his happiness, no doubt, in the habitual exuberance of his pen, seems to have considered the being debarred from pen, ink, and books, during his imprisonment, as an act more barbarous than the loss of his ears. The extraordinary perseverance of Prynne in this fever of the pen appears in the following title of one of his extraordinary volumes, "Comfortable Cordials against discomfortable Fears of Imprisonment; containing some Latin Verses

Sentences, and Texts of Scripture, *written by Mr. Wm. Prynne on his Chamber Walls*, in the Tower of London, during his Imprisonment there; translated by him into English Verse, 1641." Prynne literally verified Pope's description:—

"Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls,
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls."

We have also a catalogue of printed books, written by Wm. Prynne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, in these classes,

BEFORE, DURING, and SINCE } *his imprisonment,*

with this motto, "Jucundi acti labores," 1643. The secret history of this voluminous author concludes with a characteristic event: a contemporary who saw Prynne in the pillory at Cheapside, informs us, that while he stood there they "burnt his huge volumes under his nose, which had almost suffocated him."

FRENCH PAMPHLETEER.

One Catherinot all his life was printing a countless number of *feuilles volantes* in history and on antiquities; each consisting of about three or four leaves in quarto: Lenglet du Fresnoy calls him "Grand auteur des petits livres." This gentleman liked to live among antiquaries and historians; but with a crooked head-piece, stuck with whims, and hard with knotty combinations, all overloaded with prodigious erudition, he could not ease it at a less rate than by an occasional dissertation of three or four quarto pages. He appears to have published about two hundred pieces of this sort, much sought after by the curious for their rarity: Brunet complains he could never discover a complete collection. But Catherinot may escape "the pains and penalties" of our voluminous writers, for De Bure thinks he generously printed them to distribute among his friends. Such endless writers, provided they do not print themselves into an alms-house, may be allowed to print themselves out; and we would accept the apology which Monsieur Catherinot has framed for himself, which is preserved in *Beyeri Memoriæ Librorum Rariorum*. "I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis-court, or a club at the tavern; I never counted among my honours these *opuscula* of mine, but merely as harmless amusements. It is my partridge, as with St. John the Evangelist; my cat, as with Pope St. Gregory; my little dog, as with St. Dominick; my lamb, as with St. Francis; my great black mastiff, as with Cornelius Agrippa; and my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius." Catherinot could never get a printer, and was rather compelled to study economy in his two hundred quartos of four or eight pages; his paper was of inferior quality, and when he could not get his dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, he used to promise the end at another time, which did not always happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish and spread his works; in despair he adopted an odd expedient. Whenever Monsieur Catherinot came to Paris, he used to haunt the *quaies* where books are sold, and while he appeared to be looking over them, he adroitly slided one of his own dissertations among these old books. He began this mode of publication early, and continued it to his last days. He died with a perfect conviction that he had secured his immortality; and in this manner he disposed of more than one edition of his unsaleable works.*

LOVE'S PROGRESS OF A TOBACCONIST.

For the Table Book.

1.

When bless'd with Fanny's rosy smiles,
I thought myself in heaven;
Fanny is blooming twenty-two,
And I am—*thirty-seven.*

2.

I thought her deck'd with every grace,
Without one vice to *jar*,
Fresh as new *carrot* was her face
And sweet as *Macabar.*

3.

Besides a person fair to view
She had a thousand pounds;
Not to be *sneezed at*—I had two,
And credit without bounds.

4.

Our courtship oft consisted in
Slight *taps* and gentle *knocks*;
And when I gave her a small *pinch*,
She quick return'd a *box.*

5.

Howe'er, one morning, in a rage,
With me herself she put,
She call'd me *blackguard*, and declar'd
I was from thence *short cut.*

* D'Israeli.

6.

In vain I tried the cause to *smoke*,
When she had ta'en offence;
In vain recall'd the words I spoke,
That she had deem'd *bad scents*.

7.

But soon a mutual friend contriv'd
Our quarrel up to botch;
Fanny confess'd her temper warm—
'Twas natural—she was *Scotch*.

8.

We married—snugly in my shop
Fanny's become a fixture,
And all the neighbourhood declare,
We're quite a *pleasant mixture*.

SAM SAM'S SON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

The title of chancellor originated with the Romans. It was adopted by the church, and became a half ecclesiastic, and half lay office. The chancellor was intrusted with all public instruments which were authenticated; and when seals came into use, the custody of them was confided to that officer. The mere delivery of the king's great seal, or the taking it away, is all the ceremony that is used in creating or unmaking a chancellor, the officer of the greatest weight and power subsisting in the kingdom. The first chancellor in England was appointed in the reign of William the Conqueror, and with only one exception, it was enjoyed by ecclesiastics until the time of Elizabeth, when such officers were called keepers of the great seal. From the time of sir Thomas More's appointment, which took place in the reign of Henry VIII., there is only one instance of a clergyman having been elevated to the office—namely, Dr. Williams, dean of Westminster, in the time of James I.—The chancellor is a privy counsellor by office, and speaker of the house of lords by prescription. To him belongs the appointment of all justices of the peace throughout the kingdom. When the chancellor was an ecclesiastic, he became keeper of the king's conscience, and remained so. He is also visitor of all hospitals and colleges of the king's foundation. He is patron of all livings under twenty pounds per annum in the king's book. He is the general guardian of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and has the superintendence of all charitable institutions in the kingdom. He takes precedent of every temporal lord, except the royal family, and of all others, except the archbishop of Canterbury. It is declared treason by statute of Edward III. to slay the chancellor in his place, and doing his office.—In the year 1689, there were commissioners appointed for executing the office of lord chancellor.

Anonymiana.

THE GREAT LORD CHANCELLOR.

Sir Thomas More, when at the bar, is said to have undertaken only such causes as appeared just to his conscience, and never to have accepted a fee from a widow, orphan, or poor person; yet he acquired by his practice the considerable sum, in those days, of four hundred pounds per annum. When he rose to the height of his profession, his diligence was so great, that one day being in court he called for the next cause, on which it was answered, that there were no more suits in chancery. This made a punning bard of that time thus express himself:—

When *More* some years had chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen,
Till *More* be there again.

CHANCERY.

Cancellæ are lattice-work, by which the chancels being formerly parted from the body of the church, they took their names from thence. Hence, too, the court of *chancery* and the lord *chancellor* borrowed their names, that court being enclosed with open work of that kind. And, so, to *cancel* a writing is to *cross* it out with the pen, which naturally makes something like the figure of a lattice.

DILIGENCE AND DELIGHT.

It is a common observation, that unless a man takes a *delight* in a thing, he will never pursue it with pleasure or assiduity. *Diligentia*, diligence, is from *diligo*, to love.

PAMPHLET, PALM, PALMISTRY.

Pamphlet.—This word is ancient, see Lilye's Euphnes, p. 5; Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent, p. 188; Hearne's Cur. Disc. p. 130; Hall's Chronicle, in Edward V. f. 2; Richard III. f. 32; Skelton, p. 47; Caxton's Preface to his Virgil, where it is written *paunflethis*; Oldys's British Librarian, p. 128; Nash, p. 3, 64; and also his preface, wherein he has the phrase, "to *pamphlet* on a person" and *pampheleter*, p. 30.

The French have not the word pamphlet, and yet it seems to be of French extraction, and no other than *palm-feuillet*, a leaf to be held in the hand, a book being a thing of a greater weight. So the French call it now *feuille volante*, retaining one part of the compound.

Palm is the old French word for *hand*, from whence we have *palmistry*, the *palm* of the hand, a *palm* or span, and to *palm* a card, and from thence the metaphor of *palming* any thing upon a person.

Cambridge Wit.

A gentleman of St. John's College, Cambridge, having a clubbed foot, which occasioned him to wear a shoe upon it of a particular make, and with a high heel, one of the college wits called him *Bildad the shuhite*.

Gradual Reform.

When lord Muskerry sailed to Newfoundland, George Rooke went with him a volunteer: George was greatly addicted to lying; and my lord, being very sensible of it, and very familiar with George, said to him one day, "I wonder you will not leave off this abominable custom of lying, George." "I can't help it," said the other. "Puh!" says my lord, "it may be done by degrees; suppose you were to begin with uttering one truth a day."

Private and Public.

Charles II. spending a cheerful evening with a few friends, one of the company, seeing his majesty in good humour, thought it a fit time to ask him a favour, and was so absurd as to do so: after he had mentioned his suit, Charles instantly and very acutely replied, "Sir, you must ask your *king* for that."

A Hundred to One.

"There were a hundred justices," says one, "at the monthly meeting." "A hundred," says another. "Yes," says he, "do you count, and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cipher for him—*one* and *two ciphers* are a *hundred*."

THE CHILD OF MIGHT.

For the Table Book.

War was abroad, and the fleeting gale
Loud, o'er the wife's and the daughter's wail,
Brought the summoning sound of the clarion's blast—
Age and affection looked their last
On the valour and youth that went forth to the tomb—
Young eyes were bright at the nodding plume—
Banner and spear gleam'd in the sun—
And the laugh was loud as the day were won:
But the sun shall set, and—ere 'tis night,—
Woe to thee, Child of Pride and Might.

'Tis the hour of battle, the hosts are met,
Pierc'd is the hauberk, cleft the bass'net:
Like a torrent the legions thunder'd on—
Lo! like its foam, they are vanish'd and gone
Thou whom this day beauty's arms caress,
The hoof of the fleeing spurns thy crest—
Thy *pride* yet lives on thy dark brow's height,
But, where is thy *power*, Child of Might?

J. J. K.

The old Water Carrier.

"Any New-River water here."

This is another of the criers of a hundred years ago, and, it seems, he cried "*New-River* water." The cry is scarce, though scarcely extinct, in the environs of London.

I well remember the old prejudices of old-fashioned people in favour of water brought to the door, and their sympathy with the complaints of the water-bearer. "Fresh and fair new River-water! none of your pipe sludge!" vociferated the water-bearer. "Ah dear!" cried his customers, "Ah dear! Well, what'll the world come to!—they wo'n't let poor people live at all by and by—here they're breaking up the ground, and we shall be all under water some day or other with their goings on—I'll stick to the carrier as long as he has a pail-full and I've a penny, and when we haven't we must all go to the workhouse together." This was the talk and the reasoning of many honest people within my recollection, who preferred taxing themselves to the daily payment of a penny and often twopence to the water-carrier, in preference to having "Company's-water" at eighteen shillings per annum. Persons of this order of mind were neither political economists nor domestic economists: they were, for the most part, simple and kind-hearted souls, who illustrated the ancient saying, that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty"—they have perished for "lack of knowledge."

The *governing* principle of Napoleon was, that "every thing must be done for the people, and nothing by them:" the ruling practice of the British people is to do every thing for themselves; and by the maintenance of this good old custom they have preserved individual freedom, and attained to national greatness. All our beneficial national works have originated with ourselves—our roads, our bridges, our canals, our water-companies, have all been constructed by our own enterprise, and in the order of our wants.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXI.

[From Sir Richard Fanshaw's Translation of "Querer Por Solo Querer"—"To love for love's sake"—a Romantic Drama, written in Spanish by Mendoza: 1649.]

Felisbravo, Prince of Persia, from a Picture sent him of the brave Amazonian Queen of Tartary, Zelidaura, becoming enamoured, sets out for that realm; in his way thither disenchants a Queen of Araby; but first, overcome by fatigue, falls asleep in the Enchanted Grove, where Zelidaura herself coming by, steals the Picture from him. The passion of the Romance arises from his remorse at being taken so negligent; and her disdain that he should sleep, having the company of her Picture. She here plays upon him, who does not yet know her, in the disguise of a Rustic.

Fel. What a spanking Labradora!

Zel. You, the unkent Knight, God ye gud mora!*

Fel. The time of day thou dost mistake.

Zel. — and joy —

Fel. — of what?

Zel. That I discover,
By a sure sign, you are awake.

Fel. Awake? the sign —

Zel. Your being a lover.

Fel. In love am I?

Zel. — and very deep.

Fel. Deep in love! how is that seen?

Zel. Perfectly. You do not sleep.

Fel. Rustic Excellence, unscreen,
And discover that sweet face,
Which covers so much wit and grace.

Zel. You but dream so: sleep again,
And forget it.

Fel. Why, now, Saint?

Zel. Why, the Lady, that went in,†
Looks as if that she did paint.

Fel. What has that to do with sleeping?
She is indeed angelical.

Zel. That picture now's well worth your keeping.
For why? 'tis an original.

Fel. Is this Shepherdess a Witch?
Or saw the sleeping treason, which
I committed against Love
First, in the Enchanted Grove?
Me hast thou ever seen before?

Zel. Seen? aye, and know thee for a man
That will turn him, and sleep more
Than a dozen dunces can.
Thou ken'st little what sighs mean.

Fel. Unveil, by Jove, that face serene.

Zel. What, to make thee sleep again?

* She affects rusticity.

† The Enchanted Queen of Araby, of whom Zelidaura is jealous.

Fel. Still in riddles?

Zel. Now he sees:
This pinching wakes him by degrees.

Fel. Art thou a Nymph?

Zel. Of Parnass Green.

Fel. Sleep I indeed, or am I mad?

Zel. None serve thee but the Enchanted Queen?
I think what dull conceits ye have had
Of the bird Phœnix, which no eye
E'er saw; an odoriferous Lye:
How of her beauty's spells she's told;
That by her spirit thou art haunted;
And, having slept away the old,
With this new Mistress worse enchanted.

Fel. I affect not, Shepherdess,
Myself in such fine terms to express;
Sufficeth me an humble strain:
Too little happy to be vain.—
Unveil!

Zel. Sir Gallant, not so fast.

Fel. See thee I will.

Zel. See me you shall:
But touch not fruit you must not taste.

(*She takes off her veil.*)

What says it, now the leaf doth fall?

Fel. It says, 'tis worthy to comprize
The kernel of so rare a wit:
Nor, that it grows in Paradise;
But Paradise doth grow in it.
The tall and slender trunk no less divine,
Tho' in a lowly Shepherdesses rine.

(*He begins to know her.*)

This should be that so famous Queen
For unquell'd valour and disdain.—
In these Enchanted Woods is seen
Nothing but illusions vain.

Zel. What stares the man at?

Fel. I compare
A Picture—I once mine did call—
With the divine Original.

Zel. Fall'n again asleep you are:
We poor human Shepherd Lasses
Nor are pictured, nor use glasses.
Who skip their rank, themselves and betters wrong:
To our Dames, god bless 'em, such quaint things belong.
Here a tiny brook alone,
Which fringed with borrow'd flowers (he has
Gold and silver enough on his own)
Is heaven's proper looking-glass,
Copies us: and its reflections,
Shewing natural perfections,
Free from soothing, free from error,
Are our pencil, are our mirror.

Fel. Art thou a Shepherdess?

Zel. — and bore
On a mountain, called Theee.

Fel. Wear'st thou ever heretofore
Lady's clothes?

Zel. I Lady's gear?—

Yes—what a treacherous poll have I!—
In a Country Comedy
I once enacted a main part;

Still I have it half by heart:
The famous History it was
Of an Arabian—let me see—
No, of a Queen of Tartary,
Who all her sex did far surpass
In beauty, wit, and chivalry:
Who with invincible disdain
Would fool, when she was in the vein,
Princes with all their wits about 'em;
But, an they slept, to death she'd flout 'em.
And, by the mass, with such a mien
My Majesty did play the Queen;
Our Curate had my Picture made,
In the same robes in which I play'd.

To my taste this is fine, elegant, Queen-like raillery; a second part of Love's Labours Lost, to which title this extraordinary Play has still better pretensions than even Shakspeare's: for after leading three pair of Royal Lovers thro' endless mazes of doubts, difficulties; oppositions of dead fathers' wills; a labyrinth of losings and findings; jealousies; enchantments; conflicts with giants, and single-handed against armies; to the exact state in which all the Lovers might with the greatest propriety indulge their reciprocal wishes—when, the deuce is in it, you think, but they must all be married now—suddenly the three Ladies turn upon their Lovers; and, as an exemplification of the moral of the Play, "Loving for loving's sake," and a hyper-platonic, truly Spanish proof of their affections—demand that the Lovers shall consent to their mistresses' taking upon them the vow of a single life; to which the Gallants with becoming refinement can do less than consent.—The fact is that it was a Court Play, in which the Characters; males, giants, and all; were played by females, and those of the highest order of Grandeeship. No nobleman might be permitted amongst them; and it was against the forms, that a great Court Lady of Spain should consent to such an unrefined motion, as that of wedlock, though but in a play.

Appended to the Drama, the length of which may be judged from its having taken nine days in the representation, and me three hours in the reading of it—hours well wasted—is a poetical account of a fire, which broke out in the Theatre on one of the nights of its acting, when the whole Dramatis Personæ were nearly burnt, because the common people out of "base fear," and the Nobles out of "pure respect," could not think of laying hands upon such "great Donnas;" till the young King, breaking the etiquette, by snatching up his Queen, and bearing her through the flames upon his back, the Grandees, (dilatory Æneases), followed his example, and each saved one (Anchises-fashion), till the whole Courtly Company of Comedians were got off in tolerable safety.—Imagine three or four stout London Firemen on such an occasion, standing off in mere respect!

C. L.

THE STUART PAPERS,

In Possession of the King.

In the year 1817 the public, or, more correctly speaking, the English public at Rome, were much excited by the report of a very singular discovery. The largest and the most interesting collection of papers relating to the Stuart family, probably existing, was suddenly recovered. The circumstances connected with the discovery are curious. Dr. W., whose residence on the continent for many years had been unceasingly devoted to every species of research which could tend to throw light on the antiquities of his country and the history of her kings, had in the Scotch college at Paris, after much patient investigation, arrived at the knowledge of some Gaelic MSS., and, what may be perhaps deemed of more consequence, of several papers relating to the dethroned family. The Gaelic MSS., it was imagined, would throw some light on the quarrel *de lana caprina* of the Ossian "remains," a name which, as it has been given to the Iliad and Odyssey, cannot be considered as an insult to the claims of the Irish or Scottish phantom which has been conjured up under the name of Ossian: but the Journals, &c., though they added little to his actual information, and communicated few facts not hitherto before the public, had at least the merit of placing the end of the clue in his hand, and hinting first the probability of a more productive inquiry elsewhere. It occurred to him that after the demise of James II., as the majority of the family habitually resided at Rome, much the greater number of interesting documents ought still to be discoverable in that city, and, whatever facilities might originally have existed, they must have been increased considerably, and indeed enhanced by the late extinction of the direct line in the person of the cardinal de York.* His journey

* His Royal Highness the Cardinal de York, or as he was sometimes called, "Your Majesty," reposes in the subterraneous church of St. Peter, under a plain sar

to Rome, and the results of his perseverance fully justified these conjectures. There was nothing in Dr. W.'s appearance or manner, nothing in the circumstances of his long absence from his country, which could offer motives of encouragement; no man carried less before him, as far as externals were in question, that letter of recommendation to which the most uncourteous are compelled to yield. He was in bad odour with his own government, and consequently with every thing legitimate and subservient on the continent, and one of the worst calculated individuals that Providence could have selected, if not for a discovery, at least for its preservation. Dr. W. was known to few of his countrymen at Rome; and as well as I recollect, they were exclusively Scotch, but his acquaintance amongst the natives was extensive and useful. He had been engaged in some cotton speculations in the Campagna, which had altogether failed; more, I believe, from want of funds and public spirit, than from any error in the project or its execution. The soil was favourable, the climate favourable, and the specimen I saw scarcely inferior to the Asiatic. But whatever may have been the causes, the results were salutary, and productive at least of this advantage, that it served to introduce him to the "mezzo ceto" circles of the capital. A mercante di Campagna is a personage in nowise inferior to a lawyer, and Dr. W. knew how to preserve his importance amongst his competitors. The information which he gained here was a new source of encouragement. After much sagacious and persevering inquiry, and occasional but partial disappointments, he at last chanced in a happy hour on the great object of all his labours. He was informed in rather a circuitous manner, that a considerable portion of the late cardinal de York's effects lay still in the hands of the executors, but could not at first ascertain whether they comprehended any large masses of his papers. Enough, however, had been detected to lead him much farther: he seized the hint, profited by it, and in a few weeks satisfactorily assured himself that the papers were, as he suspected, included, and were at that very moment at Rome. He lost no time in addressing himself to the proper quarter, but monsignor —— was out of town, (the acting executor of the cardinal,) and it was very doubtful whether his agent, the abbate Lupi, was sufficiently authorized or empowered to dispose of them in his absence; the abbate Lupi, less scrupulous, or more ignorant than persons in situations of such high trust, smiled at the communication, and conducted the doctor without delay to the premises where these cartacci, or paper-rubbish, as he termed them, were still lying in confusion. It was a dark and dreary garret or gallery, at the top of the house. The abbate pushed back a crazy door, and showed them heaped up, in large lots, in various parts of the chamber. The garret was crumbling, the wind and rain entered *ad libitum* through the broken tiles, the rats prowled and plundered at full discretion, like the followers of Omar, and had now lived for many years at free quarters on the spoils; but neither decay, nor the seasons and their ravages, nor the rats and their incursions, nor the appearance of daily loss, were sufficient to rouse the habitual indolence of the administrators to the least effort for the preservation of the remainder. There was a sufficient quantity, however, left to surpass the most ardent anticipations of the doctor: he gazed in silence and astonishment; it was a moment of true and unalloyed delight—an instant which, in the estimate of the enthusiast, will outbalance the sufferings of months and years, like the "Land! land!" of Columbus, or the *eureka* of Pythagoras. He hesitated, he doubted—he took up the paper that was nearest to him; his warmest wishes were realized; it was an autograph of James II. A glance over the rest was sufficient; it was with difficulty he could suppress the feeling of exultation which shivered and fled over his whole frame. After an affected question or two, the abbate accepted his proposal, and very near five hundred thousand documents, of unquestionable authenticity and of the first historic importance and authority, were knocked down to him for not more than three hundred Roman crowns. Dr. W. still meditated, paused, appeared reluctant,

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cophagus, which bears the name of Hen. IX. No one will dispute the title of a few handfuls of dust, but it is worth observing that something very similar reappears on the monument in St. Peter's itself. This is consistent in a Roman: legitimacy, like the priesthood, is indelible, and cannot be rubbed out by misfortune or wrong. The sketch in Forsyth is interesting and delicate, though rather Jacobite and Scotch. I met many persons who retained recollections of him at Rome, but none of these recollections are worth noticing. He seems to have rendered himself more remarkable by petty peculiarities, than any great quality of heart or head. He was supposed to be the quickest driver for a cardinal of the whole college, and sometimes came in from Frascati, (his bishopric and habitual residence,) a distance of about fourteen miles, in an hour and a quarter. This was thought in the first instance marvellous, and in the next indecorous. The only honours he retained were his titles great and little, and the privilege of mounting the Vatican in a sedan-chair.

inquired for the letter of attorney, examined it, and finding all in order, and powers as he imagined sufficiently full, the arrangement in a few moments was completed. Two carts were brought to the door, the papers were thrown into them confusedly, and so little did the abbate value their utility, that on two or three packets falling into the street, they undoubtedly would have lain there with other rubbish, had not the doctor immediately hastened to take them up and carried them himself to his lodgings.

The prize was now won, and a collection perhaps unrivalled in Europe, an El Dorado of imaginary wealth and glory, was safely lodged in the precincts of his own apartment. Joy is talkative, and for once the doctor altogether forgot his caution, and in the dangerous moment of a first triumph, rushed to his countrymen, and proclaimed his *veni, vidi, vici* to their envy and astonishment. They were invited to inspect them. Rome, the capital of a considerable state, is still a provincial town, and events of this kind hardly require newspapers. In a few days the news of all the poets and barbers was the singular good fortune of the doctor. What it was no one knew, except the duchess of D——. Her drawing-room was not only the rendezvous of every stranger, and particularly of every Englishman at Rome, but, what ought to have been considered as of infinitely more moment and indeed danger, was a sort of antechamber to the Vatican. Her acquaintance with the cardinal secretary intimately connected her with the Papal government; and, during her life and his administration, the English might almost be said to be, in the language of the modern city, the assistants of the pontifical throne. The duchess requested a cabinet peep. The doctor expostulated;—he ought to have done so, but on the contrary he was gratified by the compliment, and a little conversazione packet was made up with expedition for her next evening party. The doctor had time to judge of his acquisition, and made a judicious selection, but so unfortunately inviting, that his noble patroness could with difficulty confine to her own breast the sentiments she felt of surprise and admiration. Besides, it would be selfish to conceal the gratification from her friends; the papers were of course in a few days to start for England. Who could tell when they were likely to be out? Then there was an enjoyment, not likely to be resisted by a duchess and a protectress, of all that was literary at Rome, in tumbling over an original MS.—and such a MS.—and reading and judging the important work, before it was even dreamt of by the rest of the world. She had been favoured, and could not be blamed for extending, like the doctor, the favour to others. She had two or three very dear friends, and she could not reflect without pain on what they might say, and with so much justice, should they discover, some days afterwards, that she had been in possession of such a treasure, though for a few hours, without kindly participating her pleasures with her acquaintances.

These reasons, cogent at any time, were altogether invincible under the circumstances of the case. The duchess had many friends, but the most intimate of these many was the cardinal secretary. The practised eye of that statesman could not be so easily seduced. He was one of the chief invited of the evening, and as usual appeared amongst the earliest of the guests. The papers were on the table on his entry; they became the chief, the first, and soon the only topic of conversation. They were examined; the cardinal read, folded them up, and was silent; but ere daylight the next morning a guard of the pope's carabiniers attacked Dr. W.'s apartment, which was not the castle of an Englishman, and very important papers were irrecoverably lost to him, and perhaps to the public for ever.

The next morning, all the valets de place in Rome knew, and took care to inform their masters, that during the night the abbate Lupi had been arrested, and lay actually in prison for a gross violation of his trust; but it was not understood till much later in the day, that the moment the cardinal had left the apartments of the duchess, orders had been also given to have the papers immediately put under the seal and wardship of the state. The doctor was consequently awakened, as we have seen, rather earlier than usual, in the most unceremonious manner imaginable, and requested, in rather a peremptory manner, to point out the treasury room. Tortures were not used, but threats were. The sanctuary was easily discovered; the inviolable seal was fixed on the door; and a guard put over the house, during the remainder of the day.

The arrest of the abbate was followed up by a measure of more rigour, and of far greater importance The contract itself was annulled on the ground of incompetence in the seller—the three hundred crowns were ordered to be paid back, and

Dr. W. permitted to appeal, and satisfy himself with civil answers as well as he could, and with what every jurisconsult of the Curia Innocenziana had decided, or would decide if called upon by the secretary, to be the ancient and existing law of Rome.

The doctor made, through himself and others, the ordinary applications, each of which were received and answered in the ordinary manner. This was encouraging; and he vented his indignation amongst his acquaintances; and, when the access and struggle was over, lay like Gulliver, fatigued on his back.

In the mean time, a vessel arrived from England at Cività Vecchia, and a boat's crew a little after from Fiumicino at Rome. The papers were released and embarked. The doctor expostulated, and the cardinal secretary received him with his usual urbanity. His visit was quite as satisfactory as any of the preceding, and as conclusive as such visits generally are at Rome. The cardinal heard every thing with the most dignified composure, and simply replied, that any application to him personally was now unavailing, and that he could not do better than apply to the king of England, in whose hands the papers in question would probably be found in the course of another month.

The doctor bowed and took the advice,—but, in leaving the room, it occurred to him that he might not meet a more favourable reception at Downing-street than at the Vatican. A friend at that time resident at Rome proposed to act as his representative to the minister, and acquitted himself in the sequel with a fidelity as rare amongst ambassadors as attorneys.

I never heard any thing decisive of the result of this interview;—but I have no doubt the cardinal was in the right. No inquiries at all disquieting were made, or questions asked, of the keeper of the king's conscience, on the adjudication of the court of Rome. The king of England, in right of his Stuart blood, keeps, and will leave to his descendants, probably, the care of publishing all the Stuart MSS.

But in the momentous interval between the discovery of the papers, and their voyage to England, more eyes than those of an English duchess and a cardinal secretary of state contrived to glance over the treasure. For a day or two they were exposed to the inspection of the privileged few, at the head of whom was the late professor Playfair, lord S——, lord of session, &c.: to one of these favoured individuals I am indebted for most of the particulars which follow.

On entering the chamber where they were arranged, which was a small room, on the first floor, of a small apartment in a secondary quarter of Rome, he found the walls to a great height literally covered with piles of paper of every size and quality. They were packed so close, had been so long unopened, and had so much suffered from the humidity, that each packet was found to contain, on examination, a very much larger quantity than had at first been expected. They were arranged in the most perfect order, and classed according to the age, country, or writer. Several were autographs, and copies, where they existed, were in the best preservation, and generally under the eye, and by the order of the first authority. The series commenced about the period of the king's arrival in France, and were continued down, with scarcely any interruption or hiatus, to the demise of the last direct heir, the cardinal de York. They embraced not only every document connected with political matters, but entered into the most minute details on the domestic and personal affairs of the illustrious individuals, to whom they related, and threw a very singular light on transactions which have been long concealed, or viewed under very partial bearings, by the British public. Not only the private and confidential correspondence between the different members of the royal family, but references to the most trivial circumstances connected with the interior of the royal household, and various other matters of similar interest, were everywhere observable. The revenues, the expenditure, were regularly noted; a large volume or ledger, almost completely filled with items of this kind, gave no bad scale of the gradation or diminution of expense, calculated on country, time, and situation, and therefore a very fair estimate of their means under the successive fortunes to which they had been exposed. But by far the most interesting documents of the collection referred to the important political transactions of that memorable epoch. James II. occupies a considerable, and, indeed, a principal portion of this interest. His letters to his son, written and corrected in his own hand, give a very flattering portrait, and perhaps a very authentic one, of his character in almost all his domestic relations, without much claim, but also without much pretension, to style—the sin of that age, and not less of the succeeding: they are not without a certain tinge of the

elegance of manner, which, though by no means his apanage, had more or less been contracted in those dissolute circles which had inspired Hamilton. But there were other qualities with which they abounded, of much higher value and importance, greater depth of feeling than what usually exists in courts, paternal affection in all the bitterness of an unrequited fondness, and a settled and unavailing despair (he died, indeed, of a lethargy) of the future destinies of his house, grounded on the frail support he could anticipate from the depraved habits of his son. The reproaches addressed to him are frequent, and fraught with the overflowing waters of fatherly disappointment; the *brouillon*, or rough draft of the letter, which was sometimes preserved, was often blotted, and the wavering and agitation of his mind betrayed itself very visibly in his very hand. The general view which they give is favourable, and presents a kindlier aspect of his character than what we are habituated to meet with in the generality of the Whig writers.*

THE PLANETS.

Their Comparative Sizes and Positions.

To assist the mind in framing a conception of the magnitude and relative distances of the primary planets, let us have recourse to the following method. The dome of St. Paul's is 145 feet in diameter. Suppose a globe of this size to represent the Sun; then a globe of $9\frac{7}{10}$ inches will represent Mercury; one of $17\frac{1}{10}$ inches, Venus; one of 18 inches, the Earth; one of 5 inches diameter, the Moon, (whose distance from the earth is 240,000 miles;) one of 10 inches, Mars; one of 15 feet, Jupiter; and one of $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet, Saturn, with his ring four feet broad, and at the same distance from his body all round.

In this proportion, suppose the Sun to be at St. Paul's, then

☿ Mercury might be at the Tower of London,
♀ Venus at St. James's Palace,
⊕ The Earth at Marylebone,
♂ Mars at Kensington,
♃ Jupiter at Hampton Court,
♄ Saturn at Clifden;

all moving round the cupola of St. Paul's as ⊙ their common centre.

New Monthly Magazine.

ACCOUNT OF THE BEE-EATER

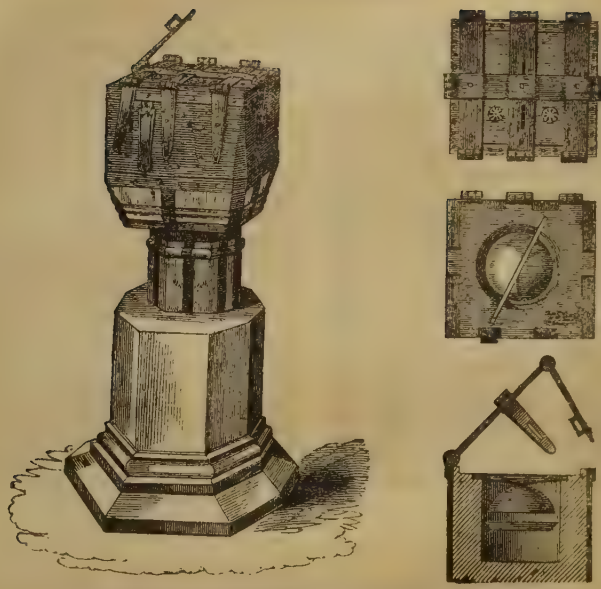
Of Selborne, Hampshire.

By the Rev. Gilbert White, 1789.

We had in this village, more than twenty years ago, an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees: they were his food, his amusement, his sole object; and as people of this cast have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dosed away his time, within his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey, wherever he found them: he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives; and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or *bee-bird*, and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called *bee-wine*. As he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. Had his capacity been better, and directed to the same object, he had perhaps abated much of our wonder at the feats of a more modern exhibiter of bees; and we may justly say of him now,

> "Thou,
> Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
> Should'st *Wildman* be."

When a tall youth, he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood.



Poor's-Box in Cawston Church, Norfolk.

Before the Reformation, says Anthony à Wood, "in every church was a poor man's box, but I never remembered the use of it; nay, there was one at great inns, as I remember it was, before the wars."

Poor-boxes are often mentioned in the twelfth century. At that period pope Innocent III. extended papal power to an inordinate height; absolved subjects from allegiance to their sovereigns; raised crusades throughout Europe for the recovery of the holy sepulchre; laid France under an interdict; promised paradise to all who would slaughter the Albigenses; excommunicated John, king of England; and ordered hollow trunks to be placed in all the churches, to receive alms for the remission of the sins of the donors.*

A communication to the Antiquarian Society, accompanied by drawings of the poor-boxes on this and the opposite page, briefly describes them† The common poor-box in the churches appears to have been a shaft of oak, hollowed out at the top, covered by a hinged lid of iron, with a slit in it, for the money to fall through into the cavity, and secured by one or two iron locks.

Perhaps the most curiously constructed of the ancient poor-boxes now remaining, is that in the church of Cawston, near Aylsham. The church was built between 1385 and 1414. The poor-box was provided with three keys, two of which were for the churchwardens, and the third was most probably for the clergyman, as one of the key-holes is more ornamented than the others. The most singular part of this box is an inverted iron cup, for preventing the money from being taken out by means of any instrument through the holes on the top of the box.

The engravings above represent—1. this poor-box, as it stands on an octangular stone basement; 2. a perfect view of the l d; 3. another of the interior, with the manner wherein the cup is suspended for the security of the money; 4. a section of the box.

In places where the presumed richness of the boxes rendered them liable to be plundered, they were strongly bound or clamped with iron plates, as shown in the present engravings

* Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.

† This communication from J. A. Repton, Esq., is printed, with engravings from his drawings, in the "Archæologia," 1831.

Poor's-Box in Loddon Church, Norfolk.

The church of Loddon, in the south-eastern angle of the county of Norfolk, about five miles from Bungay, was built about 1495, and contains a depository of this description, with two separate boxes, each of them secured by two padlocks: over one of these is a hole in the lid for the offerings. When a sufficient sum was collected, it was taken out and placed in the adjoining box in the presence of the two churchwardens.

Ben Jonson, in his "Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, as it was thrice presented before king James, 1621, &c." makes a gipsy tell Tom Tickle-foot, a rustic musician,—

"On Sundays you rob the poor's-box with your tabor
The collectors would do it, you save them a labour."

Whereunto a countryman answers,

"Faith, but a little: they'll do it *non-upstant*."*

* *Non-upstant*, notwithstanding.

From this we gather that it was customary at that time to put money in the parish poor's-box on Sundays, and that the trustees of the poor were sometimes suspected of misapplying it.

The neglect of this mode of public contribution is noted in Hogarth's marriage scene of the "Rake's Progress," by a cob-web covering the poor's-box in the church. There is an intimation to the same effect in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which further intimates that poor's-boxes had posies—

The poor man's box is there too: if ye find any thing
Besides the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,
For fear it should awaken too much charity,
Give it to pious uses: that is, spend it.

Spanish Curate, 1647.

The posies or mottoes on poor's-boxes were short sentences to incite benevolence—such as, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," &c.

Poetry.

ANGEL HELP.*

This rare Tablet doth include
Poverty with Sanctitude.
Past midnight this poor Maid hath spun,
And yet the work not half is done,
Which must supply from earnings scant
A feeble bed-rid parent's want.
Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,
And Holy hands take up the task;
Unseen the rock and spindle ply,
And do her earthly drudgery.

Sleep, saintly Poor One, sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find thy labours done.

Perchance she knows it by her dreams;
Her eye hath caught the golden gleams
(Angelic Presence testifying,)
That round her everywhere are flying;
Ostents from which she may presume
That much of Heaven is in the room.
Skirting her own bright hair they run,
And to the Sunny add more Sun:
Now on that aged face they fix,
Streaming from the Crucifix;
The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,
Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
Prelibations, foretastes high,
And equal thoughts to live or die.

Gardener bright from Eden's bower,
Tend with care that Lily Flower;
To its leaves and root infuse
Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dews;
'Tis a type and 'tis a pledge
Of a Crowning Privilege:
Careful as that Lily Flower,
This Maid must keep her precious dower;
Live a Sainted Maid, or die
Martyr to Virginity.

Virtuous Poor Ones, sleep, sleep on,
And, waking, find your labours done.

C. LAMB.

New Monthly Magazine,
June 1, 1827.

* Suggested by a picture in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq. Euston-square, in which is represented the Legend of a poor female Saint, who, having spun past midnight to maintain a bed-rid mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and Angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an Angel is tending a lily, the emblem of her purity.

COWPER.

The poet of "The Sofa," when "in merry pin," trifled pleasantly. As an instance of his manner, there remains the following

LEITER TO THE REV. J. NEWTON.

July 12, 1781.

My very dear Friend,—I am going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not; by the tune or the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewers should say "to be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard, have little regard, for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoidening play, of the modern day: and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production, on a new construction; she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap, all that may come, with a sugar plum."—This opinion in this will not be amiss: 'tis what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought, to a serious thought, I should think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far from hence, to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing. And now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penned; which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out, with jigging about, I take my leave, and here you receive a

bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me—

W. C.

When prevented by rains and floods from visiting the lady who suggested "The Task," Cowper beguiled the time by writing to her the following lines, and afterwards printing them with his own hand He sent a copy of these verses, so printed, to his sister, accompanied by the subjoined note written upon his typographical labours.

To watch the storms, and hear the sky
Give all the almanacks the lie;
To shake with cold, and see the plains
In autumn drown'd with wintry rains:
'Tis thus I spend my moments here,
And wish myself a Dutch mynheer;
I then should have no need of wit,
For lumpish Hollander unfit;
Nor should I then repine at mud,
Or meadows delug'd with a flood;
But in a bog live well content,
And find it just my element;
Should be a clod, and not a man,
Nor wish in vain for sister Anne,
With charitable aid to drag
My mind out of its proper quag;
Should have the genius of a boor,
And no ambition to have more.

My dear Sister,—You see my beginning; I do not know but in time I may proceed to the printing of halfpenny ballads. Excuse the coarseness of my paper; I wasted so much before I could accomplish any thing legible, that I could not afford finer. I intend to employ an ingenious mechanic of this town to make me a longer case, for you may observe that my lines turn up their tails like Dutch mastiffs; so difficult do I find it to make the two halves exactly coincide with each other.

We wait with impatience for the departure of this unseasonable flood. We think of you, and talk of you; but we can do no more till the waters subside. I do not think our correspondence should drop because we are within a mile of each other; it is but an imaginary approximation, the flood having in reality as effectually parted us, as if the British Channel rolled between us.

Yours, my dear sister, with Mrs. U.'s best love,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Monday, Aug. 12, 1782.

HIGHLAND DEER AND SHEEP.

"THE LAST DEER OF BEANN DORAN."

A note to a poem, with this title, by John Hay Allan, Esq., relates, that in former times the barony of Glen Urcha was celebrated for the number and the superior race of its deer. When the chieftains relinquished their ancient character and their ancient sports, and sheep were introduced into the country, the want of protection, and the antipathy of the deer to the intruding animals, gradually expelled the former from the face of the country, and obliged them to retire to the most remote recesses of the mountains. Contracted in their haunts from corrai to corrai, the deer of Glen Urcha at length wholly confined themselves to Beann Doran, a mountain near the solitary wilds of Glen Lyon, and the vast and desolate mosses which stretch from the Black Mount to Loch Ranach. In this retreat they continued for several years; their dwelling was in a lonely corrai at the back of the hill, and they were never seen in the surrounding country, except in the deepest severity of winter, when, forced by hunger and the snow, a straggler ventured down into the straiths. But the hostility which had banished them from their ancient range, did not respect their last retreat. The sheep continually encroached upon their bounds, and contracted their resources of subsistence. Deprived of the protection of the laird, those which ventured from their haunt were cut off without mercy or fair chase; while want of range, and the inroads of poachers, continually diminished their numbers, till at length the race became extinct.

About the time of the disappearance of the deer from these wilds, an immense stag was one evening seen standing upon the side of Beann Donachan. He remained for some time quietly gazing towards the lake, and at length slowly descended the hill, and was crossing the road at Stronnmilchon, when he was discovered by some herdsmen of the hamlet. They immediately pursued him with their cooleys; and the alarm being given, the whole straith, men, women, and children, gathered out to the pursuit. The noble animal held them a severe chase till, as he passed through the copse on the north side of Blairachuran, his antlers were entangled in the boughs, he was overtaken by the pursuers, and barbarously slaughtered by the united onset, and assault of dogs, hay-forks, and "Sgian an Dubh." When divided, he

proved but a poor reward for the fatigue; for he was so old, that his flesh was scarcely eatable. From that time the deer were seen no more in Beann Doran; and none now appear in Glen Urcha, except when, in a hard winter, a solitary stag wanders out of the forest of Dalness, and passes down Glen Strae or Corrai Fhuar.

The same cause which had extirpated the deer from Glen Urcha has equally acted in most part of the Highlands. Wherever the sheep appear, their numbers begin to decrease, and at length they become totally extinct. The reasons of this apparently singular consequence is, the closeness with which the sheep feed, and which, where they abound, so consumes the pasturage, as not to leave sufficient for the deer: still more is it owing to the unconquerable antipathy which these animals have for the former. This dislike is so great, that they cannot endure the smell of their wool, and never mix with them in the most remote situations, or where there is the most ample pasturage for both. They have no abhorrence of this kind to cattle, but, where large herds of these are kept, will feed and lie among the stirks and steers with the greatest familiarity.

HIGHLAND MEALS.

Among the peculiarities of highland manners is an avowed contempt for the luxuries of the table. A highland hunter will eat with a keen appetite and sufficient discrimination: but, were he to stop in any pursuit, because it was meal time, to growl over a bad dinner, or visibly exult over a good one, the manly dignity of his character would be considered as fallen for ever.*

TREAD MILLS.

At Lewes, each prisoner walks at the rate of 6,600 feet in ascent per day; at Ipswich, 7,450; at St. Alban's, 8,000; at Bury, 8,650; at Cambridge, 10,176; at Durham, 12,000; at Brixton, Guildford, and Reading, the summer rate exceeds 13,000; while at Warwick, the summer rate is about 17,000 feet in ten hours. †

* Mrs. Grant.

† The Times.

Extraordinary

ORAN-OUTANG,

The Wild Man of the Woods.

The largest and most remarkable oran-outang ever seen by Europeans, was discovered by an officer of the ship Mary Anne Sophia, in the year 1824, at a place called Ramboon, near Touromon, on the west coast of Sumatra.

When the officer alluded to first saw the animal, he assembled his people, and followed him to a tree in a cultivated spot, on which he took refuge. His walk was erect and waddling, but not quick, and he was obliged occasionally to accelerate his motion with his hands; but with a bough which he carried, he impelled himself forward with great rapidity. When he reached the trees his strength was shown in a high degree, for with one spring he gained a very lofty branch, and bounded from it with the ease of the smaller animals of his kind. Had the circumjacent land been covered with wood, he would certainly have escaped from his pursuers, for his mode of travelling by bough or tree was as rapid as the progress of a very fleet horse: but at Ramboon there are but few trees left in the midst of cultivated fields, and amongst these alone he jumped about to avoid being taken. He was first shot on a tree, and after having received five balls, his exertion was relaxed, owing, no doubt, to loss of blood; and the ammunition having been by that time expended, his pursuers were obliged to have recourse to other measures for his destruction. One of the first balls probably penetrated his lungs, for immediately after the infliction of the wound, he slung himself by his feet from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand over the injured part, and the human-like agony of his expression had the natural effect of exciting painful feelings in his assailants. The peasantry seemed as amazed at the sight of him as the crew of the ship; for they had never seen one before, although living within two days' journey from the vast and impenetrable forests on the island. They cut down the tree on which he was reclining exhausted: but the moment he found it falling, he exerted his remaining strength, and gained another, and then a third, until he was finally brought to the ground, and forced to combat his unrelenting foes, who now gathered very thickly round, and discharged

spears and other missiles against him. The first spear, made of a very strong supple wood, which would have resisted the strength of the strongest man, was broken by him like a carrot; and had he not been in almost a dying state, it was feared that he would have severed the heads of some of the party with equal ease. He fell, at length, under innumerable stabs inflicted by the peasantry.

The animal is supposed to have travelled some distance from the place where he was killed, as his legs were covered with mud up to the knees. His hands and feet had great analogy to human hands and feet, only that the thumbs were smaller in proportion, and situated nearer the wrist-joint. His body was well proportioned; he had a fine broad expanded chest and a narrow waist; but his legs were rather short, and his arms very long, though both possessed such sinew and muscle as left no doubt of their strength. His head was well proportioned with his body, and the nose prominent; the eyes were large, and the mouth larger than the mouth in man. His chin was fringed, from the extremity of one ear to the other, with a shaggy beard, curling luxuriantly on each side, and forming altogether an ornamental, rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. When he was first killed, the hair of his coat was smooth and glossy, and his teeth and whole appearance indicated that he was young, and in the full possession of his physical powers. He was nearly eight feet high.

The skin and fragments of this surprising oran-outang were presented to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta; and on the 5th of January, 1825, Dr. Abel examined them, and read the observations he had made. The height already mentioned is according to the estimate of those who saw the animal alive, but the measurement of the skin went far to determine this question. The skin, dried and shrivelled as it was, in a straight line from the top of the shoulder to the point whence the ancle had been removed, measured five feet ten inches; the perpendicular length of the neck in the preparation, was three inches and a half; the length of the face, from the forehead to the chin, nine inches; and of the skin attached to the foot, from the line of its separation from the body to the heel, eight inches. The measurements were made by Dr. Abel himself. Thus we have one foot eight inches and a half to be added to the five feet ten inches, in order to approximate his real stature, which would make seven feet six inches and a half; and allowing the six inches and a half for the shortening that would result from the folding of the skin over the shoulders, the height would then be full seven feet. This is the greatest ascertained height of any tail-less monkey mentioned in the several notices which Dr. Abel collected from different writers on man-like apes.

The skin itself was of a dark leaden colour; the hair a brownish red, shaggy, and long over the shoulders and flanks.

Dr. Abel remarked, that of the small animals more particularly known in Europe, under the designation of oran-outang, one was an inhabitant of Africa, and the other of the east. Several living specimens of both have been seen in Europe, but all were of small stature, and very young, never exceeding three feet in height, or as many years of age. These animals were long considered as varieties of the same species, although in point of fact they are very distinctly separated by external character and anatomical distinctions. The African animal being always black with large ears, the eastern specimens as invariably having reddish brown hair, and very small ears; the former also are unprovided with the sacs communicating with the windpipe, which are always found in the latter.*

Different naturalists have deemed the oran-outang to be the connecting link between the brute and the human being.

A LITTLE LEARNING

—— "*not* a dangerous thing."

Mr. Thomas Campbell having been chosen lord rector of the university of Glasgow, made his inaugural speech on the 12th of April, 1827, wherein are the following estimable remarks on desultory attainments:—

"In comparing small learned acquisitions with none at all, it appears to me to be equally absurd to consider a little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as some will have it, as to talk of a little virtue, a little wealth, or health, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven, being worthless or dangerous.

"To abjure any degree of information, because we cannot grasp the whole circle of the sciences, or sound the depths of erudition, appears to be just about as sensible as if we were to shut up our windows

* Calcutta Government Gazette, Jan. 13, 1825.

because they are too narrow, or because the glass has not the magnifying power of a telescope.

"For the smallest quantity of knowledge that a man can acquire, he is bound to be contentedly thankful, provided his fate shuts him out from the power of acquiring a larger portion—but whilst the possibility of farther advancement remains, be as proudly discontented as ye will with a little learning. For the value of knowledge is like that of a diamond, it increases according to its magnitude, even in much more than a geometrical ratio.—One science and literary pursuit throws light upon another, and there is a connection, as Cicero remarks, among them all—

"'Omnes Artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.'

"No doubt a man ought to devote himself, in the main, to one department of knowledge, but still he will be all the better for making himself acquainted with studies which are kindred *to* and *with* that pursuit. —The principle of the extreme division of labour, so useful in a pin manufactory, if introduced into learning, may produce, indeed, some minute and particular improvements, but, on the whole, it tends to cramp human intellect.

"That the mind may, and especially in early youth, be easily distracted by too many pursuits, must be readily admitted. But I now beg leave to consider myself addressing those among you, who are conscious of great ambition, and of many faculties; and what I say, may regard rather the studies of your future than of your present years.

"To embrace different pursuits, diametrically opposite, in the wide circle of human knowledge, must be pronounced to be almost universally impossible for a single mind.—But I cannot believe that any strong mind weakens its strength, in any one branch of learning, by diverging into cognate studies; on the contrary, I believe that it will return home to the main object, bringing back illustrative treasures from all its excursions into collateral pursuits."

FIGURES, AND NUMBERS.

Respecting the origin of the numeral figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, there are various opinions, but the one most generally received is, that they were brought into Europe from Spain; that the Spaniards received them from the Moors, the Moors from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Indians.

Bishop Huet, however, thinks it improbable that the Arabians received figures from the Indians, but, on the contrary, that the Indians obtained them from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Grecians; from whom, in fact, they acquired a knowledge of every science they possessed. The shape of the figures they received underwent a great alteration; yet if we examine them, divested of prejudice, we shall find very manifest traces of the Grecian figures, which were nothing more than letters of their alphabet.

A small comma, or dot, was their mark for units.

The letter β (b) if its two extremities are erased, produces the figure 2.

If we form the letter γ (g) with more inclination to the left than usual, shorten the foot, and give some rotundity to the left horns near the left side, we shall make the figure 3.

The letter Δ (D) is the figure 4, as we should find on giving the left leg a perpendicular form, and lengthening it below the base, which also should be enlarged towards the left.

From the ε (e short) is formed the 5, by only bringing towards the right side the demicircle which is beneath inclining to the left.

From the figure 5 they made the 6, by leaving out the foot, and rounding the body.

Of the Z (Z) they make the 7, by leaving out the base.

If we turn the four corners of the H (e long) towards the inside, we shall make the figure 8.

The Θ (th) was the figure 9 without any alteration.

The *nought* was only a point which they added to their figures, to make them ten times more; it was necessary that this point should be made very distinctly, to which end they formed it like a circle, and filled it up; this method we have neglected.

Theophanus, the Eastern chronologist, says in express terms, that the Arabians had retained the Grecian numbers, not having sufficient characters in their own language to mark them.

Menage says, they were first employed in Europe in 1240, in the Alphonsian Tables, made under the direction of Alphonso, son to king Ferdinand of Castile, by Isaac Hazan, a Jew of Toledo, and Abel Ragel,

an Arabian. Dr. Wallis conceives they were generally used in England about the year 1130.

In the indexes of some old French books these figures are called Arabic ciphers, to distinguish them from Roman numerals.

NUMBER X, 10.

It is observed by Huet as a remarkable circumstance, that for calculation and numerical increase the number 10 is always used, and that decimal progression is preferred to every other. The cause of this preference arises from the number of our fingers, upon which men accustom themselves to reckon from their infancy. First, they count the units on their fingers, and when the units exceed that number, they have recourse to another ten. If the number of tens increase, they still reckon on their fingers; and if they surpass that number, they then commence a different species of calculation by the same agents; as thus —reckoning each finger for tens, then for hundreds, thousands, &c.

From this mode of reckoning by the fingers then, we have been led to prefer the number ten, though it is not so convenient and useful a number as twelve. Ten can only be divided by two and five, but twelve can be divided by two, three, four, and six.

The Roman numbers are adduced in proof of the origin of reckoning by the number ten, viz.—

The units are marked by the letter I, which represent a finger.

The number five is marked by the letter V, which represents the first and last finger of a hand.

Ten, by an X, which is two V's joined at their points, and which two V's represent the two hands.

Five tens are marked by an L; that is half the letter E, which is the same as C, the mark for a hundred.

Five hundred is marked by a D, half of the letter ↀ, which is the same as M, the mark for a thousand.

According to this, the calculation of the Roman numbers was from five to five, that is, from one hand to the other. Ovid makes mention of this mode, as also of the number ten :—

"Hic numeris magno tunc in honore fuit.
Seu quia tot digiti per quos numerare solemnus,
Seu quia bis quino femina mense parit.
Seu quod ad usque decem numero crescente venitur:
Principium spatiis sumitur inde novis."

Vitruvius also makes the same remark; he says, "Ex manibus denarius digitorum numerus."

We have refined, however, upon the convenience which nature has furnished us with to assist us in our calculations; for we not only use our fingers, but likewise various figures, which we place in different situations, and combine in certain ways, to express our ideas.

Many unlettered nations, as the inhabitants of Guinea, Madagascar, and of the interior parts of America, know not how to count farther than ten. The Brasilians, and several others, cannot reckon beyond five; they multiply that number to express a greater, and in their calculations they use their fingers and toes. The natives of Peru use decimal progression; they count from one to ten; by tens to a hundred; and by hundreds to a thousand. Plutarch says, that decimal progression was not only used among the Grecians, but also by every uncivilized nation.

Omniana.

FOX, THE QUAKER.

This individual, many years deceased, was a most remarkable man in his circle; a great natural genius, which employed itself upon trivial or not generally interesting matters. He deserved to have been known better than he was. The last years of his life he resided at Bristol. He was a great Persian scholar, and published some translations of the poets of that nation, which were well worthy perusal. He was self-taught, and had patience and perseverance for any thing. He was somewhat eccentric, but had the quickest reasoning power, and consequently the greatest coolness, of any man of his day, who was able to reason. His house took fire in the night; it was situated near the sea; it was uninsured, and the flames spread so rapidly nothing could be saved. He saw the consequences instantly, made up his mind to them as rapidly, and ascending a hill at some distance in the rear of his dwelling, watched the picture and the reflection of the flames on the sea, admiring its beauties, as if it were a holiday bonfire.

DIVING-BELLS.

The first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with every thing necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of 200,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum he got about 20,000*l.*, and the duke 90,000*l.* Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time diving-bells have been often employed. On occasion of the breaking in of the water of the Thames during the progress of the tunnel under the Thames, Mr. Brunel frequently descended in one to the bed of the river.

GAMING.

——"The ruling passion strong in death."

In "Arliquiniana" avarice, and love of gaming, are exemplified by the following anecdote:—

A French woman, who resided on her estate in the country, falling ill, sent to the village curate, and offered to play with him. The curate being used to gaming, gladly entertained the proposal, and they played together till he lost all his money. She then offered to play with him for the expenses of her funeral, in case she should die. They played, and the curate losing these also, she obliged him to give her his note of hand for so much money lent, as her funeral expenses would amount to. She delivered the note to her son, and died within eight or ten days afterwards, and the curate was paid his fees in his own note of hand.

THE TANNER.

An Epigram.

A Bermondsey tanner would often engage,
In a long *tête-à-tête* with his dame,
While trotting to town in the Kennington stage,
About giving their villa a name.

A neighbour, thus hearing the skin-dresser talk,
Stole out, half an hour after dark,
Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of chalk,
And wrote on the palings—"*Hide* Park!"*

FRIENDSHIP ON THE NAIL.

When Marigny contracted a friendship with Menage, he told him he was "upon his *nail*." It was a method he had of speaking of all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus: "Oh! illustrious of my *nail*."

When Marigny said, "you are upon my *nail*," he meant two things—one, that the person was always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most, might write their names on his nail.

Notice

TO THE CHANCE CUSTOMERS

OF THE

COMPANY OF FLYING STATIONERS.

Formerly there was a numerous class who believed every thing they saw in print. It is just possible that a few of these persuadable persons may survive; I therefore venture to remark, that my name printed on the squibs now crying about the streets is a forgery.

W. HONE.

June 8, 1827.

* New Monthly Magazine.

Beckenham Church, Kent.

The parish of Beckenham lends its name to the hundred, which is in the lath of Sutton-at-Hone. It is ten miles from London, two miles north from Bromley, and, according to the last census, contains 196 houses and 1180 inhabitants. The living is a rectory valued in the king's books at *6l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* The church is dedicated to St George.

—— Beyond "Chaffinch's River" there is an enticing field-path to Beckenham, but occasional sights of noble trees kept us along the high road, till the ring of the blacksmith's hammer signalled that we were close upon the village. We wound through it at a slow pace, vainly longing for something to realize the expectations raised by the prospect of it on our way.

Beckenham consists of two or three old farm-like looking houses, rudely encroached

upon by a number of irregularly built dwellings, and a couple of inns; one of them of so much apparent consequence, as to dignify the place. We soon came to an edifice which, by its publicity, startles the feelings of the passenger in this, as in almost every other parish, and has perhaps greater tendency to harden than reform the rustic offender—the "cage," with its accessory, the "pound." An angular turn in the road, from these lodgings for men and cattle when they go astray, afforded us a sudden and delightful view of

"The decent church that tops the neighb'ring hill."

On the right, an old, broad, high wall, flanked with thick buttresses, and belted with magnificent trees, climbs the steep, to enclose the domain of I know not whom; on the opposite side, the branches, from a plantation, arch beyond the footpath. At the summit of the ascent is the village church with its whitened spire, crowning and pinnacl'ing this pleasant grove, pointing from amidst the graves—like man's last only hope—towards heaven.

This village spire is degradingly noticed in "An accurate Description of Bromley and Five Miles round, by Thomas Wilson, 1797." He says, "An extraordinary circumstance happened here near Christmas, 1791; the steeple of this church was destroyed by lightning, but a new one was put up in 1796, made of copper, in the form of an extinguisher." The old spire, built of shingles, was fired on the morning of the 23d of December, in the year seventeen hundred and *ninety*, in a dreadful storm. One of the effects of it in London I perfectly remember;—the copper roofing of the new "Stone Buildings" in Lincoln's Inn was stripped off by the wind, and violently carried over the opposite range of high buildings, the Six Clerks' offices, into Chancery Lane, where I saw the immense sheet of metal lying in the carriage way, exactly as it fell, rolled up, with as much neatness as if it had been executed by machinery. As regards the present spire of Beckenham church, its "form," in relation to its place, is the most appropriate that could have been devised—a picturesque object, that marks the situation of the village in the forest landscape many miles round, and indescribably graces the nearer view.

We soon came up to the corpse-gate of the church-yard, and I left W. sketching it,* whilst I retraced my steps into the village in search of the church-keys at the parish-clerk's, from whence I was directed back again, to "the woman who has the care of the church," and lives in the furthest of three neat almshouses, built at the church-yard side, by the private benefaction of Anthony Rawlings, in 1694. She gladly accompanied us, with the keys clinking, through the mournful yew-tree grove, and threw open the great south doors of the church. It is an old edifice—despoiled of its ancient font—deprived, by former beautifyings, of carvings and tombs that in these times would have been remarkable. It has remnants of brasses over the burial places of deceased rectors and gentry, from whence dates have been wantonly erased, and monuments of more modern personages, which a few years may equally deprave.

There are numerous memorials of the late possessors of Langley, a predominant estate in Beckenham. One in particular to sir Humphry Style, records that he was of great fame, in his day and generation, in Beckenham: he was "Owner of Langley in this parish, Knight and Baronet of England and Ireland, a gentleman of the privy chamber in ordinary to James I, one of the cupbearers in ordinary to King Charles, and by them boath intrusted with the weighty affairs of this countye: Hee was justice of peace and quorum, Deputy lieftenant, and alsoe (an hono'r not formerly conferred upon any) made Coronell of all the trayned band horse thereof."

The possession of Langley may be traced, through the monuments, to its last heritable occupant, commemorated by an inscription; "Sacred to the Memory of Peter Burrell, Baron Gwydir, of Gwydir, Deputy Great Chamberlain of England, Born July 16, 1754; Died at Brighton, June 29th, 1820, aged 66 years." After the death of this nobleman Langley was sold. The poor of Beckenham speak his praise, and lament that his charities died with him. The alienation of the estate deprived them of a benevolent protector, and no one has arisen to succeed him in the character of a kind-hearted benefactor

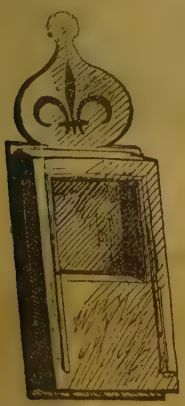
A tablet in this church, to "Harriet, wife of (the present) J. G. Lambton, Esq. of Lambton Hall, Durham," relates that she died "in her twenty-fifth year."

Within the church, fixed against the northern corner of the west end, is a plate of copper, bearing an inscription to this import:—Mary Wragg, of St. John's, Westminster, bequeathed 15*l.* per annum for ever to the curate of Beckenham, in trust for the following uses; viz. a guinea to

* Mr. W.'s engraving of his sketch is on p. 715.

himself for his trouble in taking care that her family vault should be kept in good repair; a guinea to be expended in a dinner for himself, and the clerk, and parish officers; 12*l.* 10*s.* to defray the expenses of such repairs; if in any year the vault should not require repair, the money to be laid out in eighteen pennyworth of good beef, eighteen pennyworth of good bread, five shillings worth of coals, and 4*s.* 6*d.* in money, to be given to each of twenty of the poorest inhabitants of the parish; if repairs should be required, the money left to be laid out in like manner and quantity, with 4*s.* 6*d.* to as many as it will extend to; and the remaining 8*s.* to be given to the clerk. In consequence of Mary Wragg's bequest, her vault in the church-yard is properly maintained, and distribution made of beef, bread, and money, every 28th of January. On this occasion there is usually a large attendance of spectators; as many as please go down into the vault, and the parochial authorities of Beckenham have a holiday, and "keep wassel."

There is carefully kept in this church a small wooden hand-box, of remarkable shape, made in king William's time, for the receipt of contributions from the congregation when there are collections. As an ecclesiastical utensil with which I was unacquainted, W. took a drawing, and has made an engraving of it.



This collecting-box is still used. It is carried into the pews, and handed to the occupants, who drop any thing or nothing, as they please, into the upper part. When money is received, it passes through an open slit left between the back and the top enclosure of the lower half; which part, thus shut up, forms a box, that conceals from both eye and hand the money deposited. The contrivance might be advantageously adopted in making collections at the doors of churches generally. It is a complete security against the possibility of money being withdrawn instead of given; which, from the practice of holding open plates, and the ingenuity of sharpers, has sometimes happened.

In the middle of two family pews of this church, which are as commodious as sitting parlours, there are two ancient reading desks like large music stands, with flaps and locks for holding and securing the service books when they are not in use. These pieces of furniture are either obsolete in churches, or peculiar to that of Beckenham; at least I never saw desks of the like in any other church.

Not discovering any thing further to remark within the edifice, except its peal of five bells, we strolled among the tombs in the church-yard, which offers no inscriptions worth notice. From its solemn yew-tree grove we passed through the "Lich-gate," already described. On our return to the road by which we had approached the church, and at a convenient spot, W. sketched the view he so freely represents in the engraving. The melodists of the groves were in full song. As the note of the parish-clerk rises in the psalm above the common voice of the congregation, so the loud, confident note of the blackbird exceeds the united sound of the woodland choir: one of these birds, on a near tree, whistled with all his might, as if conscious of our listening, and desirous of particular distinction.

Wishing to reach home by a different route than that we had come, we desired to be acquainted with the way we should go, and went again to the almshouses which are occupied by three poor widows, of whom our attendant to the church was one. She was alone in her humble habitation making tea, with the tokens of her office-bearing, the church keys, on the table before her. In addition to the required information, we elicited that she was the widow of Benjamin Wood, the late parish-clerk. His brother, a respectable tradesman in London, had raised an excellent business, "Wood's eating-house," at the corner of Seething-lane, Tower-street, and at his decease was enabled to provide comfortably for his family. Wood, the parish-clerk, had served Beckenham in that capa-

city many years till his death, which left his widow indigent, and threw her on the cold charity of a careless world. She seems to have outlived the recollection of her husband's relatives. After his death she struggled her way into this alms-house, and gained an allowance of two shillings a week; and on this, with the trifle allowed for her services in keeping clean the church, at past threescore years and ten, she somehow or other contrives to exist.

We led dame Wood to talk of her "domestic management," and finding she brewed her own beer with the common utensils and fire-place of her little room, we asked her to describe her method: a tin kettle is her boiler, she mashes in a common butter-firkin, runs off the liquor in a "crock," and tuns it in a small-beer-barrel. She is of opinion that "poor people might do a great deal for themselves if they knew *how: but*," says she, "where there's a *will*, there's a *way*."

The old Font of Beckenham Church.

A font often denotes the antiquity, and frequently determines the former importance of the church, and is so essential a part of the edifice, that it is incomplete without one. According to the rubrick, a church may be without a pulpit, but not without a font; hence, almost the first thing I look for in an old church is its old stone font. Instead thereof, at Beckenham, is a thick wooden baluster, with an unseemly circular flat lid, covering a sort of wash-hand-basin, and this the "gentlemen of the parish" call a "font!" The odd-looking thing was "a present" from a parishioner, in lieu of the ancient stone font which, when the church was repaired after the lightning-storm, was carried away by Mr. churchwarden Bassett, and placed in his yard. It was afterwards sold to Mr. Henry Holland, the former landlord of the "Old Crooked Billet," on Penge Common, who used it for several years as a cistern, and the present landlord has it now in his garden, where it appears as repre-

sented in the engraving. Mr. Harding expresses an intention of making a table of it, and placing it at the front of his house: in the interim it is depicted here, as a hint, to induce some regard in Beckenham people, and save the venerable font from an exposure, which, however intended as a private respect to it by the host of the "Crooked Billet," would be a public shame to Beckenham parish.

For the Table Book.

GONE OR GOING.

1.

Fine merry franions,
Wanton companions,
My days are ev'n banyans
With thinking upon ye;
How Death, that last stringer,
Finis-writer, end-bringer,
Has laid his chill finger,
Or is laying, on ye.

2.

There's rich Kitty Wheatley,
With footing it featly
That took me completely,
She sleeps in the Kirk-house;
And poor Polly Perkin,
Whose Dad was still ferking
The jolly ale firkin—
She's gone to the Work-house:

3.

Fine gard'ner, Ben Carter
(In ten counties no smarter)
Has ta'en his departure
For Proserpine's orchards;
And Lily, postillion,
With cheeks of vermilion,
Is one of a million
That fill up the church-yards.

4.

And, lusty as Dido,
Fat Clemitson's widow
Flits now a small shadow
By Stygian hid ford;
And good Master Clapton
Has thirty years nap't on
The ground he last hap't on;
Intomb'd by fair Widford;

5.

And gallant Tom Docwra,
Of Nature's finest crockery,
Now but thin air and mockery,
Lurks by Avernus;
Whose honest grasp of hand,
Still, while his life did stand,
At friend's or foe's command,
Almost did burn us.

6.

(Roger de Coverly
Not more good man than he),
Yet is he equally
Push'd for Cocytus,
With cuckoldy Worral,
And wicked old Dorrel,
Gainst whom I've a quarrel—
His death might affright us!

7.

Had he mended in right time,
He need not in night time,
(That black hour, and fright-time,)
Till sexton interr'd him,
Have groan'd in his coffin,
While demons stood scoffing—
You'd ha' thought him a coughing—
My own father* heard him!

8.

Could gain so importune,
With occasion opportune,
That for a poor Fortune,
That should have been ours,†
In soul he should venture
To pierce the dim center,
Where will-forgers enter,
Amid the dark Powers?—

9.

Kindly hearts I have known;
Kindly hearts, they are flown;
Here and there if but one
Linger, yet uneffaced,—
Imbecile, tottering elves,
Soon to be wreck'd on shelves,
These scarce are half themselves,
With age and care erased.

10.

But this day, Fanny Hatton
Her last dress has put on;
Her fine lessons forgotten,
She died, as the dunce died;
And prim Betsey Chambers,
Decay'd in her members,
No longer remembers
Things, as she once did:

11.

And prudent Miss Wither
Not in jest now doth *wither*,
And soon must go—whither
Nor I, well, nor you know;
And flaunting Miss Waller—
That soon must befal her,
Which makes folks seem taller,‡—
Though proud, once, as Juno!

ELIA.

---

* Who sat up with him.
† I have this fact from Parental tradition only.
‡ Death lengthens people to the eye.

Scottish Legends.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.

The scenery and legend of Mr. James Hay Allan's poem, "The Bridal of Caölchairn," are derived from the vicinity of Cruachan, (or Cruachan-Beinn,) a mountain 3390 feet above the level of the sea, situated at the head of Loch Awe, a lake in Argyleshire. The poem commences with the following lines: the prose illustrations are from Mr. Allan's descriptive notes.

Grey Spirit of the Lake, who sit'st at eve
At mighty Cruächan's gigantic feet;
And lov'st to watch thy gentle waters heave
The silvery ripple down their glassy sheet;
How oft I've wandered by thy margin sweet,
And stood beside the wide and silent bay,
Where the broad Urcha's stream thy breast doth meet,
And Caölchairn's forsaken Donjon grey
Looks from its narrow rock upon thy watery way.

Maid of the waters! in the days of yore
What sight yon setting sun has seen to smile
Along thy spreading bound, on tide, and shore,
When in its pride the fortress reared its pile,
And stood the abbey on "the lovely isle;"
And Fraöch Elan's refuge tower grey
Looked down the mighty gulf's profound defile.
Alas! that Scottish eye should see the day,
When bower, and bield, and hall, in shattered ruin lay.

What deeds have past upon thy mountain shore;
What sights have been reflected in thy tide;
But dark and dim their tales have sunk from lore:
Scarce is it now remembered on thy side
Where fought Mac Colda, or Mac Phadian died.
But lend me, for a while, thy silver shell,
'Tis long since breath has waked its echo wide;
Then list, while once again I raise its swell,
And of thy olden day a fearful legend tell—

INISHAIL.

"——— the convent on the *lovely isle*."

Inishail, the name of one of the islands in Loch Awe, signifies in Gaëlic "the lovely isle." It is not at present so worthy of this appellation as the neighbouring "Fràoch Elan," isle of heather, not having a tree or shrub upon its whole extent. At the period when it received its name, it might, however, have been better clothed; and still it has a fair and pleasant aspect: its extent is larger than that of any other island in the lake, and it is covered with a green turf, which, in spring, sends forth an abundant growth of brackens.

There formerly existed here a convent of Cistercian nuns; of whom it is said, that they were "memorable for the sanctity of their lives and the purity of their manners: at the Reformation, when the innocent were involved with the guilty in the sufferings of the times, their house was suppresst, and the temporalities granted to Hay, the abbot of Inchaffrey, who, abjuring his former tenets of religion, embraced the cause of the reformers."* Public worship was performed in the chapel of the convent till the year 1736: but a more commodious building having been erected on the south side of the lake, it has since been entirely forsaken; nothing now remains of its ruin but a small part of the shell, of which only a few feet are standing above the foundation. Of the remaining buildings of the order there exists no trace, except in some loose heaps of stones, and an almost obliterated mound, which marks the foundation of the outer wall. But the veneration that renders sacred to a Highlander the tombs of his ancestors, has yet preserved to the burying-ground its ancient sanctity. It is still used as a place of interment, and the dead are often brought from a distance to rest there among their kindred.

In older times the isle was the principal burying-place of many of the most considerable neighbouring families: among the tombstones are many shaped in the ancient form, like the lid of a coffin, and ornamented with carvings of fret-work, running figures, flowers, and the forms of warriors and two-handed swords. They are universally destitute of the trace of an inscription.

Among the chief families buried in Inishail were the Mac Nauchtans of Fràoch Elan, and the Campbells of Inbherau. Mr. Allan could not discover the spot appropriated to the former, nor any evidence of the gravestones which must have covered their tombs. The place of the Campbells, however, is yet pointed out. It lies on the south side of the chapel, and its site is marked by a large flat stone, ornamented with the arms of the family in high relief. The shield is supported by two warriors, and surmounted by a diadem, the signification and exact form of which it is difficult to decide; but the style of the carving and the costume of the figures do not appear to be later than the middle of the fifteenth century.

On the top of the distant hill over which the road from Inverara descends to Cladich there formerly stood a stone cross, erected on the spot where Inishail first became visible to the traveller. These crosses were

* Statistical Account, vol. viii. p. 347.

general at such stations in monastic times, and upon arriving at their foot the pilgrims knelt and performed their reverence to the saint, whose order they were approaching. From this ceremony, the spot on the hill bove-mentioned was and is yet called "the cross of bending."

FRAOCH ELAN.

"The refuge tower grey
Looked down the mighty gulf's profound defile."

The little castellated isle of "Fràoch Elan" lies at a short distance from Inishail, and was the refuge hold of the Mac Nauchtans. It was given to the chief, Gilbert Mac Nauchtan, by Alexander III. in the year 1276, and was held by the tenure of entertaining the king whenever he should pass Loch Awe. The original charter of the grant was lately in possession of Mr. Campbell of Auchlian, and a copy is to be found in "Sir James Balfour's Collection of Scottish Charters." The islet of "Fràoch Elan" is in summer the most beautiful in Scotland. On one side the rock rises almost perpendicular from the water. The lower part and the shore is embowered in tangled shrubs and old writhing trees. Above, the broken wall and only remaining gable of the castle looks out over the boughs; and on the north side a large ash-tree grows from the foundation of what was once the hall, and overshadows the ruin with its branches. Some of the window-niches are yet entire in the keep, and one of these peeping through the tops of the trees, shows a view of fairie beauty over the waters of the lake, and the woody banks of the opposite coast. In the summer, Fràoch Elan, like most of the islands in Loch Awe, is the haunt of a variety of gulls and wild fowl. They come from the sea-coast, a distance of twenty-four miles, to build and hatch their young. At this season, sheldrakes, grey gulls, kitaweaks, white ducks, teal, widgeon, and divers, abound in the Loch. Fràoch Elan is chiefly visited by the gulls, which hold the isle in joint tenure with a water-eagle who builds annually upon the top of the remaining chimney.

It is not very long since this beautiful isle has been delivered over to these inhabitants; for a great aunt of a neighbouring gentleman was born in the castle, and in "the forty-five," preparations were privately made there for entertaining the prince had he passed by Loch Awe.

From the name of Fràoch Elan some have erroneously, and without any authority of tradition, assigned it as the dragon's isle,* in the ancient Gaëlic legend of "Fràoch and the daughter of Mey." There is, in truth, no farther relation between one and the other, than in a resemblance of name between the island and the warrior. The island of the tale was called "Elan na Bheast," the Monster's Isle, and the lake in which it lay was named Loch Luina. This is still remembered to have been the ancient appellation of Loch Avich, a small lake about two miles north of Loch Awe. There is here a small islet yet called "Elan na Bheast," and the tradition of the neighbourhood universally affirms, that it was the island of the legend.

RIVAL CHIEFS.

"Where fought Mac Colda, and Mac Phadian died."

"Alaister Mac Coll Cedach." Alexander, the son of left-handed Coll, was a Mac Donald, who made a considerable figure in the great civil war: he brought two thousand men to the assistance of Montrose, and received from him a commission of lieutenancy in the royal service. He is mentioned by contemporary writers, under the corrupted name of Kolkitto; but time has now drawn such a veil over his history, that it is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty from what family of the Mac Donalds he came. By some it is asserted, that he was an islesman; but by the most minute and seemingly authentic tradition, he is positively declared to have been an Irishman, and the son of the earl of Antrim.

Of his father there is nothing preserved but his name, his fate, and his animosity to the Campbells, with whom, during his life, he maintained with deadly assiduity the feud of his clan. It was his piper who was hanged at Dunavàig in Ceantir, and in his last hour saved the life of his chieftain by composing and playing the inexpressibly pathetic pibroch, "Colda mo Roon." But though he escaped at this juncture, Colda was afterwards taken by the Campbells, and hung in chains at Dunstaffnage. His death was the chief ground of that insatiate vengeance with which his son ever after pursued the followers of Argyle. Long after the death of his father, Alaister chanced to pass by Dunstaffnage in return from a descent which he had made in the Campbell's country. As he sailed near the

* Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. viii. p. 346; and Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1774, p. 217.

castle, he saw the bones of his father still hanging at the place where he had suffered, and swinging in the sea-breeze. He was so affected at the sight of the lamentable remains, that he solemnly vowed to revenge them by a fearful retribution, and hastening his return to Ireland gathered what force he was able, and sailing back to Scotland offered his services to Montrose. He was gladly accepted; and during the various adventures of the marquis in the Hielands, Alaister Mac Colda was one of the most valuable of his adherents; and his followers were accounted among the bravest and best experienced in the royal army. Some of their exploits are recorded in the "Leobhair Dearg," or "Red Book of Clanranald," and fully justify the fame which they received.

Alaister was present at the battle of Inbherlochie, and after the action he was sent with his followers to the country of Argyle. He entered the Campbell lands by Glen Eitive, and wherever he came put all who bore the name of that clan to fire and sword. As he marched down Glen Eitive, he crossed the bounds of the Mac Intires in Glen O, and in passing the house of their chieftain, a circumstance occurred, which gives a lively picture of the extent of the ancient respect paid by a clansman to the ties of his blood. The Mac Intires were originally descended from the Mac Donalds, and lived from time immemorial upon the border of the Campbells, between that race and the south-east march of the Clan Donald in Glen Coe. Upon the decline of the vast power of this sept after the fatal battle of Harlow, and upon the subsequent increase of power to the Campbells, the Mac Intires placed themselves under the latter clan, and lived with them as the most powerful of their followers. When Alaister Mac Colda passed through Glen O, he was not acquainted with the name of the place nor the race of its inhabitants; but knowing that he was within the bounds of the Campbells, he supposed that all whom he met were of that clan. Glen O was deserted at his approach, and it is probable that the men were even then in service with Argyle. Alaister, in his usual plan of vengeance, ordered fire to the house of the chieftain. A coal was instantly set in the roof, and the heather of which it was made was quickly in a blaze. Before, however, the flames had made much progress, Alaister was told that the house which he was burning was that of the chieftain of Mac Intire. The man of Mac Donald immediately commanded his people to do their endeavour to extinguish the fire; "for," said he, "it is the house of our own blood."* The flames were soon overcome, and Colda passed through the glen of the Mac Intires in peace into Glen Urcha, where he burnt and destroyed all within his reach. From hence he marched entirely round Loch Awe, carrying devastation through the ancient and original patrimony of the Campbells. As he passed by the Loch of Ballemòr, the inhabitants (a small race named Mac Chorchadell, and dependant upon the former clan) retired from their huts into the little castle of their chieftain, which is situated in the midst of the Loch. Being in no way connected with his enemies by blood, Alaister did not conceive that with them he held any feud, and quietly marched past their deserted habitations, without laying a hand upon their property. But as his men were drawing from the lake, one of the Mac Chorchadells fired upon their rear, and wounded a Mac Donald. Alaister instantly turned: "Poor little Mac Chorchadell," said he in Gaëlic, "I beg your pardon for my want of respect in passing you without stopping to pay my compliments; but since you will have it so, I will not leave you without notice."—He returned, and burnt every house in Ballemòr.

The power of the Campbells had been so broken at Inbherlochie, that it was not until Mac Colda had arrived near the west coast of their country, that they were again in a condition to meet him in a pitched fight. At length they encountered him on the skirt of the moss of Crenan, at the foot of a hill not far from Auchandaroch. The battle was fought with all the fury of individual and deadly hatred, but at last the fortune of Alaister prevailed, and the Campbells were entirely routed, and pursued with great slaughter off the field of battle. Some time afterwards they again collected what numbers they could gather, and once more offered battle to Alaister, as he was returning to Loch Awe. The conflict was fought at the ford of Ederline, the eastern extremity of the lake; but here the success of the Mac Donalds forsook them. They were entirely beaten and scattered, so that not six men were left together; and those who escaped from the field were cut off by their enemies, as they endeavoured

* When the chieftain returned to his house, the coal which had so near proved its destruction, was found in the roof; it was taken out by order of Mac Intire, and preserved with great care by his descendants, till the late Glen O was driven to America by the misfortunes of the Highlands and the oppression of his superior.

to lurk out of their country. Of Alaister's fate each clan and each district has a different story. The Argyle Campbells say that he was killed at the ford, and a broad-sword said to have been his, and to have been found on the field of battle, is at this day in the possession of Peter Mac Lellich (smith), at the croft of Dalmallie. The Louden Campbells, on the contrary, assert, that Alaister escaped from the overthrow, and wandering into Ayrshire, was slain by them while endeavouring to find a passage into Ireland. The Mac Donalds do not acknowledge either of these stories to be true, but relate that their chieftain not only escaped from the battle, but (though with much difficulty) effected his flight to Ireland, where a reward being set upon his head, he was at length, in an unguarded moment, when divested of his arms, slain by one of the republican troopers, by whom he was sought out.

The fate of Alaister Mac Colda is said to have been governed by that fatality, and predicted by that inspiration, which were once so firmly believed among the Highlanders. His foster-mother, says tradition, was gifted with the second sight; and, previous to his departure from Ireland, the chieftain consulted her upon the success of his expedition. "You will be victorious over all born of woman," replied the seer, "till you arrive at Goch-dum Gho; but when you come to that spot, your fortune shall depart for ever."—"Let it be so," said Alaister, "I shall receive my glory." He departed, and the spirit of his adventure and the hurry of enterprise, perhaps, banished from his mind the name of the fatal place. It was indeed one so insignificant and remote, that its knowledge was most probably confined to the circle of a few miles, and not likely to be restored to the notice of Mac Colda, by mention or inquiry. It was on the eve of his last battle, as his "bratach" was setting up at the ford of Ederline, that his attention was caught by a mill at a little distance; for some accidental reason he inquired its name:—"Mullian Goch-dum Gho," replied one of his men. The prediction was at once remembered. The enemy were at hand, and Alaister knew that he should fall. Convinced of the fatality of the prophecy, he sought not to retreat from the evil spot: the bourne of his fortune was past, and he only thought of dying as became him in the last of his fields. He made no comment upon the name of the place; but, concealing from his followers the connection which it bore with his fate, gave directions for the proceedings of the approaching morning. In the battle he behaved as he was wont, and in the close of the day was seen fighting furiously with two of the Campbells, who appeared unable to overcome him. Nothing more was heard of him: his body was never discovered; but when the slain were buried by the conquerors, his claidh-mòr was found beneath a heap of dead.

Mac Phadian was an Irish captain, who, with a considerable body of his countrymen, assisted Edward I. of England in his war to subvert the independence of Scotland; but though he took a very active part in the turbulent period in which he lived, and possessed sufficient courage and talents to raise himself from obscurity to power, yet we have nothing left of his history but the account of his last enormities, and the overthrow and death which they finally brought. It is probable, that we are even indebted for this information to the celebrity of the man by whom he fell, and which in preserving the victory of the conqueror, has also perpetuated the memory of the vanquished.

The scene of the last actions of Mac Phadian lay in Lorn and Argyle; and the old people in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe still retain a tradition, which marks out the spot where he fell. Time, however, and the decay of recitation during the last century, have so injured all which remained of oral record, that the legend of Mac Phadian is now confined to a very few of the elder fox-hunters and shepherds of the country, and will soon pass into oblivion with those by whom it is retained——

Some time in the latter end of the year 1297, or the beginning of the year 1298, Edward made a grant to Mac Phadian of the lordships of Argyle and Lorn. The first belonged to sir Niel Campbell, knight, of Loch Awe, and chief of his clan; the second was the hereditary patrimony of John, chief of Mac Dougall. Sir Niel did his endeavour to resist the usurpation of his lands, and though fiercely beset by the traitor lords, Buchan, Athol, and Mentieth, he for some time maintained his independence against all their united attempts. But John of Lorn, who was himself in the interest and service of the English, and at that time in London, concurred with king Edward in the disponing of his territories, and received in remuneration a more considerable lordship. Mac Phadian did not, however, remain in quiet possession of his

ill-acquired domains; he was strongly opposed by Duncan of Lorn, uncle to the lord; but joining with Buchan, Athol, and Mentieth, he at length drove out his enemy, and compelled him to seek shelter with sir Niel Campbell. Upon this success the above-mentioned allies, at the head of a mixed and disorderly force gathered from all parts, and from all descriptions, Irish and Scots, to the amount of fifteen thousand men, made a barbarous inroad into Argyle, and suddenly penetrating into the district of Nether Loch Awe, wasted the country wherever they came, and destroyed the inhabitants without regard to age or sex. In this exigency the Campbell displayed that constancy and experience which had rendered his name celebrated among his countrymen. Unable to resist the intoxicated multitude of his enemies, with Duncan of Lorn, and three hundred of his veteran clansmen, he retired by the head of Loch Awe and the difficult pass of Brandir to the inaccessible heights of Craiganuni, and breaking down the bridge over the Awe below, prevented the pursuit of the enemy to his position. Nothing could be more masterly than the plan of this retreat.

Mac Phadian, thus baffled and outmanœuvred, not only failed in his object of offence, but found himself drawn into an intricate and desolate labyrinth, where his multitude encumbered themselves: the want of subsistence prevented him from remaining to blockade sir Niel, and his ignorance of the clues of the place made it difficult to extricate himself by a retreat. In this exigence he was desirous of returning to Nether Loch Awe, where there was abundance of cattle and game for the support of his men. At length he discovered a passage between the rocks and the water; the way was only wide enough for four persons to pass abreast; yet, as they were not in danger of pursuit, they retired in safety, and effected their march to the south side of the lake.

The measures employed by Wallace to relieve the Campbell, and to reach the fastness wherein Mac Phadian had posted himself, were romantic and daring——

Mac Phadian's followers were completely surprised and taken at disarray. They snatched their arms, and rushed to defend the pass with the boldest resolution. At the first onset the Scots bore back their enemies over five acres of ground; and Wallace, with his iron mace, made fearful havoc among the enemy. Encouraged, however, by Mac Phadian, the Irish came to the rescue; the battle thickened with more stubborn fury; and for two hours was maintained with such obstinate eagerness on both sides, that neither party had any apparent advantage. At length the cause and valour of Wallace prevailed. The Irish gave way and fled, and the Scots of their party threw down their arms, and kneeled for mercy. Wallace commanded them to be spared for their birth sake, but urged forward the pursuit upon the Irish. Pent in by the rocks and the water, the latter had but little hope in flight. Many were overtaken and slain as they endeavoured to climb the crags, and two thousand were driven into the lake and drowned. Mac Phadian, with fifteen men, fled to a cave, and hoped to have concealed himself till the pursuit was over; but Duncan of Lorn having discovered his retreat, pursued and slew him with his companions; and having cut off the head of the leader, brought it to Wallace, and set it upon a stone high in one of the crags as a trophy of the victory.

In one of the steeps of Cruächan, nearly opposite the rock of Brandir, there is a secret cave, now only known to a very few of the old fox-hunters and shepherds: it is still called "Uagh Phadian," Mac Phadian's cave; and is asserted by tradition to be the place in which Mac Phadian died. The remembrance of the battle is nearly worn away, and the knowledge of the real cave confined to so few, that the den in which Mac Phadian was killed is generally believed to be in the cliffs of Craiganuni: this is merely owing to the appearance of a black chasm in the face of that height, and to a confusion between the action of Mac Phadian with Wallace, and his pursuit of sir Niel Campbell. But the chasm in Craiganuni, though at a distance it appears like the mouth of a cave, is but a cleft in the rock; and the few who retain the memory of the genuine tradition of the battle of the Wallace, universally agree that the cave in the side of Cruächan was that in which Mac Phadian was killed.

The "Bridal of Caölchairn" is a legendary poem, founded upon a very slight tradition, concerning events which are related to have occurred during the absence of sir Colin Campbell on his expedition to Rome and Arragon. It is said by the tale, that the chieftain was gone ten years, and that his wife having received no intelligence of his existence in that time, she accepted the addresses of one of her husband's vassals, Mac Nab of Barachastailan. The

bridal was fixed; but on the day when it was to have been solemnized, the secret was imparted to sir Colin in Spain, by a spirit of the nether world. When the knight received the intelligence, he bitterly lamented the distance which prevented him from wreaking vengeance upon his presumptuous follower. The communicating spirit, either out of love for mischief, or from a private familiarity with sir Colin, promised to obviate this obstacle; and on the same day, before the bridal was celebrated, transported the chieftain in a blast of wind from Arragon to Glen Urcha. In what manner sir Colin proceeded, tradition does not say; it simply records, that the bridal was broken, but is silent upon the nature of the catastrophe. The legend is now almost entirely forgotten in the neighbourhood where its events are said to have taken place. "As far as I know," says Mr. Allan, "it is confined to one old man, named Malcolm Mac Nab, who lives upon the hill of Barachastailan; he is between eighty and ninety years of age, and the last of the race of ancient smiths, who remains in the place of his ancestors. A few yards from his cottage there is the foundation of one of those ancient circular forts built by the Celts, and so frequently to be met in the Highlands: these structures are usually ascribed by the vulgar to Fion and his heroes. In a neighbouring field, called 'Larich nam Fion,' there were formerly two others of these buildings; their walls of uncemented stone were not many years since entire, to the height of eight or nine feet; but they have since been pulled down and carried away to repair the neighbouring cottages: it is from these buildings that the hill received its name of 'Bar-a-chastailan,' the 'eminence of the castles.'"

The tide of centuries has rolled away
O'er Innisbail's solitary isle,
The wind of ages and the world's decay
Has swept upon the Campbells' fortress pile:
And far from what they were is changed the while
The monks' grey cloister, and the baron's keep.
I've seen the sun within the dungeon smile,
And in the bridal bower the ivy creep.
I've stood upon the fane's foundation stone,
Heard the grass sigh upon the cloister's heap,
And sat upon the holy cross o'erthrown,
And marked within the cell where warriors sleep,
Beneath the broad grey stone the timorous rabbit peep.

The legend of the dead is past away
As the dim eve amid the night doth fail.
The memorie of the fearful bridal day
Is parted from the people of the vale;
And none are left to tell the weary tale.
Save on yon lone green hill by Fion's tower
Yet lives a man bowed down with age and ail:
Still tells he of the fearful legend's hour—
It was his father fell within the bridal bower.

But though with man there is a weary waste,
It is not so beyond the mortal way;
With the unbodied spirits nought is spaced;
But when the aged world has worn away,
They look on earth where once their dwelling lay,
And to their never-closing eye doth show
All that has been—a fairie work of day;
And all which here their mortal life did show,
Yet lives in that which never may decay;
When thought, and life, and memorie below
Has sunk with all it bore of gladness or of woe.

At eventime on green Inchail's isle
A dim grey form doth sit upon the hill:
No shadow casts it in the moonshine smile,
And in its folded mantle bowed and still
No feature e'er it showed the twilight chill,
But seems beneath its hood a void grey.
The owlet, when it comes, cries wild and shrill;
The moon grows dim when shows it in its ray,
None saw it e'er depart;—but it is not at day.

By Caölchairn at night when all is still,
And the black otter issues from his lair,
He hears a voice along the water chill,
It seems to speak amid the cloudy air;
But some have seen beyond the Donjon stair
Where now the floor from the wall is gone,
A form dim standing 'mid the ether fair,
No light upon its fixed eye there shone,
And yet the blood seems wet upon its bosom wan.

MY ARM-CHAIR.

For the Table Book.

In my humble opinion an arm-chair is far superior to a sofa; for although I bow to Cowper's judgment, (who assigned the superiority to the sofa,) yet we must recollect that it was in compliance with the request of a fair lady that he chose that subject for praise: he might have eulogized in equal terms an arm-chair, had he consulted his own feelings and appreciation of comfort. I acknowledge the "soft recumbency of outstretched limbs," so peculiar to the sofa—the opportunity afforded the fair sex of displaying grace and elegance of form, while reposing in easy negligence on a Grecian couch—but then think of the snug comfort of an easy-chair. Its very name conveys a multitude of soothing ideas: its commodious repose for your back; its generous and unwearied support of your head; its outstretched arms wooing you to its embraces:—think on these things, and ask yourself if it be possible to withstand its affectionate and disinterested advances.

On entering a room where there is an easy-chair, you are struck by the look of conscious self-importance which seems to distinguish it as the monarch of all the surrounding chairs; there is an appearance of regal superiority about it, blended, however, with such a charming condescension, that you immediately avail yourself of its gracious inclination to receive the *burden* of your homage.

There is one kind of arm-chair for which I entertain a very resentful feeling, it *assumes* the title of an *easy*-chair to induce you to believe it one of that amiable fraternity, whereas it only claims kindred on account of its shape, and is in reality the complete antipodes of ease—I mean the horse-hair arm-chair. Its arms, like those of its brethren, invite you to repose; but, if you attempt it, you are repulsed by an ambush of sharp shooting prickles. It is like a person who has a desire to please and obtain you for his friend, but who is of so incorrigibly bad a temper that attachment is impossible. If you try to compose yourself with one of these pretenders, by endeavouring to protect the back of your head with your pocket-handkerchief for a pillow, you either dream that you are under the hands of a surgeon who is cupping you on the cheek, or that you are transformed into your cousin Lucy, and struggling to avoid being kissed by old Mr. D——, who does not shave above once a week. When you awake, you discover that your face has slipped off the handkerchief, and come immediately in contact with the *chevaux de frise* of bristles.

As an excellent specimen of an easy-chair, I select the one I at present occupy. Its ancient magnificence of red damask silk—embossed in wavy flowers and curved arabesques, surrounded by massive gilt carving—is now shrouded with an unostentatious covering of white dimity. This, however, does not compromise its dignity —it is rather a resignation of fatiguing splendour, and the assumption of the ease suitable to retirement in old age. Perhaps a happy father once sat in it surrounded by his smiling offspring: some climbing up the arms; others peeping over the lofty back, aiming to cling round his neck; his favourite little girl insinuating herself behind him, while he gazes with affectionate but anxious thoughts on the countenance of his eldest son, standing between his knees. Perhaps two lovers once sat in it *together*, although there were plenty of other chairs in the room. (For fear some of my fair readers should be incredulous, I beg leave to assure them that it is quite possible for two people to sit together in an arm-chair, if they choose to be accommodating; therefore I would not have them dislike an easy-chair on the plea of its being *unsocial*.) Perhaps it may have been the means of concealment—in a similar way with the arm-chair in "Le Nozze di Figaro. Often have I when a child curled myself round in it, and listened to my old nurse's wonderful stories, till I have fallen fast asleep. Often have I since enjoyed many a delightful book, while lolling indolently enclosed in its soft, warm, cushioned sides—

M. H.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXII.

[From "Querer Por Solo Querer:" concluded from last Number.]

Address to Solitude.

Sweet Solitude! still Mirth! that fear'st no wrong,
Because thou dost none: Morning all day long!
Truth's sanctuary! Innocency's spring!
Inventions Limbeck! Contemplation's wing:
Peace of my soul, which I too late pursued;
That know'st not the world's vain inquietude:
Where friends, the thieves of time, let us alone
Whole days, and a man's hours are all his own.

Song in praise of the Same.

Solitude, of friends the best,
And the best companion;
Mother of truths, and brought at least
Every day to bed of one:
In this flowery mansion
I contemplate how the rose
Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes
The dismaying jessamine:
Only the soul, which is divine,
No decay of beauty knows.
The World is Beauty's Mirror. Flowers,
In their first virgin purity,
Flatt'rers both of the nose and eye.—
To be crop't by paramours
Is their best of destiny:
And those nice darlings of the land,
Which seem'd heav'n's painted bow to scorn,
And bloom'd the envy of the morn,
Are the gay trophy of a hand.

Unwilling to love again.

— sadly I do live in fear,
For, though I would not fair appear,
And though in truth I am not fair,
Haunted I am like those that are:

And here, among these rustling leaves,
With which the wanton wind must play,
Inspired by it, my sense perceives
This snowy Jasmin whispering say,
How much more frolic, white, and fair
In her green lattice she doth stand,
To enjoy the free and cooler air,
Than in the prison of a hand.*

Loving without hope.

I look'd if underneath the cope
Were one that loved, and did not hope;
But from his nobler soul remove
That *modern heresy in love*:
When, hearing a shrill voice, I turn,
And lo! a sweet-tongued Nightingale,
Tender adorer of the Morn,—
In him I found that One and All.
For that same faithful bird and true,
Sweet and kind and constant lover,
Wond'rous passion did discover,
From the terrace of an eugh.
And tho' ungrateful she appear'd
Unmoved with all she saw and heard;
Every day, before 'twas day,
More and kinder things he'd say.
Courteous, and never to be lost,
Return'd not with complaints, but praise
Loving, and all at his own cost;
Suffering, and without hope of ease:
For with a sad and trembling throat
He breathes into her breast this note:
"I love thee not, to make thee mine:
But love thee, 'cause thy form's divine."

The True Absence in Love.

Zelidaura, star divine,
That do'st in highest orb of beauty shine;
Pardon'd Murd'ress, by that heart
Itself, which thou dost kill, and coveted smart:
Though my walk so distant lies
From the sunshine of thine eyes;
Into sullen shadows hurl'd,
To lie here buried from the world
'Tis the least reason of my moan,
That so much earth is 'twixt us thrown.
'Tis absence of another kind,
Grieves me; for where you are present too,
Love's Geometry does find,
I have ten thousand miles to you.
'Tis not absence to be far,
But to abhor is to absent:
To those who in disfavour are,
Sight itself is banishment.†

To a Warrioress.

Heav'n, that created thee thus warlike, stole
Into a woman's body a man's soul.
But nature's law in vain dost thou gainsay;
The woman's valour lies another way.
The dress, the tear, the blush, the witching eye,
More witching tongue, are beauty's armoury:
To railly; to discourse in companies,
Who's fine, who courtly, who a wit, who wise;
And with the awing sweetness of a Dame,
As conscious of a face can tigers tame,
By tasks and circumstances to discover,
Amongst the best of Princes, the best Lover;
(The fruit of all those flowers) who serves with most
Self diffidence, who with the greatest boast;
Who twists an eye of Hope in braids of Fear;
Who silent (made for nothing but to bear
Sweet scorn and injuries of love) envies
Unto his tongue the treasure of his eyes:
Who, without vaunting shape, hath only wit;
Nor knows to hope reward, tho' merit it:
Then, out of all, to make a choice so rare,
So lucky-wise, as if thou wert not fair.*

All mischiefs reparable but a lost Love

1.

A second Argo, freighted
With fear and avarice,
Between the sea and skies
Hath penetrated
To the new world, unworn
With the red footsteps of the snowy morn,

2.

Thirsty of mines;
She comes rich back; and (the curl'd rampire past
Of watry mountains, cast
Up by the winds)
Ungrateful shelf near home
Gives her usurped gold a silver home.

3.

A devout Pilgrim, who
To foreign temple bare
Good pattern, fervent prayer,
Spurr'd by a pious vow;
Measuring so large a space,
That earth lack'd regions for his plants† to trace;

4.

Joyful returns, tho' poor:
And, just by his abode,
Falling into a road
Which laws did ill secure,
Sees plunder'd by a thief
(O happier man than I! for 'tis) his life.

5.

Conspicuous grows a Tree,
Which wanton did appear,
First fondling of the year,
With smiling bravery,
And in his blooming pride
The Lower House of Flowers did deride:

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* Claridiana, the Enchanted Queen, speaks this, and the following speech.

† Claridoro, rival to Felisbravo, speaks this.

* Addressed to Zelidaura.

† Soles of his feet.

6.

When his silk robes and fair
(His youth's embroidery,
The crownet of a spring,
Narcissus of the air)
Rough Boreas doth confound,
And with his trophies strews the scorned ground.

7.

Trusted to tedious hope
So many months the Corn;
Which now begins to turn
Into a golden crop:
The lusty grapes, (which plump
Are the last farewell of the summer's pomp)

8.

How spacious spreads the vine!—
Nursed up with how much care,
She lives, she thrives, grows fair;
'Bout her loved Elm doth twine:—
Comes a cold cloud; and lays,
In one, the fabric of so many days.

9.

A silver River small
In sweet accents
His music vents,
(The warbling virginal,
To which the merry birds do sing—
Timed with stops of gold* the silver string);

10.

He steals by a greenwood
With fugitive feet;
Gay, jolly, sweet:
Comes me a troubled flood;
And scarcely one sand stays,
To be a witness of his golden days.—

11.

The Ship's upweigh'd;
The Pilgrim made a Saint;
Next spring re-crowns the Plant;
Winds raise the Corn, was laid;
The Vine is pruned;
The Rivulet new tuned:—
But in the Ill I have
I'm left alive only to dig my grave.

12.

Lost Beauty, I will die,
But I will thee recover;
And that I die not instantly,
Shews me more perfect Lover:
For (my Soul gone before)
I live not now to live, but to deplore.

C. L.

* Allusion to the Tagus, and golden sands.

WELSH WEDDINGS.

From a Lady—To the Editor.

Sir,—If a brief account of the manner of celebrating marriage in some parts of Wales should afford entertainment to your readers, I shall feel gratified.

The early part of my life was spent at a village in the mountainous part of Glamorganshire, called Myrther Tidvel. Since then it has become a considerable place for the manufactory of iron, and I expect both the manners and inhabitants are much changed: the remembrance of its rural and lovely situation, and of the simplicity of its humble villagers, when I lived amongst them, often produces in my mind the most pleasing sensations.

Some weeks previous to a wedding taking place, a person, well-known in the parish, went round and invited all, without limitation or distinction, to attend. As the ceremonies were similar I shall select one, as an illustration, in which I took part as bride's-maid to a much valued servant.

On the evening previous to the marriage, a considerable company assembled at the bride's father's, and in a short time the sound of music proclaimed the approach of the bridegroom. The bride and her company were then shut up in a room, and the house-doors locked; great and loud was the cry for admittance from without, till I was directed, as bride's-maid, by an elderly matron, to open the window, and assist the bridegroom to enter, which being done the doors were set open, and his party admitted. A room was set apart for the young people to dance in, which continued for about an hour, and having partaken of a common kind of cake and warm ale, spiced and sweetened with sugar, the company dispersed.

At eight, next morning, I repaired to the house of the bridegroom, where there had assembled in the course of an hour about one hundred and fifty persons: he was a relation to the dissenting minister, a man highly esteemed; and he was much respected on that as well as his own account. The procession set out, preceded by a celebrated harper playing "Come, haste to the wedding;" the bridegroom and I came next, and were followed by the large company. At the door of the bride's father we were met by the bride, led by her brother, who took their station behind the bridegroom and me; her company joining, and adding nearly as many again to the procession: we then proceeded to the church, the music playing as before. After the

ceremony the great door of the church was opened, and the bride and her maid having changed their partners were met at it by the harper, who struck up "Joy to the bridegroom," and led the way to a part of the church-yard never used as a burial-ground; there placing himself under a large yew-tree the dancers immediately formed, the bride and bridegroom leading off the two first dances,—"The beginning of the world," and "My wife shall have her way:" these are never danced but on like occasions, and then invariably.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and the bride and bridegroom, followed by a certain number, went into the house, where a long table was tastefully set out with bread of two kinds, one plain and the other with currants and seeds in it; plates of ornamented butter; cold and toasted cheese; with ale, some warmed and sweetened. The bride and her maid were placed at the head of the table, and the bridegroom and her brother at the bottom. After the company had taken what they liked, a plate was set down, which went round, each person giving what they chose, from two to five shillings; this being done, the money was given to the bride, and the company resigned their places to others; and so on in succession till all had partaken and given what they pleased. Dancing was kept up till seven, and then all dispersed. At this wedding upwards of thirty pounds was collected.

In an adjoining parish it was the custom for the older people to go the evening before, and take presents of wheat, meal, cheese, tea, sugar, &c., and the young people attended next day, when the wedding was conducted much in the way I have described, but smaller sums of money were given.

This method of forwarding young people has always appeared to me a pleasing trait in the Welsh character; but it only prevails amongst the labouring classes.

When a farmer's daughter, or some young woman, with a fortune of from one hundred to two hundred pounds, marries, it is generally very privately, and she returns to her father's house for a few weeks, where her friends and neighbours go to see her, but none go empty-handed. When the appointed time arrives for the young man to take home his wife, the elderly women are invited to attend the *starald*, that is, the furniture which the young woman provides; in general it is rather considerable. It is conveyed in great order, there being fixed rules as to the articles to be moved off first, and those which are to follow. I have thought this a pleasing sight, the company being all on horseback, and each matron in her appointed station, the nearest relations going first; all have their allotted basket or piece of small furniture, a horse and car following afterwards with the heavier articles. The next day the young couple are attended by the younger part of their friends, and this is called a *turmant*, and is frequently preceded by music. The derivation of *starald* and *turmant* I never could learn, though I have frequently made the inquiry.

I am, sir, &c. &c.

A. B.

CUMBERLAND WEDDINGS.

In Cumberland, and some other parts of the north of England, they have a custom called a "bridewain," or the public celebration of a wedding. A short time after a match is entered into, the parties give notice of it; in consequence of which the whole neighbourhood, for several miles round, assemble at the bridegroom's house, and join in various pastimes of the county. This meeting resembles the wakes or revels celebrated in other places; and a plate or bowl is fixed in a convenient place, where each of the company contributes in proportion to his inclination and ability, and according to the degree of respect the parties are held in; by which laudable custom a worthy couple have frequently been benefited with a supply of money, from fifty to a hundred pounds. The following advertisements are from Cumberland newspapers:—

INVITATION.

Suspend for one day your cares and your labours,
And come to this wedding, kind friends and good neighbours.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the marriage of Isaac Pearson with Frances Atkinson, will be solemnized in due form in the parish church of Lamplugh, in Cumberland, on Tuesday next, the 30th of May inst. (1786); immediately after which the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, will proceed to Lonefoot, in the said parish, where the nuptials will be celebrated by a variety of rural entertainments.

Then come one and all
At Hymen's soft call,
From Whitehaven, Workington, Harington, Dean,
Hail, Ponsonby, Blaing, and all places between;
From Egremont, Cockermouth, Barton, St. Bee's,
Cint, Kinnyside, Calder, and parts such as these;
And the country at large may flock in if they please.

Such sports there will be as rare seldom been seen,
Such wrestling and fencing, and dancing between,
And races for prizes, for frolic and fun,
By horses and asses, and dogs, will be run,
That you'll go home happy—as sure as a gun.
In a word, such a wedding can ne'er fail to please;
For the sports of Olympus were trifles to these.

Nota Bene—You'll please to observe that the day
Of this grand bridal pomp is the thirtieth of May,
When 'tis hop'd that the sun, to enliven the sight,
Like the flambeau of Hymen, will deign to burn bright.

Another Advertisement.

BRIDEWAIN.

There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe and taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antic pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream.
On summer eves by haunted stream.

George Hayto, who married Anne, the daughter of Joseph and Dinah Colin, of Crosby mill, purposes having a Bridewain at his house at Crosby, near Maryport, on Thursday, the 7th day of May next, (1789), where he will be happy to see his friends and well-wishers; for whose amusement there will be a variety of races, wrestling-matches, &c. &c. The prizes will be—a saddle, two bridles, a pair of *gands d'amour*, gloves, which, whoever wins, is sure to be married within the twelvemonths; a girdle (*ceinture de Venus*) possessing qualities not to be described; and many other articles, sports, and pastimes, too numerous to mention, but which can never prove tedious in the exhibition.

From fashion's laws and customs free,
We welcome sweet variety;
By turns we laugh, and dance, and sing;
Time's for ever on the wing;
And nymphs and swains on Cumbria's plain,
Present the golden age again.

A GOOD EXCUSE.

In the Court of Session in Scotland, the judges who do not attend, or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine; but it is common, on the first day of the session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late lord justice clerk Braxfield said, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fallow like him hae?" "My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xanthippe, replied, "Has he? that is a gude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

EARLY RISING.

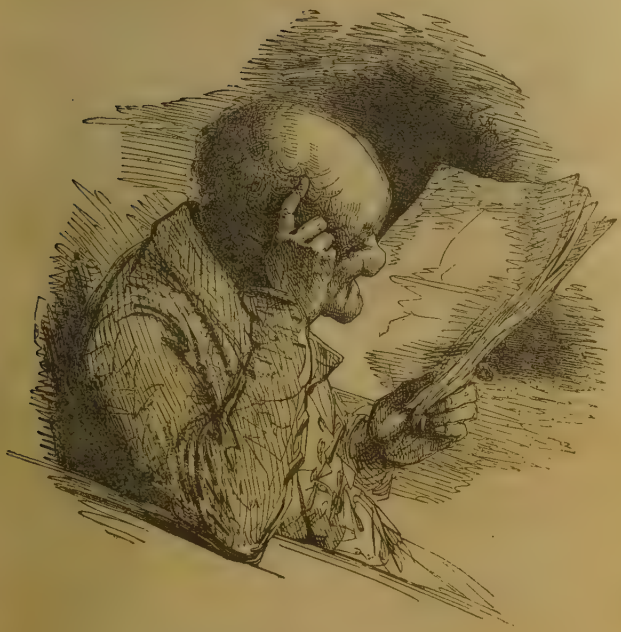
Buffon rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him, that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."

PUNCTUALITY.

"A QUARTER BEFORE."

Industry is of little avail, without a habit of very easy acquirement—punctuality: on this jewel the whole machinery of successful industry may be said to turn.

When lord Nelson was leaving London on his last, but glorious, expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner party at his house; and the upholsterer having waited upon his lordship, with an account of the completion of the goods, he was brought into the dining-room, in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer, that every thing was finished, and packed, and would go in the waggon, from a certain inn, at *six o'clock*. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off." "I shall, my lord; I shall be there punctually *at six*." "A quarter *before* six, Mr. A.," returned lord Nelson; "be there a quarter *before*: to that *quarter of an hour* I owe every thing in life."



Reading the Newspaper.

The folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticize.—*Cowper.*

A venerable old man is, as the reader of a newspaper, still more venerable; for his employment implies that nature yet lives in him;—that he is anxious to learn how much better the world is on his leaving it, than it was when he came into it. When he reads of the meddlings of over-legislation, he thinks of "good old times," and feels with the poet—

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room;
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

He reads of proposals for extending the poor-laws to one part of the United Kingdom not yet cursed with that sure and certain means of increasing the growth of poverty—he reads of schemes of emigration for an alleged surplus of human beings from all parts of the empire—he reads of the abundance of public wealth, and of the increase of private distress—and he remembers, that

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

The old man, who thus reads and recollects, has seen too much of factions to be a partisan. His only earthly interest is the good of his country. A change in the administration is to him of no import, if it bring not blessings to the present generation that entail a debt of gratitude upon posterity. Alterations in public affairs, if violently effected, he scarcely expects will be lasting, and loves human nature too well to desire them; yet he does not despair of private undertakings on account of their novelty or vastness; and therefore he was among the earliest promoters of vaccination, and of Winsor's plan for lighting the streets with gas. He was a proprietor of the first vessel navigated by steam, and would rather fail with Brunel than succeed at court.

The old man's days are few. He has discovered that the essential requisites of human existence are small in number; and that in strength itself there is weakness. He speculates upon ruling mankind by the law of kindness; and, as a specimen of the possibility, he kindles good-will with the materials of strife.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXIII.

From the "Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon," an Historical Play, by T. Heywood, 1601.]

Chorus; Skelton, the Poet.

Skelton, (*to the Audience*). The Youth that leads yon virgin by the hand
As doth the Sun the Morning richly clad,
Is our Earl Robert—or your Robin Hood—
That in those days was Earl of Huntingdon.

Robin recounts to Marian the pleasures of a forest life.

Robin. Marian, thou see'st, tho' courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant:
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brook.
At Court a flower or two did deck thy head;
Now with whole garlands it is circled:
For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers;
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.
Marian. Marian hath all, sweet Robert, having thee;
And guesses thee as rich in having me.

Scarlet recounts to Scathlock the pleasures of an Outlaw's life.

Scarlet. It's full seven years since we were outlaw' first,
And wealthy Sherwood was our heritage.
For all those years we reigned uncontroll'd,
From Barnsdale shrogs to Nottingham's red cliffs.
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests;
Good George-a-green at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.
At Barnsley dwells a Potter tough and strong,
That never brook'd we brethren should have wrong.
The Nuns of Farnsfield, pretty Nuns they be,
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands, to him and me.
Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendal green,
And Sharpe of Leeds sharp arrows for us made.
At Rotherham dwelt our Bowyer, God him bliss;
Jackson he hight, his bows did never miss

Fitzwater, banished, seeking his daughter Matilda (Robin's Marian) in the forest of Sherwood, makes his complaint.

Fitz. Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
That said "This world's felicity was woe,
Which greatest states can hardly undergo."
Whilom Fitzwater in fair England's Court
Possest felicity and happy state,
And in his hall blithe Fortune kept her sport;
Which glee one hour of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, towns, and towers;
Fair gardens, orchards, and delightful bowers;
But now nor garden, orchard, town, nor tower.
Hath poor Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walks are left me in the world,
Which these stiff limbs will hardly let me tread:
And when I sleep, heavn's glorious canopy
Me and my mossy couch doth overspread.

He discovers Robin Hood sleeping; Marian strewing flowers over him.

Fitz. — in good time see where my comfort stands,
And by her lies dejected Huntingdon.
Look how my Flower holds flowers in her hands,
And flings those sweets upon my sleeping son.

Feigns himself blind, to try if she will know him.

Marian. What aged man art thou? or by what chance
Camest thou thus far into the wayless wood?
Fitz. Widow, or wife, or maiden, if thou be;
Lend me thy hand: thou see'st I cannot see.
Blessing betide thee! little feel'st thou want:
With me, good child, food is both hard and scant.
These smooth even veins assure me, He is kind,
Whate'er he be, my girl, that thee doth find.

I poor and old am reft of all earth's good;
And desperately am crept into this wood,
To seek the poor man's patron, Robin Hood.
Marian. And thou art welcome, welcome, aged man,
Aye ten times welcome to Maid Marian.
Here's wine to cheer thy heart; drink, aged man.
There's venison, and a knife; here's manchet fine.—
My Robin stirs: I must sing him asleep.

A Judgment.

A Wicked Prior. Servingman.

Prior. What news with you, Sir?
Serv. Ev'n heavy news, my Lord; for the light fire,
Falling in manner of a fire-drake
Upon a barn of yours, hath burnt six barns,
And not a strike of corn reserv'd from dust.
No hand could save it; yet ten thousand hands
Labour'd their best, though none for love of you:
For every tongue with bitter cursing bann'd
Your Lordship, as the viper of the land.
Prior. What meant the villains?
Serv. Thus and thus they cried:
"Upon this churl, this hoarder up of corn,
This spoiler of the Earl of Huntingdon,
This lust-defiled, merciless, false Prior,
Heav'n raineth judgment down in shape of fire."
Old wives that scarce could with their crutches creep,
And little babes that newly learn'd to speak,
Men masterless that thorough want did weep,
All in one voice with a confused cry
In execrations bann'd you bitterly.
"Plague follow plague," they cried; "he hath undone
The good Lord Robert, Earl of Huntingdon."

[From "Phillis of Scyros," a Dramatic Pastoral, Author Unknown, 1655.]

True Love irremovable by Death.

Serpilla. Phillis.

Serpilla. Thyrsis believes thee dead, and justly may
Within his youthful breast then entertain
New flames of love, and yet therein be free
From the least show of doing injury
To that rich beauty which he thinks extinct,
And happily hath mourn'd for long ago:
But when he shall perceive thee here alive,
His old lost love will then with thee revive.
Phillis. That love, Serpilla, which can be removed
With the light breath of an imagined death,
Is but a faint weak love; nor care I much
Whether it live within, or still lie dead.
Ev'n I myself believ'd him long ago
Dead, and enclosed within an earthen urn;
And yet, abhorring any other love,
I only loved that pale-faced beauty still;
And those dry bones, dissolved into dust:
And underneath their ashes kept alive
The lively flames of my still-burning fire.

Celia, being put to sleep by an ineffectual poison, waking believes herself to be among the dead. The old Shepherd Narete finds her, and re-assures her of her still being alive.

Shepherd. Celia, thou talkest idly; call again
Thy wandering senses; thou art yet alive.
And, if thou will not credit what I say,
Look up, and see the heavens turning round;
The sun descending down into the west,
Which not long since thou saw'st rise in the east;
Observe, that with the motion of the air
These fading leaves do fall:—
In the infernal region of the deep
The sun doth never rise, nor ever set;
Nor doth a falling leaf there e'er adorn
Those black eternal plants.
Thou still art on the earth 'mongst mortal men,
And still thou livest. I am Narete. These
Are the sweet fields of Scyros. Know'st thou not
The meadow where the fountain springs? this wood?
Euro's great mountain, and Ormino's hill;
The hill where thou wert born?

Thyrsis, upbraided by Phillis for loving another, while he supposed her dead, replies—

Thirsis. O do not turn thy face another way.
Perhaps thou thinkest, by denying thus
That lovely visage to these eyes of mine,
To punish my misdeeds; but think not so.
Look on me still, and mark me what I say,
(For, if thou know'st it not, I'll tell thee then),
A more severe revenger of thy wrongs
Thou canst not have than those fair eyes of thine,
Which by those shining beams that wound my heart
Punish me more than all the world can do.
What greater pain canst thou inflict on me,
Than still to keep as fire before my face
That lovely beauty, which I have betray'd;
That beauty, I have lost?

NIGHT *breaks off her speech.**

NIGHT.—But stay! for there methinks I see the Sun,
Eternal Painter, now begin to rise,
And limn the heavens in vermilion dye;
And having dipt his pencil, aptly framed,
Already in the colour of the morn,
With various temper he doth mix in one
Darkness and Light: and drawing curiously
Strait golden lines quite thro' the dusky sky,
A rough draught of the day he seems to yield,
With red and tawny in an azure field.—
Already, by the clattering of their bits,
Their gingling harness, and their neighing sounds,
I hear Eous and fierce Pirous
Come panting on my back; and therefore I
Must fly away. And yet I do not fly,
But follow on my regulated course,
And those eternal Orders I received
From the First Mover of the Universe.

C. L.

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* In the Prologue.

The Drama.

The following communication from "a-matter-of-fact" correspondent, controverts an old dramatist's authority on an historical point. It should be recollected, however, that poets have large license, and that few playwrights strictly adhere to facts without injury to poetical character and feeling. The letter is curious, and might suggest an amusing parallel in the manner of Plutarch, between the straightforward character and the poetical one.

KING JOHN AND MATILDA.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Having been in the country during the publication of the first parts of the *Table Book*, I have but now just bought them; and on perusing them, I find in part 1, col. 112 et infrà, Mr. C. Lamb's first specimen of the Garrick Plays, called "King John and Matilda;" wherein the said Matilda, the daughter of the *old* baron Fitzwater* is supposed to be poisoned by King John's order, in a nunnery. She is especially entitled therein as "immaculate" —"Virtue's white *virgin*,"—and "*maid* and martyr." Now, sir, I presume it to be well known, that in the best legends extant of the times of Richard I. and John, this identical Matilda, or Maud Fitzwater, is chronicled as the *chère amie* and companion of the outlawed Robert Fitzooth, earl of Huntingdon, whom, as "Robin Hood," she followed as "*Maid* Marian;" and with whom, on his restoration to his honours by king Richard, (to his earldom and estates,) she intermarried, and became countess of Huntingdon, and was in *every* respect a wife, though we have no records whether she ever became a mother; and that when by king John the earl was again outlawed, and driven to the wilds of Sherwood forest, his countess also again shared his misfortunes, and a second time took the name of "*Maid* Marian," (then rather a misnomer,) as he did that of "*Robin Hood*."

During the *first* outlawry of Robin Hood, and while Marian, or more properly Matilda, was yet a *maid*, John (then prince John, Richard being in Palestine) made overtures to the old baron Fitzwalter for his daughter as a mistress, and being refused, and finding she was in the society of Robin Hood and his merry men, attacked them, and a bloody fray ensued; during which, John and Matilda (in the *male* costume of forest green) met, and fought: John required her to yield, and she as resolutely desired him, in a reproachful taunt, to *win* her first; and so stoutly did she belabour him, as the rest of the foresters did his party also, that he was constrained to yield, and to withdraw from a contest in which nothing was to be got but blows.

We hear nothing more of any attempts of John's to molest her or her party till after the death of Richard, and his own accession to the throne, when he spitefully ousted the earl and countess from their honours and possessions, and confiscated all to his own use; and thus this unfortunate pair, as I have above stated, were again constrained to quit the castle for the forest.

But it is certain, that long before John became king, Matilda, alias Maud, alias Marian, had ceased to be a maid; and we have no account of any attempts whatsoever made by *king* John upon or against the quondam Matilda Fitzwalter, afterwards alternately Maid Marian and countess of Huntingdon. Indeed all the legends of Robin Hood's life present "Maid Marian" as having lived with him unmolested by any such attempts during the whole of his *second outlawry*, and as having survived Robin's tragical end; though of *her* subsequent fate they are all silent, expressing themselves indeed ignorant of what was her destiny. Certainly she may then have retired into a nunnery, but at all events not as Matilda Fitzwalter; for she had been legally married and formally acknowledged by Richard I. as countess of Huntingdon; and as she spent the last part of her fellowship with her husband in Sherwood forest under her romantic forest appellation, it is scarcely probable that she would resume her title on entering into a nunnery. I would presume, therefore, that however and wherever she ended her days, it must have been under the cognomen of "*Maid* Marian." And as her husband lived for some years in the forest after the accession of John, I should think it scarcely likely that after such a great lapse of time, and after the change which had taken place in Matilda both as regards her worldly station and age, and I should presume person, (from such a continued exposure to the air and weather,) John should renew any attempt upon her. I should therefore feel exceedingly gratified if either yourself or Mr. C. Lamb could adduce any historical facts to reconcile all these discrepancies, and to show how the facts, as supposed in the play of "King John and Matilda," could,

* This is an error of the poet's. His real name was Fitz-Walter, i. e. *the son of Walter*.

in the natural course of events, and in the very teeth of the declarations made in the history of Robin Hood and his consort, have taken place.

Mark this also;—the historians of Robin Hood and Maid Marian (and their history was written, if not by contemporaries, yet in the next generation; nor is it likely that such a renowned personage should be unnoticed in chronicles for any space of time) all declare that they could not ascertain the fate of Marian after the death of Robin. *His* death and burial are well known, and the inscription to his memory is still extant; but *she* was lost sight of from the time of his decease. How comes it then that Robert Davenport, in the 17th century, should be so well informed, as to know that Matilda ended her days in a nunnery by poison administered by order of king John, when there is *no tradition extant* of the time or manner of *her* decease? We have no other authority than this of Davenport's tragedy on the subject; and I should therefore be inclined to think that he was misinformed, and that the event recorded by him never happened. As to its being *another* Matilda Fitzwalter, it is highly preposterous to imagine. Is it likely that at the same time there should be two barons of that name and title, each having a daughter named Matilda or Maud? Davenport calls his baron the *old* baron Fitzwater; and the father of Maid Marian is described as the *old* baron: both must therefore have lived in the reign of Richard I., and also in that of John till their death. Indeed we have proof that the baron was alive in John's reign, because Richard I. having restored him at the same time that he pardoned Fitzooth, *John dispossessed them both* on his accession.

I think it therefore highly improbable that there should have been so remarkable a coincidence as *two* barons Fitzwalter, and *two* Matildas at the same time, and both the latter subject to the unwelcome addresses of John: consequently I cannot give credence, without *proofs*, to the incident in Davenport's play.

I am, Sir,
respectfully yours,
"THE VEILED SPIRIT."

May 17, 1827.

P. S.—Since writing the above, my friend F. C. N. suggests to me, that there was a baron Fitzwalter in John's reign, proprietor of Castle Baynard, whose daughter Matilda John saw at a tourney, and being smitten with her charms, proposed to her father for her as his mistress, (precisely the events connected with Maid Marian;) and being refused, he attacked Castle Baynard, and ultimately destroyed it. However, for the reasons I have before stated, I am decidedly of opinion, that if such a baron was proprietor of Castle Baynard, it must have been the father of Maid Marian, as I cannot suppose that there were *two*. I cannot precisely remember, nor have I any thing at hand to refer to, but I believe it was at a tourney somewhere that *prince* John first saw *Maud*.

For the Table Book.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT

What phantom light from yonder lonely tower,
Glimmers yet paler than the pale moon beam;—
Breaking the darkness of the midnight hour,—
What bodes its dismal, melancholy gleam?

'Tis not the brightness of that glorious light,
That bursts in splendour from the hoary north;
'Tis not the pharos of the dangerous night,
Mid storms and winds benignly shining forth.

Still are the waves that wash this desert shore,
No breath is there to fill the fisher's sail;
Yet round yon isle is heard the distant roar
Of billows writhing in a tempest's gale.

Doomed are the mariners that rashly seek
To land in safety on that dreadful shore;
For once engulfed in the forbidden creek,
Their fate is sealed—they're never heard of more.

For spirits there exert unholy sway—
When favoured by the night's portentous gloom—
Seduce the sailor from his trackless way,
And lure the wretch to an untimely doom.

A demon tenant's yonder lonely tower,
A dreadful compound of hell, earth, and air;
To-night he visits not his favourite bower,
So pale the light that faintly glimmers there.

In storms he seeks that solitary haunt,
And, with their lord, a grim unearthly crew;
Who, while they join in wild discordant chant,
The mystic revels of their race pursue.

But when the fiends have gained their horrid lair,
The light then bursts forth with a blood-red glare;
And phantom forms will flit along the wave
Whose corses long had tenanted the grave.

A GROVE

The Formation of one with a View to the Picturesque.

The prevailing character of a grove is *beauty;* fine trees are lovely objects; a grove is an assemblage of them; in which every individual retains much of its own peculiar elegance; and whatever it loses is transferred to the superior beauty of the whole. To a grove, therefore, which admits of endless variety in the disposition of the trees, differences in their shapes and their greens are seldom very important, and sometimes they are detrimental. Strong contrasts scatter trees which are thinly planted, and which have not the connection of underwood; they no longer form one plantation; they are a number of single trees. A thick grove is not indeed exposed to this mischief, and certain situations may recommend different shapes and different greens for their effects upon the *surface;* but in the *outline* they are seldom much regarded. The eye attracted into the depth of the grove passes by little circumstances at the entrance; even varieties in the form of the line do not always engage the attention: they are not so apparent as in a continued thicket, and are scarcely seen, if they are not considerable.

But the surface and the outline are not the only circumstances to be attended to. Though a grove be beautiful as an object, it is besides delightful as a spot to walk or to sit in; and the choice and the disposition of the trees for effects *within* are therefore a principal consideration. Mere irregularity alone will not please: strict order is there more agreeable than absolute confusion; and some meaning better than none. A regular plantation has a degree of beauty; but it gives no satisfaction, because we know that the same number of trees might be more beautifully arranged. A disposition, however, in which the lines only are broken, without varying the distances, is less natural than any; for though we cannot find straight lines in a forest, we are habituated to them in the hedge-rows of fields; but neither in wild nor in cultivated nature do we ever see trees equidistant from each other: that regularity belongs to art alone. The distances therefore should be strikingly different; the trees should gather into groups, or stand in various irregular lines, and describe several figures: the intervals between them should be contrasted both in shape and in dimensions: a large space should in some places be quite open; in others the trees should be so close together, as hardly to leave a passage between them; and in others as far apart as the connection will allow. In the forms and the varieties of these groups, these lines, and these openings, principally consists the interior beauty of a grove.

The consequence of variety in the disposition, is variety in the light and shade of the grove; which may be improved by the choice of the trees. Some are impenetrable to the fiercest sunbeam; others let in here and there a ray between the large masses of their foliage; and others, thin both of boughs and of leaves, only checker the ground. Every degree of light and shade, from a glare to obscurity, may be managed, partly by the number, and partly by the texture of the trees. Differences only in the manner of their growths have also corresponding effects; there is a closeness under those whose branches descend low and spread wide, a space and liberty where the arch above is high, and frequent transitions from the one to the other are very pleasing. These still are not all the varieties of which the interior of a grove is capable; trees, indeed, whose branches nearly reach the ground, being each a sort of thicket, are inconsistent with an open plantation; but though some of the characteristic distinctions are thereby excluded, other varieties more minute succeed in their place; for the freedom of passage throughout brings every tree in its turn near to the eye, and subjects even differences in foliage to observation. These, slight as they may seem, are agreeable when they occur; it is true they are not regretted when wanting, but a defect of ornament is not necessarily a blemish.

For the Table Book.

GROVES AND HIGH PLACES.

The heathens considered it unlawful to build temples, because they thought no temple spacious enough for the sun. Hence the saying, *Mundus universus est templum solis,* "The whole world is a temple of the sun." Thus their god Terminus, and others, were worshipped in temples open-roofed. Hills and mountains became the fittest places for their idolatry; and these consecrated hills are the "high places" so often forbidden in the sacred writings. As the number of their gods increased, so the number of their consecrated hills multiplied; and from them their gods and goddesses took names, as Mercurius Cyllenius, Venus Erycina, Jupiter Capitolinus. To beautify these holy hills, the places of their idola-

trous worship, they beset them with trees; and thence arose the consecration of groves and woods, from whence also their idols were often named. At length certain choice and select trees began to be consecrated. The French magi, termed Dryadæ, worshipped the oak; the Etrurians worshipped an elm-tree; and amongst the Celtæ, a tall oak was the very idol of Jupiter.

Amongst the Israelites, idolatry began under the judges Othniel and Ehud, and became so common, that they had peculiar priests, whom they termed the prophets of the grove and idols of the grove.

Christians, in the consecration of their churches, make special choice of peculiar saints, by whose name they are called. The heathens consecrated their groves to peculiar idols; whence in profane authors we read of Diana Nemorensis, Diana Arduenna, Albunea Dea, &c., all receiving their names from the groves in which they were worshipped. The idol itself is sometimes called a grove—"Josiah brought out *the grove* from the house of the Lord." It is probable, that in this idol was portraited the form and similitude of a grove, and that from thence it was called a grove, as those similitudes of Diana's temple, made by Demetrius, were termed temples of Diana.

These customs appear exemplified by inscriptions on coins, medals, in churchyards, and the various buildings commemorated by marble, flowers, and durable and perishing substances. J. R. P.

*** The groves round London within a few years have been nearly destroyed by the speculating builders.

J. R. P.'s note may be an excuse for observing, that the "grove" best known, perhaps, to the inhabitants of London is that at Camberwell—a spacious roadway and fine walks, above half a mile in length, between rows of stately trees, from the beginning of the village and ascending the hill to its summit, from whence there is, or rather was, the finest burst of scenery the eye can look upon within the same distance from London. The view is partially obstructed by new buildings, and the character of the "grove" itself has been gradually injured by the breaking up of the adjacent grounds and meadows into brick-fields, and the flanking of its sides with town-like houses. This grove has been the theme of frequent song. Dr. Lettsom first gave celebrity to it by his writings, and pleasant residence on its eastern extremity; and it was further famed by Mr. Maurice in an elegant poem, with delightful engravings on wood. After the death of the benevolent physician, and before the decease of the illustrator of "Indian Antiquities," much of the earth, consecrated by their love and praise, "passed through the fire" in sacrifice to the Moloch of improvement. In a year or two "Grove Hill" may be properly named "Grove Street."

Hampstead, however, is the "place of groves;"—how long it may remain so is a secret in the bosom of speculators and builders. Its first grove, townward, is the noble private avenue from the Hampstead-road to Belsize-house, in the valley between Primrose hill and the hill whereon the church stands, with Mr. Memory-Corner Thompson's remarkable house and lodge at the corner of the pleasant highway to the little village of West-end. In the neighbourhood of Hampstead church, and between that edifice and the heath, there are several old groves. Winding southwardly from the heath, there is a charming little grove in Well Walk, with a bench at the end; whereon I last saw poor Keats, the poet of the "Pot of Basil," sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief,—gleaning parting looks towards the quiet landscape he had delighted in—musing, as in his Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.
O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow

West Wickham Church, Kent.

——From Beckenham church we walked about two miles along a nearly straight road, fenced off from the adjoining lands, till we reached West Wickham. It was from a painted window in this church that I made the tracing of St. Catherine engraved in the *Every-Day Book*, where some mention is made of the retired situation of this village.

"Wickham Court," the ancient manor-house adjacent to the church, was formerly the residence of Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar, and author of the "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ." for which the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws. "He was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used, at Wickham, to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation."* It was in West's society, at Wickham, that lord Lyttelton was convinced of the truth of Christianity. Under that conviction he wrote his celebrated "Dissertation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul," which, until the appearance of Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ," was an unrivalled treatise. Mr. Pitt, (the great earl of Chatham,) during his intimacy with West, formed a walk at Wickham Court. In a summer-house of the grounds, Mr. West inscribed the following lines, in imitation of Ausonius, a Latin poet of the fourth century, "Ad Villam :"—

Not wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant stands my rural cot;
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy;
Swift as my changing wish I change the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

* Dr. Johnson.

The ancient manor of West Wickham was vested in sir Samuel Lennard, bart., from whom it passed to his daughter Mary, the present dowager lady Farnaby, who resides in the manor-house, and with whose permission we were permitted a look at the hall of the mansion, which contains in the windows some painted remains of armorial bearings on glass, removed from the windows of the church. A view in Hasted's "History of Kent" represents the towers of this mansion to have been surmounted by sextagon cones, terminated at the top with the fleur de lis, a bearing in the family arms; these pinnacles have been taken down, the roofs of the towers flattened, and the walls castellated. By a charter of free warren, in the eleventh year of Edward II., a weekly market was granted to West Wickham, but it is no longer held, and Wickham, as a town, has lost its importance.

The manor-house and church are distant from the village about half a mile, with an intervening valley beautifully pleasant, in which is a road from Hayes Common to Addington and Croydon. The church is on a hill, with an old lich-gate, like that at Beckenham, though not so large. At this spot W. sat down, and made the sketch here represented by his graver. Although I had been in the edifice before, I could not avoid another visit to it. At the north-east corner, near the communion table, are many ancient figured tiles sadly neglected, loose in the pavement; some displaced and lying one upon the other. Worst of all,—and I mean offence to no one, but surely there is blame somewhere,—the ancient stone font, which is in all respects perfect, has been removed from its original situation, and is thrown into a corner. In its place, at the west end, from a nick (not a niche) between the seats, a little trivet-like iron bracket swings in and out, and upon it is a wooden hand-bowl, such as scullions use in a kitchen sink; and in this hand-bowl, of about twelve inches diameter, called a font, I found a common blue-and-white Staffordshire-ware halfpint basin. It might be there still; but, while inveighing to my friend W. against the depravation of the fine old font, and the substitution of such a paltry modicum, in my vehemence I fractured the crockery. I felt that I was angry, and, perhaps, I sinned; but I made restitution beyond the extent that would replace the baptismal slop-basin.

The fragments of old painted glass in the windows of this church are really fine. The best are, St. Anne teaching the virgin to read; whole lengths of St. Christopher wading, with the infant Saviour bearing the globe in his hand; an elderly female saint, very good; and a skeleton with armour before him. Some years ago, collectors of curiosities paid their attentions to these windows, and carried off specimens: since then wires have been put up on the outside. On the walls are hung pennons, with an iron helmet, sword, spurs, gloves, and other remains of a funereal pageant. A small organ stands on the floor: the partitions of some of the pewings are very ancient

*

Topography.

GODSTOW NUNNERY,

Near Oxford.

The wild-flower waves, in lonely bloom,
On Godstow's desolated wall:
There thin shades flit through twilight gloom,
And murmured accents feebly fall.
The aged hazel nurtures there
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair,
And lightly throws its humble shade,
Where Rosamonda's form is laid,

The rose of earth, the sweetest flower
That ever graced a monarch's breast,
In vernal beauty's loveliest hour,
Beneath that sod was laid to rest.
In vain the bower of love around
The Dædalean path was wound:
Alas! that jealous hate should find
The clue for love alone designed!

The venomed bowl,—the mandate dire,—
The menaced steel's uplifted glare,—
The tear, that quenched the blue eye's fire,—
The humble, ineffectual prayer:—
All these shall live, recorded long
In tragic and romantic song,
And long a moral charm impart,
To melt and purify the heart.
A nation's gem, a monarch's pride,
In youth, in loveliness, she died:
The morning sun's ascending ray
Saw none so fair, so blest, so gay:
Ere evening came, her funeral knell
Was tolled by Godstow's convent bell.

The marble tomb, the illumined shrine,
Their ineffectual splendour gave:
Where slept in earth the maid divine,
The votive silk was seen to wave.
To her, as to a martyred saint,
His vows the weeping pilgrim poured

The drooping traveller, sad and faint,
Knelt there, and found his strength restored:
To that fair shrine, in solemn hour,
Fond youths and blushing maidens came,
And gathered from its mystic power
A brighter, purer, holier flame:
The lightest heart with awe could feel
The charm her hovering spirit shed
But superstition's impious zeal
Distilled its venom on the dead!

The illumined shrine has passed away;
The sculptured stone in dust is laid:
But when the midnight breezes play
Amid the barren hazel's shade,
The lone enthusiast, lingering near,
The youth, whom slighted passion grieves,
Through fancy's magic spell may hear
A spirit in the whispering leaves;
And dimly see, while mortals sleep,
Sad forms of cloistered maidens move,
The transient dreams of life to weep,
The fading flowers of youth and love!

NOTE.

A small chapel, and a wall, enclosing an ample space, are all now remaining of the Benedictine nunnery at Godstow. A hazel grows near the chapel, the fruit of which is always apparently perfect, but is invariably found to be hollow.

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of Rosamond. The principal circumstances of her story are thus related by Stowe: "Rosamond, the fair daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II., (poisoned by queen Eleanor, as some thought,) died at Woodstock, (A. D. 1177,) where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderful working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house, after some, was named Labyrinthus, or Dædalus work, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a maze: but it was commonly said, that lastly the queen came to her by a clue of thread, or silk, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow, in a house of nuns, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tomb:

Hic jacet in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

After her death, she appears to have been considered as a saint, from the following inscription on a stone cross, which, Leland says, was erected near the nunnery:

Qui meat huc, oret, signumque salutis adoret,
Utque sibi detur veniam, Rosamunda precetur.

A fanatical priest, Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, visiting the nunnery at Godstow, and observing a tomb covered with silk, and splendidly illuminated, which he found, on inquiry, to be the tomb of Rosamond, commanded her to be taken up, and buried without the church, lest the Christian religion should grow into contempt. This brutal order was instantly obeyed: but "the chaste sisters," says Speed, "gathered her bones, and put them in a perfumed bag, enclosing them so in lead, and laid them again in the church, under a fair large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise: these bones were at the suppression of the nunnery so found."*

ST. MARY MAGDALEN, BERMONDSEY, SURREY.

In the parish register of this church is the following very singular entry:

"The forme of a solemn vowe made betwixt a man and his wife, having been long absent, through which occasion the woman being married to another man, took her again as followeth:

THE MAN'S SPEECH.

"Elizabeth, my beloved wife, I am right sorie that I have so long absented myself from thee, whereby thou shouldst be occasioned to take another man to be thy husband. Therefore I do now vowe and promise, in the sight of God and this company, to take thee again as mine owne; and will not onlie forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and do all other duties unto thee, as I promised at our marriage."

THE WOMAN'S SPEECH.

"Raphe, my beloved husband, I am righte sorie that I have in thy absence taken another man to be my husband; but here, before God and this companie, I do renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keep mysealfe only to thee duringe life, and to performe all the duties which I first promised to thee in our marriage."

Then follows a short occasional prayer, and the entry concludes thus:—

* From the "Genius of the Thames, a Lyrical Poem, with Notes, by Thomas Love Peacock," 1810.

"The first day of August, 1604, Raphe Goodchilde, of the parish of Barking, in Thames-street, and Elizabeth, his wife, were agreed to live together, and thereupon gave their hands one to another, making either of them a solemn vow so to do in the presence of us,

"WILLIAM STERE,—*Parson.*
"EDWARD COKER; and
"RICHARD EYERS,—*Clerk.*"

There is also in the same register the following entry:—

"James Herriot, Esq. and Elizabeth Josey, gent. were married June 4th, 1624-5.—N. B. This James Herriott was one of the *forty* children of his father, a Scotchman."

Query.—Was this James Herriot related to George Heriot, the munificent founder of the hospital at Edinburgh, who died at London in January of the same year?

BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

The church at Brough is a pretty large handsome building. The steeple is not so old; having been built about the year 1513, under the direction of Thomas Blenkinsop, of Helbeck, Esq. There are in it four excellent bells, by much the largest in the county, except the great bell at Kirkby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one *Brunskill*, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his bull fell a bellowing, which, in the dialect of the country, is called *cruning*, (this being the Saxon word to denote that vociferation.) Whereupon he said to one of his neighbours, "Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?" He answered, "Yea." "Well, then," says *Brunskill*, "I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all; and with the price thereof he bought the said bells, (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger.) — There is a monument in the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second windows, under which, it is said, the said *Brunskill* was the last that was interred.

The pulpit is of stone. There was heretofore a handsome *reading desk*, given by sir *Cuthbert Buckle*, knight, vintner in London, who was born upon Stanemore in this parish, and was lord mayor of London in the year 1593. His name was upon the desk thus:—"By Cuthbert Buckle, Anno Domini 1576." He built also a bridge upon Stanemore, which still bears the name of *Buckle's Bridge*; and gave eight pounds a year to a school upon Stanemore.

For the Table Book.

TO MY PSEUDO-MUSE.

Hence, thou tormenting wayward Being!
For ever courting, trifling, spreeing
Thou *Erysipelas* of thrall:
For ever, with thine addled hatch,
I'll shun thee as an arrant Scratch,
Unworthy to be scratch'd at all.

Thy Sonnets, staves, and stanzas rhyming
To every key, to every chiming,
St. *Vitus' Dance* is ease to Thee:
Thou shalt no more provoke my Quill
To deeds of labour, or of skill,
Thou *cacoëthes mise-re.*

Promethean fire—Parnassus smiling,
Helicon's spirituous drops beguiling,—
Where'er thou com'st—whate'er thou be
The *Vagrant Act* may take thee in;
I'll drive thee out as Satan's sin
Thou worse than *fire of Anthony.*

Hence Jade! tormentress of the feelings;—
Thou *Witch of End-or* like revealings:—
Go—haunt the brains, not frenzy past:
I'll haste to Monmouth Street and buy
A suit of Prose—then joyful cry
Ecce Stultus! grown wise at last.

If thou shou'd'st to my brain-door, knocking,
Come with thy wheedling-pamby, mocking;
I'll catch thee *vi et armis*:—then
By *Habeas Corpus* to the *Pleas*—
—*Sure* I will rob thee of degrees,
And scare thee from my *Smithfield Pen.*

If I'm asleep—then thou art waiting,
Angler-like, with thy couplets baiting,
To drag my crazy thought to light:
Awake! thy float, with stanza-hook,
Is ever dipping in *Mal-Brook*—
I'll brook no more—if sense is right.

BATHING.

I do not know any author who has reckoned man among the amphibious race of animals; neither do I know any animal that better deserves it. Man is lord of the little ball on which he treads, one half of which, at least, is water. If we do not allow him to be amphibious, we deprive him of half his sovereignty. He justly bears that name, who can *live* in the water. Many of the disorders incident to the human frame are prevented, and others cured, both by fresh and salt bathing; so that we may properly remark, "*He lives in the water* who can find life, nay, even *health* in that friendly element."

The greatest treasure on earth is health; but a treasure, of all others, the least valued by the owner. Other property is best rated when in possession, but this can only be rated when lost. We sometimes observe a man, who, having lost this inestimable jewel, seeks it with an ardour equal to its worth; but when every research by land is eluded, he fortunately finds it in the water. Like the fish, he pines away upon shore, but, like that, recovers again in the deep.

The cure of disease among the Romans, by bathing, is supported by many authorities; among others, by the number of baths frequently discovered, in which pleasure, in that warm climate, bore a part. But this practice seemed to decline with Roman freedom, and never after held the eminence it deserved. Can we suppose the physician slept between the disease and the bath to hinder their junction; or, that he lawfully holds by prescription the tenure of sickness in *fee*?*

Rural Sports.

ANGLING.

When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rode retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance, or hunger's pow'rful sway,
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains

---

* W. Hutton.

Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size.
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine thro' every part,
That Nature seems to live again in art,
Let not thy wary steps advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair:
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away.
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake:
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes;
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes,
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretching his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores.
Or let the gun his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

Gay.

GOOD-LIVING.

A Domestic Scene.

Gent. I wish, my dear, you would not keep the carriage an hour always at the door, when we go to a party.

Lady. Surely, my dear, it could not have waited half so long; and that was owing to the unusual length of our rubber.

Gent. I feel exceedingly unwell this evening, my head aches confoundedly, and my stomach is very uneasy.

Lady. You know, my dear, Mr. Abernethy told you, that after such a severe fit you ought to be very careful and moderate in your living.

Gent. Mr. Abernethy is a fool. Can any body be more moderate than I am? you would have me live upon water-gruel, I suppose. The rich pudding, indeed, that Mrs. Belcour made me eat, might possibly not have sat quite easy on the soup, and the salmon, and the chicken and ham, and the harrico, and the turkey and sausages; or, it is possible, the patties I eat before dinner might not perfectly agree with me, for I had by no means a good appetite when I sat down to dinner.

Lady. And then, you know, you eat so many cakes, and such a quantity of almonds and raisins, and oranges after dinner.

Gent. How could I have got down Belcour's insufferable wine, that tasted of the cork, like the fag bottle at a tavern dinner, without eating something?

Lady. And I am sure you drank a glass of Madeira with every mouthful almost at dinner; for I observed you.

Gent. Why how could one swallow such ill-dressed things, half cold too, without drinking? I can't conceive what makes me feel so unwell this evening; these flatu-

lencies will certainly kill me. It must be the easterly wind we have had for these three days that affects me: indeed, most of my acquaintance are complaining, and the doctors say, disorders are very prevalent now.——What can I *have?* John, make me a tumbler of brandy and water—make it strong, and put ginger enough in it. I have not the least appetite—what *can* I have?

Lady. There is ham, and, I believe, some chicken—

Gent. Why, do you think I have the stomach of a ploughman, that I can eat such insipid things! Is there nothing else?

Lady. There is a loin of pork—perhaps you could relish a chop, nicely done?

Gent. Why, if it *was* nicely done, *very* nicely, perhaps I *could;* I'll *try*—but remember it must be done *to a moment,* or I shan't be able to touch it—and made *hot*—and some nice gravy. Confound these parties!—could any thing be more stupid. While Martin was sleeping on one side of me, there was Bernard on the other did nothing but bore me about his horses, and his wines, and his pictures, till I wished them all at old Harry—I think I shall have done with parties.

Lady. I am sure, my dear, they are no pleasure to me; and, if they were, I pay dear enough for it: for you generally come home in an ill humour—and your health and your pocket too suffer for it. Your *last* bill came to more than ninety pounds, besides your expenses at Cheltenham—and the *next* thing, I suppose, will be a voyage to Madeira, or Lisbon—and then what will *become* of us?

Gent. What, do you grudge me the necessaries of life? It is I that am the sufferer—

Lady. Not entirely so: I am sure I feel the effects of it, and so do the servants. Your temper is so entirely changed, that the poor children are afraid to go near you—you make every body about you miserable, and you know Smith lost his cause from your not being able to attend at the last assizes, which will be nearly the ruin of him and his family. Two days before you were tolerably well, but after you had dined at ——'s, you were laid up.

Gent. Nay, I was as much concerned at it as any body could be; and I think I had reason to be so, for I lost three hundred pounds myself—but who can help illness? Is it not a visitation of Providence? I am sure nobody can live more temperately than I do—do you ever see me drunk? A'n't I as regular as clockwork? Indeed, my dear, if you cannot talk more rationally, you had better go to bed. John! why don't you bring the brandy and water! and see if the chop is ready; if I am not better in the morning, I am sure I shall not be able to attend my appointment in the city——

There will always be a few ready to receive the hints of experience, and to them only can this scene be useful.

DRINKING.

Lime applied to trees makes them put forth leaves and flourish, and produce fruit early, but then it kills them. Wine cheers and stimulates men, and makes them thrust forth flowers of wit; but, then, there is no doubt it shortens life.*

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD

By St. Evremond.

The first thing by which we know men, is the physiognomy, the colour, and the lineaments of the face; the briskness, the air, the motion of the body, the action, the sound of the voice, the aspect, &c.: and there is no man, but at first sight we are either well or ill affected towards him. Every man makes some impressions upon us of what he is; but these impressions, being sudden, are not always certain, a little frequent conversation with him perfects our knowledge of him.

Hear the man with whom you keep company; endeavour to draw him in to make a long discourse, and then you will easily perceive the greatness or meanness of his wit, his civility, his inclination to vice or virtue, and to what kind of vice or virtue he is most inclined; whether he be sincere in his speech or a man of artifice; whether he aggravates matters, if he be a liar, or a proud man, and to what degree he carries his good or bad qualities.

Study well the persons with whom you converse familiarly, and with least circumspection. Examine them when they are sedate, in an obliging humour; and when they are in anger, in a disdainful and morose humour. When something vexes or

* Perron.

pleases them, observe them in their sorrow and disgrace, in their pleasures, in their advancement, and in their humiliation. Be attentive to their discourse in all these several states, consider their behaviour, their sentiments, their projects, and the different motions which their passions, their ranks, and their affairs, produce in them.

Moreover, endeavour also to know yourself very well; consider in all the different states, wherein good or bad fortune has placed you, the designs which you pursue, and the resolutions for doing good or evil, you are capable of making. These several observations upon yourself and others will infallibly make you know mankind. And the reason of it is this:—all men, and even philosophers themselves, are, more or less, subject to the same passions, and all of them think very nearly after the same manner.

Of the most excellent qualities, that of knowing the world is most necessary for our behaviour, and for our fortune:—for our *behaviour*, because otherwise our life is liable to continual crosses, and is nothing else but one continued series of extravagancies, which will bring upon us a thousand bad businesses:—for our *fortune*, because if we do not know men, we cannot make use of them in that way which is most convenient with respect to our interest. It is necessary therefore to know them, and to behave ourselves with each of them after such a manner as is most agreeable to their character. A prudent man, with respect to others, is like a master who knows all the springs of an engine, and makes them play as he pleases, either for his pleasure or advantage.

It seems to me, that our first motion should be to distrust the world in general, and even to have a bad opinion of it. The world, such as it should be, is full of virtue; but as we see it, it is full of wickedness and malice; and this latter world is that we should endeavour to know well, because we live in it, and it concerns us very much to avoid its deceits.

But why should we have so bad an opinion of the world? Why, because men are born with a bad disposition, and they carry in their heart at their birth the source of all vices, and an aversion to all virtues, which would hinder their singularity; and which they cannot acquire but by such pains as they are not willing to take. Yet I do not say that we must therefore think ill of all particular persons, but it is good to know them.

THE TONGA ISLANDS.

Wild and straggling as the flowers
Is human nature there;
Uncultivated all its powers
In that secluded air:
The passions fiery, bold, and strong,
Impetuous urge their course along,
Like mountain torrent rolling,
More rapid as the more confined,
Far leaving Reason's rules behind,
No curb of law controlling!
The spectre Superstition there
Sits trembling on her gloomy throne!
Pale child of Ignorance and Fear,
Embodying shapes of things unknown:
When, when shall rise the glorious morn
Of heavenly radiance unconfined?
When shall the mental veil be torn,
And GOD be known by all mankind?

Full many a ray must pierce the soul,
Ere darkness quits the southern pole:
Yet here are maidens kind and true
As ever northern pencil drew;
And here are warriors brave and young
As ever northern minstrel sung!
And see, upon the valley's side
With fairy footstep lightly glide
A train of virgins soft and fair,
With sparkling eyes and shining hair,
As beauteous as the flowers they bear—
Fresh flowers of every scent and hue,
Besprinkled with the morning dew,
Which they have risen before the sun
To gather for some favourite one.

It is a custom at Tonga for the young women to gather flowers in the earlier part of the morning, and twine them on their return into various ornaments, for themselves, and their relations and friends. They gather them at sunrise while the dew of the morning is still fresh on them; because, when plucked at that time, their fragrance is of longer continuance.*

SENSIBILITY IN A RAVEN.

In 1785 there was living at the Red Lion inn, Hungerford, Wiltshire, a raven, respecting which a correspondent communicated to "Mr. Urban" the following anecdote:—

His name, I think, is "Rafe:" and you must know, that going into that inn, my chaise ran over, or bruised, the leg of my Newfoundland dog. While we were examining the injury done to the dog's foot,

* From the "Ocean Cavern, a Tale of the Tonga Islands," 1819.

Rafe was evidently a concerned spectator; for, the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horses, Rafe not only visited, but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so marked, that I observed it to the hostler. John then told me, that the raven had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog; that the affection between them was mutual; and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. Rafe's poor dog, after a while, unfortunately broke his leg; and during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited upon him constantly, carried him his provisions daily, and never scarce left him alone. One night, by accident, the hostler had shut the stable door, and Rafe was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the hostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so pecked away, that, had it not been opened, Rafe would, in another hour, have made his own entrance-port. I then inquired of my landlady, (a sensible woman,) and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird showed to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones.

DIAMONDS.

And the sparkling stars began to shine,
Like scatter'd gems in the diamond mine.

The diamond is chiefly found in the provinces of Golconda and Visiapour, and also in that of Bengal. Raolconda, in Visiapour, and Gandicotta, are famed for their mines, as is Coulour in Golconda. The diamond is generally found in the narrow crevices of the rocks, loose, and never adherent to the fixed stratum. The miners, with long iron rods, which have hooks at the ends, pick out the contents of the fissures, and wash them in tubs, in order to extricate the diamonds. In Coulour they dig on a large plain, to the depth of ten or fourteen feet; forty thousand persons are employed; the men to dig, and the women and children to carry the earth to the places where it is deposited till the search is made.*

* A note to the "Ocean Cavern."

STOICAL WIT.

Zeno detected his slave in a theft, and ordered him to be *flogged*. The slave having in mind the dogmas of his master, and thinking to compliment him, in order to save himself from punishment, exclaimed—"It was *fated* that I should commit this theft."—"And *also* that you should be *flogged* for it," replied Zeno.

CAMBRIDGE WIT.

When Dr. Jeggon, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennet College, Cambridge, he punished all the under graduates for some general offence; and because he disdained to convert the penalty-money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following verses on the screen:—

"Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College master,
Broke the *scholars' heads*, and gave the *walls* a *plaster*."

The doctor, perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore:—

"Knew I but the wag that writ these verses in bravery,
I'd *commend* him for his *wit*, but *whip* him for his *knavery*."

SENTENCES

Worthy to be got by Heart.

As you cannot overtake time, the best way is to be always a few minutes before him.

Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plan of conduct for the day. The half hours will glide smoothly on, without crossing or jostling each other.

When you set about a good work, do not rest till you have completed it.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night, think on what you have done.

Religion is the best armour, but the worst cloak.

If you make an intentional concealment of any thing in a court of judicature, it will lie like lead upon your conscience all the days of your life.

Do as you wish to be done by. Follow this rule, and you will need no force to keep you honest.

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END OF VOL. I.

TABLE BOOK.

The Gimmal Ring.

This is an ancient form of the "tool of matrimony," from one found at Horsley-down, and exhibited in 1800 to the Society of Antiquaries. Mr. Robert Smith, the possessor of this curious ring, transmitted with it some remarks and descriptions of a nature very interesting to the lovers of archæology, and the "happy estate;" and from thence is derived the following account of this particular ring, with illustrations of the form and use of the *gimmal*-ring generally.—

This ring is constructed, as the name imports, of twin or double hoops, which play one within another, like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its sides flat, the other convex; each is twisted once round, and each surmounted by a hand, issuing from an embossed fancy-work wrist or sleeve; the hand rising somewhat above the circle, and extending in the same direction. The course of the twist, in each hoop, is made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops, the latter immediately unite in one ring. On the lower hand, or that of which the palm is uppermost, is represented a heart; and, as the hoops close, the hands slide into contact, forming, with their ornamented wrists, a head to the whole. The device thus presents a triple emblem of love, fidelity, and union. Upon the flat side of the hoops are engraven "Usé de Vertu," in Roman capitals; and, on the inside of the lower wrist, the figures "990." The whole is of fine gold, and weighs two pennyweights four grains.

It is of foreign workmanship, probably French, and appears to be of no great antiquity; perhaps about the reign of our queen Elizabeth: for though the time of the introduction into Europe of the Arabic numerals be referred by some to an æra nearly corresponding with the figures on the ring, the better opinion seems to be, that the Arabian method of notation was unknown to the Europeans until about the middle of the 13th century. It is conjecture, therefore, that the figures were meant to express, not a date, but the artist's number; such as we see still engraven on watches. The workmanship is not incurious; and the ring furnishes a genuine specimen of the *gimmal*, (a term now almost forgotten.)

Rings, it is well known, are of great antiquity; and, in the early ages of the world, denoted authority and government. These were communicated, symbolically, by the delivery of a ring to the person on whom they were meant to be conferred. Thus Pharaoh, when he committed the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and gave it to Joseph, as a *token* of the authority with which he invested him. So also did Ahasuerus to his favourite Haman, and to Mordecai, who succeeded him in his dignity.

In conformity to this ancient usage, recorded in the Bible, the Christian church afterwards adopted the ceremony of the ring in marriage, as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household, and over the "earthly goods" with which he endowed her.

But the *gimmal* ring is comparatively of modern date. It should seem, that we are indebted for the design to the ingenious fancies of our Gallic neighbours, whose skill in diversifying the symbols of the tender passion has continued unrivalled, and in the language of whose country the mottoes employed on almost all the amorous trifles are still to be found. It must be allowed, that the double hoop, each apparently free yet inseparable, both formed for uniting, and complete only in their union, affords a

not unapt representation of the married state.

Among the numerous "love-tokens" which lovers have presented to their mistresses, in all ages, the *ring* bears a conspicuous part; nor is any more likely than the *gimmal* to "steal the impression of a mistress's fantasy," as none so clearly expresses its errand. In the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" of Shakspeare, where Egeus accuses Lysander, before the duke, of having inveigled his daughter's affections, or, as the old man expresses it, "witch'd the bosom" of his child, he exclaims,

> "Thou hast given her rhimes,
> And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
> Thou hast, by moon-light, at her window sung,
> With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
> And stol'n the impression of her fantasie,
> With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits."

From a simple love-token, the gimmal was at length converted into the more serious "sponsalium annulus," or ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his mistress hers through the other, were thus, symbolically, yoked together; a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one half being allotted to the other. In this use of the gimmal may be seen typified, "a community of interests, mutual forbearance, and a participation of authority."

The French term for it is *foi*, or *alliance*; which latter word, in the "Dictionnaire de Trévoux," is defined, "bague ou jonc que *l'accordé* donne à son *accordée*, où il y a un fil *d'or*, et un fil *d'argent*." This definition not only shows the occasion of its use, but supposes the two hoops to be composed, one of gold, the other of silver; a distinction evidently meant to characterise the bridegroom and bride. Thus Columella calls those vines which produce two different sorts of grapes, "gemellæ vites."

Our English glossaries afford but little information on the subject. Minshew refers the reader from *gimmal* to *genow*; the former he derives from "gemellus," the latter from the French "jumeau:" and he explains the *gemow ring* to signify "*double* or *twinnes*, because they be rings with two or more links." Neither of the words is in Junius. Skinner and Ainsworth deduce *gimmal* from the same Latin origin, and suppose it to be used only of something consisting of correspondent parts, or double. Dr. Johnson gives it a more extensive signification; he explains gimmal to mean, "some little quaint devices, or pieces of machinery," and refers to Hanmer: but he inclines to think the name gradually corrupted from *geometry* or *geometrical*, because, says he, "any thing done by *occult means* is vulgarly said to be done by geometry."

The word is not in Chaucer, nor in Spenser; yet both Blount in his "Glossography," and Philips in his "World of Words," have *geminals*; which they interpret *twins*.

Shakspeare has *gimmal* in two or three places; though none of the commentators seem thoroughly to understand the term.

Gimmal occurs in "King Henry the Fifth," Act IV. Scene II., where the French lords are proudly scoffing at the condition of the English army. Grandpree says,

> "The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
> With torch-staves in their hands; and their poor jades
> Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
> The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
> And in their pale dull mouths the *gimmal* bit
> Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless."

We may understand the *gimmal* bit, therefore, to mean either a double bit, in the ordinary sense of the word (*duplex*,) or, which is more appropriate, a bit composed of links, playing one within another, (*gemellus*.)

In the "First Part of King Henry the Sixth," after the French had been beaten back with great loss, Charles and his lords are concerting together the farther measures to be pursued, and the king says,

> "Let's leave this town, for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
> And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
> Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
> The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege."

To which Reignier subjoins,

> "I think, by some odd *gimmals* or device,
> Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on:
> Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.
> By my consent we'll e'en let them alone."

Some of the commentators have the following note upon this passage: "A *gimmal* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another; whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now vulgarly called 'gimcrack.'"

Mr. Archdeacon Nares instances a stage direction in "Lingua," an old play—"Enter Anamnestes (a page to Memory) in a grave sattin sute, purple buskins, &c. *a gimmal* ring with one link hanging." He adds, that *gimmal* rings, though originally double, were by a further refinement made

triple, or even more complicated; yet the name remained unchanged. Herrick, in his "Hesperides," has the following verses.

The Jimmal Ring, or True-love-knot.

Thou sent'st to me a true-love-knot; but I
Return'd a ring of jimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple-tye.

According to Randle Holme, who, under the term "annulet," figures the *gimmal* ring,* Morgan, in his "Sphere of Gentry," speaks of "three triple *gimbal* rings borne by the name of Hawberke:" which Mr. Nares says was "evidently because the hawberk was formed of rings linked into each other."

A further illustration of the *gimmal* ring may be gathered from the following passage. "It is related in *Davis's Rites of the Cathedral of Durham*, (8vo. 1672, p. 51,) that over our lady of Bolton's altar there was a marvellous, lively, and beautiful image of the picture of our lady, called the lady of Bolton, which picture was made to open with *gimmes* (or linked fastenings) from the breast downward; and within the said image was wrought and pictured the image of our Saviour marvellously finely gilt."†

I find that the brass rings within which the seaman's compass swings, are by the seamen called *gimbals*. This is the only instance I can discover of the term being still used.

The *gimmal* ring appears in common language to have been called a *joint*-ring. There is a passage relating to it in Dryden's "Don Sebastian."

"A curious artist wrought 'em,
With joynts so close as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
(Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*.
You know those names were theirs:) and, in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of those rings, inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
But if they join, you must for ever part."

According to other passages in this play one of these rings was worn by Sebastian's father: the other by Almeyda's mother, as pledges of love. Sebastian pulls off his, which had been put on his finger by his dying father: Almeyda does the same with hers, which had been given her by her mother at parting: and Alvarez unscrews both the rings, and fits one half to the other.

There is a beautiful allusion to the emblematical properties of the wedding ring in the following poem:—

TO S—— D——, WITH A RING.

Emblem of happiness, not bought, nor sold,
Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.
Love in the small, but perfect, circle, trace,
And duty, in its soft, though strict embrace.
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife;
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.
Connubial love disdains a fragile toy,
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy;
Nor much admires what courts the gen'ral gaze,
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,
That hides, with glare, the anguish of a heart
By nature hard, tho' polish'd bright by art.
More to thy taste the ornament that shows
Domestic bliss, and, without glaring, glows.
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind
To all correct, to one discreetly kind.
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,
The holy amulet to keep from harm;
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,
Take this dear pledge—It makes and keeps thee mine.*

Garrick Plays.

No. XXIV.

[From "Chabot, Admiral of France," a Tragedy, by G. Chapman and J. Shirley, 1639.]

No Advice to Self Advice.

—— another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge how to inform acts.
The sun's rich radiance shot thro' waves most fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i' th' air;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire;
In fire his fervour but in vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarifies:
And the Almighty Wisdom having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts than any light without him,
(Creating nothing, not in all things equal),
It seems a fault in any that depend
On others' knowledge, and exile their own.

Virtue under Calumny.

—— as in cloudy days we see the Sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,

---

* Academy of Armory, b. iii. c. 2. p. 20.
† Hone on Ancient Mysteries, p. 222.

* Collection of Poems, Dublin, 1801, 8vo.

(All those left dark and slighted in his way);
And on the wretched plight of some poor shed
Pours all the glories of his golden head:
So heavenly Virtue on this envied Lord
Points all his graces.

[From "Cæsar and Pompey," a Tragedy, by G. Chapman, 1631.]

Cato's Speech at Utica to a Senator, who had exprest fears on his account.

Away, Statilius; how long shall thy love
Exceed thy knowledge of me, and the Gods,
Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right? have not I
Their powers to guard me in a cause of theirs,
Their justice and integrity to guard me
In what I stand for? he that fears the Gods,
For guard of any goodness, all things fears;
Earth, seas, and air; heav'n; darkness; broad day-light;
Rumour, and silence, and his very shade:
And what an aspen soul has such a creature!
How dangerous to his soul is such a fear!—
In whose cold fits, is all Heav'n's justice shaken
To his faint thoughts; and all the goodness there,
Due to all good men by the Gods' own vows;
Nay, by the firmness of their endless being;
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them: for his goodness
Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
O never more, Statilius, may this fear
Faint thy bold bosom, for thyself or friend,
More than the Gods are fearful to defend.

His thoughts of Death.

Poor Slaves, how terrible this Death is to them!—
If men would sleep, they would be wrath with all
That interrupt them; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings; both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps: all friends consenting
In those invocations; praying all
"Good rest the Gods vouchsafe you." But when Death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes; that's nothing worse,
But better (being more rich—and keeps the store—
Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor);
O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
His stern approaches! all their comforts, taken
In faith, and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
That watch their wakings in an endless life,
Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their sense
Sustain'd but for an hour.

His Discourse with Athenodorus on an After Life.

Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
So, in the appropriate honour of that end,
All things precedent have their natural frame;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes:
Nor else there could not be in their creation
Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence, that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality, to which
A man is subject, rather is a sleep
Than bestial death; since sleep and death are called
The twins of nature. For, if absolute death,
And bestial, seize the body of a man,
Then there is no proportion in his parts,
(His soul being free from death) which otherwise
Retain divine proportion. For, as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end:
So death, twin-born of sleep, resolving all
Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
Makes a re-union with the sprightly soul;
When in a second life their Beings given
Hold their proportions firm in highest heaven.
Athenodorus. Hold you, our bodies shall revive; resuming
Our souls again to heaven?
Cato. Past doubt; though others
Think heav'n a world too high for our low reaches
Not knowing the sacred sense of Him that sings.
"Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas"—
And what's that golden chain but our pure souls
That, govern'd with his grace and drawn by him,
Can hoist the earthy body up to him?—
The sea, the air, and all the elements,
Comprest in it; not while 'tis thus concrete,
But 'fined by death, and then giv'n heav'nly heat.
We shall, past death,
Retain those forms of knowledge, learn'd in life:
Since if what here we learn we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time:
And that our souls in reason are immortal,
Their natural and proper objects prove;
Which Immortality and Knowledge are:
For to that object ever is referr'd
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employ'd;
And that true object must her powers obtain,
To which they are in nature's aim directed;
Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object
Which possibly she never can aspire.

His last words.

—— now I am safe;
Come, Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
Now wing thee, dear Soul, and receive her heaven.
The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
The joys and horrors of their peace and wars;
And now will see the Gods' state and the stars

Greatness in Adversity.

Vulcan from heav'n fell, yet on 's feet did light,
And stood no less a God than at his height.

[From "Bussy D'Ambois," a Tragedy, by G. Chapman, 1613.]

Invocation for Secrecy at a Love-meeting.

Tamyra. Now all the peaceful Regents of the Night,
Silently-gliding Exhalations,
Languishing Winds, and murmuring Falls of Waters,
Sadness of Heart, and Ominous Secureness,
Enchantment's dead Sleeps; all the Friends of Rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man;
Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd hour
Fix like the center; make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great Existence,
The Maker's Treasury, now not seem to be
To all but my approaching friend* and me.

At the Meeting.

Here's nought but whispering with us: like a calm
Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to hearken
For that, she fears is coming to afflict her.

Invocation for a Spirit of Intelligence.

D'Ambois. I long to know
How my dear Mistress fares, and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed Lord. Methought the Spirit
When he had utter'd his perplext presage,
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face:
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence thro' his powers.—
Terror of Darkness: O thou King of Flames,
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out, of chrystal, on dark earth;
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world:
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle. †
Or thou, Great Prince of Shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams; whose eyes are made
To see in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest: open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid;
And rise Thou with it in thy greater light.‡

The Friar dissuades the Husband of Tamyra from revenge.

Your wife's offence serves not, were it the worst
You can imagine, without greater proofs,
To sever your eternal bonds and hearts;
Much less to touch her with a bloody hand:
Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
To expiate any frailty in your wife
With churlish strokes or beastly odds of strength.—
The stony birth of clouds* will touch no laurel,
Nor any sleeper. Your wife is your laurel,
And sweetest sleeper; do not touch her then:
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour
To her that is more gentle than it rude.

C. L

---

* D'Ambois: with whom she has an appointment.

† He wants to know the fate of Tamyra, whose intrigue with him has been discovered by her Husband.

‡ This calling upon Light and Darkness for information, but, above all, the description of the Spirit—"Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds"—is tremendous, to the curdling of the blood.—I know nothing in Poetry like it.

MAID MARIAN

To the Editor.

Sir,—A correspondent in your last Number† rather hastily asserts, that there is no other authority than Davenport's Tragedy for the poisoning of Matilda by King John. It oddly enough happens, that in the same Number‡ appears an Extract from a Play of Heywood's, of an older date, in two parts; in which Play, the fact of such poisoning, as well as her identity with Maid Marian, are equally established. Michael Drayton also hath a Legend, confirmatory (as far as poetical authority can go) of the violent manner of her death. But neither he, nor Davenport, confound her with Robin's Mistress. Besides the named authorities, old Fuller (I think) somewhere relates, as matter of Chronicle History, that old Fitzwalter (he is called Fitzwater both in Heywood and in Davenport) being banished after his daughter's murder,—some years subsequently—King John at a Turnament in France being delighted with the valiant bearing of a combatant in the lists, and enquiring his name, was told that it was his old faithful servant, the banished Fitzwalter, who desired nothing more heartily than to be reconciled to his Liege,—and an affecting reconciliation followed. In the common collection, called Robin Hood's Garland (I have not seen Ritson's), no mention is made, if I remember, of the nobility of Marian. Is she not the daughter of plain Squire Gamwell, of old Gamwell Hall?—Sorry that I cannot gratify the curiosity of your "disembodied spirit," (who, as such, is methinks sufficiently "veiled" from our notice) with more authentic testimonies, I rest,

Your humble Abstracter,

C. L.

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* The thunderbolt.

† Vol. i. p. 803.

‡ Ibid. p. 799.

RIVAL ITALIAN DRAMATISTS.

The Venetian stage had long been in possession of Goldoni, a dramatic poet, who, by introducing bustle and show into his pieces, and writing principally to the level of the gondoliers, arrived to the first degree of popularity in Venice. He had a rival in Pietro Chiari, whom the best critics thought even inferior to Goldoni; but such an epidemic frenzy seized the Venetians in favour of these two authors, that it quickly spread to almost all parts of Italy, to the detriment of better authors, and the derangement of the public taste. This *dramatic mania* was arrested by Carlo Gozzi, a younger brother of a noble family, who attacked Goldoni and Chiari, and others soon followed him. On this occasion the two bards suspended their mutual animosity, and joined to oppose their adversaries. Chiari was a great *prose scribbler*, as well as a *comedy-monger*, so that a warm paper war was soon commenced, which grew hotter and hotter rapidly.

It happened one day that Gozzi met with Goldoni in a bookseller's shop. They exchanged sharp words, and in the heat of altercation Goldoni told Gozzi, "that though it was an easy task to find fault with a play, it was very difficult to write one." Gozzi acknowledged "that to find fault with a play was really very easy, but that it was still easier to write such plays as would please so thoughtless a nation as the Venetians;" adding, with a tone of contempt, "that he had a good mind to make all Venice run to see the tale of the Three Oranges formed into a comedy." Goldoni, with some of his partisans in the shop, challenged Gozzi to do it; and the critic, thus piqued, engaged to produce such a comedy within a few weeks.

To this trifling and casual dispute Italy owed the greatest dramatic writer it ever had. Gozzi quickly wrote a comedy in five acts, entitled "I Tre Aranci," or "The Three Oranges;" formed out of an old woman's story with which the Venetian children are entertained by their nurses. The comedy was acted, and three beautiful princesses, born of three enchanted oranges, made all Venice crowd to the theatre of St. Angelo.

In this play Goldoni and Chiari were not spared. Gozzi introduced in it many of their theatrical absurdities. The Venetian audiences, like the rest of the world, do not much relish the labour of finding out the truth; but once point it out, and they will instantly seize it. This was remarkable on the first night that the comedy of the "Three Oranges" was acted. The fickle Venetians, forgetting the loud acclamations with which they had received Goldoni's and Chiari's plays, laughed obstreperously at them and their comedies, and bestowed frantic applause on Gozzi and the "Three Oranges."

This success encouraged Gozzi to write more; and in a little time his plays so entirely changed the Venetian taste, that in about two seasons Goldoni was stripped of his theatrical honours, and poor Chiari annihilated. Goldoni quitted Italy, and went to France, where Voltaire's interest procured him the place of Italian master to one of the princesses at Versailles; and Chiari retired to a country house in the neighbourhood of Brescia.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES OF DERBYSHIRE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TOURIST.

For the Table Book.

Buxton, May 27, 1827.

* * * I was so fortunate as to meet at the inn (the Shakspeare) at Buxton with two very agreeable companions, with whom I dined. The elder was a native of the place, and seemed well acquainted with all the natural curiosities at Buxton, and in the county of Derby. The name of the other was H——, of a highly respectable firm in London, sojourning at the Wells for the benefit of a sprained leg. He accompanied me on the following morning to visit an immense natural cavern, called Pool's Hole, from a freebooter of that name having once made it his place of abode. It is situated at the foot of a steep hill, the entrance low and narrow: it is 696 feet in length, penetrating into the bosom of the mountain, and varying in height from six to fifty or sixty feet. Our guides were two old women, who furnished us with lights. There is in it an incessant dripping of water, crystallizing as it falls, forming a great variety of grotesque and fanciful figures, more resembling inverted gothic pinnacles than any thing else I could imagine: it was with great difficulty that we could break some fragments off; they are termed by naturalists stalactites. A scene so novel and imposing as the interior of this gloomy cave presented, with its huge blocks of rocks irregularly piled upon each other, their shapes but indistinctly visible

from the glare of the torches, was of that kind as to leave an indelible impression on my mind. It has many very large and curious recesses within; one of which is called Pool's chamber, another his closet, and a third his shelf. The continual falling of the water from the insterstices in the roof upon the rocks beneath, causes holes on them, which are not formed by the friction of the water itself, but by its gradual crystallization immediately around the spots whereon it drips. The utmost extent that can be reached by a human foot is called Mary Queen of Scot's Pillar; from that point it becomes dangerous and impassable.

After dinner we made a short excursion along the banks of the river Wye, called Wye-dale; a walk, which from the grandeur of the scenery, and its novelty, (for I had never before seen any of the Peak scenery,) will be long imprinted in vivid colours on my recollection. In some parts the river flowed smoothly along, but in others its motion was rapid, impetuous, and turbulent: huge fragments of rock, disunited from the impending crags, divided the stream into innumerable eddies; the water bubbled and foamed around, forming miniature cataracts, and bestowing life and animation to the otherwise quiet scene. On either side, the rocks rose to a great height in every diversity of shape; some spiral, or like the shattered walls or decayed bastions of ruined or demolished fortresses; others bluff, or like the towers of citadels; all covered with a variety of coarse vegetation, among which the stunted yew was the most conspicuous; its dark foliage hanging over the projecting eminences, gave an expressive character to surrounding objects. A few water-mills, built of rough unhewn limestone, presented themselves as we followed the windings of the stream, having a deserted and silent appearance.

It appeared to me probable, that the now insignificant little stream was, in by-gone distant ages, a mighty river; the great depth of the valley, excavated through the rocks, could scarcely have been caused but by the irresistible force of water. The lesser vales diverging from it in some parts, favour the conjecture that they had been formerly some of its tributary streams: in one of these, which we had the curiosity to ascend, we observed a small rill. After a slippery ascent on the rough stones of which its bed was formed, we reached a mineral spring, issuing from a fissure in the rock, and depositing a greenish copperas-like sediment at the bottom; we found some beautiful specimens of mosses and lichens.

I inquired of a passing peasant what fish the Wye could boast of. "*Wee* (Wye) fish to be sure," said he: by which I understood him to mean, that there was in it only one species of the finny race of any consequence, and that trout.

It was late before we gained our inn; we had walked upwards of six miles in that deep and romantic dale.

28th. This morning I enjoyed a beautiful ride to Tideswell, along the banks of the Wye, about seven miles. The road wound up the sides of lofty hills, in some parts commanding views of the river flowing in the vale beneath; not so high however, but that the murmur of its waters, mellowed by the distance, might be heard by the traveller. Tideswell possesses a handsome church; from the steeple arise four gothic spires.

29th. Went forward to Castleton, down the hills called the Wynyats, by the Sparrow Pit mountain; the ride took me over some of the wild and barren hills which surround Buxton on every side. The immediate descent to Castleton is from a steep mountain more than a mile in length, and is only to be effected by a road formed in a zigzag direction. A fine view of the rich vale beneath presents itself from this road, having the appearance of a vast amphitheatre, for nothing is to be seen on any side but mountains; it is of great fertility. The most remarkable mountain is Mam-Tor; its height is 1301 feet. One of them I learnt was called the "Shivering" Mountain; the reason for which being, that after severe frosts, or in heavy gales, large quantities of earth separate from one side of it, which is nearly perpendicular. At the foot of Mam-Tor there is a lead mine, called Odin; from whence is procured the famous fluor spar, of which so many articles of utility and ornament are made. Castleton is by no means a handsome town; it has narrow dirty streets, and a deplorably rough pavement. The objects worthy of notice near it are, a celebrated cavern, called Peak's Hole, and a venerable ruined castle, situated on the rock immediately above it. It was built by William Peveril, to whom the manor of Castleton was granted by William the Conqueror.

On the path leading to the cavern, a streamlet is followed, which issues from that extraordinary wonder of nature; the approach is grand and striking; the perpendicular cliffs above are solemnly majestic—their height is about 250 feet. The arch of the first and largest chamber in this cavern is stupendously broad in its span.

The top of the mountain along the edges is fringed with a number of fine elms, wherein there is perched a rookery, a singular situation of the noisy tribe: lower down are innumerable jackdaws, which build in the ledges of the rocks.

The span of the grand arch is 180 feet; the length of the first cave 220 feet. A number of labourers in it are employed at rope walks, making twine, &c. From the roof hang immense spiral masses of petrified water, or stalactites. The entrance to the interior is through a small door at the further end: the visiter is there directed to stop and gaze at the arch of the first cavern; this is a most striking object; the very livid colour of the light admitted, with the bluish-white reflection upon the surrounding rocks, reminded me forcibly of the descriptions of the infernal regions by Virgil, Milton, and other poets. Torches are here put into your hands: the passage is narrow and low, and you reach an immense hollow above you in the roof, called the Bell House, from its resemblance to that form; the same stream is then seen which was followed on your approach; on it is a small shallop. I was directed to extend myself along its bottom with the guide, on account of the rock being in this place but fourteen inches from the surface of the water, which in depth is only four feet. I was then landed in a cavern more stupendous than the first; the whole of it was surrounded with a number of rugged rocks of limestone, which seemed to have been tossed and heaped together by some violent convulsion of nature, or by the impetuosity of the water that swells to a great height after heavy and continued rains. This is called Pluto's Hall; and when a distant gallery, formed by a ledge of rocks, was illumined by the light of some dozen of candles, the effect was the most imposing of the kind I ever witnessed. There is a continual dropping of water; and after passing a ford, I reached what is called "Roger *Rain's*" House, from its always dripping there. A little further on is a place called the Devil's Wine Cellar, from which is a descent of 150 feet; it becomes terrific in the extreme: immense arches throw their gloomy and gigantic spans above; and the abyss on one side, which it is impossible for the vision to penetrate to the bottom, adds to the intensity of the horror. This wonderful subterraneous mansion is 2250 feet in length.

30th. At Bakewell, one of the pleasantest of the small towns in England, there is an excellent hotel, called the Rutland Arms, belonging to the Rutland family, and under its patronage. The church is situated on a rising ground. There is a neat stone bridge over the river Wye, and the silvery stream winds the adjoining vale. The view from the church-yard is enchanting. The two rivers, the Wye and Derwent, form a junction at some little distance, and beyond are wood-tufted hills sloping their gentle elevations. Haddon Hall, one of the finest and most perfect of the ancient baronial residences in the kingdom, is seen embosomed in the deep woods.

Bakewell is celebrated as a fishing station. The fine estates of the Devonshire and Rutland families join near it.

In the church-yard I copied, from the tomb of one who had been rather a licentious personage, the following curious

Epitaph.

"Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his age, laid upon his two wives.

"This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
Here all three lie together lovingly;
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes.
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling, Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet—still are both his wives."

Another.

"The vocal powers here let us mark
Of Philip, our late parish clerk;
In church none ever heard a layman
With a clearer voice say Amen:
Who now with hallelujah's sound
Like him can make the roofs rebound?
—The choir lament his choral tones
The town so soon—here lie his bones."

E. J. H.

June, 1827.

BRIBERY.

Charles V. sent over 400,000 crowns, to be distributed among the members of parliament, in bribes and pensions, to induce them to confirm a marriage between Mary and his son Philip. This was the first instance in which public bribery was exercised in England by a foreign power.

The Retired Husbandman.

This is a sketch from nature—"a repose"—an aged man enjoying the good that remains to him, yet ready for his last summons: his thoughts, at this moment, are upon the little girl that fondles on him — one of his grandaughters. The annals of his life are short and simple. "Born to labour as the sparks fly upward," he discharged the obligation of his existence, and by the work of his hands endowed himself with independence. He is contented and grateful; and filled with hope and desire, that, after he shall be gathered to his fathers, there may be many long years of happiness in store for his children and their offspring. His days have passed in innocence and peace, and he prays for peace to the innocent. His final inclination is towards the place of his rest.

For the Table Book.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN VIRTUE AND DEATH,

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES PEMBERTON, KNIGHT, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1613.

He was lord mayor of London in the reign of James I., and was a great benefactor to several charities.

Vertue. What Vertue challengeth, is but her right.
Death. What Death layes claime to who can contradict?
Ver. Vertue, whose power exceeds all other might.
Dea. Wher's Vertue's power when Death makes all submit?
Ver. I gave him life and therefore he is mine.
Dea. That life he held no longer than I list.
Ver. I made him more than mortall, neere diuine;
Dea. How hapt he could not then Death's stroke resist?
Ver. Because (by nature) all are born to dye.
Dea. Then thyne own tongue yeelds Death the victory.
Ver. No, Death, thou art deceiued, thy enuious stroke
Hath giuen him life immortal 'gainst thy will:
Dea. What life can be, but vanished as smoake?
Ver. A life that all thy darts can never kill.
Dea. Haue I not locked his body in my graue?
Ver. That was but dust, and that I pray thee keepe.
Dea. That is as much as I desire to haue,
His comely shape in my eternal sleepe.
Ver. But wher's his honorable life, renowne, and fame?
Dea. They are but breath, them I resign to thee.
Ver. Them I most couet.
Dea. ———— I prefer my claim,
His body mine.
Ver. ———— mine his eternity.

And so they ceast, Death triumphs o'er his graue,
Virtue o'er that which death can never haue."

H****t.

London, June 12, 1827.

ANCIENT DIAL.

For the Table Book.

The dial in use among the ancient Jews differed from that in use among us. Theirs was a kind of stairs; the time of the day was distinguished, not by *lines*, but by *steps* or *degrees*; the shade of the sun every hour moved forward to a new *degree*. On the dial of Ahaz, the sun went back (magnoloth) *degrees* or *steps*, not *lines*. — *Isai.* xxxviii. 8. P.

PETER HERVE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Having had the happiness and honour of holding correspondence with that most benevolent man, Mr. Peter Hervé, whose death I deeply deplore, I shall feel myself relieved from a debt due to his memory, if you will allow me, through the medium of your valuable publication, to express my hope that he was not, in the time of need, forgotten by that society of which he was the honoured founder. His last letter told me he was ill and in distress; and had been advised to try the air of the south of France, with scarcely any means of pursuing his journey but by the sale of his drawings. My own inability to serve him made me hesitate; and I am shocked to say, his letter was not answered. I am sorry, but repentance will not come too late, if this hint will have any weight towards procuring for his amiable widow, from that admirable institution, a genteel, if not an ample independence: for certain I am, that he could not have made choice of any one who had not a heart generous as his own.

I am, &c.

F. S. Jun.

Stamford, June 24, 1827.

CABALISTIC ERUDITION.

Nothing can exceed the followers of cabalistical mysteries, in point of fantastical conceits. The learned Godwin recounts some of them. "Abraham," they say, "wept but *little* for Sarah, probably because she was old." They prove this by producing the letter "Caph," which being a remarkably *small* letter, and being made use of in the Hebrew word which describes Abraham's tears, evinces, they affirm, that his grief also was *small*.

The Cabalists discovered likewise, that in the two Hebrew words, signifying "man" and "woman," are contained two letters, which, together, form one of the names of "God;" but if these letters be taken away, there remain letters which signify "fire." "Hence," argue the Cabalists, "we may find that when man and wife agree together, and live in union, God is with them, but when they separate themselves from God, fire attends their footsteps." Such are the whimsical dogmas of the Jewish Cabala.

OFFERINGS TO INFANTS.

To the Editor.

Edgeley, near Stockport.

Sir,—I am anxious to notice a custom I have observed in Yorkshire, relative to very young infants, which I think it would be desirable to keep alive. I know that it is partially practised now, in that county, in the neighbourhood of Wakefield. The custom I allude to is, the making an offering to new-born infants on the occasion of their making their first visit abroad, by the person who is honoured with it, of a cake of bread, an egg, and a small quantity of salt. Special care is taken that the young pilgrim in life makes its first visit to the house of a near relative, or an esteemed friend, who will in nowise omit a ceremony so necessary to its future welfare. For it is believed if this be not done, that in its progress through life it will be exposed to the miseries of want; and by parity of reason, the due observance of it will insure a continual supply of those necessaries, of which the offering at setting out in life presents so happy an omen. I know not whence or where this custom originated, nor how extensively it may be still practised; but if its origin be utterly unknown, we are, according to the usage of the world in all such cases, bound the more to observe and reverence it. There are many ancient customs, upon which the hand of Time has set his seal, "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" but, I think, you will agree with me, that this, from its air of social humanity, is not of that class. Perhaps you can give it further elucidation. I believe it to be of the most remote antiquity, and to have been amongst the oldest nations.

I am, &c.

Milo.

The only immediate illustration of the preceding custom that occurs, is Hutchinson's mention of it in his History of Northumberland; in which county, also, infants, when first sent abroad in the arms of the nurse to visit a neighbour, are presented with an egg, salt, and bread. He observes, that "the egg was a sacred emblem, and seems a gift well adapted to infancy." Mr. Bryant says, "An egg, containing in it the elements of life, was thought no improper emblem of the ark, in which were preserved the rudiments of the future world: hence, in the Dionusiaca, and in other mysteries one part of the nocturnal ceremony consisted in the consecration of an egg. By this, as we are informed by Porphyry, was signified the world. It seems to have been a favourite symbol, and very ancient, and we find it adopted among many nations. It was said by the Persians of Orosmasdes, that he formed mankind and enclosed them in an egg. Cakes and salt were used in religious rites by the ancients. The Jews probably adopted their appropriation from the Egyptians:—'And if thou bring an oblation of a meat-offering baken in the oven, it shall be unleavened cakes of fine flour,' &c. (Levit. ii. 4.) 'With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt.'" (Ibid. p.13.)

It is also customary in Northumberland for the midwife, &c. to provide two slices, one of bread and the other of cheese, which are presented to the first person they meet in the procession to church at the christening. The person who receives this homely present must give the child in return "three" different things, wishing it at the same time health and beauty. A gentleman happening once to fall in the way of such a party, and to receive the above present, was at a loss how to make the triple return, till he bethought himself of laying upon the child which was held out to him, a shilling, a halfpenny, and a pinch of snuff. When they meet more than one person together, it is usual to single out the nearest to the woman that carries the child.

Cowel says, it was a good old custom for God-fathers and God-mothers, every time their God-children asked them blessing, to give them a cake, which was a God's-kichell: it is still a proverbial saying in some countries, "Ask me a blessing, and I will give you some plum-cake."

Among superstitions relating to children, the following is related by Bingham, on St. Austin: "If when two friends are talking together, a stone, or a dog, or a child, happens to come between them, they tread the stone to pieces as the divider of their friendship; and this is tolerable in comparison of beating an innocent child that comes between them. But it is more pleasant that sometimes the children's quarrel is revenged by the dogs: for many times they are so superstitious as to dare to beat the dog that comes between them, who, turning again upon him that smites him sends him from seeking a vain remedy, to seek a real physician." Brand, who cites these passages, adduces the following

Christening Customs.

Dr. Moresin was an eye-witness to the following usages in Scotland. They take, on their return from church, the newly-baptized infant, and vibrate it three or four times gently over a flame, saying, and repeating it thrice, "Let the flame consume thee now or never."

Martin relates, that in the Western Islands, the same lustration, by carrying of fire, is performed round about lying-in women, and round about children *before they are christened*, as an effectual means to preserve both the mother and infant from the power of evil spirits. This practice is similar to an ancient feast at Athens, kept by private families, called Amphidromia, on the fifth day after the birth of the child, when it was the custom for the gossips to run round the fire with the infant in their arms, and then, having delivered it to the nurse, they were entertained with feasting and dancing.

There is a superstition that a child who does not cry when sprinkled in baptism will not live.

Among the ancient Irish, the mother, at the birth of a man child, put the first meat into her infant's mouth upon the point of her husband's sword, with wishes that it might die no otherwise than in war, or by sword. Pennant says, that in the Highlands, midwives give new-born babes a small spoonful of earth and whisky, as the first food they take.

Giraldus Cambrensis relates, that "at the baptizing of the infants of the wild Irish, their manner was not to dip their right arms into the water, that so as they thought they might give a more deep and incurable blow." Mr. Brand deems this a proof that the whole body of the child was anciently commonly immersed in the baptismal font.

In 1795 the minister of the parishes of South Ronaldsay and Burray, two of the Orkney islands, describing the manners of the inhabitants, says: "Within these last seven years, the minister has been twice interrupted in administering baptism to a female child, *before the male child*, who was baptized immediately after. When the service was over, he was gravely told he had done very wrong; for, as the female child was first baptized, she would, on her coming to the years of discretion, most certainly have a strong beard, and the boy would have none."

The minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, describing the superstitious opinions and practices in that parish, says: "When a child was baptized privately, it was, not long since, customary to put the child upon a clean basket, having a cloth previously spread over it, with bread and cheese put into the cloth; and thus to move the basket three times successively round the iron crook, which hangs over the fire, from the roof of the house, for the purpose of supporting the pots when water is boiled, or victuals are prepared. This" he imagines, "might be anciently intended to counteract the malignant arts which witches and evil spirits were imagined to practise against new-born infants."

It is a vulgar notion, that children, prematurely wise, are not long-lived, and rarely reach maturity. Shakspeare puts this superstition into the mouth of Richard the Third.

Bulwer mentions a tradition concerning children born open-handed, that they will prove of a bountiful disposition and frank-handed. A character in one of Dekker's plays says, "I am the most wretched fellow: sure some *left-handed* priest christened me, I am so unlucky."

The following charms for infancy are derived from Herrick:

> "Bring the holy crust of bread,
> Lay it underneath the head;
> 'Tis a certain charm to keep
> Hags away while children sleep."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "Let the superstitious wife
> Neer the child's heart lay a knife:
> Point be up, and haft be down,
> (While she gossips in the towne;)
> This, 'mongst other mystick charms,
> Keeps the sleeping child from harmes."

BUNYAN'S HOLY WAR DRAMATISED.

A very beautiful manuscript was once put into the hands of one of Dr. Aikin's correspondents by a provincial bookseller, to whom it had been offered for publication It consisted of two tragedies upon the subject of John Bunyan's Holy War: they were the *composition* of a lady, who had fitted together scraps from Shakspeare, Milton, Young's Night Thoughts, and Erskine's Gospel Sonnets, into the dramatic form, with no other liberty than that of occasionally altering a name. The lady Constance, for instance, was converted into lady Con

science: the whole speeches and scenes were thus introduced in a wholesale sort of cento. The ghost in Hamlet also did for a Conscience.*

* Athenæum.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PARISH.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable church defaced with plaster; what does it record? "*Beautified* by Samuel Smear and Daniel Daub, churchwardens." And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine, old, stone building, with a thick coat of lime and hair, or whitewash, *beautifying* it!

What is the history of all this? Why the plain matter-of-fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the hamlet, during his year of power. An apothecary in office physics the poor. A glazier, first in cleaning, breaks the church-windows, and afterwards brings in a long bill for mending them. A painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ pipes, and dresses the little cherubim about the loft, as fine as vermilion, Prussian blue, and Dutch gold can make them. The late churchwardens chanced to be a silversmith and a woollen-draper; the silversmith new fashioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be done with some shadow of modesty, but to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified!* Shame on them!

Dr. Burney tells of some parish officers, that they applied to Snetzler (a celebrated organ-builder) to examine their organ, and to make improvements on it—"Gentlemen," said the honest Swiss, "your organ be wort von hondred pound, just now—well—I will spend von hondred pound upon it, and it shall then be wort fifty."

For the Table Book.

THE ANGLER.

From the German of Goethe.

Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll, &c.

There was a gentle angler who was angling in the sea,
With heart as cool as only heart untaught of love can be;
When suddenly the water rush'd, and swell'd, and up there sprung
A humid maid of beauty's mould—and thus to him she sung:

"Why dost thou strive so artfully to lure my brood away,
And leave them then to die beneath the sun's all-scorching ray?
Couldst thou but tell how happy are the fish that swim below,
Thou wouldst with me, and taste of joy which earth can never know.

"Do not Sol and Diana both more lovely far appear
When they have dipp'd in Ocean's wave their golden, silvery hair?
And is there no attraction in this heaven-expanse of blue,
Nor in thine image mirror'd in this everlasting dew?"

The water rush'd, the water swell'd, and touch'd his naked feet,
And fancy whisper'd to his heart it was a love-pledge sweet;
She sung another siren lay more 'witching than before,
Half pull'd—half plunging—down he sunk, and ne'er was heard of more

R. W. D.

CLOSING THE EYES.

For the Table Book.

A GIPSY'S FUNERAL.

EPPING FOREST.

It was considered a mark of the strongest affection by the ancients, that a son, when his father was dying, should lean over him and receive his last gasp,

"and kiss his spirit into happy rest."

The Jews, Greeks, and Romans, esteemed it a high privilege for the nearest relative to close the eyes of the deceased body; as in Genesis, when Jacob's sun was setting, "*Joseph* shall put his hands upon thine eyes." And in another place, — "The memory of the father is preserved in *the son.*" Again, (contra) "I have *no son* to keep my name in remembrance." And in Homer, "Let not the *glory* of his eyes depart, without the *tender hand* to move it silently to peace." Ovid says, "Ille *meos oculos* comprimat, ille tuos." The performing this ceremony was so valued, that to die without friends to the due observance of this affectionate and last testimony, was thought an irreparable affliction.

The sudden death of a man was attributed to Apollo; of a woman, to Diana. If any relation were present, a vessel of brass was procured, and beaten loudly in the ears of the deceased to determine the point. The ringing of bells by the Romans, and others to this day is practised. The Irish wake partakes also of this usage. When the moon was in eclipse, she was thought asleep, and bells were rung to wake her: the eclipse having past, and the moon recovered her light, faith in this noisy custom became strengthened. Euripides says, when Hyppolitus was dying, he called on his father to close his eyes, cover his face with a cloth, and put a shroud over the corpse. Cassandra, desirous of proving the Trojan cause better than that of the Greeks, eulogizes their happy condition in dying at home, where the obsequies might be performed for them by their nearest relatives Medea tells her children she once hoped they would have performed the duty for her, but she must do it for them. If a father, or the mother died a widow, the children attended to it: if the husband died, the wife performed it; which the Greeks lamented could not be done if they died at Troy. The duty devolved on the sister if her brother died; which caused Orestes to exclaim, when he was to suffer death so far from his home—"Alas! how shall my *sister* shroud me now?"

Last month I was gratified by observing the funereal attentions of the gipsy tribes to *Cooper*, then lying in state on a common, near Epping forest. The corpse lay in a tent clothed with white linen; candles were lighted over the body, on which forest flowers and blossoms of the season were strewn and hung in posies. Cooper's wife, dressed in black, perceiving I did not wish to see the face of her husband, said in perfect naïveté, "Oh, sir, don't fear to look at him, I never saw his countenance so *pleasant* in all my life." A wit might have construed this sentence otherwise; but too much kindness emanated from this scene of rustic association to admit of levity. Her partner was cold, and her heart beat the pulsations of widowhood. The picture would have caught an artist's eye. The gipsy-friends and relations sat mutely in the adjoining tents; and, like Job and his comforters, absorbed their grief in the silence of the summer air and their breasts. When Cooper was put in his coffin, the same feeling of attachment pervaded the scene. A train of several pairs, suitably clothed, followed their friend to the grave, and he was buried at the neighbouring church in quiet solemnity.

In addition to this, I transcribe a notice from a MS. journal, kept by a member of my family, 1769, which confirms the custom above alluded to. "Here was just buried in the church, (Tring,) the sister of the queen of the gipsies, to whom it is designed by her husband, to erect a monument to her memory of 20*l.* price. He is going to be married to the queen (sister to the deceased.) He offered 20*l.* to the clergyman to marry him directly; but he had not been in the town a month, so could not be married till that time. When this takes place an entertainment will be made, and 20*l.* or 30*l.* spent. Just above esquire Gore's park these *destiny readers* have a camp, at which place the woman died; immediately after which, the survivors took all her wearing apparel and burnt them, including silk gowns, rich laces, silver buckles, gold earrings, trinkets, &c.,—for such is their custom."

June, 1827. J. R. P.

LITERARY INGENUITY.

Odo tenet mulum, madidam mappam tenet anna.

The above line is said, in an old book, to have "cost the inventor much foolish labour, for it is a perfect verse, and every word is the very same both backward and forward."

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

'Twas June, and many a gossip wench,
Child-freighted, trod the central Mall;
I gain'd a white unpeopled bench,
And gazed upon the long canal.
Beside me soon, in motley talk,
Boys, nursemaids sat, a varying race;
At length two females cross'd the walk,
And occupied the vacant space.

In years they seem'd some forty-four,
Of dwarfish stature, vulgar mien;
A bonnet of black silk each wore,
And each a gown of bombasin;
And, while in loud and careless tones
They dwelt upon their own concerns,
Ere long I learn'd that Mrs. Jones
Was one, and one was Mrs. Burns.

They talk'd of little Jane and John,
And hoped they'd come before 'twas dark;
Then wonder'd why with pattens on
One might not walk across the park:
They call'd it far to Camden-town,
Yet hoped to reach it by and by;
And thought it strange, since flour was down,
That bread should still continue high.

They said last Monday's heavy gales
Had done a monstrous deal of ill;
Then tried to count the iron rails
That wound up Constitution-hill;
This larum sedulous to shun,
I don'd my gloves, to march away,
When, as I gazed upon the one,
"Good heavens!" I cried, "tis Nancy Gray."

'Twas Nancy, whom I led along
The whiten'd and elastic floor,
Amid mirth's merry dancing throng,
Just two and twenty years before.
Though sadly alter'd, I knew her,
While she, 'twas obvious, knew me not;
But mildly said, "Good evening, sir,"
And with her comrade left the spot.

"Is this," I cried, in grief profound,
"The fair with whom, eclipsing all,
I traversed Ranelagh's bright round,
Or trod the mazes of Vauxhall?
And is this all that Time can do?
Has Nature nothing else in store;
Is this of lovely twenty-two,
All that remains at forty-four?

"Could *I* to such a helpmate cling:
Were such a wedded dowdy mine,
On yonder lamp-post would I swing,
Or plunge in yonder Serpentine!"
I left the park with eyes askance,
But, ere I enter'd Cleveland-row,
Rude Reason thus threw in her lance,
And dealt self-love a mortal blow.

"Time, at whose touch all mortals bow,
From either sex his prey secures,
His scythe, while wounding Nancy's brow,
Can scarce have smoothly swept o'er yours;
By her you plainly were not known;
Then, while you mourn the alter'd hue
Of Nancy's face, suspect your own
May be a *little* alter'd too."

New Monthly Magazine.

ON 'CHANGE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—We know that every thing in this world changes in the course of a few years; but what I am about to communicate to you is a change indeed.—"I've been roaming;" and in my city rounds I find the present residence and profession of the undernamed parties to be as follows:

ADAM is now an orange-merchant in Lower Thames-street; and a counseller in Old-square, Lincoln's-inn.

EVE is a stove-grate manufacturer in Ludgate-hill; and a sheep-salesman at 41, West Smithfield.

CAIN is a builder at 22, Prince's-row, Pimlico; and a surgeon, 154, Whitechapel-road.

ABEL is a dealer in china at 4, Crown-street, Soho; and a glover at 153, St. John-street-road.

MOSES is a slopseller at 4, James-place, Aldgate; and a clothes-salesman in Sparrow-corner, Minories.

AARON is a pawnbroker in Houndsditch, No. 129; and an oilman at Aldgate.

ABRAHAM keeps a childbed-linen-warehouse at 53, Houndsditch; and is a special pleader in Pump-court, in the Temple.

BENJAMIN is a fishmonger at 5, Duke's-place.

MORDECAI keeps a clothes-shop near Shoreditch church.

ABSALOM is a tailor at No. 9, Bridge-road, Lambeth.

PETER is a cotton-dyer in Brick-lane.

I am, &c.

SAM SAM'S SON.

Anonymiana.

The Jews-harp.

The Jews-trump, or, as it is more generally pronounced, the Jew-trump, seems to take its name from the nation of the Jews, and is vulgarly believed to be one of their instruments of music. Dr. Littleton renders Jews-trump by *sistrum Judaicum*. But there is not any such musical instrument as this described by the authors that treat of the Jewish music. In short, this instrument is a mere boy's plaything, and incapable of itself of being joined either with a voice or any other instrument. The present orthography seems to be a corruption of the French, *jeu-trump*, a trump to play with: and in the Belgick, or Low-Dutch, from whence come many of our toys, a *tromp* is a rattle for children. Sometimes they will call it a *Jews-harp*; and another etymon given of it is *Jaws-harp*, because the place where it is played upon is between the jaws. It is an instrument used in St. Kilda. (Martin, p. 73.)

Quid pro Quo.

"Give you a Rowland for an Oliver." This is reckoned a proverb of late standing, being commonly referred to Oliver Cromwell, as if he were the Oliver here intended: but it is of greater antiquity than the protector; for it is met with in Hall's Chronicle, in the reign of Edward IV. In short, Rolland and Oliver were two of Charlemagne's peers. (See Ames's Hist. of Printing, p. 47, and Ariosto.) Rolando and Orlando are the same name; Turpin calling him Roland, and Ariosto Rolando.

Father and Son.

"Happy is the son whose father is gone to the devil," is an old saying. It is not grounded on the supposition, that such a father by his iniquitous dealings must have accumulated wealth; but is a satirical hint on the times when popery prevailed here so much, that the priests and monks had engrossed the three professions of law, physic, and divinity; when, therefore, by the procurement either of the confessor, the physician, or the lawyer, a good part of the father's effects were pretty sure to go to the church; and when, if nothing of that kind happened, these agents were certain to defame him, and adjudge that such a man must undoubtedly be damned.

Living well.

"If you would live well for a week, kill a hog; if you would live well for a month, marry; if you would live well all your life, turn priest." This is an old proverb; but by turning priest is not barely meant becoming an ecclesiastic, but it alludes to the celibacy of the Romish clergy, and is as much as to say, do not marry at all.

Country Dances.

The term "country dance" is a corruption of the French *contre danse*, by which they mean that which we call a country-dance, or a dance by many persons placed opposite one to another: it is not from *contrée*, but *contre*.

The Vine.

The Romans had so much concern with the vine and its fruit, that there are more terms belonging to it, and its parts, its culture, products, and other appurtenances, than to any other tree:—

Vitis, the tree; *palmes*, the branch; *pampinus*, the leaf; *racemus*, a bunch of grapes; *uva*, the grape; *capreolus*, a tendril; *vindemia*, the vintage; *vinum*, wine; *acinus*, the grape-stone.

Posthumous Honour.

Joshua Barnes, the famous Greek professor of Cambridge, was remarkable for a very extensive memory; but his judgment was not exact: and when he died, one wrote for him this

Epitaph.

Hic jacet Joshua Barnes,
felicissimæ memoriæ,
expectans judicium.

The King's Arms.

When Charles II. was going home one night drunk, and leaning upon the shoulders of Sedley and Rochester, one of them asked him what he imagined his subjects would think if they could behold him in that pickle. — "Think!" said the king, "that I am my arms, supported by two beasts."

Keston Cross.

Com. Kent, 13 miles from London, 3 from Bromley.—*Itinerary.*

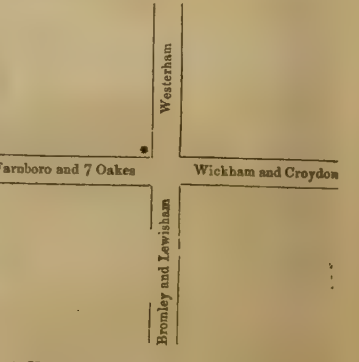
When I designed with my friend W. a visit to the Dulwich gallery, which we did not effect, we did not foresee the consequence of diversion from our intent; and having been put out of our way, we strolled without considering "the end thereof." Hence, our peradventure at the "Crooked Billet, on Penge Common;* our loitering to sketch the "Bridge on the Road to Beckenham;"† the same, for the same purpose, at "the Porch of Beckenham Church-yard;"‡ the survey of "Beckenham Church;"§ the view of its old Font in the public-house garden;‖ and the look at the hall of "Wickham Court," and West Wickham church.¶ New and beautiful prospects opened to us from the latter village; and to the just enumerated six articles, and their engravings, respecting that part of the country, in the former volume of the *Table Book*, it is intended to add like abstracts of our further proceedings. In short, to be respectful and orderly, as one moiety of a walking committee, self-constituted and appointed, I take permission to "report progress, and ask leave to *go* again."

The "Crooked Billet" at Penge, and mine host of the "Swan" at West Wickham, have had visitors curious to trace the pleasant route, and remark the particulars previously described. While indulging the sight, there is another sense that craves to be satisfied; and premising that we are now penetrating further "into the bowels of the land," it becomes a duty to acquaint followers with head-quarters. For the present, it is neither necessary nor expedient to nicely mark the road to "Keston Cross" —go which way you will it is an agreeab

* Vol. i p. 670. † p. 702. ‡ p. 715.
§ p. 766. ‖ p. 771. ¶ p. 811.

one. A Tunbridge or Seven-Oaks coach passes within a short half mile, and the Westerham coach within the same distance. If a delightful two hours' lounging walk from Bromley be desired, take the turning from the Swan at Bromley to Beckenham church; go through the church-yard over a stile, keep the meadow foot-path, cross the Wickham road, and wander by hedge-row elms, as your will and the country-folk direct you, till you arrive at Hayes Common; then make for the lower or left-hand side of the common, and leaving the mill on the right, get into the cottaged lane. At a few hundred yards past the sheep-wash, formed in a little dell by the Ravensbourne, at the end of the open rise, stands "Keston Cross."

Before reaching this place on my first visit to it, the country people had indiscriminately called it "Keston *Cross*" and "Keston *mark*;" and lacking all intelligible information from them respecting the reason for its being so named, I puzzled myself with conjectures, as to whether it was the site of a cross of memorial, a market cross, a preaching cross, or what other kind of cross. It was somewhat of disappointment to me, when, in an angle of a cross-road, instead of some ancient vestige, there appeared a commodious, respectable, and comfortable-looking house of accommodation for man and horse; and, swinging high in air, its sign, the red cross, heraldically, a cross *gules*; its form being, on reference to old Randle Holme, "a cross *molyne*, invertant;" to describe which, on the same authority, it may be said, that "this cross much resembles the molyne, or pomette; saving in this, the cut, or sawed ends, so turn themselves inward that they appear to be escrowles rolled up. Some term it *molyne*, the ends rolled up."* So much for the sign, which I take to be a forgotten memorial of some old boundary stone, or land-mark, in the form of a cross, long since removed from the spot, and perhaps after it had become a "stump-cross;" which crosses were of so ancient date, that the Christians, ignorantly supposing them to have been dedicated to idolatrous purposes, religiously destroyed them, and their ancient names were soon forgotten: "this may be the reason why so many broken crosses were called stump-crosses."† The observation is scarcely a digression; for the house and sign, commonly called "Keston Cross," or "Keston mark," stand on a site, which, for reasons that will appear by and by, the antiquary deems sacred. The annexed representation shows the direction of the roads, and the star * in the corner the angular situation of the house, cut out of Holwood, the estate of the late Mr. Pitt, which is bounded by the Farnborough and Westerham roads, and commands from the grounds of the enclosure the finest view towards the weald of Kent in this part of the county.



"Keston Cross" I call "head-quarters," because in this house you will find yourself "at home." You may sparkle forth to many remarkable spots in the vicinage, and then return and take your "corporal refection," and go in and out at will; or you may sit at your ease, and do nothing but contemplate in quiet; or, in short, you may do just as you like. Of course this is said to "gentle" readers; and I presume the *Table Book* has no others: certain it is, that ungentle persons are unwelcome visitors, and not likely to visit again at "Keston Cross." Its occupant, Mr. S. Young—his name is beneath his sign—will not be regarded by any one, who does himself the pleasure to call at his house, as a common landlord. If you see him seated beside the door, you estimate him at least of that order one of whom, on his travels, the chamberlain at the inn at Rochester describes to Gadshill as worthy his particular notice—"a franklin in the weald of Kent, that hath three hundred marks with him in gold—one that hath abundance of charge too."* You take Mr. Young for a country gentleman; and, if you company with him, may perhaps hear him tell, as many a

* Academy of Armory.
† Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

* Henry IV. act ii. sc. 1.

country gentleman would—bating obsolete phrase and versification—

> I lerned never rhetorike certain;
> Thing that I speke it mote be bare and plain:
> I slept never on the mount of Pernaso,
> Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cicero.
> Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,
> But swiche colours as growen in the mede,
> Or elles swiche as men die with, or peint;
> Colours of rhetorike ben to me queinte;
> My spirit feleth not of swiche matere:
> But if you list my tale shul ye here.*

In brief, if you "put up" at the "Red Cross," and invite Mr. Young's society, you will find him

> ——— a franklin faire and free,
> That entertaines with comely courteous glee.†

The house itself is not one of your bold looking inns, that if you enter you assure yourself of paying toll at, in regard of its roystering appearance, in addition to every item in your bill; but one in which you have no objection to be "at charges," in virtue of its cheerful, promising air. You will find these more reasonable perhaps than you expect, and you will *not* find any article presented to you of an inferior quality. In respect therefore of its self-commendations and locality, the "Cross" at Keston is suggested as a *point d'appui* to any who essay from town for a few hours of fresh air and comfort, and with a desire of leisurely observing scenery altogether new to most London residents.

The classical ancients had inns and public-houses. Nothing is a stronger proof of the size and populousness of the city of Herculaneum, which was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius on the 24th of August, A. D. 79, than its nine hundred public-houses. A placard or inscription, discovered on the wall of a house in that ruined city, was a bill for letting one of its public-houses on lease; and hence, it appears that they had galleries at the top, and balconies, or green arbours, and baths. The dining-rooms were in the upper story. Although it was the custom of the Romans to recline at their meals, yet when they refreshed themselves at these places they sat. The landlord had a particular dress, and landladies wore a *succinct*, or tucked up dress, and brought the wine in vases for the visitors to taste. They had common drinking vessels as with us, and sometimes the flaggons were chained to posts. In the inns on the roads there were both hot and cold meats. Until the time of Nero, inns provided every kind of delicacy: that emperor restricted them to boiled vegetables. Tiberius prohibited their selling any baker's goods.

The company frequenting the ancient public-houses were usually artificers, sailors, drunken galli, thieves, &c. Chess was played, and the abacus, or chess-board, was made oblong. Hence came the common painted post still at the doors of our own public-houses, the sign of the chequer or chequers.* Sir William Hamilton presented to the Antiquarian Society a view of a street in Pompeii, another Italian city destroyed by Vesuvius, which contains the sign of the chequers, from whence there can be no doubt that it was a common one among the Romans.

Our Saxon ancestors had public-houses where they drank very hard out of vessels of earthenware, as the country people do still.

The Anglo-Saxons had the *eala-hus*, ale-house, *win-hus*, wine-house, and *cumen-hus*, or inn. Inns, however, were by no means common houses for travellers. In the time of Edward I. lord Berkeley's farm-houses were used for that purpose. Travellers were accustomed to inquire for hospitable persons, and even go to the king's palaces for refreshment. John Rous, an old traveller, who mentions a celebrated inn on the Warwick road, was yet obliged to go another way for want of accommodation.†

Mr. Brand supposes, that the chequers, at this time a common sign of a public-house, was originally intended for a kind of draught-board, called "tables," and that it showed that there that game might be played. From their colour, which was red, and the similarity to a lattice, it was corruptly called *the red* lettuce, a word frequently used by ancient writers to signify an alehouse. He observes, that this designation of an alehouse is not altogether lost, though the original meaning of the word is, the sign being converted into a *green* lettuce; of which an instance occurs in Brownlow-street, Holborn.

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* The Frankelein's prologue. Chaucer.
* Spenser.

* Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.
† Ibid.

In "A Fine Companion," one of Shackerly Marmion's plays, we read of "A waterman's widow at the sign of the Red *Lattice* in Southwark." Again, in "Arden of Faversham," 1592, we have

—"his sign pulled down, and his *lattice* born away.'

Again, in "The Miseries of Inforc'd Marriage," 1607:

—"'tis treason to the *Red Lattice*, enemy to the sign-post."

It were needless to multiply examples of this sign beyond one in Shakspeare. Falstaff's page, speaking of Bardolph, says, "He called me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could see no part of his face from the window."

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1793, says, "It has been related to me by a very noble personage, that in the reign of Philip and Mary the then earl of Arundel had a grant to license public-houses, and part of the armorial bearings of that noble family is *a chequered board*: wherefore the publican, to show that he had a license, put out that mark as part of his sign." On this, Mr. Brand inquires why the publicans take but a part of the Arundel arms, and why this part rather than any other? Another writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1794, says, "I think it was the great earl Warrenne, if not, some descendant or heir near him, not beyond the time of Rufus, had an exclusive power of granting licenses to sell beer: that his agent might collect the tax more readily, the door-posts were painted in chequers; the arms of Warren then, and to this day." We may, however, reasonably refer all these "*modern* instances" to ancient times; and derive the publican's sign of the chequers from the great authors of many of our present usages, the old Romans.

Mons. Jorevin, a French traveller, who journeyed through England in the reign of Charles II., stopped at the Stag inn, at Worcester, in the High-street, and he describes the entertainment of himself and a friend with whom he supped, so as to acquaint us somewhat with the entertainments in inns at that time. "During supper he (his friend) sent for a band of music, consisting of all sorts of instruments: among these the harp is the most esteemed by the English. According to the custom of the country the landladies sup with the strangers and passengers, and if they have daughters they are also of the company, to entertain the guests at table with pleasant conceits, where they drink as much as the men. But what is to me the most disgusting in all this is, that when one drinks the health of any person in company, the custom of the country does not permit you to drink more than half the cup, which is filled up, and presented to him or her whose health you have drank. Moreover, the supper being finished, they set on the table half a dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom, as well among women as men, who think that without tobacco one cannot live in England, because, say they, it dissipates the evil humours of the brain." It appears from a "Character of England," printed in 1659, "that the ladies of greatest quality suffered themselves to be treated in these taverns, and that they drank their *crowned cups* roundly, danced after the fiddle, and exceeded the bounds of propriety in their carousals."

If a description of Scottish manners, printed about fifty years ago, may be relied on, it was then a fashion with females at Edinburgh to frequent a sort of public-house in that city. The writer says: "January 15, 1775.—A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of being asked to one of these entertainments by a lady. At that time I was not acquainted with this scene of 'high life below stairs;' and therefore, when she mentioned the word 'oyster-cellar,' I imagined I must have mistaken the place of invitation: she repeated it, however, and I found it was not my business to make objections; so agreed immediately. I waited with great impatience till the hour arrived, and when the clock struck away I went, and inquired if the lady was there. —'O yes,' cried the woman, she has been here an hour, or more.' The door opened, and I had the pleasure of being ushered in, not to one lady, as I expected, but to a large and brilliant company of both sexes, most of whom I had the honour of being acquainted with. The large table, round which they were seated, was covered with dishes full of oysters and pots of porter. For a long time I could not suppose that this was the only entertainment we were to have, and I sat waiting in expectation of a repast that was never to make its appearance. The table was cleared, and glasses introduced. The ladies were now asked whether they would choose brandy or rum punch? I thought this question an odd one, but I was soon informed by the gen-

tleman who sat next me, that no wine was sold here, but that punch was quite 'the thing;' and a large bowl was immediately introduced. The conversation hitherto had been insipid, and at intervals: it now became general and lively. The women, who, to do them justice, are much more entertaining than their neighbours in England, discovered a great deal of vivacity and fondness for repartee. A thousand things were hazarded, and met with applause; to which the oddity of the scene gave propriety, and which could have been produced in no other place. The general ease with which they conducted themselves, the innocent freedom of their manners, and their unaffected good-nature, all conspired to make us forget that we were regaling in a cellar, and was a convincing proof that, let local customs operate as they may, a truly polite woman is every where the same. When the company were tired of conversation they began to dance reels, their favourite dance, which they performed with great agility and perseverance. One of the gentlemen, however, fell down in the most active part of it, and lamed himself; so the dance was at an end for that evening. On looking at their watches, the ladies now found it time to retire; the coaches were therefore called, and away they went, and with them all our mirth. The company were now reduced to a party of gentlemen; pipes and politics were introduced: I took my hat and wished them good night. The bill for entertaining half a dozen very fashionable women, amounted only to two shillings apiece. If you will not allow the entertainment an elegant one, you must at least confess that it was cheap."*

It may be amusing to wander for a moment to another place of public entertainment, for the sake of a character of it two centuries ago, by bishop Earle.

The Tavern, 1628,

Is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an ale-house, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at the door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush: the rooms are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washed well over night, and are smelt-to fasting next morning. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spungy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise; and this musick above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theater of natures, where they are truly acted, not played; and the business, as in the rest of the world, up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches the face, and tobacco the gunpowder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out; and it is like those countries far in the north, where it is as clear at mid-night as at mid-day. To give you the total reckoning of it; it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book, whence we leave them.

Bishop Earle, in his character of a "Poor Fiddler," describes him as "in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the inn, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfect than their men." Sir John Hawkins, who cites this in his History of Music, also abstracts a curious view of the customs at inns, from Fyne Moryson's "Itinerary," rather later in the same age:—

"As soone as a passenger comes to an inne, the seruants run to him, and one takes his horse and walkes him till he be cold, then rubs him, and giues him meate, yet I must say that they are not much to be trusted in this last point, without the eye of the master or his seruant to ouersee them. Another seruant giues the passenger his

* Letters from Edinburgh, written in the years 1774 and 1775.

priuate chamber, and kindles his fier, the third puls of his bootes, and makes them cleane. Then the host or hostesse visits him, and if he will eate with the host, or at a common table with others, his meale will cost him sixepence, or in some places but foure pence, (yet this course is lesse honourable, and not vsed by gentlemen): but if he will eate in his chamber, he commands what meate he will according to his appetite, and as much as he thinkes fit for him and his company, yea, the kitchen is open to him, to command the meat to be dressed as he best likes; and when he sits at table, the host or hostesse will accompany him, or if they haue many guests, will at least visit him, taking it for curtesie to be bid sit downe: while he eates, if he haue company especially, he shall be offred musicke, which he may freely take or refuse, and if he be solitary, the musitians will giue him the good day with musicke in the morning. It is the custome, and no way disgracefull, to set vp part of supper for his breakefast: in the euening or in the morning after breakefast, (for the common sort vse not to dine, but ride from breakefast to supper time, yet comming early to the inne for better resting of their horses) he shall haue a reckoning in writing, and if it seeme vnreasonable, the host will satisfie him, either for the due price, or by abating part, especially if the seruant deceiue him any way, which one of experience will soone find. I will now onely adde, that a gentleman and his man shall spend as much, as if he were accompanied with another gentleman and his man; and if gentlemen will in such sort ioyne together, to eate at one table, the expences will be much deminished. Lastly, a man cannot more freely command at home in his owne house, than hee may doe in his inne; and at parting, if he giue some few pence to the chamberlin and ostler, they wish him a happy iourney."

Through a most diligent collector of archæological authorities, we find in the time of Elizabeth only eight-pence paid at an inn for a physician all night; and in the time of Charles II. only two-pence for a man and horse at Bristol.*

Bristol has now attained to so great wealth and prosperity, as to provide inns of importance equal perhaps to any in the kingdom. A friend, who sojourned there at the undermentioned date, hands me a printed document, which he received from his landlord, Mr. John Weeks; it is so great a curiosity, as bespeaking the opulence of that ancient city, and the spirit of its great innkeeper, that I cannot refrain from recording it.

BUSH TAVERN.

Bill of Fare for Christmas, 1806

1 Bustard
Red game
Black game
1 Turtle, 120lb.
1 Land tortoise
7½ Pots turtle, different prices
Vermicelli soup
British turtle
Giblet soup
Pease soup
Gravy soup
Soup Santé
Soup and bouillé
Mutton broth
Barley broth
3 Turbots
4 Cods
2 Brills
2 Pipers
12 Dories
2 Haddocks
14 Rock fish
18 Carp
12 Perch
4 Salmon
12 Plaice
17 Herrings
Sprats
122 Eels
Salt fish
78 Roach
98 Gudgeons
1 Dried salmon
Venison,—1 Haunch hevior
5 Haunches doe
5 Necks
10 Breasts
10 Shoulders
42 Hares
17 Pheasants
41 Partridges
87 Wild ducks
17 Wild geese
37 Teal
31 Widgeon
16 Bald coots
2 Sea pheasants
3 Mews
11 Veal burrs
1 Roasting pig
Oysters, stew'd & collop'd
Eggs
Hogs' puddings
Ragoo'd feet and ears
Scotch'd collops
Veal cutlets
Harricoed mutton
Maintenon chops
Pork chops
Mutton chops
Rump steaks
Joint steaks
Pinbone steaks
Sausages
Hambro' sausages
Tripe, cow heels, and knotlings
5 House lambs
Veal—3 Legs & loins
2 Breasts & shoulders
2 Heads
Beef—5 Rumps
3 Sirloins
5 Rounds
2 Pieces of 5 ribs each
7 Pinbones
Dutch & Hambro' beef
Mutton—8 Haunches
8 Legs
8 Necks
11 Loins
6 Saddles
6 Chines
5 Shoulders
Pork—4 Legs
4 Loins
4 Chines
Sparibs
Half a porker

[Cold]

1 Boar's head
1 Baron beef
2 Hams
4 Tongues
6 Chicken

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* Fosbroke.

4 Moor hens	Hogs' feet and ears
2 Water drabs	7 Collars brawn
7 Curlews	2 Rounds beef
2 Bitterns	Collared veal
81 Woodcocks	Collared beef
149 Snipes	Collared mutton
17 Wild Turkies	Collared eels
18 Golden plovers	Collared pig's head
1 Swan	Dutch tongues
5 Quists	Bologna sausages
2 Land rails	Paraguay pies
13 Galenas	French pies
4 Peahens	Mutton pies
1 Peacock	Pigeon pies
1 Cuckoo	Venison pasty
116 Pigeons	Sulks
121 Larks	430 Mince pies
1 Sea magpye	13 Tarts
127 Stares	Jellies
908 Small birds	Craw fish
44 Turkies	Pickled salmon
8 Capons	Sturgeon
19 Ducks	Pickled oysters
10 Geese	Potted partridges
2 Owls	Lobsters
61 Chickens	52 Barrels Pyfleet & Colchester oysters
4 Ducklings	
11 Rabbits	Milford & Tenby oysters
3 Pork griskins	4 Pine apples

Could our ancestors take a peep from their graves at this bill of fare, we may conceive what would be their astonishment at so great a variety and abundance of provision for travellers at a single inn of our times; in earlier days, wayfarers were, in many places, compelled to seek accommodation from hospitable housekeepers, and knights were lodged in barns.

A history of inns would be curious. It is not out of the way to observe, that the old inns of the metropolis are daily undergoing alterations that will soon destroy their original character. "Courts with bedchambers, below and around the old inns, occur in the middle age, and are probably of Roman fashion; for they resemble the barracks at Tivoli."* There are specimens of this inn-architecture still remaining to be observed at the Bell Savage, Ludgate-hill; the Saracen's Head, Snow-hill; the George, and the Ram, in Smithfield; the Bull and Mouth; the Swan and two necks;† the Green Dragon, Bishopsgate-street, and a few others; not forgetting the Talbot inn, in the Borough, from whence Chaucer's pilgrims set out to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury; of which there is a modern painting placed in front of one of its galleries facing the street entrance. Stow, in his time, calls it, under the name of the "Tabard," "the most ancient" of the inns on the Surrey side of London. In Southwark, he says, "bee many faire innes for receit of travellers—amongst the which, the most ancient is the *Tabard*, so called of the signe, which as wee now terme it, is of a jacket, or sleevelesse coate, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment, of old time commonly worne of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit, in the warres,) their armes embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of armes might bee knowne from others: but now these tabards are onely worne by the heralds, and bee called their coats of armes in service." Stowe then quotes Chaucer in commendation of the "Inne of the Tabard:"—

> It befelle in that season, on a day
> In Southwerk, at the *Tabard* as I lay
> Ready to wend on my pilgrimage
> To Canterbury with devout courage;
> That night was come into that hostelrie
> Well nine and twenty in a compagnie
> Of sundry folke, by aventure yfalle
> In felawsship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
> That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
> The chambers and stables weren wide, &c.

Chaucer, whom it pleases to Stowe to call "the most famous poet of England," relates

> ——— shortly in a clause
> Th' estat, th' arraie, the nombre, and eke the cause,
> Why that assembled was this compagnie
> In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrie,
> That hight the *Tabard*, faste by the Bell.

In course of time the original name of the sign seems to have been lost, and its meaning forgotten. The "Tabard" is corrupted or perverted into the "Talbot" inn; and as already, through Stowe, I have shown the meaning of the Tabard, some readers perhaps may excuse me for adding, that the Talbot, which is now only a term for an armorial bearing, is figured in heraldry as a dog, a blood-hound, or hunting hound.*

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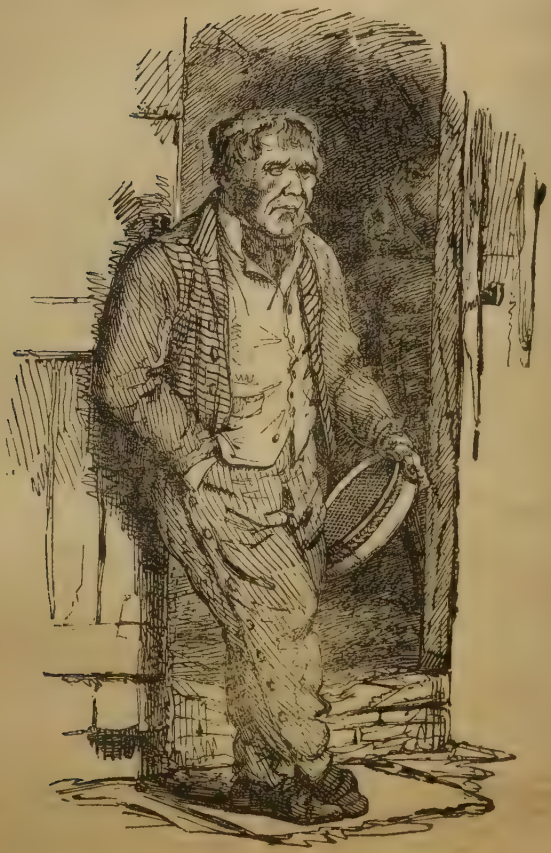
* Fosbroke.

† See the derivation of this sign in the *Every-Day Book*.

* Academy of Armory, b. ii. c. 9.



William Blake, Ostler at Keston Cross.

After thus beating up inns and public-houses generally, we will return for a moment to "Keston Cross." To this pleasant house there is attached a delightful little flower and fruit-garden, with paddocks, poultry-yard, outhouses, and every requisite for private or public use; all well-stocked, and, by the order wherein all are kept, bespeaking the well-ordered economy of the occupant's mind. The stabling for his own and visitors' horses is under the management of an ostler of long service: and it must not be forgotten, that the rooms in the house are marked by its owner's attachment to horses and field-sports. In the common parlour, opposite the door, is a coloured print of the burial of a huntsman—the attendants in "full cry" over the grave—with verses descriptive of the ceremony. A parlour for the accommodation of private parties has an oil painting of the old duke of Bolton, capitally mounted, in the yard of his own mansion, going out, attended by his huntsman and dogs. There

are other pictures in the same taste, particularly a portrait of one of Mr. Young's horses.

The ostler at "Keston Cross" is the most remarkable of its obliging, humble servants. The poor fellow has lost an eye, and is like the "high-mettled racer" in his decline—except that he is well used. While looking about me I missed W., and found he had deemed him a picturesque subject, and that he was in the act of sketching him from behind the door of the stable-yard, while he leaned against the stable-door with his corn-sieve in his hand. I know not why the portrait should not come into a new edition of Bromley's Catalogue, or an appendix to Granger: sure I am that many far less estimable persons figure in the Biographical History of England. As an honest man, (and if he were not he would not be in Mr. Young's service,) I craved my friend W. to engrave him on a wood-block; I have no other excuse to offer for presenting an impression of it, than the intrinsic worth of the industrious original, and the merit of the likeness; and that apology it is hoped very few will decline.

Dr. Johnson derives "ostler" from the French word "hostelier," but "hostelier" in French, now spelt "hotelier," signifies an innkeeper, or host, not an ostler; to express the meaning of which term the French word is wholly different in spelling and pronunciation. It seems to me that "ostler" is derived from the word "hostel," which was formerly obtained from the French, and was in common use here to signify an inn; and the innkeeper was from thence called the "hosteller." This was at a period when the innkeeper or "hosteller" would be required by his guests to take and tend their horses, which, before the use of carriages, and when most goods were conveyed over the country on the backs of horses, would be a chief part of his employment; and hence, the "hosteller" actually became the "hostler," or "ostler," that is, the horse-keeper.

We will just glean, for two or three minutes, from as many living writers who have gone pleasantly into inns, and so conclude.

Washington Irving, travelling under the name of "Geoffrey Crayon, gent." and reposing himself within a comfortable hostel at Shakspeare's birth-place, says:—"To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. 'Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?' thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon."——

Elia, to illustrate the "astonishing composure" of some of the society of "friends," tells a pleasant anecdote, which regards a custom at certain inns, and is therefore almost as fairly relatable in this place, as it is delightfully related in his volume of "Essays:"—"I was travelling," says Elia, "in a stage-coach with three male quakers, buttoned up in the straitest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up

the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sate as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, 'Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?' and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter."

Finally, from the "Indicator" we learn, that to Mr. Leigh Hunt "a tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality; not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the Tatlers. The rural transparencies, however, which they have in their windows, with all our liking of the subject, would perhaps be better in any others; for tavern sociality is a town-thing, and should be content with town ideas. A landscape in the window makes us long to change it at once for a rural inn; to have a rosy-faced damsel attending us, instead of a sharp and serious waiter; and to catch, in the intervals of chat, the sound of a rookery instead of cookery. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us as it is with some. It may not be very genteel, but neither is every thing that is rich. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week; but what, in the mean time, are pride and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above all to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the systems that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the vulgar part of the polite, we shall have an esteem for the Devil and the Bag o' Nails; and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of 'Lovely Nan,' or 'Brave Captain Death,' or 'Tobacco is an Indian Weed,' or 'Why, Soldiers, why,' or 'Says Plato why should man be vain,' or that judicious and unanswerable ditty, commencing

> Now what can man more desire
> Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire;
> And on his knees, &c."

Garrick Plays.

No. XXV.

[From "Edward the Third," an Historical Play, Author Unknown, 1597.]

The King, having relieved the Castle of the heroic Countess of Salisbury, besieged by the Scots, and being entertained by her, loves her.

Edward (*solus.*) She is grown more fairer far since I came hither:
Her voice more silver every word than other,
Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
Unfolded she of David, and his Scots!
Even thus, quoth she, he spake, and then spake broad,
With epithets and accents of the Scot;
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:
And thus, quoth she, and answer'd then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself
Breathes from the wall an angel note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.—
When she would talk of peace, methinks her tongue
Commanded war to prison: when of war,
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face;
There is no summer, but in her chearful looks;
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land:
But call them cowards, that they ran away;
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.

The Countess repells the King's unlawful suit.

Countess. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad:
What may thy subject do to drive from thee
This gloomy consort, sullome Melancholy?
King. Ah Lady! I am blunt, and cannot strew
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame.
Since I came hither, Countess, I am wrong'd.
Coun. Now God forbid that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong! thrice-gentle king
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.
King. How near then shall I be to remedy?

Coun. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power,
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.
King. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress.
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, Countess; else I die.
Coun. I will, my liege.
King. Swear, Countess, that thou wilt.
Coun. By heaven I will.
King. Then take thyself a little way aside,
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee.
Say that within thy power it doth lie
To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn
To give him all the joy within thy power.
Do this; and tell him, when I shall be happy.
Coun. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign.
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast, with all devout obedience.
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.
King. Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.
Coun. If on my beauty, take it if thou can'st;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
If on my virtue, take it if thou can'st;
For virtue's store by giving doth augment.
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou can'st take away, inherit it.
King. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.
Coun. O were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself to give it thee;
But, sovereign, it is soulder'd to my life:
Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.
King. But thou may'st lend it me to sport withal.
Coun. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body (palace to my soul)
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel pure, divine, unspotted;
If I should lend her house, my Lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.
King. Didst thou not swear to give me what I would?
Count. I did, my liege, so what you would, I could.
King. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give:
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy;
That is thy love; and for that love of thine
In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.
Coun. But that your lips were sacred, my Lord,
You would profane the holy name of love.
That love, you offer me, you cannot give;
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his Queen.
That love, you beg of me, I cannot give;
For Sara owes that duty to her Lord.
He, that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,
Shall die, my Lord: and shall your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting your allegiance and your oath?
In violating marriage' sacred law,
You break a greater Honour than yourself.
To be a King, is of a younger house
Than *To be married*: your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a married Man
But not by him anointed for a King.
It is a penalty to break your statutes,
Tho' not enacted with your Highness' hand;
How much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand
I know my Sovereign, in my Husband's love,
Doth but to try the Wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale or no:
Lest being guilty therein by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

* * * * * *

King. Whether is her beauty by her words divine
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauties, beauty words.

* * * * * *

Coun. He hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow made in the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were to profane the idol, than confound it.

Flattery.

—— O thou World, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words
And poise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O that a man might hold the heart's close book
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there!

Sin, worst in High Place.

An honourable grave is more esteemed,
Than the polluted closet of a king;
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake.
An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is;
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion, that it seems to kiss;
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe;
That sin does ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place;
An evil deed done by authority
Is sin, and subornation; deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast;
The poison shews worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the light'ning flash.
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.
And every Glory, that inclines to Sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.

C. L

Poetry.

For the Table Book.

SONNET TO MISS KELLY,

ON HER EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE OF BLINDNESS, IN THE REVIVED OPERA OF ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Rare artist, who with half thy tools, or none,
Canst execute with ease thy curious art,
And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart
Unaided by the eye, expression's throne!
While each blind sense, intelligential grown
Beyond its sphere, performs the effect of sight,
Those orbs alone, wanting their proper might,
All motionless and silent seem to moan
The unseemly negligence of nature's hand,
That left them so forlorn. What praise is thine,
O mistress of the passions!—artist fine!—
Who dost our souls against our sense command;
Plucking the horror from a sightless face,
Lending to blank deformity a grace.

C. LAMB.

VOLUNTEER REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor.

SHAM-FIGHTS AND INVASION.

Dear Sir,—Some agreeable recollections induce me to pen a few circumstances for the *Table Book*, which may kindle associations in the many who were formerly engaged in representing the "raw recruit," and who are now playing the "old soldier" in the conflict of years. I do not travel out of the road to take the "Eleven city regiments" into my battalion, nor do I call for the aid of the "Gray's-inn sharpshooters," (as lawyers are,) and other gents of the "sword and sash," who then emulated their brethren in "scarlet and blue."—Erecting my canteen at Moorgate, I hint to other quilldrivers to extend *their* forces when and where their memories serve. Inkshed, not bloodshed, is my only danger—my greatest failing is a propensity (I fear) to digress and enlarge, till I may not bring the numbers of my muster-roll within proper discipline. Being on my guard, however, I take the succeeding specimens from a spot filled with chapels of several persuasions, the "London Institution," and well-built houses, with a pleasant relief of verdure in the centre for nursery maids and romping children.

Moorfields, alas! has no fields! Where the "Beth'lem hospital" raised its magnificent but gloomy front, with old Cibber's statues of "Raving and Melancholy Madness" siding the centre entrance, no vestiges remain, except the church and parts of London Wall, leading from Broker-row to the Albion chapel, commonly called the Plum-cake. Who that knew the crossing from Finsbury-square to Broad-street remembers not the open-barred window at which "Mad Molly" daily appeared, singing, and talking inconsistencies of love, confinement, and starvation? Who that stood before the massive building heard not the tones of agony, and felt not deep pity for the poor reasonless creatures?

—— In Moorfields, when Buonaparte threatened this country with invasion, the beat of drum and the shrillings of the fife brought corps of gentlemen volunteers into rank and file, to show how much a "nation of shopkeepers" could do. Ladies in clusters assembled here to witness the feats of their soldier-like heroes—sanctioning with their presence, and applauding with their smiles, the defenders of their domiciles.

The "Bank gentlemen," distinguished by their long gaiters, and therefore called black-legs, went farther off and exercised before bank-hours, in the Tenter-ground beyond the Vinegar-yard.

The East India Company's three regiments (the best soldiers next to the foot-guards) drilled in a field which lay in the way on the one side to the Rosemary Branch, (noted for a water-party or fives' match,) and the White Lead Mills, whose windsails are removed by the steam Quixotes of the day. On the other side, skirted the once pleasant path, leading from the Shepherd and Shepherdess across the meadow either to Queen's Head-lane, the Britannia, or the Almshouses, near the Barley Mow, Islington. The East India field is now divided into gardens and snug arbours, let to the admirers of flowers and retreats.

Lackington's "Temple of Fame" was a temple of knowledge. This splendid place and its winding shelves of books caught the passing eye with astonishment at the success and skill of the once humble owner of a bookstall in Chiswell-street. Here Finsbury's "child of lore and catalogue-maker" wrote a "book," abounding with quotations from authors, and refuted his own words in after-life by publishing his "Confessions." Lackington was, however, a man of deep judgment in his business, and no every-day observer of the

manners and variations of his contemporaries.

Then, the "Artillery Company" attracted well-dressed people on Wednesday evenings, and from Finsbury-side to Bunhill-row there was a promenade of fashionables from Duke's-place and Bevis Marks, listening to a band of music and the roar of cannon till dusk.

Moorfields gathered more regiments than any other spot excepting the Park, in which reviews and sham-fights concentrated the corporate forces on field-days. Wimbledon Common became also an occasional scene of busy parade and preparation; baggage long drawn out, multitudes of friends, sweethearts and wives, and nondescripts. In the roads were collected the living beings of half of the metropolis. It seemed a stir in earnest of great achievements. Many a white handkerchief dried the parting tear. There were the adieu and the farewell; salutes given behind the counter, or snatched in the passage, affected the sensibilities like last meetings. Sir W. Curtis and other colonels reminded the "gentlemen" they had "the honour" to command, that they were in "good quarters." Sermons were preached in and out of the establishment to "soldiers." Representations were given at the theatres to "soldiers." The shop-windows presented tokens of courage and love to "soldiers." Not a concert was held, not a "free and easy" passed, without songs and melodies to "soldiers." It was a fine time for publicans and poets. Abraham Newland's promises kept army-clothiers, gun-makers, Hounslow powder-mills, and Mr. Pitt's affairs in action. No man might creditably present himself if he were void of the ton of military distinction; and Charles Dibdin and Grimaldi—"wicked wags!"—satirized the fashion of "playing at soldiers."

In process of time, Maidstone, Colchester, and Rochester were select places for trying the shopkeeping volunteers: they were on duty for weeks, and returned with the honours of the barracks. Things taking a more peaceful aspect, or rather the alarm of invasion having subsided, the regimentals were put by, and scarcely a relic is now seen to remind the rising generation of the deeds of their fathers.

I could travel further, and tell more of these and similar doings, but I refrain, lest I tire your patience and your readers' courtesy.

Dear sir,
Truly yours,
June, 1827. A CITY VOLUNTEER.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. I.

It has been ascertained by the researches of a curious investigator,* that many celebrated philosophers of recent times have, for the most part, taken what they advance from the works of the ancients. These modern acquisitions are numerous and important; and as it is presumed that many may be instructed, and more be surprised by their enumeration, a succinct account of them is proposed.

It appears as unjust to praise and admire nothing but what savours of antiquity, as to despise whatever comes from thence, and to approve of nothing but what is recent. The moderns certainly have much merit, and have laboured not a little in the advancement of science; but the ancients paved the way, wherein at present is made so rapid a progress: and we may in that respect join Quintilian, who declared, seventeen hundred years ago, "that antiquity had so instructed us by its example, and the doctrines of its great masters, that we could not have been born in a more happy age, than that which had been so illuminated by their care." While it would be ingratitude to deny such masters the encomiums due to them, envy alone would refuse the moderns the praise they so amply deserve. Justice ought to be rendered to both. In comparing the merits of the moderns and ancients, a distinction ought to be made between the arts and sciences, which require long experience and practice to bring them to perfection, and those which depend solely on talent and genius. Without doubt the former, in so long a series of ages, have been extended more and more; and, with the assistance of printing and other discoveries, have been brought to a very high degree of perfection by the moderns. Our astronomers understand much better the nature of the stars, and the whole planetary system, than Hipparchus, Ptolemy, and others of the ancients; but it may be doubted, whether they had gone so far, unaided by telescopes. The moderns have nearly perfected the art of navigation, and discovered new worlds;

* The Rev. L. Dutens, in his "Inquiry into the Origin of the Discoveries attributed to the Moderns."

yet without the compass, America had probably remained unknown. Likewise, by long observation, and experiments often repeated, we have brought botany, anatomy, and chirurgery, to their present excellence. Many secrets of nature, which one age was insufficient to penetrate, have been laid open in a succession of many. Philosophy has assumed a new air; and the trifling and vain cavils of the schools, have at length been put to flight by the reiterated efforts of Ramus, Bacon, Gassendi, Descartes, Newton, Gravesand, Leibnitz, and Wolf. While, therefore, willingly conceding to the moderns every advantage they are fairly entitled to, the share which the ancients had in beating out for us the pathways to knowledge is an interesting subject of inquiry.

For two thousand years the ancient philosophers were so fully in possession of the general esteem, that they often led men blindfold. They were listened to as oracles, and their very obscurities regarded as too sacred to be pried into by common eyes. An *ipse dixit* of Pythagoras, Aristotle, or any other ancient sage, was enough to decide the most difficult case: the learned bowed in a body, and expressed their satisfaction, while they surrendered their judgment. These habits of submission were ill adapted to advance knowledge. A few noble spirits, who, in recompense of their labours, have been honoured with the glorious title of restorers of learning, quickly felt the hardship of the bondage, and threw off the yoke of Aristotle. But instead of following the example of those great men, whose incessant studies, and profound researches, had so enriched the sciences, some of their successors were content to make them the basis of their own slight works; and a victory, which might have tended to the perfecting of the human mind, dwindled into a petty triumph. Bruno, Cardan, Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, Newton, and Leibnitz, the heroes of the literary commonwealth, had too much merit, not to own that of the ancients. They did them justice, and avowed themselves their disciples; but the half-learned and feeble, whose little stock and strength were insufficient to raise to themselves a name, rail at those from whom they stole the riches with which they are bedecked, and ungratefully conceal their obligations to their benefactors.

The method made use of by the moderns, in the new philosophy, recommends itself by its own excellence; for the spirit of analysis and geometry that pervades their manner of treating subjects, has contributed so much to the advancement of science, that it were to be wished they had never swerved from it. It is not, however, to be denied, that the noblest parts of that system of philosophy, received with so much applause in the three last centuries, were known and inculcated by Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and Plutarch. Of these great men, it may be believed that they well knew how to demonstrate what they communicated; although the arguments, upon which some portions of their demonstrations were founded, have not come down to us. Yet, if in those works which have escaped destruction from the fanaticism of ignorance, and the injuries of time, we meet with numberless instances of penetration and exact reasoning in their manner of relating their discoveries, it is reasonable to presume that they exerted the same care and logical accuracy in support of these truths, which are but barely mentioned in the writings preserved to us. Among the titles of their lost books are many respecting subjects mentioned only in general in their other writings. We may conclude, therefore, that we should have met with the proofs we now want, had they not thought it unnecessary to repeat them, after having published them in so many other works, to which they often refer, and of which the titles are handed down to us by Diogenes Laertius, Suidas, and other ancients, with exactness sufficient to give us an idea of the greatness of our loss. From numerous examples of this kind, which might be quoted, one may be selected respecting Democritus. That great man was the author of two books, from the titles of which it evidently appears, that he was one of the principal inventors of the elementary doctrine which treats of those lines and solids that are termed irrational, and of the contact of circles and spheres.

It is remarkable, that the illustrious ancients, by the mere force of their own natural talents, attained to all those acquisitions of knowledge which our experiments, aided by instruments thrown in our way by chance, serve only to confirm. Without the assistance of a telescope Democritus knew and taught, that the milky way was an assemblage of innumerable stars that escape our sight, and whose united splendour produces in the heavens the whiteness, which we denominate by that name; and he ascribed the spots in the moon to the exceeding height of its mountains and depth of its vallies. True it is, that the moderns have gone farther, and

found means to measure the height of those same mountains: yet Democritus's researches were those of a great genius; whereas the operations of the moderns are merely organical and mechanic. Besides which, we have this advantage,—that *we* work upon *their* canvass.

Finally, it may be repeated, that there is scarcely any discovery ascribed to the moderns, but what was not only known to the ancients, but supported by them with the most solid arguments. The demonstration of this position will at least have this good effect; it will abate our prejudices against the ancients, occasioned by a blind admiration of some moderns, who had never shone at all but for the light they borrowed of their masters. Their opinions fairly stated from their own works, and often in their words, must render the decision easy; and the result may restore to the early philosophers some part at least of their disputed glory.

For the Table Book.

THE GOSSIP AND STARE.

——— A creature of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

It is feminine; a lower animal of the tribe *Inquisitoria;* and with all others of its species indescribably restless. It is commonly found with the bosom slatternly arrayed, leaning with folded arms out of a "two-pair front," looking cunningly and maliciously over the side of a garden-pot—like a starling through the water-hole of its cage over the water-pot—with its head always on the bob, like that of the Chinese figure in grocers' shops. Its features are lean and sharp as the bows of a Folkstone cutter, or the face of a Port Royal pig; its nose, like a racoon's, is continually on the twist; the ears are ever pricking up for vague rumours and calumnious reports, and the eyes roll from side to side, like those of the image in the wooden clock at Kaltenbach's in the Borough; the tongue is snake-like, is perpetually in motion—pretty yet pert—and venomous. Its habit is bilious, its temper splenetic. It is a sure extractor of all secrets, a thorough heart-wormer, a living diving-bell, a walking corkscrew. It generally "appears as well as its neighbours," but it is fastidious, and loves to be different. Upon its legs, which are of the sparrow order, it looks a merry, light-hearted, artless, and good-natured little thing; but it is the green-bag-bearer of the parish, and its food is scandal. Hear it talk on a first meeting with a regular listener! Its voice is at first soft as the low piping of the nightingale, but gradually becomes like the loud hissing of an adder, and ends hoarse, and ominous of evil as that of the raven. It is an untiring spreader of idle and false reports, to the injury of many a good character. It is only innoxious to reasonable beings, for they never listen to it, or when obliged to do so, are no more amused by its sayings than by the singing of a tea-kettle; but these being few in number, compared with the lovers of small talk, to whom its company is always acceptable, it is a dangerous animal,

—— mother of deceit and lies.

Look at it sitting in its habitation!—every sound from the street draws it to the light-hole*—every thing from a bonnet to a pattern furnishes it with matter for gossip—every opening of a neighbour's door brings its long neck into the street. Every misfortune that assails others is to it a pleasure—every death a new life to itself—and the failings of the departed are eternal themes for its envenomed slander. It is at the heels of every thing that stirs, and the sooner it is trodden upon the better. But people tolerate and like it, because it is "so amusing," and "so clever;" and yet each of its listeners is traduced in turn. There is no dealing with it, but by giving it rope enough; it will then hang itself, which, by the by, will be such an end as the creature merits.

S. R. J.

NAVAL MANNERS.

When the old duke of York (brother to George III.) went on board lord Howe's ship, as a midshipman, the different captains in the fleet attended, to pay him their respects, on the quarter-deck. He seemed not to know what it was to be subordinate, nor to feel the necessity of moderation in the display of superiority resulting from his high rank, and he received the officers with some hauteur. This a sailor on the forecastle observed; and after expressing astonishment at the duke's keeping his hat on, he told one of his messmates, that "the thing was not in its sphere;" adding, "it is no wonder he does not know manners, as he was never at sea before."

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* Window.

LEGAL RECREATION.

It is alleged in a memoir of the Life of Lord Eldon, that, when plain John Scott, his zeal for knowledge of the law was so great, that he abandoned the pursuit of almost every other species of information, and never sacrificed a moment from his legal studies, beyond what was absolutely necessary to his health. His brother William, (afterwards lord Stowell,) with a view of engaging him to meet Dr. Johnson and other men of distinguished literary talent, would sometimes say, "Where do you dine to-day?" To this question John's uniform answer was, "I dine on Coke to-day." William would then demur, with a "Nay, but come to my chambers—you'll see the doctor;" whereupon John argued, concerning the doctor, "He can't draw a bill;" and so the friendly suit concluded.

It is further affirmed, on the best authority, that it was an amusement in the early legal life of John Scott, to turn pieces of poetry into the form of legal instruments; and that he actually converted the ballad of "Chevy Chace" into the shape and style of a bill in chancery.

A professional gentleman, who, during his pupilage, was recommended by a distinguished barrister to commit the following verses to memory, duly availed himself of that advantage, and obligingly communicates them

For the Table Book.

CANONS OF DESCENT.

By an Apprentice of the Law.

Canon I.

Estates go to the issue *(item)*
Of him last seized *in infinitum;*
Like cow-tails, downward, straight they tend,
But never, lineally, ascend:

Canon II.

This gives that preference to males,
At which a lady justly rails.

Canon III.

Of two males, in the same degree,
The eldest, only, heir shall be:
With females we this order break,
And let them all together take.

Canon IV.

When one his worldly strife hath ended,
Those who are lineally descended
From him, as to his claims and riches,
Shall stand, precisely, in his breeches.

Canon V.

When lineal descendants fail,
Collaterals the land may nail;
So that they be (and that a bore is)
De sanguine progenitores.

Canon VI.

The heir collateral, d'ye see,
Next kinsman of whole blood must be:

Canon VII.

And, of collaterals, the male
Stocks, are preferr'd to the female;
Unless the land come from a woman,
And then her heirs shall yield to no man.

FRENCH JUDICIAL AUTHORITY.

In the "Thuana" we read of a whimsical, passionate, old judge, who was sent into Gascony with power to examine into the abuses which had crept into the administration of justice in that part of France. Arriving late at Port St. Mary, he asked "how near he was to the city of Agen?" He was answered, "*two* leagues." He then decided to proceed that evening, although he was informed that the leagues were long, and the roads very bad. In consequence of his obstinacy the judge was bemired, benighted, and almost shaken to pieces. He reached Agen, however, by midnight, with tired horses and harassed spirits, and went to bed in an ill humour. The next morn he summoned the court of justice to meet, and after having opened his commission in due form, his first decree was, "That for the future the distance from Agen to Port St. Mary should be reckoned *six* leagues." This decree he ordered to be registered in the records of the province, before he would proceed to any other business.

A LONG MINUET.

Hogarth, in his "Analysis of Beauty," mentions the circumstance of a dancing-master's observing, that though the "minuet" had been the study of his whole life, he could only say with Socrates, that he "knew nothing." Hogarth added of himself, that he was happy in being a painter, because some bounds might be set to the study of his art.

The Bishop's Well, Bromley, Kent.

There is a way from Bromley market-place across meadow grounds to the palace of the bishop of Rochester. This edifice, about a quarter of a mile from the town, is a plain, homely mansion, erected in 1783 by bishop Thomas, on the site of the ancient palace built there by bishop Gilbert Glanville, lord chief justice of England, after he succeeded to the see in 1185, instead of a still more ancient palace, founded by the prelate Gundalph, an eminent architect, bishop of Rochester in the reign of William the Conqueror. At a few hundred yards eastward of the palace is the "Bishop's Well;" which, while I minutely examined it, Mr. Williams sketched; and he has since engraved it, as the reader sees.

The water of the "Bishop's Well" is a

chalybeate, honoured by local reputation with surprising properties; but, in reality, it is of the same nature as the mineral water of Tunbridge Wells. It rises so slowly, as to yield scarcely a gallon in a quarter of an hour, and is retained in a small well about sixteen inches in diameter. To the stone work of this little well a wooden cover is attached by a chain. When the fluid attains a certain height, its surplus trickles through an orifice at the side to increase the water of a moat, or small lake, which borders the grounds of the palace, and is overhung on each side with the branches of luxuriant shrubs and trees. Above the well there is a roof of thatch, supported by six pillars, in the manner of a rustic temple, heightening the picturesque appearance of the scene, so as to justify its representation by the pencil. On visiting it, with Mr. W., this pleasant seclusion, consecrated by former episcopal care, and the fond recollections of ancient adjacent residents, was passing to ruin: we disturbed some boys in their work of pulling reeds from the thatched roof. A recent vacancy of the see seemed to have extended to the superintendence of the well; the seeds of neglect had germinated, and were springing up. I have revisited the spot, and seen

——————— the wild-briar,
The thorn, and the thistle, grown broader and higher.

The "Bishop's Well" is said to have been confounded with a spring of more ancient note, called St. Blase's Well. Of this latter well topographers* say, "It anciently had an oratory annexed to it, dedicated to St. Blasius, which was much frequented at Whitsuntide, because Lucas, who was legate for Sixtus the Fourth, here in England, granted an indulgent remission of forty days; enjoined penance to all those who should visit this chapel, and offer up their orizons there in the three holidays of Pentecost. This oratory falling to ruin at the Reformation, the well too became disused, and the site of both in process of time was forgotten, and continued so till the well was discovered again in the year 1754, by means of a yellow ochrey sediment remaining in the tract of a small current leading from the spring to the corner of the moat, with the waters of which it used to mix. In digging round the well there were found the remains of the old steps leading down to it, made of oak plank, which appeared to have lain under ground many years. The water of this spring is chalybeate, and rises at the foot of a declivity, at a small distance eastward from the bishop's palace. The soil through which it passes is gravel, and it issues immediately from a bed of pure white sand. The course of the spring seems to be about north-north-east and south-south-west from its aperture; its opening is towards the latter; and as Shooter's Hill bears about north-north-east from its aperture, it probably comes from thence. The water being thus found to be a good chalybeate, was, by the bishop's orders, immediately secured from the intermixture of other waters, and enclosed."

Wilson, a recent writer, affirms, that "the old well, dedicated to St. Blase, is about two hundred yards north-west of the mineral spring, in a field near the road, with eight oaks in a cluster, on an elevated spot of ground adjoining." This, however, seems wholly conjectural, and wholly nugatory; for, if "the old steps made of oak-plank, which appeared to have lain under ground many years," led to the "Bishop's Well," it may reasonably be presumed that they were the "old steps" to St. Blase's Well, and that the water of the ancient oratory now flows within the humble edifice represented by the engraving.

* Philipot, and Hasted.

MISS KELLY.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—Somebody has fairly play'd a *hoax* on you (I suspect that pleasant rogue *M——x——n**) in sending you the Sonnet in my name, inserted in your last Number. True it is, that I must own to the Verses being mine, but not written on the occasion there pretended, for I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the Lady in the part of Emmeline; and I have understood, that the force of her acting in it is rather in the expression of new-born sight, than of the previous want of it. — The lines were really written upon her performance in the "Blind Boy," and appeared in the Morning Chronicle some years back. I suppose, our facetious friend thought that they would serve again, like an old coat new turned.

Yours (and his nevertheless)

C. Lamb.

* It was.—Ed.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXVI.

[From "Doctor Dodypol," a Comedy, Author unknown, 1600.]

Earl Lassenburgh, as a Painter, painting his Mistress al grotesco.

Lass. Welcome bright Morn, that with thy golden rays
Reveal'st the radiant colours of the world;
Look here, and see if thou can'st find dispers'd
The glorious parts of fair Lucilia!
Take them, and join them in the heavenly spheres;
And fix them there as an eternal light,
For lovers to adore and wonder at.

Luc. You paint your flattering words, Lord Lassenburgh,
Making a curious pencil of your tongue;
And that fair artificial hand of yours
Were fitter to have painted Heaven's fine story,
Than here to work on antics, and on me:
Thus for my sake you of a noble Earl
Are glad to be a mercenary Painter.

Lass. A Painter, fair Lucilia: why, the world
With all her beauty was by PAINTING made.
Look on the heavens, colour'd with golden stars,
The firmamental part of it all blue.
Look on the air, where with an hundred changes
The watery rainbow doth embrace the earth.
Look on the summer fields, adorn'd with flowers,
How much is Nature's painting honour'd there.
Look in the mines, and on the eastern shore,
Where all our metals and dear gems are drawn;
Though fair themselves, made better by their foils.
Look on that little world, the Two-fold Man,
Whose fairer parcel is the weaker still;
And see what azure veins in stream-like form
Divide the rosy beauty of the skin.
I speak not of the sundry shapes of beasts;
The several colours of the elements,
Whose mixture shapes the world's variety,
In making all things by their colours known.
And, to conclude—Nature herself divine
In all things she has made is a mere Painter.

Luc. Now by this kiss, the admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well worthy th' honour thou hast given
With thy so sweet words to thy eye-ravishing Art;
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

Lass. From these base antics, where my hand hath 'spersed
Thy several parts, if I, uniting all,
Had figured there the true Lucilia,
Then might thou justly wonder at my art;
And devout people would from far repair,
Like pilgrims, with their duteous sacrifice,
Adorning thee as Regent of their loves.
Here in the center of this Marigold
Like a bright diamond I enchased thine eye.
Here underneath this little rosy bush
Thy crimson cheeks peer forth, more fair than it.
Here Cupid hanging down his wings doth sit,
Comparing cherries to thy rosy lips.
Here is thy brow, thy hair, thy neck, thy hand,
Of purpose in all several shrouds dispersed!
Lest ravish'd I should dote on mine own work,
Or envy-burning eyes should malice it.

A Cameo described.

—— see this Agate, that contains
The image of the Goddess and her Son,
Whom ancients held the Sovereigns of Love.
See naturally wrought out of the stone,
Besides the perfect shape of every limb,
Besides the wondrous life of her bright hair,
A waving mantle of celestial blue,
Embroidering itself with flaming stars;
Most excellent! and see besides,—
How Cupid's wings do spring out of the stone,
As if they needed not the help of Art.

Earl Lassenburgh, for some distaste, flees Lucilia, who follows him.

Lass. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still?
Should I entreat thee to attend me thus.
Then thou would'st pant and rest; then your soft feet
Would be repining at these niggard stones:
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like wind;
Ne tedious space of time, nor storm can tire thee.
But I will seek out some high slippery close,
Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
That fear may make thee cease to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodiless be, when you are there;
For love despiseth death, and scorneth fear.

Lass. I'll wander where some desperate river parts
The solid continent, and swim from thee.

Luc. And there I'll follow, though I drown for thee.

Lass. O weary of the way, and of my life,
Where shall I rest my sorrow'd, tired limbs?

Luc. Rest in my bosom, rest you here, my Lord
A place securer you can no way find—

Lass. Nor more unfit for my unpleased mind.
A heavy slumber calls me to the earth;
Here will I sleep, if sleep will harbour here.

Luc. Unhealthful is the melancholy earth;
O let my Lord rest on Lucilia's lap.
I'll help to shield you from the searching air,
And keep the cold damps from your gentle blood.

Lass. Pray thee away; for, whilst thou art so near,
No sleep will seize on my suspicious eyes.

Luc. Sleep then; and I am pleased far off to sit,
Like to a poor and forlorn centinel,
Watching the unthankful sleep, that severs me
From my due part of rest, dear Love, with thee.

An Enchanter, who is enamoured of Lucilia, charms the Earl to a dead sleep, and Lucilia to a forgetfulness of her past love.

Enchanter (*to Lassenburgh.*) Lie there; and lose the memory of her,
Who likewise hath forgot the love of thee
By my enchantments:—come, sit down, fair Nymph,
And taste the sweetness of these heav'nly cates,

Whilst from the hollow crannies of this rock
Music shall sound to recreate my Love.
But tell me, had you ever Lover yet?

Lucilia. I had a Lover, I think; but who it was,
Or where, or how long since, aye me! I know not:
Yet beat my timerous thoughts on such a thing.
I feel a passionate heat, yet find no flame;
Think what I know not, nor know what I think.

Ench. Hast thou forgot me then? I am thy Love,—
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertain
With looks, with vows of love, with amorous kisses.
Look'st thou so strange? dost thou not know me yet?

Luc. Sure I should know you.

Ench. Why, Love, doubt you that?
'Twas I that led you* thro' the painted meads,
Where the light fairies danced upon the flowers,
Ranging on every leaf an orient pearl,
Which, struck together with the silken wind
Of their loose mantles, made a silver chime.
'Twas I that, winding my shrill bugle horn,
Made a gilt palace break out of the hill,
Fill'd suddenly with troops of knights and dames,
Who danced and revel'd; whilst we sweetly slept
Upon a bed of roses, wrapt all in gold.
Dost thou not know me now?

Luc. Yes, now I know thee.

Ench. Come then, confirm this knowledge with a kiss.

Luc. Nay, stay; you are not he: how strange is this!

Ench. Thou art grown passing strange, my Love,
To him that made thee so long since his Bride.

Luc. O was it you? come then. O stay awhile.
I know not where I am, nor what I am;
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

C. L.

* In charmed visions.

Life of an Usurer.

HUGH AUDLEY.

There are memoirs of this remarkable man in a rare quarto tract, entitled "The Way to be Rich, according to the practice of the great Audley, who began with two hundred pounds in the year 1605, and died worth four hundred thousand." He died on the 15th of November, 1662, the year wherein the tract was printed.

Hugh Audley was a lawyer, and a great practical philosopher, who concentrated his vigorous faculties in the science of the relative value of money. He flourished through the reigns of James I., Charles I., and held a lucrative office in the "court of wards," till that singular court was abolished at the time of the restoration. In his own times he was called "The great Audley," an epithet so often abused, and here applied to the creation of enormous wealth. But there are minds of great capacity, concealed by the nature of their pursuits; and the wealth of Audley may be considered as the cloudy medium through which a bright genius shone, of which, had it been thrown into a nobler sphere of action, the "greatness" would have been less ambiguous.

Audley, as mentioned in the title of his memoir, began with two hundred pounds, and lived to view his mortgages, his statutes, and his judgments so numerous, that it was observed, his papers would have made a good map of England. A contemporary dramatist, who copied from life, has opened the chamber of such an usurer, —perhaps of our Audley—

——"Here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting,
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more.—

Massinger's City Madam.

This genius of thirty per cent. first had proved the decided vigour of his mind, by his enthusiastic devotion to his law-studies deprived of the leisure for study through his busy day, he stole the hours from his late nights and his early mornings; and without the means to procure a law-library, he invented a method to possess one without the cost; as fast as he learned, he taught; and by publishing some useful tracts on temporary occasions, he was enabled to purchase a library. He appears never to have read a book without its furnishing him with some new practical design, and he probably studied too much for his own particular advantage. Such devoted studies was the way to become a lord-chancellor; but the science of the law was here subordinate to that of a money-trader.

When yet but a clerk to the clerk in the Counter, frequent opportunities occurred which Audley knew how to improve. He became a money-trader as he had become a law-writer, and the fears and follies of mankind were to furnish him with a trading-capital. The fertility of his genius appeared in expedients and in quick contrivances. He was sure to be the friend of all men falling out. He took a deep concern in the affairs of his master's clients, and often much more than they were aware of. No man so ready at procuring bail or compounding debts This was a consider-

able traffic then, as now. They hired themselves out for bail, swore what was required, and contrived to give false addresses. It seems they dressed themselves out for the occasion: a great seal-ring flamed on the finger, which, however, was pure copper gilt, and they often assumed the name of some person of good credit. Savings, and small presents for gratuitous opinions, often afterwards discovered to be very fallacious ones, enabled him to purchase annuities of easy landholders, with their treble amount secured on their estates. The improvident owners, or the careless heirs, were soon entangled in the usurer's nets; and, after the receipt of a few years, the annuity, by some latent quibble, or some irregularity in the payments, usually ended in Audley's obtaining the treble forfeiture. He could at all times out-knave a knave. One of these incidents has been preserved. A draper, of no honest reputation, being arrested by a merchant for a debt of 200*l.* Audley bought the debt at 40*l.*, for which the draper immediately offered him 50*l.* But Audley would not consent, unless the draper indulged a sudden whim of his own: this was a formal contract, that the draper should pay within twenty years, upon twenty certain days, a penny doubled. A knave, in haste to sign, is no calculator; and, as the contemporary dramatist describes one of the arts of those citizens, one part of whose business was

> " To swear and break—they all grow rich by breaking—"

the draper eagerly compounded. He afterwards " grew rich." Audley, silently watching his victim, within two years, claims his doubled pennies, every month during twenty months. The pennies had now grown up to pounds. The knave perceived the trick, and preferred paying the forfeiture of his bond for 500*l.*, rather than to receive the visitation of all the little generation of compound interest in the last descendant of 2000*l.*, which would have closed with the draper's shop. The inventive genius of Audley might have illustrated that popular tract of his own times, Peacham's " Worth of a Penny;" a gentleman who, having scarcely one left, consoled himself by detailing the numerous comforts of life it might procure in the days of Charles II.

Such petty enterprises at length assumed a deeper cast of interest He formed temporary partnerships with the stewards of country gentlemen. They underlet estates which they had to manage; and, anticipating the owner's necessities, the estates in due time became cheap purchases for Audley and the stewards. He usually contrived to make the wood pay for the land, which he called " making the feathers pay for the goose." He had, however, such a tenderness of conscience for his victim, that, having plucked the live feathers before he sent the unfledged goose on the common, he would bestow a gratuitous lecture in his own science—teaching the art of making them grow again, by showing how to raise the remaining rents. Audley thus made the tenant furnish at once the means to satisfy his own rapacity, and his employer's necessities. His avarice was not working by a blind, but on an enlightened principle; for he was only enabling the landlord to obtain what the tenant, with due industry, could afford to give. Adam Smith might have delivered himself in the language of old Audley, so just was his standard of the value of rents. " Under an easy landlord," said Audley, " a tenant seldom thrives; contenting himself to make the just measure of his rents, and not labouring for any surplusage of estate. Under a hard one, the tenant revenges himself upon the land, and runs away with the rent. I would raise my rents to the present price of all commodities: for if we should let our lands, as other men have done before us, now other wares daily go on in price, we should fall backward in our estates." These axioms of political economy were discoveries in his day.

Audley knew mankind practically, and struck into their humours with the versatility of genius: oracularly deep with the grave, he only stung the lighter mind. When a lord, borrowing money, complained to Audley of his exactions, his lordship exclaimed, " What, do you not intend to use a conscience?" " Yes, I intend hereafter to use it. We monied people must balance accounts: if you do not pay me, you cheat me; but, if you do, then I cheat your lordship." Audley's monied conscience balanced the risk of his lordship's honour, against the probability of his own rapacious profits. When he resided in the Temple among those " pullets without feathers," as an old writer describes the brood, the good man would pule out paternal homilies on improvident youth, grieving that they, under pretence of " learning the law, only learnt to be lawless;" and " never knew by their own studies the process of an execution, till it was served on themselves." Nor could he fail in his prophecy; for at

the moment that the stoic was enduring their ridicule, his agents were supplying them with the certain means of verifying it; for, as it is quaintly said, he had his *decoying* as well as his *decaying* gentlemen.

Audley was a philosophical usurer: he never pressed hard for his debts; like the fowler, he never shook his nets lest he might startle, satisfied to have them, without appearing to hold them. With great fondness he compared his "bonds to infants, which battle best by sleeping." To battle is to be nourished, a term still retained at the university of Oxford. His familiar companions were all subordinate actors in the great piece he was performing; he too had his part in the scene. When not taken by surprise, on his table usually lay opened a great Bible, with bishop Andrews's folio sermons, which often gave him an opportunity of railing at the covetousness of the clergy! declaring their religion was "a mere preach;" and that "the time would never be well till we had queen Elizabeth's Protestants again in fashion." He was aware of all the evils arising out of a population beyond the means of subsistence. He dreaded an inundation of men, and considered marriage, with a modern political economist, as very dangerous; bitterly censuring the clergy, whose children, he said, never thrived, and whose widows were left destitute. An apostolical life, according to Audley, required only books, meat, and drink, to be had for fifty pounds a year! Celibacy, voluntary poverty, and all the mortifications of a primitive Christian, were the virtues practised by this puritan among his money bags.

Yet Audley's was that worldly wisdom which derives all its strength from the weaknesses of mankind. Every thing was to be obtained by stratagem, and it was his maxim, that to grasp our object the faster, we must go a little round about it. His life is said to have been one of intricacies and mysteries, using indirect means in all things; but if he walked in a labyrinth, it was to bewilder others; for the clue was still in his own hand; all he sought was that his designs should not be discovered by his actions. His word, we are told, was his bond; his hour was punctual; and his opinions were compressed and weighty: but if he was true to his bond-word, it was only a part of the system to give facility to the carrying on of his trade, for he was not strict to his honour; the pride of victory, as well as the passion for acquisition, combined in the character of Audley, as in more tremendous conquerors. His partners dreaded the effects of his law-library, and usually relinquished a claim rather than stand a suit against a latent quibble. When one menaced him by showing some money-bags, which he had resolved to empty in law against him, Audley, then in office in the court of wards, with a sarcastic grin, asked, "Whether the bags had any bottom?" "Ay!" replied the exulting possessor, striking them. "In that case I care not," retorted the cynical officer of the court of wards; "for in this court I have a constant spring; and I cannot spend in other courts more than I gain in this." He had at once the meanness which would evade the law, and the spirit which could resist it.

The genius of Audley had crept out of the purlieus of Guildhall, and entered the Temple; and having often sauntered at "Powles" down the great promenade which was reserved for "Duke Humphrey and his guests," he would turn into that part called "The Usurer's Alley," to talk with "Thirty in the hundred," and at length was enabled to purchase his office at that remarkable institution, the court of wards. The entire fortunes of those whom we now call wards in chancery were in the hands, and often submitted to the arts or the tyranny of the officers of this court.

When Audley was asked the value of this new office, he replied, that "It might be worth some thousands of pounds to him who after his death would instantly go to heaven; twice as much to him who would go to purgatory; and nobody knows what to him who would adventure to go to hell." Such was the pious casuistry of a witty usurer. Whether he undertook this last adventure, for his four hundred thousand pounds, how can a sceptical biographer decide! Audley seems ever to have been weak, when temptation was strong.

Some saving qualities, however, were mixed with the vicious ones he liked best. Another passion divided dominion with the sovereign one: Audley's strongest impressions of character were cast in the old law-library of his youth, and the pride of legal reputation was not inferior in strength to the rage for money. If in the "court of wards" he pounced on incumbrances which lay on estates, and prowled about to discover the craving wants of their owners, it appears that he also received liberal fees from the relatives of young heirs, to protect them from the rapacity of some great persons, but who could not certainly exceed Audley in subtilty. He was an admirable

lawyer, for he was not satisfied with *hearing*, but *examining* his clients; which he called "pinching the cause where he perceived it was foundered." He made two observations on clients and lawyers, which have not lost their poignancy. "Many clients, in telling their case, rather plead than relate it, so that the advocate heareth not the true state of it, till opened by the adverse party. Some lawyers seem to keep an assurance-office in their chambers, and will warrant any cause brought unto them, knowing that if they fail, they lose nothing but what was lost long since, their credit."

The career of Audley's ambition closed with the extinction of the "court of wards," by which he incurred the loss of above 100,000*l.* On that occasion he observed, that "his ordinary losses were as the shavings of his beard, which only grew the faster by them; but the loss of this place was like the cutting off of a member, which was irrecoverable." The hoary usurer pined at the decline of his genius, discoursed on the vanity of the world, and hinted at retreat. A facetious friend told him a story of an old rat, who having acquainted the young rats that he would at length retire to his hole, desiring none to come near him: their curiosity, after some days, led them to venture to look into the hole; and there they discovered the old rat sitting in the midst of a rich parmesan cheese. It is probable that the loss of the last 100,000*l.* disturbed his digestion, for he did not long survive his court of wards.

Such was this man, converting wisdom into cunning, invention into trickery, and wit into cynicism. Engaged in no honourable cause, he however showed a mind resolved, making plain the crooked and involved path he trod. *Sustine et abstine*, to bear and to forbear, was the great principle of Epictetus, and our monied stoic bore all the contempt and hatred of the living smilingly, while he forbore all the consolations of our common nature to obtain his end. He died in unblest celibacy.—And thus he received the curses of the living for his rapine, while the stranger who grasped the million he had raked together, owed him no gratitude at his death.—*D'Israeli.*

AVARICE.

There are two sorts of avarice. One consists in a solicitude to acquire wealth for the sake of those advantages which wealth bestows, and the dread of poverty and its attendant evils; the other, in an anxiety for wealth on its own account only, and which sacrifices to the attainment of it every advantage that wealth can give. The first is the exaggeration of a quality, which when not carried to excess is praiseworthy, and is called economy. The other, when indulged in the extreme, produces the effect of a species of prodigality. Where is the great difference between the man who reduces himself to the want of the common necessaries of life, by completing a collection of books, pictures, or medals, and the man who brings himself in effect to the same situation, for the sole end of leaving a precise sum of money to his executors? What signifies whether I starve myself and my family, because I will possess a copper farthing of Otho, or will not part with a golden guinea of king George?

But if there is more folly in one, the other is more likely to be productive of vice. A man who considers wealth as the object of his passion, will hardly refrain from acts of dishonesty when strongly tempted; and yet some of these jackdaw hoarders are men of inviolable integrity.

There are remarkable instances of improvident expenditure by misers on particular occasions. The money-loving Elwes, at his first election for Berkshire, besides opening houses, giving ribbons, and incurring every expense common on those occasions, dispersed guineas and half-guineas among the populace, with a profusion as useless as unprecedented.

Perhaps there is no character so seldom to be met with, as that of a man who is strictly reasonable in the value he sets on property—who can be liberal without profusion, and economical without avarice.

ECONOMY.

A rich and parsimonious person, remarkable for having by his will preferred public charities to his relations, was fond of going to the theatre, and taking his great coat with him. But where should he leave this useful appendage during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at least sixpence; and, should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must spend threepence to obtain house-room for it. His invention supplied him with a method cheaper and equally secure. He pledged his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a pawnbrokers, near the door, for a shilling. This sum he carried back at the close of the play, added *one penny* to it for interest, and received his great coat again safe and sound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender

Mrs. Gilpin riding to Edmonton.

Then Mrs. Gilpin sweetly said
Unto her children three,
"I'll clamber o'er this style so high,
And you climb after me."

But having climb'd unto the top,
She could no further go,
But sate, to every passer by
A spectacle and show:

Who said "Your spouse and you this day
Both show your horsemanship,
And if you stay till he comes back,
Your horse will need no whip."

The sketch, here engraved, (probably from the poet's friend Romney,) was found on the above three stanzas in the handwriting of Cowper, among the papers of the late Mrs. Unwin. It is to be regretted that no more was found of this little *Episode*, as it evidently was intended to be, to the "Diverting History of Johnny Gilpin."

It is to be supposed that Mrs. Gilpin, in the interval between dinner and tea, finding the time to hang upon her hands, during her husband's involuntary excursion, rambled out with the children into the fields at the back of the Bell, (as what could be more natural?) and at one of those high awkward styles, for which Edmonton is so proverbially famed, the embarrassment represented, so mortifying to a substantial City Madam, might have happened; a predicament, which leaves her in a state, which is the very Antipodes to that of her too loco-motive husband; in fact she rides a restive horse.—Now I talk of Edmonton styles, I must speak a little about those of Enfield, its next neighbour, which are so ingeniously contrived—every rising bar to the top becoming more protuberant than the one under it—that it is impossible for any Christian climber to get over, without bruising his (or her) shins as many times as there are bars. These inhospitable invitations to a flayed skin, are planted so thickly too, and are so troublesomely importunate at every little paddock here, that this, with more propriety than Thebes of old, might be entitled Hecatompolis: the Town of the Hundred Gates, or *styles*.

A Sojourner at Enfield.

July 16, 1827.

For the Table Book.

SAWSTON CROSS.

In the summer of the year 1815, I fulfilled my long standing promise of spending a day with an old schoolfellow at Sawston, a pleasant little village, delightfully situated in a fertile valley about seven miles south of Cambridge, the north of which is encompassed by the Gogmagog hills, which appear Apennines in miniature; the south, east, and west, are beautifully diversified with trees and foliage, truly picturesque and romantic. After partaking of the good things at the hospitable board of my friend, we set out for a ramble among the quiet rural scenery, and suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a group of people, near the road leading to the church. They were holding a conversation on a grass-plot; from the centre of which rose a *cross*, enclosed in a small covered building, like an amphitheatre, that added not a little to the romantic appearance of the village; towards the bottom of the southern slope of the grass-plot, propped with uncommon care, and guarded by a holy zeal from the ravages of time, stood an ancient sycamore-tree; and on the east side, to the terror of evil-doers, stood the stocks. Alas! unsparing ignorance has, since then, destroyed this fine tree; "the place that knew it knows it no more," and the stocks are fallen never to rise again.

My friend, taking me aside, informed me the persons assembled were residents of the place, and that the meeting was convened to sell the cross. "This cross," continued my friend, "is the ornament of the village. It escaped the phrenetic rage of the puritans in the civil wars, and is of such antiquity, that when it was built is not to be traced with certainty in the records of history. It may be supposed, however, to have been erected by the Knights Templars, as the living belonged to them; for, I believe, it was usual for them to erect crosses on their property. Upon the abolition of the Templars, the living came into the hands of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, afterwards called the Knights of Rhodes, and lastly, of Malta. So early as the thirteenth century public officers sat on this cross to administer justice; at other times, the bishop's house, near the Campion-field, was used for that purpose: this house is now in ruins, but the cross," continued my friend, "we possessed as an inheritance from our forefathers, and at this moment the cupidity and folly of the covetous and ignorant are conspiring to destroy the venerable relic."

Wishing to preserve a memoranda of the old cross, I took a hasty sketch of it, (too hastily perhaps to be sufficiently accurate for an engraving,) and having reached my home, recorded the adventures of the day in my pocket-book, from whence the above extract is taken. Passing through the village in the following autumn, I found that the inhabitants had sacrilegiously levelled the cross and sold the remnants.

The Jews of old, as we've been told—
And Scriptures pure disclose—
With harden'd hearts drew lots for parts
Of our Salvator's clothes.

The modern Jews—the Sawstonites—
As harden'd as the Israelites—
In ignorance still more gross—
Thinking they could no longer thrive
By Christian means, did means contrive—
Drew lots, and sold the cross!

Cambridge. T. N

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. II.

THE METHOD AND LOGIC OF DESCARTES AND LOCKE DERIVED FROM THE ANCIENTS.

Within the last two centuries some notions were advanced in logic and metaphysics, which were taken to be new; and Descartes, Leibnitz, Mallebranche, and Locke, were regarded as innovators, although nothing be put forth in their works, but what is clearly laid down in those of the ancients.

Descartes sets forth, as a first principle, that whoever searches for truth, ought once in his lifetime at least to doubt of every thing. He then lays down the four following rules, wherein consists the whole of his logic.—1. Never to admit any thing as true, but what we evidently discern to be so; that is, we should carefully avoid rashness and prejudice, and assent to nothing, till it present itself so clearly to the mind, that there be no occasion to hesitate about it.—2. To reduce every difficulty into as many separate parts, as may be necessary to come at its solution.—3. So to arrange our thoughts, that we may gradually arise from the more simple and obvious, to the more complex and remote, adhering to the order wherein they naturally precede one another.—4. To take so extensive a view of our subject, and be so exact in the enumeration of its parts, that nothing may escape our observation.

The first of these principles of doubt and circumspection, so boasted of in Descartes, is clearly laid down by Aristotle, and forcibly recommended by the very arguments that Descartes assumes. "Whoever seeks after instruction," says Aristotle, "ought first of all to learn to doubt; for that simplicity of mind, which accompanies hesitation, contributes to the discovery of truth:" and, "whoever searches for truth, without beginning his investigation by doubting of every thing, is like one who wanders he knows not whither, and having no fixed scope, cannot determine where he is; whilst, on the contrary, he who hath learned to doubt, so as to inquire, will find, in the end, the place where he ought to rest." So, also, speaking of the method to be observed in our investigations, Aristotle bids us begin always with what is most evident and best known; and carefully trace to its first elements and principles whatever is obscure, by properly severing and defining them.

Descartes imagined he had been the first discoverer of one of the most proper engines for sapping and demolishing the great bulwark of scepticism, when he reared even upon doubt itself a basis for truth; for he looked upon himself as the original advancer of the Enthymem,* "I doubt (or think) therefore I am." To Descartes has been assigned the whole honour of this argument, though in reality it is to be found in St. Augustine. "I do not see," says that great man, "what mighty force there is in the scepticism of the academics. For my part, I look upon it as a very just observation of theirs, that we may deceive ourselves. But if I deceive myself, may I not thence conclude that I am? For he who has no existence, cannot deceive himself; wherefore, by that very circumstance, that I deceive myself, I find that I am."

Locke, in his "Essay on the Human Understanding," merely advances the fruits of an exact attention to the principles of Aristotle, who taught that all our ideas originally spring from the senses, insomuch that a blind man can never conceive the idea of colours, nor a deaf man of sounds; and who makes the senses to convey truth, so far as the imagination can discern it; and the understanding, so far as truth regards the conduct of life and morals. It was Aristotle who laid the foundation of that principle, so celebrated among the Peripatetics, that "there is nothing in the understanding but what came into it by the senses." This principle diffuses itself through his works in a thousand places, and Locke was singularly indebted for the very foundation of his system to the Stoics. The basis of his work is, that our sensations are the materials which reflection makes use of to come at mental notions; and that our sensations are simple ideas. It is true, that he has thrown great light upon our manner of acquiring and associating ideas; but the Stoics reasoned in the very same manner; and if all that they advanced on this subject, in those works of which we have nothing now remaining but the titles, had reached our times, we had not needed

* *Enthymem:* an argument consisting only of an antecedent and consequential proposition: a syllogism, where the major proposition is suppressed, and only the minor and consequence produced in words. *Johnson.*

the labours of a Locke. There is a most remarkable passage to this point in Plutarch. He says, "The foundation of the doctrine of Zeno and his school, as to logic, was, that all our ideas come from sensation. The mind of man at his birth, say they, is like white paper, adapted to receive whatever may be written on it. The first impressions that it receives come to it from the senses: if the objects are at a distance, memory retains those types of them; and the repetition of these impressions constitutes experience. Ideas or notions are of two kinds, natural and artificial. The natural have their source in sensation, or are derived from the senses; whence they also gave them the name of anticipations: the artificial are produced by reflection, in beings endowed with reason." This passage, and others in Origen, Sextus Empiricus, Diogenes Laertius, and St. Augustine, may serve to trace the true origin of the principle, "That there is nothing in the understanding, but what entered into it by the senses." It may be observed, that this axiom, so clearly expressed by the ancient Stoics and Epicureans, and by Locke among the moderns, has been erroneously attributed by several learned men, especially Gassendi and Harvey, to Aristotle.

MECHANICAL POWER.

Mr. Robert Owen calculates that two hundred arms, with machines, now manufacture as much cotton as twenty millions of arms were able to manufacture without machines forty years ago; and that the cotton now manufactured in the course of one year, in Great Britain, would require, without machines, sixteen millions of workmen with simple wheels. He calculates further, that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts produced by British workmen with the aid of machines is so great, that it would require, without the assistance of machinery, the labour of four hundred millions of workmen.

In the wool manufacture, machines possess an eminent advantage over common wheels. The yarn on thirty or thirty-six spindles is all equally twisted and drawn to the same degree of fineness. The most dexterous spinners cannot twist so equally and so gently twenty slips of yarn from wool of the same quality, as a machine can do twenty thousand.

At one of the cotton mills in Manchester yarn has been spun so fine, as to require 350 hanks to weigh one pound avoirdupois. The perimeter of the common reel being one yard and a half, 80 threads or revolutions would measure 120 yards; and one hank seven times as much, or 840 yards, which multiplied by 350, gives 294,000 yards, or 167 miles and a fraction.

A steam-engine of the ordinary pressure and construction, with a cylinder of thirty inches in diameter, will perform the work of forty horses; and, as it may be made to act without intermission, while horses will not work more than eight hours in the day, it will do the work of one hundred and twenty horses; and as the work of a horse is equal to that of five men, it will perform as much as six hundred men can; while its whole expense is only equal to about half the number of horses for which it is substituted.

The only purpose to which steam-engines were first applied was the raising of water from coal-pits, mines, &c.; but they are now used for many different purposes in which great power is required. Mr. Bolton applied the steam-engine to his apparatus for coining; and, by the help of four boys only, it was capable of striking thirty thousand pieces of money in an hour; the machine itself was made to keep an accurate account of the number struck off.

MANUFACTURING CELERITY.

In 1811 a gentleman made a bet of one thousand guineas, that he would have a coat made in the course of a single day, from the first process of shearing the sheep till its completion by the tailor. The wager was decided at Newbury, on the 25th of June in that year, by Mr. John Coxeter, of Greenham Mills, near that town. At five o'clock that morning, sir John Throckmorton, bart. presented two Southdown wedder sheep to Mr. Coxeter, and the sheep were shorn, the wool spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed, and wove; and the cloth burred, milled, rowed, dried, sheared, and pressed, and put into the hands of the tailors by four o'clock that afternoon: and at twenty minutes past six the coat, entirely finished, was presented by Mr. Coxeter to sir John Throckmorton, who appeared with it before upwards of five thousand spectators, who rent the air with acclamations at this remarkable instance of despatch.

For the Table Book.

BALLAD

SUGGESTED ON READING THE NOVEL OF "CASTLE BARNARD."

"And must thou go, and must thou go,
So very, very soon?
There is not time to say farewell
Before the morrow's noon."

"O let me kiss away those tears
That dim thine eyes of blue,
The king's behest must be obeyed,
And I must sigh, adieu."

"Yet stay! oh stay! my Eustace, stay!
A little, little while;
I fear me that in Gallia's court
Thou'lt woo another's smile."

"Nay, nay, Matilda, say not so,
Thy knight will aye be true,
True to his own betrothed maid,
So now, sweet love, adieu."

"Yet tarry—canst thou tarry not
One other, other day?
Then guard this pledge of plighted faith
When thou art far away."

"This precious gift, this flaxen lock,
How fondly shall I view,
And cherish next my heart—but now,
One last, last kiss, adieu."

* * *

July 3, 1827.

HELL BRIDGE.

There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, in the Highlands of Scotland, which, at a little distance, has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm: but on nearer approach it is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry, formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in giant sport of architecture. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down, may see the eyrie of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of persons passing, and indeed none but natives attempt the dangerous route, though it saves a circuit of three miles; yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view over it from either side, and, in that case, one person lies down while the other creeps over his body. One day, a highlander walking along the pass, when he had gained the highest part of the arch, observed another coming leisurely up, and being himself one of the patrician order, called to him to lie down; the person addressed disregarded the command, and the highlanders met on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg, of two families in enmity to each other. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first; lie down, that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before the M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Phersons." They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other—both were unarmed. Preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood prepared for an onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but, being of equal strength, were unable to shift each other's position, and stood fixed on the rock with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the "top of their bent," like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking into the terrible abyss. The contest was doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy, but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and, while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body partly hanging over the rock, a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further, till, catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-like grip by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was almost within his reach. His face was

turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold, his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe: the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and his last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell fighting in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted signifies "Hell Bridge."

Clubs

AT BIRMINGHAM.

The whole British empire may be justly considered as one grand alliance, united for public and private interest; and this vast body of people is subdivided into an infinity of smaller fraternities, for individual benefit.

Perhaps there are hundreds of these societies in Birmingham, under the name of "clubs;" some of them boast the antiquity of a century, and by prudent direction have acquired a capital, at accumulating interest. Thousands of the inhabitants are connected; nay, to be otherwise is rather unfashionable, and some are people of sentiment and property.

Among a variety of purposes intended by these laudable institutions, the principal one is that of supporting the sick. Each society is governed by a code of laws of its own making, which have at least the honour of resembling those of the legislature; for words without sense are found in both, and we sometimes stumble upon contradiction.

The poor-rates, enormous as they appear, are softened by these brotherly aids; they tend also to keep the mind at rest, for a man will enjoy the day of health, with double relish, when he considers he has a treasure laid up for that of sickness. If a member only of a poor family be sick, the head still remains to procure necessaries; but if that head be disordered, the whole source of supply is dried up.

The general custom is to meet at a public house every fortnight, spend a trifle, and each contribute sixpence, or any stated sum, to the common stock. The landlord is always treasurer, or father, and is assisted by two stewards, annually or monthly chosen.

As honour and low life are not always found together, we sometimes see a man, who is idle, wish the society may suppose him sick, that he may rob them with more security; or, if a member hang long "upon the box," his brethren seek a pretence to expel him. On the other hand, we frequently observe a man silently retreat from the club, if another falls upon the box, and fondly suppose himself no longer a member; or if the box be loaded with sickness, the whole club has been known to dissolve, that the members might rid themselves of the burden. The Court of Requests finds an easy remedy for these evils, at a trifling expense.

The charity of the club is often extended beyond the grave, and terminates with a present to the widow.

Philosophers tell us, "There is no good without its kindred evil." This amiable body of men, marshalled to relieve disease, has one small alloy, and perhaps but one. As liquor and labour are inseparable, the imprudent member is apt to forget to quit the club-room when he has spent his necessary two-pence, but continues there, to the injury of his family.

One of these institutions is the "*Rent Club*," where, from the weekly sums deposited by the members, a sop is regularly served up twice a year, to prevent the growlings of a landlord.

In the "*Breeches Club*" every member ballots for a pair, value a guinea, *promised* of more value by the maker. This club dissolves when all the members are served.

The intentions of the "*Book Club*" are well known to catch the productions of the press as they rise.

The "*Watch Club*" has generally a watchmaker for its president, is composed of young men, and is always temporary.

If a tailor be short of employment, he has only to consult a landlord over a bottle, and by their joint powers, they give birth to a "*Clothes Club*," where every member is supplied with a suit to his taste, of a stipulated price. These are chiefly composed of bachelors, who wish to shine in the eyes of the fair.

A bricklayer stands at the head of the "*Building Club*," where every member perhaps subscribes two guineas per month, and each house, value about one hundred pounds, is balloted for as soon as erected. As a house is a weighty concern, every member is obliged to produce two bondsmen for the performance of covenants.

I will venture to pronounce another, the "*Capital Club*;" for when the contributions

amount to fifty pounds, the members ballot for this capital, to bring into business . here also securities are necessary. It is easy to conceive the two last clubs are extremely beneficial to building and to commerce.

The last I shall enumerate is the "*Clock Club.*" When the weekly deposits of the members amount to about four pounds, they cast lots who shall be first served with a clock of that value, and continue the same method till the whole club is supplied; after which, the clock-maker and landlord cast about for another set, who are chiefly young housekeepers. Hence the beginner ornaments his premises with furniture, the artist finds employment with profit, and the publican empties his barrel.*

HYPOCHONDRIA.

A person at Taunton often kept at home for several weeks, under an idea of danger in going abroad. Sometimes he imagined that he was a cat, and seated himself on his hind quarters; at other times he would fancy himself a tea-pot, and stand with one arm a-kimbo like the handle, and the other stretched out like the spout. At last he conceived himself to have died, and would not move or be moved till the coffin came. His wife, in serious alarm, sent for a surgeon, who addressed him with the usual salutation, "How do you do this morning?"

"Do!" replied he in a low voice, "a pretty question to a dead man!"

"Dead, sir! what do you mean?"

"Yes, I died last Wednesday; the coffin will be here presently, and I shall be buried to-morrow."

The surgeon, a man of sense and skill, immediately felt the patient's pulse, and shaking his head, said, "I find it is indeed too true; you are certainly defunct; the blood is in a state of stagnation, putrefaction is about to take place, and the sooner you are buried the better."

The coffin arrived, he was carefully placed in it, and carried towards the church. The surgeon had previously given instructions to several neighbours how to proceed. The procession had scarcely moved a dozen yards, when a person stopped to inquire who they were carrying to the grave? "Mr. ——, our late worthy overseer."

"What! is the old rogue gone at last? a good release, for a greater villain never lived."

The imaginary deceased no sooner heard this attack on his character, than he jumped up, and in a threatening posture said, "You lying scoundrel, if I was not dead I'd make you suffer for what you say; but as it is, I am forced to submit." He then quietly laid down again; but ere they had proceeded half way to church, another party stopped the procession with the same inquiry, and added invective and abuse. This was more than the supposed corpse could bear; and jumping from the coffin, was in the act of following his defamers, when the whole party burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, the public exposure awakened him to a sense of his folly, and he fought against the weakness, and, in the end, conquered it.

* Hutton's History of Birmingham.

Prisons,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The prisons of the classical ancients consisted of "souterains," or, sometimes, of only simple vestibules, where the prisoners saw their friends, &c.: it was in this latter kind of confinement that Socrates was placed. Their "latomiæ" and "lapidicinæ" were caves or vast quarries, guarded at the entrance: in the "latomiæ" prisoners could move about; but in the "lapidicinæ" they were chained and fettered. The famous "latomiæ" at Syracuse made a capital prison. The prisoners bribed the lictor or executioner to introduce food, and allow them to visit friends, &c. Some prisoners had merely chains upon the legs, others were set fast in stocks. There were also free prisons; as committal to the house of a magistrate, or custody of the accused in his own house.* Felix, at Cesarea, commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintance to minister or come to him. At Rome, Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him; and while in that custody the chief of the Jews came and heard him expound. He spoke to them of being "bound with this chain." He dwelt two whole years in his own hired house preaching and teaching with all confidence, no man forbidding him.†

In the middle age there were prisons provided with collars, handcuffs, and other fetters, without doors or windows, and descended into only by ladders. Other prisons were made like a cage, with portcullised doors, as now; and there was a kind of prison, called "pediculus," because in it

* Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.
† Acts xxviii. 16, 20, 23, 30, 31.

the feet were bound with chains, and prisons were made dark on purpose.

Anglo-Saxon prisons were annexed to palaces, with a work-place in them; the prisoners were chained and had guards. In castles there were dungeons, consisting of four dark apartments, three below, and one above, up a long staircase, all well secured; in the uppermost, a ring to which criminals were chained. Prisons were sometimes guarded by dogs, and prisoners bound in chains, brought in carts, and discharged upon a new reign.*

AN ENGLISH PRISON A. D. 1827.

In the *Table Book*, which notes the manners and customs, and sketches the features of ancient and modern times, whenever they are conveniently presented, it seems appropriate to notice a petition printed by order of the House of Commons, on the 12th of February, 1827, respecting

HORSHAM GAOL, SUSSEX.

The petition alluded to is from debtors in the above prison, and the Votes of the House state the following particulars, as set forth in the petition:—

The said gaol is ill constructed, confined, and inconvenient, having only twenty cells on the debtors' side, half of which are appropriated to the debtors, and the other half chiefly to smugglers and others for notorious offences against the revenue laws, and to deserters from the army.

The said cells for debtors are constructed of the same dimensions, and in the same manner, as the cells for the felons, having no glazed sash-windows, but merely iron-gratings, with the addition at night of an ill-constructed wooden shutter, having a small square hole in the same of about six inches diameter, in some instances glazed and in others not, and by no means calculated to keep out the rain or cold during the inclement season.

The cells are small, being only twelve feet by eight feet, and having no fire-place or other means of being warmed.

The said cells are merely brick arches lime-whitened, with rough stone pavement, and so exceedingly damp at times that the water condenses on the walls, and runs down the sides thereof, and on to the floor, and from thence into the common passage, which is so narrow, that when any of the doors of the cells are open there is not room for one person safely to walk, particularly as the passage is dark.

When the weather is wet, or otherwise inconvenient, the shutters of the cells must necessarily be put up to exclude the same, thereby rendering the cells so dark that the prisoners cannot conveniently see either to read or write; and, therefore, when the prisoners wish to retire to read or write they cannot do so, and are compelled to sit in the common kitchen, which is small, and consequently crowded, and is the only place for the cooking for all the prisoners, and at the same time to accommodate them for a sleeping ward and other purposes.

The fire-place is small and inconvenient, and very scantily supplied with fuel, and when the prison is crowded, as it has lately been, it is totally impossible for all the prisoners to have access to the fire, for the required purposes of cooking or otherwise particularly when most required, as in wet and inclement weather.

It sometimes happens that thirteen or more prisoners are obliged to sleep in the said kitchen, and three in each bed in many of the cells.

To each cell is affixed an iron-grating door, and also a door made of timber; and the debtors are locked up within their respective cells at nine o'clock in the evening, having no access to them till seven o'clock the next morning, so that any one being taken ill in the night might lay and perish before his situation could be discovered or made known, or any assistance rendered.

The prisoners are unlocked at seven o'clock in the morning, and are allowed to go into the yard of the prison till eight, when they are called in by means of a whistle until nine o'clock, and allowed to remain in the yard again until twelve o'clock at noon, again locked into the wards till one o'clock, and again in the same manner at five o'clock in the afternoon for the night.

Respectable females are confined in the same ward with the smugglers and others, and no female is appointed or employed to attend on them in any case.

The state of the prison is in general filthy.

There is no sink or water-course, nor any water laid on to either of the wards, nor any means of obtaining water after five o'clock in the evening.

If any part or the whole of the prison is at any time cleaned, it is done by some of the debtors.

There is no proper place for the reception of the dirty water or filth from the wards,

* Fosbroke.

but the same is indiscriminately thrown out at the iron-grating doors at the end of the passage to each ward, thereby occasioning a great stench highly disagreeable and unwholesome to the prisoners.

The prisoners are not allowed to see their respective friends or solicitors within the walls of the prison, but are compelled to come into a room in the gaoler's house, and there meet their friends or solicitors, subject to the continual interruption or presence of the gaoler, his wife, or others, to the great annoyance of the prisoners and their friends, and on the sabbath-day even this privilege is not allowed.

No debtor is allowed to have any trunk, portmanteau, dressing-case, or even a clothes-bag, with lock and key, within the prison, so that the prisoners are obliged, whensoever they require any change of clothing, to obtain leave to come into the room in the gaoler's house before mentioned, and there take them from their portmanteau, or otherwise; no respectable prisoner can therefore have any article of convenience or value with him, without being obliged either to carry it about his person, or leave it exposed in his cell, or in an ill-constructed small cupboard, where he is also obliged to keep his provisions, &c.; and so great is the injustice in the prison, that smugglers not only receive fourpence-halfpenny per day, but are also allowed a quart of strong beer or ale each man, while the debtors are not permitted to have strong beer or ale even by paying for it.

When a debtor is removed by a writ of habeas corpus to London, a distance of thirty-six miles, and for which one shilling per mile is allowed by law to the gaoler, the sum of two pounds five shillings has been demanded and taken by the gaoler.

A marked inattention to the complaints or remonstrances repeatedly made by various prisoners, together with the general bad state of the prison, and the excessive and unnecessary harshness of the regulations, rendered it imperative on the petitioners to attempt to lay their grievances before the house, in the fervent hope that the house would be pleased to cause inquiry to be made into the truth of the several allegations contained in the petition, which the petitioners pledge themselves to prove, if permitted, by affidavit or otherwise, as the house should direct.

The petitioners humbly prayed, that a speedy remedy might be applied to their complaints as to the house in its wisdom should seem meet.

ODE

TO A SPARROW ALIGHTING BEFORE THE JUDGES' CHAMBERS IN SERJEANT'S INN, FLEET-STREET.

Written in half an hour, while attending a Summons.

Art thou solicitor for all thy tribe,
That thus I now behold thee?—one that comes
Down amid bail-above, an under-scribe,
To sue for crumbs?—
Away! 'tis vain to ogle round the square,—
I fear thou hast no head—
To think to get thy bread
Where lawyers are!

Say—hast thou pull'd some sparrow o'er the coals
And flitted here a summons to indite?
I only hope no curs'd judicial kite
Has struck thee off the rolls!
I scarce should deem thee of the law—and yet
Thine eye is keen and quick enough—and still
Thou bear'st thyself with perk and tiny fret:—
But then how desperately short thy *bill!*
How quickly might'st thou be of that bereft?
A sixth "tax'd off"—how little would be left!

Art thou on summons come, or order bent?
Tell me—for I am sick at heart to know!
Say,—in the sky is there "distress for rent,"
That thou hast flitted to the courts below?
If thou *wouldst* haul some sparrow o'er the coals,
And *wouldst* his spirit hamper and perplex—
Go to John Body—he's available—
Sign—swear—and get a bill of Middlesex
Returnable (mind,—bailable!)
On Wednesday after th' morrow of All Souls.

Or dost thou come a sufferer? I see—
I see thee "cast thy *bail*-ful eyes around;"
Oh, call James White, and he will set thee free,
He and John Baines will speedily be bound,—
In double the sum
That thou wilt come
And meet the plaintiff Bird on legal ground.
But stand, oh, stand aside,—for look,
Judge Best, on no fantastic toe,
Through dingy arch,—by dirty nook,—
Across the yard into his room doth go:—
And wisely there doth read
Summons for time to plead.—
And frame
Order for same.

Thou twittering, legal, foolish, feather'd thing,
A tiny boy, with salt for latitat,
Is sneaking, bailiff-like, to touch thy wing;—
Canst thou not see the trick he would be at?
Away! away! and let him not prevail.
I do rejoice thou'rt off! and yet I groan
To read in that boy's silly fate my own:
I am at fault!
For fmm my *attic* though I brought my *salt*,
I've fail'd to put a little on thy *tale!*

Ancient Door of Bromley Church.

On our visit to Bromley church, as soon as the modern outer gates of the porch were unlocked, we were struck by the venerable appearance of the old inner oak door; and, instead of taking a view of the church, of which there are several prints, Mr. Williams made a drawing of the decayed portal, from whence he executed the present engraving. On the hinge-side of the engraving, there is a representation of the outer edge of the door.

This door formerly hung on the western stone jamb; but, for warmth, and greater convenience, the churchwardens, under whose management the edifice was last repaired, put up a pair of folding-doors covered with crimson cloth; yet, with respectful regard, worthy of imitation in other places, they preserved this vestige of antiquity, and were even careful to display its time-worn front. For this purpose the door has been attached to the eastern jamb,

so that if it were shut its ornamented side would be hidden; instead whereof, it is kept open by a slight fastening against the eastern form, or settle, within the porch.

It may be remembered by readers of the *Every Day Book*,* that, on St. Mark's eve, our ancestors "watched the *church-porch*," as they do to the present day in some parts of Yorkshire and the north of England, from eleven o'clock at night till one in the morning. This done thrice, on the third year they were supposed to have seen the ghosts of those who were to die the next year pass by into the church. When any one sickens that is thought to have been seen in this manner, it is presently whispered about that he will not recover, for that such or such an one, who watched on St. Mark's eve, says so. This idle superstition is in such force, that if the patients themselves hear of it, they almost despair of recovery: many are said to have actually died by their imaginary fears. The like irrational belief and fond practice prevail on St. John's eve. "I am sure," says a writer in the "Connoisseur," "that my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Midsummer eve, to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition." It is told of a company of these "watchers," that one of them fell into a sound sleep, so that he could not be waked, and while in this state his ghost or spirit was seen by the rest of his companions knocking at the church-door.

In relation to this church-watching on St. Mark's and St. John's eve, there is a narrative in the "Athenian Oracle," published by John Dunton:—"Nine others besides myself went into a church-porch, with an expectation of seeing those who should die that year; but about eleven o'clock I was so afraid that I left them, and all the nine did positively affirm to me, that about an hour after, the church-doors flying open, the minister, (who it seems was very much troubled that night in his sleep,) with such as should die that year, did appear in order: which persons they named to me, and they appeared then all very healthful; but six of them died in six weeks after, in the very same order that they appeared."†

Before mention of the "church-porch," it might have been more orderly to have noticed the "church-*yard*-porch." There is one at Bromley, though more modern than the fine "lich-gate" at Beckenham already engraved and described.* Sir John Sinclair records of some parishioners in the county of Argyll, that "though by no means superstitious, (an observation which in the sequel seems very odd,) they still retain some opinions handed down by their ancestors, perhaps from the time of the Druids. It is believed by them, that the spirit of the last person that was buried watches round the church-yard till another is buried, to whom he delivers his charge." Further on, in the same work,† is related, that "in one division of this county, where it was believed that the ghost of the person last buried kept the *gate* of the church-*yard* till relieved by the next victim of death, a singular scene occurred, when two burials were to take place in one church-yard on the same day. Both parties staggered forward as fast as possible to consign their respective friend in the first place to the dust: if they met at the gate, the dead were thrown down till the living decided, by blows, whose ghost should be condemned to porter it."

Bromley church-door is a vestige; for on examination it will be found not perfect. It is seven feet four inches in height, and in width four feet eight inches: the width of the door-way, between the stone jambs, is two inches more; the width of the door itself, therefore, has been reduced these two inches; and hence the centre of the ornaments in relief is not in the centre of the door in its present state. It is a good specimen of the fast-decaying, and often prematurely removed, fine doors of our old churches. The lock, probably of like age with the door, and also of wood, is a massive effectual contrivance, two feet six inches long, seven inches and a half deep, and five inches thick; with a bolt an inch in height, and an inch and a half in thickness, that shoots out two inches on the application of the rude heavy key, which as to form and size is exactly depictured in the following page. It seemed good to introduce the engraving, both in respect to the antiquity of the original, and to the information it conveys of the devices of our ancestors for locking-up.

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* See the *Every Day-Book*, on St. John's eve, &c.
† Brand.

* In vol. i. p. 715.
† Statistical Account of Scotland.

Ancient Key of Bromley Church.

Keys varied in their form according to the age wherein they were made, and the purposes for which they were used. Anciently, the figure of the key of the west door of the church was put in the register. This was mostly done on the delivery of the church keys to the "ostiarii," who were officers, created with much ceremony, to whom the keys were intrusted: the bishops themselves delivered the *keys*, and the deacons the *doors* of the respective churches.*

While W. drew the door of Bromley church I had ample opportunity to make measurements and look about; and I particularly noticed a capital large umbrella of old construction, which I brought out and set up in the church-yard: with its wooden handle, fixed into a movable shaft, shod with an iron point at the bottom, and struck into the ground, it stood seven feet high; the awning is of a green oiled-canvass, such as common umbrellas were made of forty years ago, and is stretched on ribs of cane. It opens to a diameter of five feet, and forms a decent and capacious covering for the minister while engaged in the burial-service at the grave. It is in every respect a more fitting exhibition than the watch-box sort of vehicle devised for the same purpose, and in some church-yards trundled from grave to grave, wherein the minister and clerk stand, like the ordinary of Newgate and a dying malefactor at the new drop in the Old Bailey. An unseemly thing of this description is used at St. George's in the Borough.

The church of Bromley, an ancient spacious edifice with a square tower, has been much modernised, yet to the credit of the inhabitants it retains its old Norman font. It is remarkable, that it is uncertain to what saint it was dedicated: some ascribe it to St. Peter and St. Paul; others to St. Blaise; but it is certain that Browne Willis, with all his industry and erudite research, was unable to determine the point. This I affirm from a MS. memorandum before me in his hand-writing. It abounds with monuments, though none are of very old standing. There was formerly a tomb to Water de Henche, "persone de Bromleghe, 1360."* Among the mural tablets are the names of Elizabeth, wife to "the great moralist" Dr. Johnson; Dr. Hawkesworth, a resident in Bromley, popular by his "Adventurer;" and Dr. Zachary Pearce. The latter was successively rector of St. Bartholomew's by the

* Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

* Weever

Royal Exchange, vicar of St. Martin's in the Fields, dean of Winchester, bishop of Bangor, dean of Westminster, and bishop of Rochester. His principal literary labours were editorial—"Longinus de Sublimitate," "Cicero de Officiis," and "Cicero de Oratore." He wrote in the "Spectator," No. 572, upon "Quacks," and No. 633 upon "Eloquence;" and No. 121 in the "Guardian," signed "Ned Mum." The chief of this prelate's other works were Sermons. There is a cenotaph to him in Westminster Abbey; a distinction he was entitled to by his learning and virtues.

Dr. Zachary Pearce is remarkable for having desired to resign his deanery and bishopric. In 1763, being then seventy-three years old, he told his majesty in his closet that he found the business of his stations too much for him; that he was afraid it would grow more so as he advanced in years, and desired to retire, that he might spend more time in his devotions and studies. Afterwards, one of the law lords doubted the practicability of resigning a bishopric, but on further consideration the difficulty disappeared. The king then gave his consent, and the bishop kissed hands upon it; but lord Bath requesting the bishopric and deanery of the king for Dr. Newton, then bishop of Bristol, the ministry thought that no church dignities should pass from the crown but through their hands, and opposed the resignation, as the shortest way of keeping the bishopric from being disposed of otherwise than they liked. On this occasion the law lord, earl Mansfield, who had been doubtful, and who soon after had seen clear, doubted again, and Dr. Pearce was told by the king he must think no more about resigning the bishopric. In 1768 he resigned the deanery of Westminster, and wrote

THE WISH.

From all Decanal cares at last set free,
(O could that freedom still more perfect be)
My sun's meridian hour, long past and gone;
Dim night, unfit for work, comes hast'ning on;
In life's late ev'ning, thro' a length of day,
I find me gently tending to decay:
How shall I then my fated exit make?
How best secure my great eternal stake?
This my prime wish, to see thy glorious face,
O gracious God, in some more happy place;
Till then to spend my short remains of time
In thoughts, which raise the soul to truths sublime;
To live with innocence, with peace and love,
As do those saints who dwell in bliss above:
By prayers, the wings which faith to reason lends,
O *now* my soul to Heav'n's high throne ascends:
While here on earth, thus on my bended knee,
O Power divine, I supplicate to thee;
May I meet Death, when his approach is made,
Not fond of life, nor of his dart afraid;
Feel that my gain, which I esteem'd a loss:
Heav'n is the gold refin'd, earth but the dross.

Bishop Pearce lived and laboured till June 29, 1774, when he died in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

There is a neat monument by Nollekens over the north gallery of the church, with a remarkable inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Chase, Esq. formerly of this parish, born in the city of Lisbon the 1st of November, 1729; and buried under the ruins of the same house where he first saw the light in the ever-memorable and terrible earthquake which befell that city the 1st of November, 1755: when after a most wonderful escape, he by degrees recovered from a very deplorable condition, and lived till the 20th of Nov 1788, aged 59 years."

On the outside of the church a monumental stone, fixed in the wall, records a memorable and affecting instance of gratitude in noble terms:—

Near this Place lies the Body of
ELIZABETH MONK,
Who departed this Life
On the 27th Day of August, 1753,
Aged 101:
She was the Widow of JOHN MONK, late of this
Parish, Blacksmith,
Her second Husband,
To whom she had been a wife near fifty Years.
By whom she had no Children;
And of the Issue of the first Marriage none lived
to the second;
But VIRTUE
Would not suffer her to be Childless:
An Infant, to whom, and to whose Father and
Mother she had been Nurse
(Such is the Uncertainty of temporal Prosperity)
Became dependent upon Strangers
for the Necessaries of Life:
To him she afforded the Protection of a Mother.
This parental Charity
Was returned with filial Affection;
And she was supported, in the Feebleness of Age,
by him whom she had cherished in
the Helplessness of Infancy.
LET IT BE REMEMBERED,
That there is no Station in which Industry will
not obtain Power to be liberal,
Nor any Character on which Liberality will not
confer Honor

She had been long prepared, by a simple and unaffected Piety,
For that awful moment, which, however delayed,
Is universally sure.
How few are allowed an equal Time of Probation!
How many, by their Lives,
appear to presume upon more!

To preserve the memory of this person; and yet more, to perpetuate the lesson of her life, this stone was erected by voluntary contribution.

An intelligent inhabitant of Bromley, in the year 1747, mentions a discovery, with some accompanying remarks, appropriate to the present notice:—

"In the year 1733, the present clerk of the parish church of Bromley in Kent, by his digging a grave in that church-yard, close to the east end of the chancel wall, dug up a funeral crown, or garland, which is most artificially wrought in fillagree work with gold and silver wire, in resemblance of myrtle, (with which plant the funebrial garlands of the ancients were composed,*) whose leaves are fastened to hoops of larger wire of iron, now something corroded with rust, but both the gold and silver remain to this time very little different from their original splendour. It was also lined with cloth of silver, a piece of which, together with part of this curious garland, I keep as a choice relic of antiquity.

"Besides these crowns, (which were buried with deceased virgins,) the ancients had also their depository garlands, the use of which was continued even till of late years (and perhaps are still retained in many parts of this nation, for my own knowledge of these matters extends not above twenty or thirty miles round London,) which garlands, at the funerals of the deceased, were carried solemnly before the corpse by two maids, and afterwards hung up in some conspicuous place within the church, in memorial of the departed person, and were (at least all that I have seen) made after the following manner, viz. the lower rim or circlet was a broad hoop of wood, whereunto was fixed, at the sides thereof, part of two other hoops crossing each other at the top, at right angles, which formed the upper part, being about one-third longer than the width; these hoops were wholly covered with artificial flowers of paper, dyed horn, or silk, and more or less beauteous, according to the skill or ingenuity of the performer. In the vacancy of the inside, from the top, hung white paper, cut in form of gloves, whereon was wrote the deceased's name, age, &c. together with long slips of various coloured paper or ribbons. These were many times intermixed with gilded or painted empty shells of blown eggs, as farther ornaments; or, it may be, as emblems of the bubbles or bitterness of this life; whilst other garlands had only a solitary hour-glass hanging therein, as a more significant symbol of mortality.

"About forty years ago these garlands grew much out of repute, and were thought by many as very unbecoming decorations for so sacred a place as the church; and at the reparation or new beautifying several churches where I have been concerned, I was obliged, by order of the minister and churchwardens, to take the garlands down, and the inhabitants were strictly forbidden to hang up any more for the future. Yet notwithstanding, several people, unwilling to forsake their ancient and delightful custom, continued still the making of them, and they were carried at the funerals, as before, to the grave, and put therein upon the coffin over the face of the dead; this I have seen done in many places."*

* Sir Thomas Brown's Misc. Tracts, p. 29.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXVII.

[From the "Gentleman of Venice," a Tragi-Comedy by James Shirley, 1655.]

Giovanni, of noble extraction, but brought up a Gardener, and ignorant of any greater birth, loves Bellaura, a Princess; and is beloved again.

Bellaura. Giovanni.

Bell. How now, Giovanni;
What, with a sword! You were not used to appear
Thus arm'd. Your weapon is a spade, I take it.
Gio. It did become my late profession, Madam;
But I am changed—
Bell. Not to a soldier?
Gio. It is a title, Madam, will much grace me;
And with the best collection of my thoughts
I have ambition to the wars.
Bell. You have?
Gio. O 'tis a brave profession, and rewards
All loss we meet, with double weight in glory;
A calling, Princes still are proud to own;
And some do willingly forget their crowns,
To be commanded. 'Tis the spring of all
We here entitle fame to; Emperors,

And all degrees of honours, owing all
Their names to this employment; in her vast
And circular embraces holding Kings,
And making them; and yet so kind as not
To exclude such private things as I, who may
Learn and commence in her great arts.—My life
Hath been too useless to my self and country;
'Tis time I should employ it, to deserve
A name within their registry, that bring
The wealth, the harvest, home of well-bought honour.

Bell. Yet I can see
Through all this revolution, Giovanni,
Tis something else has wrought this violent change.
Pray let me be of counsel with your thoughts,
And know the serious motive; come, be clear.
I am no enemy, and can assist
Where I allow the cause.

Gio. You may be angry,
Madam, and chide it as a saucy pride
In me to name or look at honour; nor
Can I but know what small addition
Is my unskilful arm to aid a country.

Bell. I may therefore justly suspect there is
Something of other force, that moves you to
The wars. Enlarge my knowledge with the secret.

Gio. At this command I open my heart. Madam,
I must confess there is another cause,
Which I dare not in my obedience
Obscure, since you will call it forth; and yet
I know you will laugh at me—

Bell. It would ill
Become my breeding, Giovanni—

Gio. Then,
Know, Madam, I am in love.

Bell. In love with whom?

Gio. With one I dare not name, she is so much
Above my birth and fortunes.

Bell. I commend
Your flight. But does she know it?

Gio. I durst never
Appear with so much boldness to discover
My heart's so great ambition; it is here still
A strange and busy guest.

Bell. And you think absence
May cure this wound—

Gio. Or death—

Bell. I may presume
You think she's fair—

Gio. I dare as soon question your beauty, Madam,
The only ornament and star of Venice,
Pardon the bold comparison; yet there is
Something in you, resembles my great Mistress.
She blushes—*(aside)*.
Such very beams disperseth her bright eye,
Powerful to restore decrepit nature;
But when she frowns, and changes from her sweet
Aspect, (as in my fears I see you now,
Offended at my boldness), she does blast
Poor Giovanni thus, and thus I wither
At heart, and wish myself a thing lost in
My own forgotten dust.

C. L.

JAMES THOMSON.

A volume, entitled the "English Gentleman's Library Manual," contains the following remarkable anecdotes respecting the author of "The Seasons."

MEMORANDA COMMUNICATED BY JAMES ROBERTSON, ESQ. OF RICHMOND, IN SURREY, LATE SURGEON TO THE HOUSEHOLD AT KEW, OCTOBER 17, 1791, TO THOMAS PARKE, ESQ. THE POET, AND BY HIM TO THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

Parke. Have you any objection, sir, to my taking down memorandums to a conversation?

Robertson. Not in the least, I will procure you pen, ink, and paper immediately I understand, sir, you knew Thomson long?

I became acquainted with him in the year 1726, when he published his poem of Winter. He lived opposite to me, in Lancaster-court, in the Strand. I went to the East Indies soon after, which caused a chasm in our acquaintance; but, on my return, our intimacy was strengthened, and continued to the hour of his death. I do not know any man, living or dead, I ever esteemed more highly, and he was attached to me. I had once a complaint of a consumptive nature, which confined me much at home, and he was so good as to come often from Kew-lane to sit with me.

Did you know Amanda?

Know her? Yes, sir, I married her sister. Amanda was a Miss Young, daughter to captain Gilbert Young, of the Gulyhill family, in Dumfriesshire, and was married afterwards to admiral Campbell. She was a fine sensible woman, and poor Thomson was desperately in love with her. Mr. Gilbert Young, her nephew, left my house this very morning. Thomson, indeed, was never wealthy enough to marry.

Mr. Collins, the brewer, has told me, that he was so heedless in his money concerns, that in paying him a bill for beer, he gave him two bank notes rolled together instead of one. Collins did not perceive the mistake till he got home, and when he returned the note Thomson appeared perfectly indifferent about the matter, and said he had enough to go on without it! Mr. Robertson smiled at this anecdote, and said it was like him.

He was not, I believe, one of the weeping philosophers. He was no Heraclitus?

No, he was not, indeed. I remember his being stopped once between London and Richmond, and robbed of his watch, and

when I expressed my regret for his loss, "Pshaw, damn it," said he, "I am glad they took it from me, 'twas never good for any thing."

Was he national in his affections?

He had no prejudices whatever; he was the most liberal of men in all his sentiments.

I have been told that he used to associate with parson Cromer, and some other convivials, at the Old Orange Tree, in Kew-lane?

Relaxation of any kind was to him frequently desirable, and he could conform to any company. He was benevolent and social, both in his writings and in his life; as his friend, Dr. Armstrong, said on another occasion, he practised what he preached. Lord L.'s character of him as an author was perfectly just, that in his last moments he had no cause to wish any thing blotted he had ever written.

I hear he kept very late hours?

No, sir, very early; he was always up at sunrise, but then he had never been in bed.

Did you ever correspond with him?

Very seldom. We were so much together there was little opportunity or occasion for it.

You do not happen to have any reliques of his hand-writing?

I don't think I have; but when I get my breath a little better I will look among my papers to try if I can find any.

The kind old gentleman was warmed with the subject, and even set forward to his escritoire in the pursuit, but returned only with a letter from the late Dr. Armstrong, which he flattered himself contained something relative to Thomson. In this he was mistaken. It was a rhapsody of thanks in return for being presented with a large bottle of spirits; but it was well worth an airing. This, said Mr. R., will show you the intimate terms I was upon with Johnny Armstrong, who wrote that beautiful poem, the "Art of Preserving the Health." He was a very ingenious and excellent man.

Did you know Dr. Patrick Murdoch, who wrote Thomson's Life?

Ay, very well, and esteemed him. Pattie, as I always called him, had a good heart.

Pope, as I have heard, used often to visit Thomson?

Yes, frequently. Pope has sometimes said, Thomson, I'll walk to the end of your garden, and then set off to the bottom of Kew-foot-lane and back. Pope, sir, courted Thomson, and Thomson was always admitted to Pope whether he had company or not; but Pope had a jealousy of every eminent writer; he was a viper that gnawed the file.

Was Pope a great talker?

Pope, when he liked his company, was a very agreeable man. He was fond of adulation, and when he had any dislike was a most bitter satirist.

Thomson, I think, was very intimate with David Mallet, the editor of Bolingbroke?

Sir, that person's name was properly "Malloch;" but I used to call him "Moloch" in our festive moments, and Thomson enjoyed the jest. Sir, he had not Thomson's heart; he was not sound at the core; he made a cat's-paw of Thomson, and I did not like the man on that account.

Thomson had two cousins or nephews, who were gardeners, did they live with him?

No, they did not live with him, they lived upon him. He was so generous a man, that if he had but two eggs he would have given them both away.

Were you acquainted with Mr. Gray, who lived at Richmond Hill?

Yes, I knew a John Gray, who was a victualler. He purchased Thomson's collection of prints and drawings after his decease, but I believe purely out of ostentation.

You must have had great influence over him, sir, from several circumstances you have mentioned, but wish to be suppressed?

Without ostentation or vanity, sir, I really very often have wondered how I came to have so much, and the rest of his friends wondered too; for I do say it most sincerely, that I never could find out what made Thomson and many of these geniuses so partial to me as they appeared.

Then, sir, I suspect you are the only one who could not make the discovery?

Sir, I was not fishing for a compliment, I do assure you.

If you had, sir, I should not have snatched so eagerly at your bait.

I suppose you attended Thomson in a medical as well as in a social capacity?

Yes, Armstrong and myself were with him till his last moments. I was in the room with him when he died. A putrid fever carried him off in less than a week. He seemed to me to be desirous not to live, and I had reason to think that my sister-in-law was the occasion of this. He could not bear the thoughts of her being married to another.

Pray did you attend his funeral?

Indeed I did, and a real funeral it was to me, as Quin said when he spoke the prologue to "Coriolanus"—"I was in truth no actor there."

Did you hear Quin speak that prologue, sir?

Yes, I could not have been absent.

Were you the only intimate friend who paid the last tribute of respect to Thomson's remains?

No, sir, Quin attended, and Mallet, and another friend, whose name I do not recollect. He was interred in the north-west corner of Richmond church, just where the christening pew now stands. I pointed out the place to the sexton's widow, that she might show it to strangers.

Did you know Andrew Millar, the bookseller?

I knew him well. He took a box near Thomson's, in Kew-lane, to keep in with him as an author who might be profitable to him. Andrew was a good-natured man, and not an unpleasant companion, but he was a little contracted in mind by his business, and had the dross of a bookseller about him.

Did you know Paterson?

Yes. Paterson had been clerk to a counting-house in the city, went for some time abroad, and on his return was amanuensis to Thomson, was his deputy as surveyor-general to the Leeward Islands, and succeeded him in that office, but he did not live long to enjoy it, I believe not more than two years.

Collins, the poet, and Hammond, author of the "Love Elegies," visited Thomson?

Yes. Ah! poor Collins, he had much genius, but half mad. Hammond was a gentleman, and a very pleasant man. Yet Thomson, I remember, one day called him a burnished butterfly. Quin, the comedian, was a sincere friend of Thomson; he was naturally a most humane and friendly man, and only put on the brute when he thought it was expected from him by those who gave him credit for the character.

Was the anecdote of Quin and Thomson true?

Yes, I believe it was.

Boswell surmised that Thomson was a much coarser man than is commonly allowed?

Sir, Thomson was neither a *petit-maître* nor a boor; he had simplicity without rudeness, and a cultivated manner without being courtly. He had a great aversion to letter-writing, and did not attempt much of prose composition of any kind. His time for composition was generally at the dead of night, and was much in his summer-house, which, together with every memorial of his residence, is carefully preserved by the honourable Mrs. Boscawen.

Did you know, sir, of any other attachments of Thomson's, except that to his Amanda?

No, I believe he was more truly attached to my little wife and her sister than to any one else, next to Amanda. Mr. H., of Bangor, said he was once asked to dinner by Thomson, but could not attend. One of his friends, who was there, told him that there was a general stipulation agreed on by the whole company, that there should be no hard drinking. Thomson acquiesced, only requiring that each man should drink his bottle. The terms were accepted unconditionally, and when the cloth was removed, a three-quart bottle was set before each of his guests. Thomson had much of this kind of agreeable humour. Mr. Aikman, the painter, and Dr. De la Cour, a physician and ingenious writer, were intimate and beloved friends of Thomson. Mr. Aikman was a gentleman of competent estate, and was always friendly to Thomson.

Sir, I cordially thank you for this kindness, in suffering yourself to be teased with interrogations; and when lord Buchan's tablet on the grave of the poet shall be imposed in Richmond church, I shall hope to see you tripping across the green to take a peep at it.

Sir, if I can crawl across for such a gratification, I shall certainly do it.

We then twice shook hands and parted. Intelligent old gentleman! Little was I aware that his lengthened eve of life was so very near its close! He was taken seriously ill a few hours after I left him, Monday, October 24, and on the Friday following he died, and was buried on Saturday, the 4th of November, by the south side of Richmond church.

Mors ultima linea rerum est.

(Signed) T. P.

QUIPOES.

The Peruvians had a method of expressing their meaning by narrow knotted ribands of various colours, which they called "Quipoes:" a certain number of knots of one colour, divided by so many of another, expressed particular meanings; and served these simple and innocent people in place of the art of writing. P.

SPANISH MYSTERIES.

Of all the dramatic works of Lope de Vega, the Lives of the Saints are in every respect the most irregular. Allegorical characters, buffoons, saints, peasants, students, kings, God, the infant Jesus, the devil, and the most heterogeneous beings that the wildest imagination could bring together, are introduced. Music seems always to have been an indispensable accessary. Lope de Vega's spiritual comedy, entitled the Life of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino,* commences with a conversation maintained by a party of students, who make a display of their wit and scholastic learning. Among them is the future saint, whose piety shines with the brighter lustre when contrasted with the disorderly gaiety of those by whom he is surrounded. The devil disguised by a mask joins the party. A skeleton appears in the air; the sky opens, and the Almighty is discovered sitting in judgment, attended by Justice and Mercy, who alternately influence his decisions. Next succeeds a love intrigue between a lady named Rosalia, and a gentleman named Feniso. The future saint then reenters attired in canonicals, and delivers a sermon in redondillas. The parents of the saint congratulate themselves on possessing such a son; and this scene forms the conclusion of the first act. At the opening of the second a party of soldiers are discovered; the saint enters accompanied by several monks, and offers up a prayer in the form of a sonnet. Brother Peregrino relates the romantic history of his conversion. Subtle theological quiddities ensue, and numerous anecdotes of the lives of the saints are related. St. Nicolas prays again through the medium of a sonnet. He then rises in the air, either by the power of faith, or the help of the theatrical machinery; and the Holy Virgin and St. Augustin descend from heaven to meet him. The sonnet by which St. Nicolas performs this miracle is the most beautiful in this sacred farce. In the third act the scene is transferred to Rome, where two cardinals exhibit the holy sere-cloth to the people by torch-light. Music performed on clarinets adds to the solemnity of this ceremony, during which pious discourses are delivered. St. Nicolas is next discovered embroidering the habit of his order; and the pious observations which he makes, while engaged in this occupation, are accompanied by the chanting of invisible angels. The music attracts the devil, who endeavours to tempt St. Nicolas. The next scene exhibits souls in the torments of purgatory. The devil again appears attended by a retinue of lions, serpents, and other hideous animals; but in a scene, which is intended for burlesque, (*graciosamente,*) a monk armed with a great broom drives off the devil and his suite. At the conclusion of the piece the saint, whose beatification is now complete, descends from heaven in a garment bespangled with stars. As soon as he touches the earth, the souls of his father and mother are released from purgatory, and rise through a rock; the saint then returns hand-in-hand with his parents to heaven, music playing as they ascend.*

* St. Nicolas de Tolentino is a saint of modern creation.

PORTUGUESE MYSTERIES.

One of the spiritual dramas of Gil Vicente, performed at Lisbon, commences with shepherds, who discourse and enter a chapel, which is decorated with all the apparatus necessary for the celebration of the festival of Christmas. The shepherds cannot sufficiently express their rustic admiration of the pomp exhibited in the chapel. Faith (*La Fé*) enters as an allegorical character. She speaks Portuguese, and after announcing herself to the shepherds as True Faith, she explains to them the nature of faith, and enters into an historical relation of the mysteries of the incarnation. This is the whole subject of the piece.

Another of these dramas, wherein the poet's fancy has taken a wider range, presents scenes of a more varied nature. Mercury enters as an allegorical character, and as the representative of the planet which bears his name. He explains the theory of the planetary system and the zodiac, and cites astronomical facts from Regiomontanus, in a long series of stanzas in the old national style. A seraph then appears, who is sent down from heaven by God, in compliance with the prayers of Time. The seraph, in the quality of a herald, proclaims a large yearly fair in honour of the Holy Virgin, and invites customers to it. A devil next makes his appearance with a little stall which he carries before him. He gets into a dispute with Time and the seraph, and asserts, that among men such as they are, he shall be sure to find purchasers for his wares. He therefore leaves to every customer his free choice. Mercury then summons eternal Rome as the representa-

* Bouterwek.

tive of the church. She appears, and offers for sale Peace of Mind, as the most precious of her merchandise. The devil remonstrates, and Rome retires. Two Portuguese peasants now appear in the market: one is very anxious to sell his wife, and observes, that if he cannot sell her, he will give her away for nothing, as she is a wicked spendthrift. Amidst this kind of conversation a party of peasant women enter, one of whom, with considerable comic warmth, vents bitter complaints against her husband. She tells, with a humorous simplicity, that her ungrateful husband has robbed her garden of its fruits before they were ripe; that he never does any thing, but leads a sottish life, eating and drinking all day, &c. The man who has already been inveighing against his wife immediately recognises her, and says,—"That is my slippery helpmate." During this succession of comic scenes the action does not advance. The devil at last opens his little stall and displays his stock of goods to the female peasants; but one of them, who is the most pious of the party, seems to suspect that all is not quite right with regard to the merchandise, and she exclaims—"Jesus! Jesus! true God and man!" The devil immediately takes to flight, and does not reappear; but the seraph again comes forward and mingles with the rustic groups. The throng continues to increase; other countrywomen with baskets on their heads arrive; and the market is stored with vegetables, poultry, and other articles of rural produce. The seraph offers Virtues for sale; but they find no purchasers. The peasant girls observe, that in their village money is more sought after than virtue, when a young man wants a wife. One of the party, however, says, that she wished to come to the market because it happened to fall on the festival of the mother of God; and because the Virgin does not sell her gifts of grace, but distributes them gratis. This observation crowns the theological morality of the piece, which terminates with a hymn of praise, in the popular style, in honour of the Holy Virgin.*

* Bouterwek.

POACHING.

A poor itinerant player, caught performing the part of a poacher, and being taken before the magistrates assembled at a quarter sessions for examination, one of them asked him what right he had to kill a hare? when he replied in the following ludicrous parody on Brutus's speech to the Romans, in defence of the death of Cæsar:—

"Britons, hungry-men, and epicures! hear me for my cause; and be silent—that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say, that a player's love for hare is no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why a player rose against a hare, this is my answer,—not that I loved hare less, but that I loved eating more. Had you rather this hare were living, and I had died starving—than that this hare were dead, that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it; as he was plump, I honour him; but, as he was eatable, I slew him. There are tears, for his beauty; joy, for his condition; honour, for his speed; and death, for his toothsomeness. Who is here so cruel, would see a starved man? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so silly, that would not take a tit bit? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so sleek, that does not love his belly? If any, speak, for him have I offended."

"You have offended justice, sirrah," cried one of the magistrates, out of all patience at this long and strange harangue.

"Then," cried the culprit, guessing at the hungry feelings of the bench, "since justice is dissatisfied, it must needs have something to devour—Heaven forbid I should keep any gentleman from his dinner—so, if you please, I'll wish your worships a good day, and a good appetite."

HAPPY UNION.

Quin used to say, that of all the bans of marriage he ever heard, none gave him such pleasure as the union of delicate *Ann Chovy* with good *John Dory*. This sentiment was worthy of such a disciple of Apicius.

S. S. S.

Fine View.

LEITH HILL, NEAR DORKING.

Extracted from a letter from MR. DENNIS *to* MR. SERJEANT, *near seventy years ago.*

In a late journey which I took into the wild of Sussex, I passed over a hill, which showed me more transporting sights than ever I had seen before, either in England or Italy. The prospects which in Italy pleased me most were the Valdarno from the Apennines of Rome, and the Mediterranean from the mountain of Viterbo; of Rome at forty, and the Mediterranean at fifty miles distant from it; and that of the famous Campagna of Rome from Tivoli and Frescati, to the very foot of the mountain Viterbo, without any thing to intercept your sight.

But from an hill which I passed in my late journey into Sussex, I had a prospect more extensive than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, in pomp, and magnificence. The hill which I speak of is called Leith-hill, and is about five miles southward from Dorking, about six miles from Box-hill, and near twelve from Epsom. It juts itself out about two miles beyond that range of hills, which terminate the north downs to the south. After conquering the hill itself the sight is enchantingly beautiful. Beneath lie open to our view all the wilds of Surrey and Sussex, and a great part of that of Kent, admirably diversified in every part of them with woods, and fields of corn and pasture, and everywhere adorned with stately rows of trees. This beautiful vale is thirty miles in breadth, and sixty in length, terminating on the south by the majestic range of hills and the sea. About noon on a serene day you may, at thirty miles distance, see the waters of the sea through a chasm of the mountains. And that which, above all, makes it a noble and wonderful prospect is, that at the same time you behold this noble sight, by a little turn of your head towards the north, you look full over Box-hill, and see the country beyond it, between that and London, and St. Paul's, at twenty-five miles distance, with Highgate and Hampstead beyond it all. It may perhaps appear incredible to some, that a place which affords so great and so surprising a prospect should have remained so long in obscurity, and that it is unknown to the very visitors of Epsom and Box-hill. But, alas! we live in a country more fertile of great things, than of men to admire them.

Whoever talked of Cooper's-hill, till sir John Denham made it illustrious?—How long did Milton remain in obscurity, while twenty paltry authors, little and vile compared to him, were talked of and admired? But in England, nineteen in twenty like by other people's opinions, and not by their own.

PARSIMONY.

Augustine Pentheny, Esq. who died on the 23d of November, 1810, in the eighty-third year of his age, at an obscure lodging in Leeson-street, Dublin, was a miser of the most perfect drawing that nature ever gave to the world. He was born in the village of Longwood, county of Meath, and became a journeyman-cooper. Very early in life he was encouraged to make a voyage to the West Indies, to follow his trade, under the patronage of his maternal uncle, another adventurer of the name of Gaynor, better known among his neighbours by the name of "Peter Big Brogues," from the enormous shoes he was mounted in on the day he set out on his travels. Peter acquired an immense fortune, and lived to see his only child married to sir G. Colebrook, chairman to the East India Company, and a banker in London, to whom Peter gave with his daughter two hundred thousand pounds. His nephew, Anthony, acquired the enormous sum of three hundred thousand pounds in the islands of Antigua and Santa Cruz.

Anthony Petheny saw mankind only through one medium—money. His vital powers were so diverted from generous or social objects by the prevailing passion of gold, that he could discover no trait in any character, however venerable or respectable, that was not seconded by riches; in fact, any one that was not rich he considered as an inferior animal, neither worthy of notice, nor safe to be admitted into society. This feeling he extended to female society, and, if possible, with a greater degree of disgust. A woman he considered only as an incumbrance on a man of property, and therefore he could never be prevailed upon to admit one into his confidence. Wedlock he utterly and uniformly rejected. His wife was the public funds, and his children dividends; and no parent or husband ever paid more deference or care to the objects of his affection. He was never known to diminish his immense hoard, by rewarding

a generous action; or to alleviate distress, or accidental misfortune, by the application of a single shilling. It could scarcely be expected that a man would give gifts or bestow gratuities, who was a niggard of comforts to himself. The evening before he died, some busy friend sent a respectable physician to him. The old miser evinced no dislike, until he recollected the doctor might expect a fee; this alarmed him, and immediately raising himself in the bed, he addressed his "medical friend" in the following words: "Doctor, I am a strong man, and know my disorder; and could cure myself, but as Mr. Nangle has sent you to my assistance, I shall not exchange you for any other person, if we can come to an understanding; in fact, I wish to know what you will charge for your attendance until I am recovered." The doctor answered "eight guineas." "Ah! sir," said the old man, "if you knew my disorder you would not be exorbitant; but to put an end to this discussion, I will give you six guineas and a half." The doctor assented, and the patient held out his arm with the fee, to have his pulse considered, and laid himself down again.

Old Pentheny's relations were numerous, but, in his opinion, wholly unqualified, by want of experience in the management of money, to nurse his wealth, and therefore he bequeathed the entire of it to a rich family in the West Indies, with the generous exception of four pounds annually to a faithful servant, who had lived with him twenty-four years. In his will he expresses great kindness for "poor John," and says he bequeaths the four pounds for his kind services, that his latter days might be spent in comfortable independence! He appointed WallerNangle, Esq. and major O'Farrell, his executors, and the right hon. David La Touche and lord Fingal, trustees. Like Thellusson, he would not allow his fortune to pass to his heirs immediately, as he directed that the entire should be funded for fourteen years, and then, "in its improved state," be at the disposal of the heirs he had chosen.

ON A LADY,

A Great Cardplayer, who married a Gardener.

Trumps ever ruled the charming maid,
Sure all the world must pardon her,
The Destinies *turn'd up* a *spade*—
She married John the gardener.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. III.

The Innate Ideas of Descartes and Leibnitz, derived from Plato, Heraclitus, Pythagoras, and the Chaldeans—the System of Mallebranche from the same Source, and St. Augustine.

The innate perception of first truths, maintained by Descartes and Leibnitz, which raised such warm and subtle disputes among metaphysicians, is a doctrine derived from Plato. That great philosopher, who acquired the surname of divine, by having written best on the subject of Deity, entertained a very peculiar sentiment respecting the origin of the soul. He calls it "an emanation of the divine essence, from whom it imbibed all its ideas; but that having sinned, it was degraded from its first estate, and condemned to a union with body, wherein it is confined as in a prison; that its forgetfulness of its former ideas was the necessary consequence of this penalty." He adds, that "the benefit of philosophy consists in repairing this loss, by gradually leading back the soul to its first conceptions, accustoming it by degrees to recognise its own ideas, and by a full recollection of them to comprehend its own essence, and the true nature of things." From that Platonic principle of the soul's "divine emanation," it naturally followed, that, having formerly had within itself the knowledge of every thing, it still retained the faculty of recalling to mind its immortal origin and primeval ideas. Descartes and Leibnitz reasoned in the very same manner, in admitting eternal and first truths to be imprinted on the soul:—they substitute indeed the creation and preexistence of souls, in place of the "divine emanation" of them taught by Plato; but they defend their system by the same sort of arguments.

Mallebranche entered the lists in defence of Descartes's principles, and took upon him to support an opinion respecting the nature of ideas, which caused universal astonishment by its apparent singularity, and was treated as almost extravagant; although he advanced nothing but what might be defended by the authority of the finest geniuses of antiquity. After having defined

ideas to be "the immediate, or nearest objects of the mind when it perceives any thing." Mallebranche demonstrates the reality of their existence, by displaying their qualities, which never can belong to nothing, that have no properties. He then distinguishes between sentiments and ideas; considers the five different ways, whereby the mind comes at the view of external objects; shows the fallacy of four of them, and establishes the preeminence of the fifth, as being that alone which is conformable to reason, by saying, that it is absolutely necessary God should have in himself the ideas of all essences, otherwise he never could have given them existence. He undertakes to prove, that God, by his presence, is nearly united to our souls; insomuch, that he may be called the place of spirits, as space is of bodies; and thence he concludes, that the soul may discern in God whatever is representative of created things, if it be the will of God to communicate himself in that manner to it. He remarks, that God, or the universal intelligence, contains in himself those ideas which illuminate us; and that his works having been formed on the model of his ideas, we cannot better employ ourselves than in contemplating them, in order to discover the nature and properties of created things.

Mallebranche was treated as a visionary for having advanced these sentiments, although he accompanied them with the most solid and judicious proofs that metaphysics could afford; but he was never charged with plagiarism, though his system and manner of proof exist literally in ancient authors. After reciting passages from the "Oracula Chaldæorum," which he reveres as a divine oracle, he says, "The gods here declare where the existence of ideas is to be found, even in God himself, who is their only source; they being the model according to which the world was formed, and the spring from which every thing arose. Others, by applying immediately to the divine ideas themselves, are enabled to discover sublime truths; but as for our part, we are content to be satisfied with what the gods themselves have declared in favour of Plato, in assigning the name of ideas to causes purely intellectual; and affirming, that they are the archetypes of the world, and the thoughts of the supreme father; that, in effect, they reside in the paternal intellect, and emanate from him to concur in the formation of the world."

Pythagoras and his disciples understood almost the same thing by their numbers, that Plato did by his ideas. The Pythagorists expressed themselves with regard to numbers in the same terms as Plato uses, calling them "τὰ ὄντως ὄντα, real existences, the only things truly endowed with essence, eternally invariable." They give them also the appellation of incorporeal entities, by means of which all other beings participate of existence.

Heraclitus adopted those first principles of the Pythagoreans, and expounded them in a very clear and systematic manner. "Nature," says he, "being in a perpetual flow, there must belong to it some permanent entities, on the knowledge of which all science is founded, and which may serve as the rule of our judgment in fleeting and sensible objects."

Democritus also taught, that the images of objects are emanations of the Deity, and are themselves divine; and that our very mental ideas are so too. Whether the doctrine be true or erroneous is not here a subject of inquiry: the present purpose being merely to show the analogy between the principles of Mallebranche and those of the ancients.

Plato, who, of all the ancient philosophers, deservedly ranks the highest, for the clearness and accuracy wherewith he hath explained and laid open this system, gives the appellation of "ideas" to those eternal intellectual substances, which were, with regard to God, the exemplary forms or types of all that he created; and are, with regard to men, the object of all science, and of their contemplation when they would attain to the knowledge of sensible things. "The world," according to Plato, "always existed in God's ideas; and when at length he determined to produce it into being, such as it is at present, he created it according to those eternal models, forming the sensible into the likeness of the intellectual world." Admitting, with Heraclitus, the perpetual fluctuation of all sensible things, Plato perceived that there could be no foundation for science, unless there were things real and permanent to build it upon, which might be the fixed object of knowledge, to which the mind might have recourse, whenever it wanted to inform itself of sensible things. We clearly see that this was Plato's apprehension of things; and we need only look at the passages quoted from him to be convinced, that whatever Mallebranche said on the subject, he derived from Plato.

Mallebranche would not have been railed against as impious, had his antagonists known to whom he was indebted for his opinions and reasonings; and that St.

Augustine himself had said, "Ideas are eternal and immutable; the exemplars, or archetypes of all created things; and, in short, exist in God." In this respect he differs somewhat from Plato, who separated them from the divine essence: but we may easily discern a perfect conformity between the father of the church and the modern philosopher.

Leibnitz was in some measure of the opinion of father Mallebranche; and it was natural that he should be, for he derived his principles from the same ancient sources. His "monads" were "entities truly existing; simple substances; the eternal images of universal nature."

In this inquiry, concerning the discoveries and thoughts of the ancients attributed to the moderns, it has appeared advisable that their views of the mind, or intellectual system, should precede their consideration of sensible qualities, and the system of the universe. To persons unaccustomed to such investigations, the succeeding papers will be more interesting.

DISTRESSES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Pope Urban VIII. erected an hospital for the benefit of decayed authors, and called it "The Retreat of the Incurables," intimating that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients from poverty or poetry.

Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients: he was blind, sung his ballads about the streets, and his mouth was oftener filled with verses than with bread.

Plautus, the comic poet, was better off; for he had two trades: he was a poet for his diversion, and helped to turn a mill in order to gain a living.

Terence was a slave, and Boethius died in a jail.

Among the Italians, Paulo Burghese, almost as good a poet as Tasso, knew fourteen different trades, and yet died because he could get no employment in either of them.

Tasso was often obliged to borrow a crown from a friend, to pay for a month's subsistence. He has left us a pretty sonnet to his cat, in which he begs the light of her eyes to write by, being too poor to buy a candle.

Bentivoglio, whose comedies will last with the Italian language, dissipated a noble fortune in acts of benevolence, fell into poverty in his old age, and was refused admittance into an hospital which, in his better days, he had himself paid for building.

In Spain, the great Cervantes died of hunger; and Camoens, equally celebrated in Portugal, ended his days in an hospital.

In France, Vaugelas was surnamed "the Owl," from having been obliged to keep within all day, and only venturing out by night, through fear of his creditors. In his last will, he bequeathed every thing towards the discharge of his debts, and desired his body to be sold, to that end.

Cassander was one of the greatest geniuses of his time, but barely able to procure his livelihood.

In England, the last days of Spenser, Otway, Butler, and Dryden are our national reproach.

S. S. S.

ON 'CHANGE.

No. II.

For the Table Book.

Noah is now a tailor, No. 63, Pall-mall.

Ham, a watchmaker, No. 47, Skinner-street, Snow-hill.

Isaac, a fishmonger, No. 8, Cullum-street.

Jacob, an umbrella and parasol maker, No. 42, Burlington Arcade.

Israel is a surgeon in Keppell-street, Russel-square.

Joseph is a pencil manufacturer, No. 7, Oxford-street.

Joshua, a grocer, No. 155, Regent-street.

Simon, a ship broker, No. 123, Fenchurch-street.

Joel, an auctioneer, No. 44, Clifton-street, Finsbury.

Paul, a manufacturer of mineral waters, No. 5, Bow-street, Covent-garden.

Matthew, a brush maker, No. 106, Upper Thames-street.

Mark, a malt factor, No. 74, *Mark*-lane.

Luke, a boot maker, No. 142, Cheapside; and

John, a solicitor, No. 6, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar.

July, 1827 Sam Sam's Son.

THE GRETNA GREEN PARSONS.

The first person that twined the bands of Hymen this way is supposed to have been a man named Scott, who resided at the Rigg, a few miles from the village of Gretna, about 1750 or 1760. He was accounted a shrewd, crafty fellow, and little more is known of him.

George Gordon, an old soldier, started up as his successor. He always appeared on marriage occasions in an antiquated full military costume, wearing a large cocked hat, red coat, jack boots, and a ponderous sword dangling at his side. If at any time he was interrogated "by what authority he joined persons in wedlock?" he boldly answered, "I have a special license from government, for which I pay fifty pounds per annum." He was never closely examined on the subject, and a delusion prevailed during his life, that a privilege of the kind really existed.

Several persons afterwards attempted to establish themselves in the same line, but none were so successful as Joseph Paisley, who secured by far the greatest run of business, in defiance of every opposition. It was this person who obtained the appellation of the "Old blacksmith," probably on account of the mythological conceit of Vulcan being employed in rivetting the hymeneal chains. Paisley was first a smuggler, then a tobacconist, but never, at any time, a blacksmith. He commenced his mock pontifical career about 1789. For many years he was careful not to be publicly seen on such occasions, but stole through by-paths to the house where he was called to officiate, and he there gave a certificate miserably written, and the orthography almost unintelligible, with a feigned signature. An important trial arose out of one of his marriages; and on being summoned to London in consequence, to undergo an examination, he was so much alarmed that he was induced to consult a gentleman of the Scotch bar on the occasion. His legal adviser stated as his opinion, that using a feigned name was decidedly a misdemeanour, and recommended the mock parson to effect, if possible, the destruction of the original certificate, and substitute another in which he should appear by his own name, and merely as a witness to the parties' declaration that they were married persons. Afterwards, he invariably adopted the plan of merely subscribing his own name as a witness in future; and this has been the usual course of his successors. From that period he made no secret of his profession, but openly walked the street when called upon to officiate, dressed in his canonicals, with the dignity of a bishop! He was long an object of curiosity to travellers. He was tall, and had been well proportioned, but at his death he was literally an overgrown mass of fat, weighing twenty-five stone. He was grossly ignorant, and insufferably coarse in his manners, and possessed a constitution almost proof against the ravages of spirituous liquors; for though an habitual drinker, he was rarely ever seen drunk: for the last forty years of his life he daily discussed a Scotch pint, equal to two English quarts, of brandy. On one occasion, a bottle companion, named "Ned the turner," sat down with him on a Monday morning to an anker of strong cogniac, and before the evening of the succeeding Saturday they kicked the empty cask out at the door; neither of them were at any of the time drunk, nor had they had the assistance of any one in drinking.

After the decease of Paisley, the field lay more open for competition in the trade, and the different candidates resorted to different means to acquire the best share. Ultimately the post-boys were taken into partnership, who had the power of driving to whichever house they pleased: each mock-parson had his stated rendezvous; and so strong did this description of opposition run, that at last the post-boys obtained one entire half of the fees, and the business altogether got worse. The rates were lowered to a trifle, and the occupation may now be said, in common with others, to have shared the effects of bad times and starvation prices.

There are two principal practitioners at present, one of whom was originally a chaise-driver; the other, David Laing, an old soldier, who figured as a witness on the trial of the Wakefields. At home they exhibit no parade of office; they may be seen in shabby clothes at the kitchen firesides of the pot-houses of the village, the companions of the sots of the country, and disrespected by every class.

A BLACK DREAM.

A number of years bygone, a black man, named Peter Cooper, happened to marry one of the fair towns-women of Greenock, who did not use him with that tenderness that

he conceived himself entitled to. Having tried all other arts to retrieve her lost affections in vain, Peter at last resolved to work upon her fears of punishment in another world for her conduct in this. Pretending, therefore, to awake one morning extravagantly alarmed, his helpmate was full of anxiety to know what was the matter; and having sufficiently, as he thought, whetted her curiosity, by mysteriously hinting that "he could a tale unfold," at length Peter proceeded as follows:—"H—ll ob a dream last night. I dream I go to Hebben and rap at de doa, and a gent'man com to de doa wid black coat and powda hair. Whoa dere?—Peeta Coopa.—Whoa Peeta Coopa? Am not know you.—Not knowa Peeta Coopa! Look de book, sa.—He take de book, and he look de book, and he could'na find Peeta Coopa.—Den I say, Oh! lad, oh! look again, finda Peeta Coopa in a corna.—He take de book, an he look de book, an at last he finda Peeta Coopa in lilly, lilly (little) corna.—'Peeta Coopa,—cook ob de *Royal Charlotte* ob Greenock.' Walk in, sa.—Den I walk in, and dere was every ting—all kind of vittal—collyflower too—an I eat, an I drink, an I dant, an I ting, an I neva be done; segar too, by Gum.—Den I say, Oh! lad, oh! look for Peeta Coopa wife. He take de book, an he look all oba de book, many, many, many a time, corna an all; an he couldna finda Peeta Coopa wife. Den I say, Oh! lad, oh! look de black book; he take de black book, an he look de black book, and he finda Peeta Cooopa wife fust page,—'Peeta-Coopa-wife, buckra-woman, bad-to-her-husband.'"*

A MUCH-INJURED MAN.

George Talkington, once a celebrated horse-dealer at Uttoxeter, who died on the 8th of April, 1826, at Cheadle, Cheshire, in his eighty-third year, met with more accidents than probably ever befell any other human being. Up to the year 1793 they were as follows:—Right shoulder broken; skull fractured, and trepanned; left arm broken in two places; three ribs on the left side broken; a cut on the forehead; lancet case, flue case, and knife forced into the thigh; three ribs broken on the right side; and the right shoulder, elbow, and wrist dislocated; back seriously injured; cap of the right knee kicked off; left ancle dislocated; cut for a fistula; right ancle dislocated and hip knocked down; seven ribs broken on the right and left sides; kicked in the face, and the left eye nearly knocked out; the back again seriously injured; two ribs and breast-bone broken; got down and kicked by a horse, until he had five holes in his left leg; the sinew just below the right knee cut through, and two holes in that leg, also two shocking cuts above the knee; taken apparently dead seven times out of different rivers.

Since 1793, (when a reference to these accidents was given to Mr. Madely, surgeon, of Uttoxeter,) right shoulder dislocated and collar-bone broken; seven ribs broken; breast-bone laid open, and right shoulder dislocated; left shoulder dislocated, and left arm broken; two ribs broken; and right thigh much bruised near the pope's eye. In 1819, then in his seventy-sixth year, a lacerated wound in the calf of the leg, which extended to the foot, mortification of the wound took place, which exposed all the flexor tendons of the foot, also the capsular ligaments of the ancle joint; became delirious, and so continued upwards of three weeks: his wonderful recovery from this accident was attributed chiefly to the circumstance of a friend having supplied him with a quantity of old Madeira, a glass of which he took every two hours for eight weeks, and afterwards occasionally. Since then, in 1823, in his eightieth year he had a mortification of the second toe of the right foot, with exfoliation of the bone, from which he recovered, and at last died from gradually declining old age. He was the father of eighteen children, by one wife, in fifteen years, all of whom he survived, and married again at the age of seventy-four.*

GRAMMATICAL CONSTRUCTION.

A farmer's son, just returned from a boarding school, was asked "if he knew *grammar?*"—"Oh yes, father!" said the pupil, "I know *her* very well;—*Grammer* sits in the chair fast asleep."

P.

* Times, July 7, 1827, from Greenock Advertiser.

* Oxford and University Herald, April 29, 1826. Communicated by J. J. A. F.

A Sketch.

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. *Akenside.*

A LOVER OF ART TO HIS SON.

My dear Alfred,

Could you see my heart you would know my anxious feelings for your progress in study. If I could express myself in words of fire I would burn in lessons upon your mind, that would inflame it to ardent desire, and thorough conviction, of attaining success.

Our talented friend, who permits you the use of his collection of models and casts, and does you the honour to instruct you by his judgment, assures me that your outlines evince an excellent conception of *form*. To be able to make a true outline of a *natural* form, is to achieve the first great step in drawing.

You remember my dissatisfaction towards some engravings of hands and feet that were given you by the person who would have continued to instruct you, if I had not been dissatisfied. The hands in these prints were beautifully finished, but their form was incorrect; the feet were not representations of any thing in nature; and yet these deformities were placed before you to begin with. If I had not taught you from your infancy the value and use of sincerity, and the folly and mischief of falsehood, you might have been at this time a liar, and become a depraved and vicious character; instead of being, as you are, an upright and honest youth, and becoming, as I hope you will, a virtuous and honourable man. Had you continued the copying of engraved *lies* of the limbs, your drawings would have been misrepresentations of the human figure. You will discover my meaning if you consider an old precept, "Never begin any thing without considering the end thereof."

Your affectionate father,

*

Garrick Plays.

No. XXVIII.

[From the "Devil's Law Case," a Tragi-Comedy, by John Webster, 1623.]

Clergy-comfort.

I must talk to you, like a Divine, of patience.—

I have heard some talk of it very much, and many
Times to their auditors' impatience; but I pray,
What practice do they make on't in their lives?
They are too full of choler with living honest,—
And some of them not only impatient
Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad
At one another's preferment.

Sepulture.

Two Bellmen, a Capuchin; Romelio, and others.

Cap. For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed,
Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead,
For two unfortunate Nobles,* whose sad fate
Leaves them both dead and excommunicate.
No churchman's pray'r to comfort their last groans
No sacred seed of earth to hide their bones;
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,
The Canon speaks them guilty of their own death.

Rom. Denied Christian burial! I pray, what does that?

Or the dead lazy march in the funeral?
Or the flattery in the epitaph?—which shows
More sluttish far than all the spiders' webs,
Shall ever grow upon it: what do these
Add to our well-being after death?

Cap. Not a scruple.

Rom. Very well then—
I have a certain meditation,
(If I can think of,) somewhat to this purpose:—
I'll say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her beads.—
"You that dwell near these graves and vaults,
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,
Note what a small room does suffice
To express men's goods: their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand,
Than all the evidence of Church Land.
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,
And are to the Drapers a good hearing;
Make th' Heralds laugh in their black rayment;
And all die Worthies, die with payment
To th' Altar offerings: tho' their fame,
And all the charity of their name,
'Tween heav'n and this, yield no more light
Than rotten trees, which shine in th' night.
O look the last Act be best in th' Play.
And then rest gentle bones! yet pray,
That when by the Precise you're view'd,
A supersedeas be not sued;
To remove you to a place more airy,
That in your stead they may keep chary
Stockfish, or seacoal; for the abuses
Of sacrilege have turn'd graves to vilder uses.
How then can any monument say,
Here rest these bones to the Last Day;
When Time, swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the Sexton knows not whither?—
What care I then, tho' my last sleep
Be in the desart, or in the deep;
No lamp, nor taper, day and night,
To give my chamel chargeable light?
I have there like quantity of ground;
And at the last day I shall be found."†

Immature Death.

Contarino's dead.

O that he should die so soon!

Why, I pray, tell me:
Is not the shortest fever best? and are not
Bad plays the worse for their length?

* Slain in a duel.

† Webster was parish-clerk at St. Andrew's, Holborn. The anxious recurrence to church-matters; sacrilege; tomb-stones; with the frequent introduction *of dirges*; in this, and his other tragedies, may be traced to his professional sympathies.

Guilty preferment.

I have a plot, shall breed,
Out of the death of these two noblemen;
Th' advancement of our house—

Oh take heed
A grave is a rotten foundation.

Mischief.

——— are like the visits of Franciscan friars,
They never come to prey upon us single.

Last Love strongest.

— as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most irresistible;
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest home,
Last merryment 'fore winter; and we Widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,
We love the Piece we are in hand with better,
Than all the excellent work we have done before.

Mother's anger.

Leonora. Ha, my Son!
I'll be a fury to him; like an Amazon lady,
I'd cut off this right pap that gave him suck,
To shoot him dead. I'll no more tender him,
Than had a wolf stol'n to my teat in th' night,
And robb'd me of my milk.

Distraction from guilt.

Leonora (*sola*). Ha, ha! What say you?
I do talk to somewhat methinks; it may be,
My Evil Genius.—Do not the bells ring?
I've a strange noise in my head. Oh, fly in
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy; let me have
One property for more than the devil of hell;
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily;
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill,
That have no good to hope for. Let me sink,
Where neither man nor memory may find me. (*falls to the ground*).
Confessor (*entering*). You are well employ'd, I hope; the best pillow in th' world
For this your contemplation is the earth
And the best object, Heaven.
Leonora. I am whispering
To a dead friend——

Obstacles.

Let those, that would oppose this union,
Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves
In their own work, like spiders; while we two
Haste to our noble wishes; and presume,
The hindrance of it will breed more delight,—
As black copartaments shews gold more bright.

Falling out.

To draw the Picture of Unkindness truly
Is, to express two that have dearly loved
And fal'n at variance.

[From the "Bride," a Comedy, by Thomas Nabbs, 1640.]

Antiquities.

Horten, a Collector. His friend.

Friend. You are learned in Antiquities?
Horten. A little, Sir.
I should affect them more, were not tradition
One of the best assurances to show
They are the things we think them. What more proofs,
Except perhaps a little circumstance,
Have we for this or that to be a piece
Of Delphos' ruins? or the marble statues,
Made Athens glorious when she was supposed
To have more images of men than men?
A weather-beaten stone, with an inscription
That is not legible but thro' an optic,
Tells us its age; that in some Sibyl's cave
Three thousand years ago it was an altar,
Tis satisfaction to our curiosity,
But ought not to necessitate belief.—
For Antiquity,
I do not store up any under Grecian;
Your Roman antiques are but modern toys
Compared to them. Besides they are so counterfeit
With mouldings, tis scarce possible to find
Any but copies.
Friend. Yet you are confident
Of yours, that are of more doubt.
Horten. Others from their easiness
May credit what they please. My trial's such
Of any thing I doubt, all the impostors,
That ever made Antiquity ridiculous,
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Ought that's above my skill, I have recourse
To those, whose judgment at the second view
(If not the first) will tell me what Philosopher's
That eye-less, nose-less, mouth-less Statue is,
And who the workman was; tho' since his death
Thousands of years have been revolved.

Accidents to frustrate Purpose.

How various are the events that may depend
Upon one action, yet the end proposed
Not follow the intention! accidents
Will interpose themselves; like those rash men,
That thrust into a throng, occasioned
By some tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their busy curiosity begets
New quarrels with new issues.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES OF DERBYSHIRE.

Further Extracts from the Journal of a Tourist.*

For the Table Book.

June 1, 1827.

Visited Chatsworth, the princely residence of the duke of Devonshire, three miles to the north-east of Bakewell. As soon as the summit of the neighbouring hill is attained, the house and park lie immediately in front in a beautiful valley, watered by the Derwent. An addition is making to the main building, which is large, but not very handsome in its architectural design; on approaching it, I passed over an elegant stone bridge, close to which is an island whereon a fictitious fortress is built. The views on all sides are strikingly fine, and of great variety; hills and dales, mountains and woods, water and verdant pasture lands. It requires "a poet's lip, or a painter's eye," to adequately depict the beauties of this enchanting place. Perhaps no estate in the kingdom furnishes choicer objects for the pencil. I do not think, however, that the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the mansion are so well disposed, or the scenery so rich, nor does the interior offer such magnificent works of art, as at Blenheim. There is much sculpture, of various degrees of merit, distributed about the apartments; but the collection is in its infancy, and a splendid gallery is in progress for its reception. The finest production of the chisel is Canova's statue of Napoleon's mother; its natural grace and ease, with the fine flowings of the drapery, and the grave placidity of the countenance, are solemnly majestic—she *looks* the mother of Napoleon. Among the other great attractions here, are a bust of Petrarch's Laura, another of his present majesty, by Chantrey; and a portrait of his majesty by sir Thomas Lawrence.

The next day I continued my route towards Matlock Bath—as beautiful a ride as I ever took. The road follows the Wye for six miles in a vale, past the aged towers of Haddon Hall, and the scenery presents every interesting feature that can be coveted by the most enthusiastic lover of nature;—rugged and beetling crags, gently sloping hills, extensive woods, rich meadows and fertile vallies, form the composition of the views. Handsome villas, farm-houses, and neat cottages — living pictures of scarcely minor interest — embellish and diversify the natural beauties of the delightful scene.

At the end of the six miles, the road turns over a bridge across the Wye, leading through the dale (Matlock) to the Bath. The river here rolls darkly along, its progress swifter and its depth greater; the same rocky barrier that encloses all the dales in this county uplifting its huge masses of rocks on either side. The margin of the river is thickly studded with large trees, close copse-woods clothe the slopes at the bottom, and ascend part of the cliffs' sides —wild shrubs branch from the clefts above, whence innumerable jackdaws whirl their flights, and make incessant monotonous noise. About a mile before reaching Matlock Bath is a mountain called the High-Tor, its bare and jagged head rising far above the adjoining rocks. I was informed that it contains a fine natural grotto, but the river was too deep to wade, and I missed the sight.

On rounding a point, the shining white buildings of the Bath appear along the foot and some distance up the side of a steep lofty hill, called the "Heights of Abraham." The greater part of the village is situated in the valley, but a second may be said to be beneath it, through which the river flows; its banks are thickly planted with groves of trees, and winding paths have been made throughout these delightful haunts, for the pleasure of the visitors. The cliffs rise opposite majestically perpendicular, and as finely picturesque as any I saw in Derbyshire. The "Heights of Abraham" are at least a quarter of a mile above the highest of the houses. A zigzag road through a shrubbery leads to the celebrated natural cavern near the summit—an immense recess, as grand as Peak's Hole, but far more beautiful; for its sides are formed of a variety of spars of surprising brilliancy. To mineralogists it is the most interesting resort in England; and here collectors, prosecuting their discoveries, think themselves happy, although deprived of the light of heaven for whole days together. The whole of this immense mountain is one sparkling mass of various spars and ores.

Ascending this steep road on horseback, I found the views, through the shrubs, of the village and valley beneath, the river, and the surrounding mountains, inconceivably grand. High-Tor was on the left, and Wild-Cat-Tor on the right—beyond which the Wye, gleaming in the sun's

* See p. 12.

rays, wound sinuously along the verdant vale, till it was so diminished by the distance as to seem like a bent wire of shining silver, and was lost to sight by the intervention of a far-off mountain.

Of all places this seems to present the greatest inducements to the temporary visitant; and to anglers it is the *ne plus ultra* of piscatorial recreation.

After a day's enjoyment of this charming spot, I went forward, but the threatening appearance of the weather induced me to sojourn at a small public-house in one of the smaller dales. Heavy clouds arose, and the rain obscured the distant hills; running along their summits, having the appearance of thick fog. The weather clearing, I walked out, and surveyed the curious old limestone built "hostel," with the sign of "A Trout," scarcely decipherable from age. Some anglers, whom the heavy shower had driven for shelter under the cliffs, again appeared, and threw their artificial temptations on the surface of a stream flowing from the mountain at the back of the little inn. Its water turned singularly constructed machinery for crushing the lead ore, washed down from a neighbouring large mine. Immense fragments of rock, by falling betwixt two iron wheels, with teeth fitted closely together, are pounded to atoms. A number of men, women, and children, were busy shovelling it into sieves set in motion by the machine, and it separated itself by its own weight from the stone or spar that contained it.

Determined by my curiosity to descend into the mine, I procured a miner to accompany me; and following the stream for a short distance, reached a small hut near the entrance, where I clothed myself completely in miner's apparel, consisting of a stout woollen cap, under a large, slouched, coarse beaver hat, thick trowsers, and a fustian jacket, with "clods," or miner's shoes. At the mouth of the mine we seated ourselves opposite to each other in a narrow mining cart, shaped from the bottom like a wedge, attached to a train of others of similar make, used for conveying the ore from the interior. Having been first furnished with a light each, we proceeded, drawn by two horses, at a rapid pace, along a very narrow passage or level, cut through the limestone rock, keeping our arms within the sledge, to prevent their being jammed against the sides, which in many places struck the cars very forcibly. In this manner, with frequent alarming jolts, we arrived at a shaft, or descent, into the mine. We got out of our vehicles and descended by means of ladders, of five fathoms in length, having landing places at the bottom of each. The vein of the lead ore was two hundred fathoms deep. We therefore descended forty ladders, till we found ourselves at the commencement of another passage similar to the first. All the way down there was a tremendous and deafening noise of the rushing of water through pipes close to the ear, caused by the action of a large steam-engine. The ladders and sides of the rock were covered with a dark slimy mud. We walked the whole length, several hundred yards, along the second level, knee deep in water, till we reached the spot, or vein, that the workmen were engaged on. They were labouring in a very deep pit; their lights discovered them to us at the bottom. Into this chasm I was lowered by a wheel, with a rope round my body; and having broken off a piece of lead ore with a pickaxe, I was withdrawn by the same means. Another set of labourers were procuring ore by the process of blasting the rock with gunpowder—I fired one of the fusees, and retiring to a distant shelter, awaited the explosion in anxious alarm; its reverberating shock was awfully grand and loud. My ascent was dreadfully fatiguing from the confined atmosphere; and I was not a little rejoiced when I could inhale the refreshing air, and hail the cheering light of day.

E. J. H.

August.

THE FRUIT MARKETS OF LONDON AND PARIS IN THIS MONTH.

A gentleman, one of a deputation for inquiring into the state of foreign horticulture, visited the Paris fruit and vegetable market in the month of August, 1821, and having seen Covent Garden market nearly a fortnight earlier, under peculiar circumstances, was enabled to form an estimate of their comparative excellencies.

The coronation of George IV. on the 19th of July had caused a glut of fruit in the London market, such as had never been remembered, and large quantities of the fruit, which had not met with the expected demand, remained on hand.

In regard to *Pine-apples*, Mr. Isaac Andrews of Lambeth alone cut sixty ripe fruit on the occasion, and many hundreds, remarkable for size and flavour, came from

distant parts of the country. One from lord Cawdor's weighed 10 lbs.; and, after being exhibited at a meeting of the London Horticultural Society, was sent to the Royal Banquet. Pine-apples are not to be got at Paris. When they are wanted at grand entertainments, they are generally procured from Covent Garden market by means of the government messengers who are constantly passing between the two capitals. From our possessing coals, and from our gardeners being well versed in the modes of raising fruit under glass, it is probable that we shall always maintain a superiority in the production of this delicious article for the dessert.

The quantity of *ripe Grapes* exhibited for sale in Covent Garden market from the middle to the end of July, in the year alluded to, would, if told, surpass the belief of Parisian cultivators; more especially when it is added, that the kinds were chiefly the Black Hamburgh, the white muscat of Alexandria, and the Frontignacs. Andrews also took the lead in the grape department; insomuch that while very good Black Hamburgh grapes, from different parts of the country, were selling, during the crowded state of the capital, at 4*s.* per lb., his bunches currently obtained 6*s.* 6*d.* per lb. Their excellence consisted chiefly in the berries having been well thinned and thoroughly ripened. On the 29th of July great quantities of grapes, remarkable for size and excellence, still remained in the market, and were selling at 3*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound. At Paris *ripe* grapes are not to be procured, at this season of the year, for any sum. On the 14th of August, prince Leopold, then on his way to Italy, dined with the English ambassador, when a splendid dessert was desirable; but ripe grapes could not be found at Paris. A price equal to 12*s.* sterling per lb. was paid for some *unripe* bunches, merely to make a show, for they were wholly unfit for table use. On the 21st of the same month the duke of Wellington being expected to arrive to dinner, another search for ripe grapes was instituted throughout Paris, but in vain. In short, the English market is well supplied with fine grapes from the middle of June till the middle of November; but, from being raised under glass, they are necessarily high priced; while the Paris market offers a copious supply of the table Chasselas, from the middle of September to the middle of March, at very cheap rates,—from 12 to 20 sous, or 6*d.* to 8*d.* per pound; the coarse vineyard grapes being only 1*d.* a pound.

The Bigarreau or graffion *Cherry* was still very abundant in Covent Garden market, and also the black or Dutch guigne: at Paris, however, even the late cherries had almost ceased to appear in the market.

In the London market the only good *Pear* was the large English Jargonelle (or épargne.) The Windsor pear was on the stalls, but not ripe. The Green chisel, (hâtiveau,) and the skinless, (poire sans peau,) were almost the only others I could see. The Paris market excelled, being well supplied with fine summer pears. The Ognolet or summer archduke, was pretty common: it is named *ognolet*, from growing in clusters on the tree like bunches of onions. The large Blanquet, and the long-stalked blanquet, (the latter a very small fruit,) were also common. The Epargne, or Grosse cuisse Madame, was plentiful. A fruit resembling it, called Poire des deux têtes, was likewise abundant: it was large, sweet, and juicy, quite ripe, but without much flavour. The Epine-rose, (Caillot or Cayeout,) a very flat pear; the Musk-orange, which is of a *yellow* colour only; the Red orange, which has the true orange hue; and the Robine, or Royal d'été, were all plentiful. The small early Rousselet was exceedingly common and cheap, being produced abundantly on old standards in all country-places. Towards the end of August, the Cassolette, a small pear of good flavour, and the Rousselet de Rheims, made their appearance; and the Poiré d'Angleterre (à beurré) began to be called through the streets in every quarter of the city.

Apples were more plentiful at London than at Paris. The Dutch Codlin and the Carlisle Codlin were abundant; and the Jenneting, the Summer Pearmain, and the Hawthorndean, were not wanting. At Paris very few apples appeared. The Summer Calville, a small conical dark-red fruit, and the Pigeonnet, were the only kinds I remember to have seen.

Plums were more plentiful and in greater variety at the Marché des Innocens than at Covent Garden. At Paris, the Reine Claude, of excellent quality and quite ripe, was sold at the rate of two sous, or one penny, a dozen; while the same plum (green-gage) cost a penny each in London, though in an unripe state. The next in excellence at Paris was the Prune royale, of good size, and covered with the richest bloom. The Jaune-hâtive, the drap d'or, the Mirabelle, the Musk-damson or Malta plum, were common; likewise the Précoce

de Tours, remarkable for its peculiar dark hue; and a deep violet-coloured plum, called Prune noire de Montreuil. The Blue Perdrigon was just coming in. At Covent Garden the Primordian, or jaune-hâtive, and the morocco or early damask, were the only ripe plums to be seen.

Apricots were much more plentiful at the Innocens than at Covent Garden. The common apricot, the Portugal and the Angoumois, which much resemble each other, were frequent; these were small, of brisk flavour. The Abricot-pêche, however, not only excelled the others in size, but in quality, holding that superiority among the Parisian apricots which the Moorpark does among the English; and it appeared in considerable abundance. At London only the Roman and Moorpark were to be found, and the latter was not yet ripe.

In *Peaches* the French market most decidedly surpassed the English. The quantity of this fruit presented for sale toward the middle of August appeared surprisingly great. It was chiefly from Montreuil, and in general in the most perfect state. Although ripe, scarcely a single fruit had suffered the slightest injury from the attacks of insects. This fact affords satisfactory proof that the plastered walls, being smooth and easily cleaned, are unfavourable to the breeding and lodging of such insects as often infest our rougher fruit-walls. The fine state of the fruit also shows the uncommon care which must be bestowed by the industrious inhabitants of Montreuil to prevent its receiving bruises in the gathering or carriage. The principal kinds in the market were the small Mignonne; the large Mignonne, with some of the excellent subvariety called Belle Bauce; the yellow Alberge; the Bellegarde or Gallande; the Malta or Italian peach; the red Madeleine or De Courson; and the Early Purple.

Melons appeared in great profusion at Paris. In the Marché des Innocens and Marché St. Honoré the kinds were rather select, chiefly different varieties of Canteloup. These were not sold at so cheap a rate as might have been expected; ripe and well-flavoured canteloups costing 2, 3, or 4 francs each. But in almost every street the marchands de melons presented themselves; some occupying stalls, some moving about with brouettes or long wheelbarrows, and others with hampers on their backs, supported on crochets. In general those sold in the streets were much cheaper, (perhaps not more than half the price of the others,) but of coarse quality, such as would scarcely be thought fit for use in England. The fruit is frequently long kept; and in the heats of August the odour exhaled from the melon-stalls was sickening and offensive. The kinds were chiefly the following: the Maraicher, a large netted melon, so called from being cultivated in the marais or sale-gardens; the Melon de Honfleur, of great size, often weighing from 20 to 30 lbs.; and the Coulombier, a coarse fruit, raised chiefly at the village of that name. These were almost the only sorts of melon sold in Paris, till our countryman Blaikie, about forty-five years ago, introduced the Rock Canteloup and Early Romana. It may be noticed, that melons of all kinds, even the best canteloups, are here raised in the open ground, with the aid of hand-glasses only, to protect the young plants in the early part of the season. In Covent Garden market a great many small melons, chiefly of the green-fleshed and white-fleshed varieties, appeared; but they were uniformly high-priced, though not proportionally dearer than the Parisian canteloups, considering that they had all been raised on hot-beds under glass-frames.

Mulberries were much more plentiful at Paris than at London.

At Paris, fresh or recent *Figs* were, at this time, very common and very cheap; it was indeed the height of the fig-season, and they daily arrived in great quantities from Argenteuil. The round white fig seems to be the only kind cultivated; at least it was the only kind that came to market. No fresh figs can be expected in Covent Garden till the end of August, and then only small parcels. To make amends the London market was supplied with fine *Gooseberries* in profusion, while not one of good quality was to be seen at Paris. The same thing may be said of *Raspberries* and *Currants*, which are in a great measure neglected in France, or used only by confectioners. The Parisians have never seen these fruits in perfection; and it is therefore no wonder that, in the midst of a profuse supply of peaches, reine claudes, figs, and pears, they should be overlooked. There exists a strong prejudice against the gooseberry, which prevents the Parisians from giving the improved kinds a fair trial: they have no idea that it is possible that gooseberries should form an excellent article of the dessert; they think of them only as fit for making tarts, or sauce for mackerel![*]

[*] Mr. Pat. Neill, Sec. Cal. Hort. Soc. in Horticultural Tour.

The Lee Penny.

BELONGING TO SIR CHARLES LOCKHART, OF LEE AND CARNWORTH, LANARKSHIRE.

This curious piece of antiquity is a stone of a dark red colour and triangular shape, in size about half an inch each side, set in a piece of silver coin; which, though much defaced, by some letters still remaining, is supposed to be a shilling of Edward I., the cross being very plain, as it is on his shillings. It is affirmed, by tradition, to have been in the Lee family since the year 1320 odd; that is, a little after the death of king Robert Bruce, who having ordered his heart to be carried to the Holy Land for burial, one of the noble family of Douglass was sent with it, and is said to have got the crowned heart in his arms from that circumstance. On the other hand, it is alleged that the person who carried the heart was Simon Locard, of Lee, who about that time borrowed a large sum of money from sir William de Lendsay, prior of Air, for which he granted a bond of annuity of ten pounds of silver, during the life of the said sir William de Lendsay, out of his lands of Lee and Cartland. The original bond, dated 1323, and witnessed by the principal nobility of the country, is among the family papers. The sum, which was a great one in those days, is thought to have been borrowed for that expedition; and, on the authority of the story, of his being the person who carried the royal heart, it is affirmed, that he changed his name to "Lockheart;" or, as it is sometimes spelled, "Lockhart," and obtained a heart within a lock for part of his arms, with the motto, "corda serata pando."

It is said that this Simon Lockhart having taken a Saracen prince, or chief, prisoner, his wife came to ransom him; and, on counting out the money or jewels, the stone in question fell out of her purse, and she hastily snatched it up, which Simon Lockhart observing, insisted on having it, or retaining his prisoner. Upon this the Saracen lady gave it him, and told him of its many virtues, namely, that it cured all diseases in cattle, and the bite of a mad dog both in man and beast.

To effect these wonders the stone is dipped in water, which is given to diseased cattle to drink, and to a person who has been bitten; and the wound, or part infected, is washed with the water. There are no words used in the dipping of the stone, nor any money taken by the servants without incurring the owner's displeasure. People come from all parts of Scotland, and even from Yorkshire, to get the water in which the stone is dipped, to give their cattle, especially when ill of the murrain and black-leg.

Many years ago, a complaint was made to the ecclesiastical courts against the laird of Lee, then sir James Lockhart, for using witchcraft: a copy of their act is hereto annexed. There is no date; but from the orthography, and James being the name of the laird of Lee, it must at least have been in the seventeenth century.

COPY OF AN ACT OF THE SYNOD AND ASSEMBLY.

"*Apud Glasgow, the* 25 *Octobr.*
"*Synod. Sess.* 2.

"Quhilk dye, amongest the referries of the brethren of the ministrie of Lanerk, it was propondit to the Synode, that Gawen Hammiltonne of Raplocke had preferit an complaint before them against Sir James Lockart of Lie, anent the superstitious vsing of an stene set in selver for the curing of diseased cattell, qlk, the said Gawen affirmit, coud not be lawfully vsed, and that they had differit to give ony decisionne therein, till the advice of the Assemblie might be had concerning the same. The Assemblie having inquirit of the maner of vsing thereof, and particularlie vnderstoode, by examinationne of the said Laird of Lie, and otherwise, that the custome is onlie to cast the stene in sume water, and give the diseasit cattil thereof to drink, and qt the sam is dene wtout vsing onie words, such as charmers and sorcerers vse in their unlawfull practisess; and considering that in nature they are mony thinges seen to work strange effects, q'rof no humane witt can give a reason, it having pleasit God to give vnto stones and herbes special virtues for the healing of mony infirmities in man and beast,—advises the brethren to surcease thir proces, as q'rin they perceive no ground of offence; and admonishes the said Laird of Lie, in the vsing of the said stone, to tak

heed that it be vsit heirafter wt the least scandal that possiblie maye bie.

"Extract out of the books of the Assemblie helden at Glasgow, and subscribed be thair clerk, at thair comand.

"M. ROBERT YOUNG,

"*Clerk to the Assemblie at Glasgow.*"

When the plague was last at Newcastle, the inhabitants are said to have sent for the Lee Penny, and given a bond for a large sum in trust for the loan; and that they thought it did so much good, that they offered to pay the money, and keep the Lee Penny, but the owner would not part with it. A copy of this bond is alleged to have been among the family papers, but supposed to have been spoiled, with many more, by rain getting into the charter-room, during a long minority, and no family residing at Lee.

A remarkable cure is alleged to have been performed about a century ago, on a lady Baird, of Sauchtonhall, near Edinburgh, "who, having been bit by a mad dog, was come the length of a hydrophobia; upon which, having sent to beg the Lee Penny might be sent to her house, she used it for some weeks, drinking and bathing in the water it was dipped in, and was quite recovered."*

Good reasons are assigned for rejecting the story of Locard having been the bearer of the heart of Robert Bruce; and there are some ludicrous instances of wonderful cures performed in the north of England on credulous people, by virtue of water wherein the Lee Penny was reputed to have been dipped, and yet neither the water nor the Lee Penny had crossed the Tweed.

For the Table Book.

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL.†

You,—Mr. Editor,—Have journeyed from London to Portsmouth, and must recollect Hindhead—you will, therefore, sympathize with me:—the luxury of riding round the rim of the Devil's Punch-Bowl is over! Some few years back the road, on one side, was totally undefended against casualties of any description—overturning the coach into the bowl (some three or four hundred yards deep)—the bolting of a horse—or any other delightful mishap which could hurl you to the bottom—all is over! They—(the improvers of roads, but destroyers of an awful yet pleasing picture,)—have cut a new road about fifty or sixty feet below the former, and raised a bank, four feet high, round the edge, so that an accident is almost impossible, and no such chance as a roll to the bottom will again occur! The new road is somewhat shorter than the old—the *effect* completely spoiled—the stone to perpetuate the murder of the sailor unheeded*—the gibbet unseen—and nothing left to balance the loss of these *pleasing* memorials, but less labour to the horses, and a few minutes of time saved in the distance! Eighteen years since, the usual stoppage, and "Now, gentlemen, if you'll have the goodness to alight, and walk up, you'll oblige," took place. At the present time you are galloped round, and have scarcely time to admire the much-spoken-of spot.

The last time I passed the place, on the *Independent*, when conversing on the subject, our coachee, Robert (or Bob, as he delights to be called) Nicholas, related an anecdote of an occurrence to himself, and which tells much of the fear in which passing the Devil's Punch-Bowl was once held. You shall have it, as nearly as I can recollect it:—

An elderly lady, with two or three younger ones, and servants, engaged the coach to London, but with a special agreement, that the party should *walk* round the said bowl,—"As we understand, it is next to a miracle to go along that horrid place in safety." On the journey, each change of horses was accompanied by an inquiry, how far was the dreaded place? a satisfactory answer was, of course, generally given. When, at length, the coach arrived at the stone-memorial, one-third round the place, the coachman alighted, and pretended to be making some trifling alterations to the harness: his lady-passenger, looking complacently into the vast dell beneath her, inquired its name. "Higgin-bottom, ma'am."—"What a delightful but singular looking spot!" was the rejoinder. The coach then drove on. On its arrival at the next stage, Road-lane, the anxious inquiry, "How far off, sir?" was again repeated. "We're passed, ma'am."—"Passed it!—in safety!—bless me!—where was it?"—"Where I stopped, and you asked the

* Gentleman's Magazine, Dec. 1787, from whence these particulars, and the engraving of the Lee Penny, are derived. Further accounts of it from correspondents will be acceptable.

† A deep valley in Surrey, so called from its circular form. It is about forty-one miles from London.

* The old stone was destroyed at the alteration of the road; but a new one has very recently been erected on the new road.

name of that deep dell—that was the Devil's Punch-Bowl—Higgin-bottom 's the right name." The delighted passenger rewarded the coachman for his innocent deception, and promised always, on that road, to travel under his guardianship.

——— I have spoken of a stone erected on the Bowl, and if, in this "airy nothing," I do not occupy too much space that, undoubtedly, could be better filled, a brief recollection of the fact may close this notice of the Devil's Punch-Bowl:—

An unfortunate sailor, with a trifle in his pocket, on the way to Portsmouth, fell in, at Esher, with three others, then strangers, and, with characteristic generosity, treated them on their mutual way. The party were seen at the Red Lion, Road-lane, together, which they left, and journeyed forward. On Hindhead they murdered their companion—stripped the body, and rolled it down the Devil's Punch-Bowl. Two men, who had observed the party at the Red Lion, and who were returning home, not long after, on arriving at the spot, observed something which appeared like a dead sheep; one descended, and was shocked to find a murdered man, and recognised the sailor: conjecturing who were his destroyers, they followed in haste. On arriving at Sheet, the villains were overtaken, when in the act of disposing of their victim's apparel. They were apprehended, and shortly afterwards hung and gibbeted near the spot. When at the place of execution one of them observed, he only wished to commit one murder more, and that should be on Faulkner, the constable, who apprehended him!—The following is (or was) the inscription on the stone; and many a kind "Poor fellow!" has been breathed as the melancholy tale has ended.

THIS STONE
Was erected in detestation of a barbarous
MURDER,
Committed near this Spot
On an
UNKNOWN SAILOR,
By Edward Lonogan, Michael Casey, and
James Marshall,
September 24, 1786.

Gen. ix. 6.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

R. N. P.

P. S.—Since writing as above, a mutilation of the Sailor's stone is noticed in a Portsmouth paper by the following advertisement:—

TEN GUINEAS REWARD.

WHEREAS some evil-disposed person or persons did, in the night of Tuesday, the 17th instant, maliciously BREAK, DEFACE, and INJURE the STONE lately put up at Hindhead, by the Trustees of the Lower District of the Sheetbridge Turnpike Road, to perpetuate the memory of a murder committed there, in the place of one removed by John Hawkins, Esq.

Whoever will give information of the offender or offenders shall on his, her, or their conviction receive a Reward of TEN GUINEAS, which will be paid by Mr. James Howard, the Surveyor of the said Road.

Witley, 26th July, 1827.

NOTE.

"You, Mr. Editor," says my pleasant correspondent R. N. P., "you, Mr. Editor, have journeyed from London to Portsmouth, and must recollect Hindhead—the luxury of riding round the rim of the Devil's Punch-Bowl—the stone to perpetuate the memory of the sailor—the gibbet, &c." Ah me! I travel little beyond books and imagination; my personal journeys are only gyration-like portions of a circle, scarcely of larger circumference than that allowed to a tethered dumb animal. If now and then, in either of the four seasons, I exceed this boundary, it is only for a few miles into one of the four counties—to a woodland height, a green dell, or beside a still flowing water—to enjoy the features of nature in loneliness and quiet—the sight of "every green thing" in a glorious noontide, the twilight, and the coming and going of the stars:—on a sunless day, the vapours of the sky dissolving into thin air, the flitting and sailing of the clouds, the ingatherings of night, and the thick darkness.

No, Mr. R. N. P., no sir, I am very little of a traveller, I have not seen any of the things you pleasure me by telling of in your vividly written letter. I know no gibbet of the murderer of a sailor, except one of the "men in chains" below Greenwich—whom I saw last Whitsuntide two-years through the pensioners' telescopes from the Observatory*—was a slayer of his messmate; nor though I have heard and read of the Devil's Punch-Bowl, have I been much nearer its "rim" than the gibbet of Jerry Abershaw at Wimbledon Common.

Abershaw was the last of the great highwaymen who, when people carried money

* Told of in the *Every-Day Book*.

about them, robbed every night, and sometimes in the open day, on Bagshot, Wimbledon, Finchley, and other commons, and high roads, in the neighbourhood of London. Some of these highwaymen of the "old school" lived in the wretched purlieus of Saffron-hill, and would mount and "take the road" in the afternoon from the end of Field-lane, at Holborn-bridge, as openly as travellers setting out from an inn. On the order in council, in 1797, which prohibited the Bank from paying in specie, gold went out, and bank-notes came in; and as these were easily concealed, and when stolen were difficult to pass, the business of "the highway" fell off, and highwaymen gradually became extinct. Jerry Abershaw was the most noted, because he was the most desperate, and most feared of these marauders. He was a reckless desperado who, pistol in hand, would literally have "your money, or your life;" and perhaps both. He was as famous in his day as Sixteen-string-Jack, or the Flying Highwayman. He shot several persons; his trial excited as much interest as Thurtell's; and the concourse of people at his execution was innumerable. It was in the height of summer; and the following Sunday being fine, London seemed a deserted city; for hundreds of thousands went to see Abershaw hanging in chains. His fame will outlast his gibbet, which I suppose has been down years ago. The papers tell us, that the duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, ordered down the pirates' gibbets from the river-side. These were the last "men in chains" in the vicinage of the metropolis.

July, 1827.

JERRY ABERSHAW AND THE MEN IN CHAINS.

Townsend, the Bow-street officer's interesting examination before the police committee of the House of Commons in June, 1816, contains some curious particulars respecting Abershaw, the pirates, "the dangers of the *road*," and "hanging matters," toward the close of the last century.

Q. The activity of the officers of Bow-street has infinitely increased of late years?

A. No doubt about it; and there is one thing which appears to me most extraordinary, when I remember, in very likely a week, there should be from ten to fifteen highway robberies. We have not had a man committed for a highway robbery lately; I speak of persons on horseback. Formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen, some on Hounslow Heath, some on Wimbledon Common, some on Finchley Common, some on the Romford Road. I have actually come to Bow-street in the morning, and while I have been leaning over the desk, had three or four people come in and say, 'I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place;' 'I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place.' People travel now safely, by means of the horse-patrol that sir Richard Ford planned. Where are there highway robberies now? As I was observing to the chancellor, as I was up at his house on the Corn Bill: he said, 'Townsend, I knew you very well so many years ago.' I said, 'Yes, my lord; I remember your coming first to the bar, first in your plain gown, and then as king's counsel, and now chancellor. Now your lordship sits as chancellor, and directs the executions on the recorder's report; but where are the highway robberies now?' and his lordship said, 'Yes, I am astonished.' There are no footpad robberies or road robberies now but merely jostling you in the streets. They used to be ready to pop at a man as soon as he let down his glass.

Q. You remember the case of *Abershaw*?

A. Yes; I had him tucked up where he was; it was through me. I never left a court of justice without having discharged my own feeling as much in favour of the unhappy criminal as I did on the part of the prosecution; and I once applied to Mr. Justice Buller to save two men out of three who were convicted; and on my application we argued a good deal about it. I said, 'My lord, I have no motive but my duty; the jury have pronounced them guilty. I have heard your lordship pronounce sentence of death, and I have now informed you of the different dispositions of the three men. If you choose to execute them all I have nothing to say about it; but was I you, in the room of being the officer, and you were to tell me what Townsend has told you, I should think it would be a justification of you to respite those two unhappy men, and hang that one who has been convicted three times before.' The other men never had been convicted before, and the other had been three times convicted; and he very

properly did. And how are judges or justices to know how many times a man has been convicted but by the information of the officer in whose duty and department it is to keep a register of old offenders. The magistrate sits up there, he knows nothing of it till the party is brought before him; he cannot.

Q. Do you think any advantages arise from a man being put on a gibbet after his execution?

A. Yes, I was always of that opinion; and I recommended sir William Scott to hang the two men that are hanging down the river. I will state my reason. We will take for granted, that those men were hanged as this morning, for the murder of those revenue officers—they are by law dissected; the sentence is, that afterwards, the body is to go to the surgeons for dissection; there is an end of it—it dies. But look at this: there are a couple of men now hanging near the Thames, where all the sailors must come up; and one says to the other, 'Pray what are those two poor fellows there for?'—'Why,' says another, 'I will go and ask.' They ask. 'Why, those two men are hung and gibbeted for murdering his majesty's revenue officers.' And so the thing is kept alive. If it was not for this, people would die, and nobody would know any thing of it. In Abershaw's case I said to the sheriff, 'The only difficulty in hanging this fellow, upon this place, is its being so near lord Spencer's house.' But we went down, and pointed out a particular place; he was hung at the particular pitch of the hill where he used to do the work. If there was a person ever went to see that man hanging, I am sure there was a hundred thousand. I received information that they meant to cut him down. I said to sir Richard Ford, 'I will counteract this; in order to have it done right, I will go and sit up all night, and have eight or ten officers at a distance, for I shall nail these fellows;' for I talked cant language to him. However, we had the officers there, but nobody ever came, or else, being so close to Kent-street, they would have come down and sawed the gibbet, and taken it all away, for Kent-street was a very desperate place, though it is not so now. Lord chief justice Eyre once went the Home Circuit; he began at Hertford, and finished at Kingston. Crimes were so desperate, that in his charge to the grand jury at Hertford, he finished—'Now, gentlemen of the jury, you have heard my opinion as to the enormity of the offences committed; be careful what bills you find, for whatever bills you find, if the parties are convicted before me, if they are convicted for capital offences, I have made up my mind, as I go through the circuit, to execute every one.' He did so—he never saved man or woman—and a singular circumstance occurred, that stands upon record fresh in my mind. There were seven people convicted for a robbery in Kent-street; for calling in a pedlar, and after robbing the man, he jumped out of window. There were four men and three women concerned; they were all convicted, and all hanged in Kent-street, opposite the door; and, I think, on Kennington Common eight more, making fifteen:—all that were convicted were hung.

Q. Do you think, from your long observation, that the morals and manners of the lower people in the metropolis are better or worse than formerly?

A. I am decidedly of opinion, that, with respect to the present time, and the early part of my time, such as 1781, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, where there is one person convicted now—I may say, I am positively convinced—there were five then. We never had an execution wherein we did not grace that unfortunate gibbet (at the Old Bailey) with ten, twelve, to thirteen, sixteen, and twenty; and forty I once saw, at twice; I have them all down at home. I remember in 1783, when sergeant Adair was recorder, there were forty hung at two executions. The unfortunate people themselves laugh at it now; they call it 'a bagatelle.' I was conversing with an old offender some years ago, who has now quite changed his life; and he said, 'Why, sir, where there is one hung now, there were five when I was young;' and I said, 'Yes, you are right in your calculation, and you are very lucky that you were spared so long, and have lived to be a better man.' I agree with George Barrington—whom I brought from Newcastle—and however great lord chief baron Eyre's speech was to him, after he had answered him, it came to this climax: 'Now,' says he, 'Townsend, you heard what the chief baron said to me; a fine flowery speech, was it not?' 'Yes:' 'But he did not answer the question I put to him.' Now how could he? After all that the chief baron said to him after he was acquitted—giving him advice—this word was every thing: says he, 'My lord, I have paid great attention to what you have been stating to me, after my acquittal: I return my sincere thanks to the jury for their goodness: but your lordship says, you lament very much that a man of my abilities should not turn my abilities to a better

use. Now, my lord, I have only this reply to make: I am ready to go into any service, to work for my labour, if your lordship will but find me a master.' Why, what was the reply to that? 'Gaoler, take the prisoner away.' Why who would employ him? It is really farcical. I have heard magistrates say, 'Young man, really I am very sorry for you; you are much to be pitied; you should turn your talents to a better account; and you should really leave off this bad course of life.' Yes, that is better said than done; for where is there any body to take these wretches? They have said to me; 'Sir, we do not thieve from disposition; but we thieve because we cannot get employment: our character is damned, and nobody will have us;' and so it is; there is no question about it.

REMARKABLE EPITAPHS.

At Penryn.

Here lies William Smith: and what is somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hang'd in this here parish.

At Staverton.

Here lieth the body of Betty Bowden,
Who would live longer but she couden;
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carr'd her away.

At Loch Rausa.

Here lies Donald and his wife,
Janet Mac Fee:
Aged 40 hee,
And 30 shee.

On Mr. Bywater.

Here lie the remains of his relative's pride,
Bywater he lived, and by water he died;
Though by water he fell, yet by water he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies.

On a Miser.

Here lies one who for med'cine would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost;
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but guess how much his fun'ral cost.

S. S. S.

KING HENRY II.

Described by Giraldus Cambrensis,

Who accompanied him (as he afterwards did King John) into Ireland, A. D. 1172.

Henry II., king of England, was of a very good colour, but somewhat red; his head great and round, his eyes were fiery, red, and grim, and his face very high coloured; his voice or speech was shaking, quivering, or trembling; his neck short, his breast broad and big; strong armed; his body was gross, and his belly somewhat big, which came to him rather by nature than by any gross feeding or surfeiting; for his diet was very temperate, and to say the truth, thought to be more spare than comely, or for the state of a prince; and yet to abate his grossness, and to remedy this fault of nature, he did, as it were, punish his body with continual exercise, and keep a continual war with himself. For in the times of his wars, which were for the most part continual to him, he had little or no rest at all; and in times of peace he would not grant unto himself any peace at all, nor take any rest: for then did he give himself wholly unto hunting; and to follow the same, he would very early every morning be on horseback, and then go into the woods, sometimes into the forests, and sometimes into the hills and fields, and so would he spend the whole day until night. In the evening when he came home, he would never, or very seldom, sit either before or after supper; for though he were never so weary, yet still would he be walking and going. And, forasmuch as it is very profitable for every man in his lifetime that he do not take too much of any one thing, for medicine itself, which is appointed for man's help and remedy, is not absolutely perfect and good to be always used, even so it befell and happened to this prince; for, partly by his excessive travels, and partly by divers bruises in his body, his legs and feet were swollen and sore. And, though he had no disease at all, yet age itself was a breaking sufficient unto him. He was of a reasonable stature, which happened to none of his sons; for his two eldest sons were somewhat higher, and his two younger were somewhat lower and less than he was. If he were in a good mood, and not angry, then would he be very pleasant and eloquent: he was also (which was a thing very rare in those days) very well learned; he was also very affable, gentle, and courteous; and besides, so pitiful, that when he

had overcome his enemy, yet would he be overcome with pity towards him. In war he was most valiant, and in peace he was as provident and circumspect. And in the wars, mistrusting and doubting of the end and event thereof, he would (as Terence writeth) try all the ways and means he could devise, rather than wage the battle. If he lost any of his men in the fight, he would marvellously lament his death, and seem to pity him more being dead, than he did regard or account of him being alive; more bewailing the dead, than favouring the living.

In times of distress no man was more courteous; and when all things were safe, no man more cruel. Against the stubborn and unruly, no man more sharp, yet to the humble no man more gentle; hard towards his own men and household, but liberal to strangers; bountiful abroad, but sparing at home; whom he once hated, he would never or very hardly love; and whom he once loved, he would not lightly be out with him, or forsake him. He had great pleasure and delight in hawking and hunting:—would to God he had been as well bent and disposed unto good devotion!*

It was said, that after the displeasure grown between the king and his sons, by the means and through the enticing of the queen their mother, he never was accounted to keep his word and promise, but, without any regard or care, was a common breaker thereof. And true it is, that, of a certain natural disposition, he was light and inconstant of his word; and if the matter were brought to a narrow strait or pinch, he would not stick rather to cover his word, than to deny his deed. And for this cause, in all his doings, he was very provident and circumspect, and a very upright and severe minister of justice, although he did therein grieve and make his friends to smart. His answers, for the most part, were perverse and froward. And, albeit, for profit and lucre all things are set to sale, and do bring great gains, as well to the clergy as the laity, yet they are no better to a man's heirs and executors, than were the riches of Gehasi, whose greedy doings turned himself to utter ruin and destruction.

He was a great peace-maker, and careful keeper thereof himself; a liberal almsgiver, and a special benefactor to the Holy Land; he loved humility, abhorred pride, and much oppressed his nobility. The hungry he refreshed, the rich he regarded not. The humble he would exalt, but the mighty he disdained. He usurped much upon the holy church; and of a certain kind of zeal, but not according to knowledge, he did intermingle and conjoin profane with holy things; for why? *He would be all in all himself.* He was the child of the holy mother church, and by her advanced to the sceptre of his kingdom; and yet he either dissembled or utterly forgot the same; for he was slack always in coming to the church unto the divine service, and at the time thereof he would be busied and occupied rather with councils and in conference about the affairs of his commonwealth, than in devotion and prayer. The livelihoods belonging to any spiritual promotion, he would, in time of their vacation, confiscate to his own treasury, and assume that to himself which was due unto Christ. When any new troubles or wars did grow, or come upon him, then would he lavish and pour out all that ever he had in store or treasury, and liberally bestow that upon a soldier, which ought to have been given unto the priest. He had a very prudent and forecasting wit, and thereby foreseeing what things might or were like to ensue, he would accordingly order or dispose either for the performance or for the prevention thereof; notwithstanding which, many times the event happened to the contrary, and he was disappointed of his expectation: and commonly there happened no ill unto him, but he would foretell thereof to his friends and familiars.

He was a marvellous natural father to his children, and loved them tenderly in their childhood and young years; but they being grown to some age and ripeness, he was as a father-in-law, and could scarcely brook any of them. And, notwithstanding they were very handsome, comely, and noble gentlemen, yet, whether it were that he would not have them prosper too fast, or whether they had evil deserved of him, he hated them; and it was full much against his will that they should be his successors, or heirs to any part of his inheritance. And such is the prosperity of man, that as it cannot be perpetual, no more can it be perfect and assured: for why?—such was the secret malice of fortune against this king, that where he should have received much comfort, there had he most sorrow; where quietness and safety —there unquietness and peril; where peace —there enmity; where courtesy—there ingratitude; where rest—there trouble. And

* Giraldus here alludes to his quarrel with Thomas à Becket.

whether this happened by the means of their marriages, or for the punishment of the father's sins, certain it is, there was no good agreement, neither between the father and the sons, nor yet among the sons themselves.

But at length, when all his enemies and the disturbers of the common peace were suppressed, and his brethren, his sons, and all others his adversaries, as well at home as abroad, were reconciled; then all things happened and befell unto him (though it were long first) after and according to his own will and mind. And would to God he had likewise reconciled himself unto God, and by amendment of his life, had in the end also procured his favour and mercy! Besides this, which I had almost forgotten, he was of such a memory, that if he had seen and known a man, he would not forget him: neither yet whatsoever he had heard, would he be unmindful thereof. And hereof was it, that he had so ready a memory of histories which he had read, and a knowledge and a manner of experience in all things. To conclude, if he had been chosen of God, and been obsequious and careful to live in his fear and after his laws, he had excelled all the princes of the world; for in the gifts of nature, no one man was to be compared unto him.*

AMSTERDAM — WITHOUT WATER.

An amusing and lively account of this capital, its public institutions, society, painters, &c. may be found in a small volume, entitled "Voyage par la Hollande," published by a French visitant in 1806. This is probably the most recent sketch of Amsterdam. With the exception of the conversion of the stadt-house into a king's palace, and the establishment of certain societies, its general aspect and character have undergone little change for a century past; insomuch that "Le Guide d'Amsterdam," published by Paul Blad in 1720, may be regarded as forming a correct and useful pocket-companion at the present day. The descriptions given of the Dutch towns by Mr. Ray in 1663, Dr. Brown in 1668, Mr. Misson in 1687, and Dr. Northleigh in 1702, are applicable in almost every particular to the same towns at the present day; so comparatively stationary has Holland been, or so averse are the people to changes.

That fuel should be scarce and dear in Amsterdam, the capital of a country destitute of coal-mines, and growing very little wood, might be expected; but, surrounded and intersected by canals as the city is, it is surprising that another of the necessaries of life, pure water, should be a still scarcer commodity: yet such is the case. There is no water fit for culinary purposes in Amsterdam but what is brought by boats from the Vecht, a distance of fifteen miles; and limpid water is brought from Utrecht, more than twice that distance, and sold in the streets by gallon measures, for table use, and for making of tea and coffee.*

For the Table Book.

REASON,

If not Rhyme.

Dame Prudence whispers marry not
'Till you have pence enough to pay
For chattels, and to keep a cot,
And leave a mite for quarter-day.

Beside chair, table, and a bed,
Those need, who cannot live on air,
Two plates, a basket for the bread,
And knives and forks at least two pair.

When winter rattles in the sky
Drear is the bed that wants a rug,
And hapless he whose purse is dry
When sickness calls for pill and drug.

So, Bess, we'll e'en put off the day
For parson C—— to tie us fast—
Who knows but luck, so long away,
May come and bide with us at last?

Hope shall be ours the tedious while;
We'll mingle hearts, our lips shall join
I'll only claim thy sweetest smile,
Only thy softest tress be mine.

Verite.

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* Extracted (from lord Mountmorris's History of the Irish Parliament, vol. i. page 33, et infra) by "The Veiled Spirit."

* Horticultural Tour.

For the Table Book.

SONG,

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.

Wer wollte sich mit Grillen plagen, &c.

Who—who would think of sorrowing
In hours of youth and blooming spring,
When bright cerulean skies are o'er us,
And sun-lit paths before us—
Who—who would suffer shade to steal
Over the forehead's vernal light,
Whilst young Hope in her heav'n-ward flight
Oft turns her face round to reveal
Her bright eye to the raptur'd sight—
Whilst Joy, with many smiles and becks,
Bids *us* pursue the road *he* takes.

——Still, as erst, the fountain plays,
The arbour's green and cool,
And the fair queen of night doth gaze
On earth, as chastely beautiful
As when she op'd her wond'ring eyes
First—on the flowers of Paradise.

Still doth, as erst, the grape-juice brighten
The heart in fortune's wayward hour—
And still do kindred hearts delight in
Affection's kiss in evening-bower.
Still Philomela's passionate strain
Bids long-fled feelings come again.

The world, to *me*, is wond'rous fair—
So fair, that should I cease to hold
Communion with its scenes so dear,
I'd think my days were nearly told.

R. W. D.

SWEETHEART SEEING.

ST. MARK'S EVE.—IN CHANCERY, *August* 2, 1827. In a cause, "Barker v. Ray," a deponent swore, that a woman, named Ann Johnson, and also called "Nanny Nunks," went to the deponent, and said to her, "I'll tell you what I did to know if I could have Mr. Barker. On St. Mark's night I ran round a haystack nine times, with a ring in my hand, calling out, 'Here's the sheath, but where's the knife?' and, when I was running round the ninth time, I thought I saw Mr. Barker coming home; but he did not come home that night, but was brought from the Blue Bell, at Beverley, the next day."

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

CONTROVERSY.

A man who is fond of disputing, will, in time, have few friends to dispute with.

SPEECH.

Truth is clothed in white. But a lie comes forth with all the colours of the rainbow.

ADVERSITY, A GOOD TEACHER.

Those bear disappointments the best, who have been the most used to them.

EXAMPLE

When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavour to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

STANDARD OF VALUE.

The worth of every thing is determined by the demand for it. In the deserts of Arabia, a pitcher of cold water is of more value than a mountain of gold.

LUCK AND LABOUR.

A guinea found in the street, will not do a poor man so much good as half a guinea earned by industry.

EARNING THE BEST GETTING.

Give a man work, and he will find money.

EARLY HOURS.

Since the introduction of candles, luxury has increased. Our forefathers rose with the lark, and went to bed with the sun.

INDICATIONS OF THE STATE-PULSE.

A jolly farmer returning home in his own waggon, after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity, than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera or the playhouse.

OVERWISE AND OTHERWISE.

A man of bright parts has generally more indiscretions to answer for than a blockhead.

——————— some monitor unseen,
Calls for the song.—the call shall be obey'd;
For 'tis that silent monitor, I ween,
Which led my youth, to many a green-wood shade;
Show'd me the spring, in thousand blooms array'd,
And bade me look towards Heaven's immensity:
This is a power that schoolmen never made,
That comes all unsolicited and free,
To fire the youthful bard—lo! this is Poesy!

The Song of the Patriot.

Robert Millhouse

—— The talented author of the poem from whence the motto is extracted is scarcely known to fame, and not at all to fortune. His unostentatious little

volume, entitled "The Song of the Patriot, Sonnets, and Songs," was thrown accidentally in my way; and its perusal occasions me to acquaint the readers of the *Table Book* with its uncommon merit. I do not know any thing concerning the poet beyond what I have derived from printed particulars, which I now endeavour to diffuse. That he is highly esteemed by a discriminating brother bard in his native county, is apparent by the following beautiful address to him in the Nottingham Mercury:—

STANZAS.

My thoughts are of a solitary place,
Where twilight dwells, where sunbeams rarely fall;
And there a wild-rose hangs in pensive grace,
Reflected in a fountain clear and small;
Above them rise dark shadowy trees and tall,
Whilst round them grow rank night-shades in the gloom,
Which seem with noxious influence to pall
The fountain's light, and taint the flower's perfume;
As fainly they would mar what they might not outbloom.

These, mind me, Millhouse! of thy spirit's light,
That twilight makes in life so dark as thine!
And though I do not fear the rose may blight,
Or that the fountain's flow may soon decline;
Hope, is there none, the boughs which frown malign,
High over-head, should let in heaven's sweet face;
Yet shall not these their life unknown resign,
For nature's votaries, wandering in each place,
Shall find their secret shade, and marvel at their grace.

It appears from a small volume, published in 1823, entitled "Blossoms—by Robert Millhouse—being a Selection of Sonnets from his various Manuscripts," that the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. vicar of Dudley, deemed its author "a man whose genius and character seemed to merit the patronage of his country, while his pressing wants, in an equal degree, claimed its compassion." The doctor "presumed to advocate his case and his cause" before the "Literary Fund," and a donation honourable to the society afforded the poet temporary relief. This, says Millhouse, was "at a time when darkness surrounded me on every side." In a letter to Dr. Booker, lamenting the failure of a subscription to indemnify him for publishing his poems, when sickness had reduced a wife and infant child to the borders of the grave, he says, "I am now labouring under indisposition both of body and mind; which, with the united evils of poverty and a bad trade, have brought on me a species of melancholy that requires the utmost exertions of my philosophy to encounter." About this period he wrote the following:—

TO A LEAFLESS HAWTHORN.

Hail, rustic tree! for, though November's wind
Has thrown thy verdant mantle to the ground:
Yet Nature, to thy vocal inmates kind,
With berries red thy matron-boughs has crown'd.
Thee do I envy: for, bright April show'rs
Will bid again thy fresh green leaves expand;
And May, light floating in a cloud of flow'rs,
Will cause thee to re-bloom with magic hand.
But, on *my* spring, when genial dew-drops fell,
Soon did life's north-wind curdle them with frost;
And, when my summer-blossom op'd its bell,
In blight and mildew was its beauty lost.

Before adducing other specimens of his talents, it seems proper to give some account of the poet; and it can scarcely be better related than in the following

MEMOIR OF ROBERT MILLHOUSE, BY HIS ELDER BROTHER, JOHN MILLHOUSE.

Robert Millhouse was born at Nottingham the 14th of October, 1788, and was the second of ten children. The poverty of his parents compelled them to put him to work at the age of six years, and when ten he was sent to work in a stocking-loom. He had been constantly sent to a Sunday school, (the one which was under the particular patronage of that truly philanthropic ornament of human nature, the late Mr. Francis Wakefield,) till about the last-mentioned age, when a requisition having been sent by the rector of St. Peter's parish, Dr. Staunton, to the master of the school, for six of his boys to become singers at the church, Robert was one that was selected; and thus terminated his education, which merely consisted of reading, and the first rudiments of writing.

When sixteen years old he first evinced an inclination for the study of poetry, which originated in the following manner.—Being one day at the house of an acquaintance, he observed on the chimney-piece two small statues of Shakspeare and Milton, which attracting his curiosity, he read on a tablet in front of the former, that celebrated inscription—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!"

Its beauty and solemnity excited in his mind the highest degree of admiration

At the first opportunity he related the occurrence to me with apparent astonishment, and concluded by saying, "Is it not Scripture?" In reply, I told him it was a passage from Shakspeare's play of the "Tempest," a copy of which I had in my possession, and that he had better read it. For, although he had from his infancy been accustomed to survey with delight the beautiful scenery which surrounds Nottingham, had heard with rapture the singing of birds, and been charmed with the varied beauties of the changing seasons; and though his feelings were not unfrequently awakened by hearing read pathetic narratives, or accounts of the actions and sufferings of great and virtuous men, yet he was totally ignorant that such things were in any wise connected with poetry.

He now began to read with eagerness such books as I had previously collected, the principal of which were some of the plays of Shakspeare, Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Man, the select poems of Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Prior, and Parnell, two volumes of the Tatler, and Goldsmith's Essays, all of the cheapest editions. But, ere long, by uniting our exertions, we were enabled to purchase Suttaby's miniature edition of Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Hawkesworth's translation of Telemachus, Mickle's version of the Lusiad, Thomson's Seasons, Beattie's Minstrel, &c. These were considered as being a most valuable acquisition; and the more so, because we had feared we should never be able to obtain a sight of some of them, through their being too voluminous and expensive.

In 1810 he became a soldier in the Nottinghamshire militia, joined the regiment at Plymouth, and shortly afterwards made an attempt at composition.

It will readily be expected that now, being separated, we should begin to correspond with each other; and one day, on opening a letter which I had just received from him, I was agreeably surprised at the sight of his first poetical attempt, the "Stanzas addressed to a Swallow;" which was soon after followed by the small piece written "On finding a Nest of Robins." Shortly after this the regiment embarked at Plymouth, and proceeded to Dublin; from which place, in the spring of 1812, I received in succession several other efforts of his muse.

Being now desirous of knowing for certain whether any thing he had hitherto produced was worthy to appear in print, he requested me to transmit some of them to the editor of the Nottingham Review, with a desire that, if they met with his approbation, he would insert them in his paper; with which request that gentleman very promptly complied. Having now a greater confidence in himself, he attempted something of a larger kind, and produced, in the summer of 1812, the poem of "Nottingham Park."

In 1814 the regiment was disembodied, when he again returned to the stocking-loom, and for several years entirely neglected composition. In 1817 he was placed on the staff of his old regiment, now the Royal Sherwood Foresters; and in the following year became a married man. The cares of providing for a family now increased his necessities; he began seriously to reflect on his future prospects in life; and perceiving he had no other chance of bettering his condition than by a publication, and not having sufficient already written to form a volume, he resolved to attempt something of greater magnitude and importance than he had hitherto done; and n February, 1819, began the poem of "Vicissitude." The reader will easily conceive that such a theme required some knowledge of natural and moral philosophy, of history, and of the vital principles of religion. How far he has succeeded in this poem is not for me to say; but certain it is, as may be expected from the narrowness of his education, and his confined access to books, his knowledge is very superficial: however, with unceasing exertions, sometimes composing while at work under the pressure of poverty and ill-health, and at other times, when released from his daily labour, encroaching upon the hours which ought to have been allotted to sleep, by the end of October, 1820, the work was brought to a conclusion.

To his brother's narrative should be added, that Robert Millhouse's "Vicissitude," and other poems, struggled into the world with great difficulty, and were succeeded by the volume of "Blossoms." The impression of both was small, their sale slow, and their price low; and nearly as soon as each work was disposed of, the produce was exhausted by the wants of the author and his family.

Fresh and urgent necessities have required fresh exertions, and the result is "The Song of the Patriot, Sonnets, and Songs," a four-shilling volume, "printed for the Author and sold by R. Hunter, St. Paul's Church-yard, and J. Dunn, Nottingham." The book appeared in the

autumn of last year, after poor Millhouse had suffered much privation from the bad state of the times. It was published with a slender list of subscribers—only seventy-seven!—and, though intended to improve his situation, has scarcely defrayed the bills of the stationer and printer.

The author of "The Song of the Patriot" anticipated the blight of his efforts. In the commencement of that poem, he says:—

—— 'Tis difficult for little men
To raise their feeble pigmy heads so high,
As to attract the glance of passing ken
Where giant shoulders intercept the sky;
And ah! 'tis difficult for such as I,
To wake fit strains where mighty minstrels sing;
Perhaps, even this, shall but be born and die:
Not fated to enjoy a second spring,
But like some hawk-struck bird, expire on new-fledg'd wing.

In this poem there are stanzas expressed with all a poet's fire, and all a patriot's heartfelt devotion to his country.

Land of my fathers! may thy rocky coast
Long be the bulwark of thy free-born race;
Long may thy patriots have just cause to boast
That mighty Albion is their native place;
Still be thy sons unequall'd in the chase
Of glory, be it science, arts, or arms;
And first o'erweening conquerors to disgrace;
Yet happier far, when Peace in all her charms,
Drives out from every land the din of war's alarms.

Potent art thou in poesy—Yet there still
Is one thing which the bard hath seldom scann'd;
That national, exalting local thrill,
Which makes our home a consecrated land:
'Tis not enough to stretch the Muses' wand
O'er states, where thy best blood has purchas'd fame;
Nor that thy fertile genius should expand
To cast o'er foreign themes the witching flame:
This hath thy lyre perform'd, and won a glorious name.

Be every hill and dale, where childhood wanders,
And every grove and nook, the lover knows,
And every stream, and runlet that meanders,
And every plain that covers freedom's foes
The dwelling-place of Song,—and where repose
The great immortal worthies of our isle
Be hallow'd ground—and when the pilgrim goes
To hail the sacred dust, and muse awhile,
Be heard the free-born strain to blanch the tyrant's smile.

The patriotism of that people, traces of whose victories are observable in many of our customs, has been well discriminated. "In the most virtuous times of the Roman republic their country was the idol, at whose shrine her greatest patriots were at all times prepared to offer whole hecatombs of human victims: the interests of other nations were no further regarded, than as they could be rendered subservient to the gratification of her ambition; and mankind at large were considered as possessing no rights, but such as might with the utmost propriety be merged in that devouring vortex. With all their talents and their grandeur, they were unprincipled oppressors, leagued in a determined conspiracy against the liberty and independence of mankind."* Every English patriot disclaims, on behalf of his country, the exclusive selfishness of Roman policy; and Millhouse is a patriot in the true sense of the word. His "Song of the Patriot" is a series of energetic stanzas, that would illustrate the remark. At the hazard of exceeding prescribed limits, two more are added to the specimens already quoted.

A beacon, lighted on a giant hill;
A sea-girt watch-tower to each neighbouring state;
A barrier, to control the despot's will;
An instrument of all-directing fate
Is Britain; for whate'er in man is great,
Full to that greatness have her sons attain'd;
Dreadful in war to hurl the battle's weight;
Supreme in arts, in commerce unrestrain'd;
Peerless in magic song, to hold the soul enchain'd.

In wealth and power stupendous is our isle!
Obtain'd by Labour's persevering hand:
And heaven-born Liberty extends her smile
To the remotest corners of our land:
The meanest subject feels her potent wand;
Peasant and peer are by one law controll'd;
And this it is, that keeps us great and grand:
This is the impulse makes our warriors bold,
And knits more close the bond our fathers seal'd of old.

The prevailing feature in Robert Millhouse's effusions is of a domestic nature. He loves his country, and deems his birthplace and the hearth of his family its brightest spots. One of his sonnets combines these feelings:—

HOME.

Scenes of my birth, and careless childhood hours!
Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales!
Where oft I wander'd, plucking vernal flowers,
And revell'd in the odour-breathing gales;
Should fickle Fate, with talismanic wand,
Bear me afar where either India glows,
Or fix my dwelling on the Polar land,
Where Nature wears her ever-during snows;
Still shall your charms my fondest themes adorn,
When placid evening paints the western sky.

* Robert Hall.

And when Hyperion wakes the blushing Morn,
To rear his gorgeous sapphire throne on high.
For, to the guileless heart, where'er we roam,
No scenes delight us like our much-lov'd Home.

A man so humble, with such acquirements as have been here exemplified, and so unfortunate as to have derived little from their exercise but pain and disappointment, may be imagined to have penned the following address in distress and despondency :—

To Genius.

O born of heaven, thou Child of magic Song!
What pangs, what cutting hardships wait on thee,
When thou art doom'd to cramping Poverty;
The pois'nous shafts from Defamation's tongue,—
The jeers and tauntings of the blockhead throng,
Who joy to see thy bold exertions fail;
While Hunger, pinching as December's gale,
Brings moody dark Despondency along.
And, should'st thou strive Fame's lofty mount to scale,
The steps of its ascent are cut in sand;
And half-way up,—a snake-scourge in her hand,
Lurks pallid Envy, ready to assail:
And last, if thou the top, expiring, gain,
When Fame applauds, thou hearest not the strain.

In this sheet there is not room to further make known, or plead at greater length, the claims of Robert Millhouse to notice and protection. I should blush for any reader of poetical taste, with four shillings to spare, who, after perusing the preceding extracts, would hesitate to purchase the poet's last little volume. I should more than blush for the more wealthy, who are reputed patrons of talent, if they decline to seek out and effectually succour him. I am, and am likely to remain, wholly unacquainted with him: my only wish is to induce attention to a talented and estimable individual, who is obscure and neglected, because he is unobtrusive and modest.

August 8, 1827.

AN INFERNAL PALINDROME.

[*Palindrome.* A word or sentence which is the same read backward as forwards: as, *madam*; or this sentence *Subi dura a rudibus.* *Johnson.*]

Whence did Geoffry Crayon derive "The Poor Devil Author," the title to one of his "Tales of a Traveller," but from a legendary story, according to which the devil is acquainted with versification, although his lines are constructed in a very remarkable manner; for they can be read forward and backward, and preserve the same sense. There is a specimen of this "literary ingenuity" in the present volume of the *Table Book*, (col. 28.) The "Lives of the Saints" afford another, viz :—

St. Martin (of whom there is an account in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 1469) having given up the profession of a soldier, and being elected bishop of Tours, when prelates neither kept carriages, horses, nor servants, had occasion to go to Rome, in order to consult his holiness upon some important ecclesiastical matter. As he was walking gently along the road, he met the devil, who politely accosted him, and ventured to observe how fatiguing and indecorous it was for him to perform so long a journey on foot, like the commonest of cockle-shell-chaperoned pilgrims. The saint knew well the drift of Old Nick's address, and commanded him immediately to become a beast of burthen, or *jumentum*; which the devil did in a twinkling, by assuming the shape of a mule. The saint jumped upon the fiend's back, who, at first, trotted cheerfully along, but soon slackened his pace. The bishop, of course, had neither whip nor spurs, but was possessed of a much more powerful stimulus, for, says the legend, he made the sign of the cross, and the smarting devil instantly galloped away. Soon, however, and naturally enough, the father of sin returned to sloth and obstinacy, and Martin hurried him again with repeated signs of the cross, till twitched and stung to the quick by those crossings so hateful to him, the vexed and tired reprobate uttered the following distich in a rage :—

Signa te, Signa: temere me tangis et angis:
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

That is — "*Cross*, cross *thyself* — thou plaguest and vexest *me* without necessity; for, owing to my exertions, Rome, the object of thy wishes, will soon be near." The singularity of this distich consists, as hinted above, in its being *palindromical*; or it reads backwards as well as in the common way—*Angis*, the last word of the first line, makes *signa—et* makes *te*—and so on to the beginning. *Amor*, the last of the last line, read backwards, makes *Roma* —*ibit* makes *tibi*—and so forth.

These lines have been quoted imperfectly and separately in "Encyclopedies" and other books, under the words "Palindromical verses;" but the reader will not easily meet with the legendary tale, which gives them historical consistence and meaning.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXIX.

[From the "Gentleman Usher," a Comedy, by G. Chapman, 1606.]

Vincentio, a Prince (to gain him over to his interest in a love-affair) gulls Bassiolo, a formal Gentleman Usher to a Great Lord, with commendations of his wise house-ordering at a great Entertainment.

Vinc. — besides, good Sir, your Show did shew so well—

Bass. Did it indeed, my Lord?

Vinc. O Sir, believe it,
'Twas the best fashion'd and well-order'd thing,
That ever eye beheld: and therewithal,
The fit attendance by the servants used,
The gentle guise in serving every guest,
In other entertainments; every thing
About your house so sortfully disposed,
That ev'n as in a turn-spit (call'd a Jack)
One vice* assists another; the great wheels,
Turning but softly, make the less to whirr
About their business; every different part
Concurring to one commendable end:
So, and in such conformance, with rare grace
Were all things order'd in your good Lord's house.

Bass. The most fit Simile that ever was.

Vinc. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,
Touching the *man* that (I think) caused this order?

Bass. Aye, good my Lord.

Vinc. You note my Simile?

Bass. Drawn from the turn-spit ——

Vinc. I see, you have me.
Even as in that quaint engine you have seen
A little man in shreds stand at the winder,
And seems to put in act all things about him,
Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,—
Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does:
So, though your Lord be a brave gentleman,
And seems to do this business, he does nothing.
Some man about him shew so glorious and divine.

Bass. I cannot tell, my Lord; but I should know,
If any such there were.

Vinc. Should know, quoth you?
I warrant, you know well. Well, some there be,
Shall have the fortune to have such rare men
(Like brave Beasts to their arms) support their state;
When others, of as high a worth and breed,
Are made the wasteful food of them they feed.—
What state hath your Lord made you for your service?

* * * * * *

The same Bassiolo described.

Lord's Daughter. — his place is great; for he is not only
My father's Usher, but the world's beside,
Because he goes before it all in folly.

* Turn.

[From the "Bastard," a Tragedy, Author Unknown, 1652.]

Lover's Frown.

Roderiguez. Thy uncle, Love, holds still a jealous eye
On all my actions; and I am advised,
That his suspicious ears
Are still behind the hangings; that the servants
Have from him in command to watch who visits.
'Tis safest, in my judgment, in his presence
That thou forbear to cast a smile upon me;
And that, like old December, I should look
With an unpleasant and contracted brow.

Varina. What, can'st thou change thy heart, my dear, that heart
Of flesh thou gav'st me, into adamant,
Or rigid marble? can'st thou frown on me?

Rod. You do mistake me, sweet, I mean not so
To change my heart; I'll change my countenance,
But keep my heart as loyal as before.

Var. In truth I cannot credit it, that thou
Can'st cast a frown on me; I prithee, try.

Rod. Then thus:

(*he tries, and cannot; they smile on each other.*)

Var. I prithee, sweet, betake thyself to school;
This lesson thou must learn; in faith thou art out.

Rod. Well, I must learn, and practice it, or we
Shall blast our budding hopes.

Var. Come, try again.

Rod. But if I try, and prove a good proficient;
If I do act my part discretely, you
Must take it as a play, not as a truth;
Think it a formal, not a real frown.

Var. I shall ——

Rod. Then thus: i'faith, minion, I'll look to thee.

(*she swoons.*)

Rod. Why, how now, sweet!—I did mistrust thy weakness:
Now I have learn'd my part, you are to seek.

Var. 'Faith, 'twas my weakness; when I did perceive
A cloud of rage condensed on thy brow,
My heart began to melt.——

[From "Love Tricks," a Comedy, by James Shirley.]

Passionate Courtship.

Infortunio. I must have other answer, for I love you.

Selina. Must! but I don't see any necessity that I must love you. I do confess you are
A proper man.

Inf. O do not mock, Selina; let not excellence,
Which you are full of, make you proud and scornful.
I am a Gentleman; though my outward part
Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me,
Nature hath made me what she need not shame.
Yet look into my heart; there you shall see
What you cannot despise, for there you are
With all your graces waiting on you; there
Love hath made you a throne to sit, and rule
O'er Infortunio; all my thoughts obeying,
And honouring you as queen. Pass by my outside,
My breast I dare compare with any man.
Sel. But who can see this breast you boast of so?
Inf. O 'tis an easy work; for though it be
Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whose beam
Is spent on outward shapes, there is a way
To make a search into its hidden'st passage.
I know you would not love, to please your sense.
A tree, that bears a ragged unleav'd top
In depth of winter, may when summer comes
Speak by his fruit he is not dead but youthful,
Though once he shew'd no sap: my heart's a plant
Kept down by colder thoughts and doubtful fears.
Your frowns like winter storms make it seem dead,
But yet it is not so; make it but yours,
And you shall see it spring, and shoot forth leaves
Worthy your eye, and the oppressed sap
Ascend to every part to make it green,
And pay your love with fruit when harvest comes.
Sel. Then you confess your love is cold as yet,
And winter's in your heart.
Inf. Mistake me not, Selina, for I say
My heart is cold, not love.
Sel. And yet your love is from your heart, I'll warrant.
Inf. O you are nimble to mistake.
My heart is cold in your displeasures only,
And yet my love is fervent; for your eye,
Casting out beams, maintains the flame it burns in.
Again, sweet Love,
My heart is not mine own, 'tis yours, you have it;
And while it naked lies, not deign'd your bosom
To keep it warm, how can it be but cold,
In danger to be frozen? blame not it,
You only are in fault it hath no heat.
Sel. Well, Sir; I know you have rhetoric, but I
Can without art give you a final answer.
Inf. O stay, and think awhile; I cannot relish
You should say final: sweet, deliberate;
It doth concern all the estate I have;
I mean not dunghill treasure, but my life
Doth stand or fall to it; if your answer be
That you can love me, be as swift as light'ning;
But if you mean to kill me, and reject
My so long love-devotions, which I've paid
As to an altar, stay a little longer,
And let me count the riches I shall lose
By one poor airy word; first give me back
That part of Infortunio that is lost
Within your love; play not the tyrant with me.

C. L.

RIDICULE.

In many cases ridicule might be used in the place of severe chastisement, and sometimes with a more lasting effect, especially among young people. One scheme of this kind was tried with great success by the elder Dr. Newcome, who governed a school at Hackney about forty years ago. When a pupil mistook in the pronunciation of a Latin word, he used to make the faulty lad repeat after him, before the whole school, 'Nos Germăni, non curāmus, quantĭtătem, syllăbărum." The penalty of uttering, in false quantity, this absurd assertion, supposed to be made by a German, importing that "His countrymen minded not how they pronounced Latin," was more dreaded by the boys than the ferula or the rod.

RIDICULOUS SITUATIONS.

Literary Nurserymen.

Melancthon studied the gravest points of theology, while he held his book in one hand, and in the other the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked.

"M. Esprit," a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met, from the necessity of frequently sounding his little child's whistle."

A Princess a-pick-a-pack.

The great constable of France, Anne de Montmorency, a man whose valour and military skill was only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and his bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. to carry on his shoulders, or any way that he could contrive it, his niece, the princess of Navarre, to the altar, where she was, against her will, to be married to the duc de Cleves. Brantome observes, that this was a hard task, as the little lady was so loaded with jewels, and rich brocade of gold and silver, that she could scarcely walk. The whole court were amazed at the king's command; the queen of Navarre was pleased, as she wished her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles; but the constable was much hurt, at being exposed to the ridicule of the whole world, and said, "It is henceforward over with me; my favour at court is passed away:" accordingly, he was dismissed as soon as the wedding was over.

The Quintain.

Running at the "Quintain," an old sport formerly common in England, unexpectedly occurs, and is sufficiently described, in the following report of a recent fashionable entertainment:—

COURT CIRCULAR.

Viscount and viscountess Gage gave a grand fête on Friday, (August 3, 1827,) at their seat at Firle-place, Sussex, to about a hundred and sixty of the nobility and gentry, at which the ancient game of *quintain* was revived. The sports commenced by gentlemen riding with light spiked staves at rings and apples, suspended by a string, after which they changed their weapons to stout poles, and attacked the two quintains, which consisted of logs of wood fashioned to resemble the head and body of a man, and set upright upon a high bench, on which they were kept by a chain passing through the platform, and having a weight suspended to it, so that if the log was not struck full and forcibly the figure resumed its seat. One was also divided in the middle, and the upper part being fixed on a pivot turned, if not struck in the centre, and requited its assailant by a blow with a staff, to which was suspended a small bag of flour.

The purses for unhorsing this quintain were won by John Slater and Thomas Trebeck, Esqrs. The other figure which did not turn, opposed a lance towards the assailant's face, and the rider was to avoid the lance, and unhorse the quintain at the same time. The purses were won by Sheffield Neave, Esq. and the hon. John Pelham.

A third pair of purses were offered for unhorsing the quintain, by striking on a coloured bell, which hooped round the waist of the figure, thereby raising the weight, which was considerable, by a much shorter lever than when struck higher up. This was a feat requiring great strength of arm and firmness of seat, and though not fairly won according to the rules of the game, the purses were ultimately assigned to the very spirited exertions of Messrs. Cayley and Gardener.

Viscountess Gage distributed the prizes to the conquerors.

About six o'clock the numerous party sat down to a cold collation of upwards of three hundred dishes, consisting of every delicacy the season could possibly afford, including the choicest collection of fruits, and wines of the finest quality: after which many recontinued the game of quintain; others diverted themselves at rifling the target. The ladies amused themselves at archery. In the evening the assemblage of nobility and gentry retired to the grand hall, were fashionable quadrilles concluded the amusements of the day.*

Combating the quintain is presumed to have preceded jousts and tournaments. It was originally nothing more than the trunk of a tree, or a post, set up for the practice of tyros in chivalry. Afterwards a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it was the mark to strike at: the dexterity of the performer consisted

* Times, August 7, 1827.

in smiting the shield so as to break the ligatures, and throw it to the ground. In process of time this diversion was improved, and instead of the staff and the shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render its appearance formidable it was generally made in the likeness of an armed Turk or Saracen, with a shield on his left arm, and brandishing a club or sabre with his right. The quintain was placed upon a pivot, so as to move round with facility. In running at this figure the horseman directed his lance to strike the forehead, between the eyes or on the nose; for if he struck wide of those parts, especially upon the shield, the quintain turned about with much velocity, and unless he was exceedingly careful gave him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre; when this occurred it was deemed disgraceful to the performer, and excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators.

The quintain is more particularly described by the late Mr. Strutt in his account of "The Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," a large quarto volume, with plates, which, from its increasing scarcity and price, is scarcely attainable by the general reader. The above representation of the armed quintain is one of a series of illustrations for a new and correct edition of Mr. Strutt's "Sports," which is now preparing for the press under the superintendence of the editor of the *Table Book*. It will be accurately printed in octavo. Each of the engravings will be fac-simile, and of the same size as the engravings in the quarto volume. The price of the new edition will not exceed one-sixth of the cost of the original, and it will be published in shilling parts.

DAVID LOVE.

For the Table Book.

Died, on Tuesday afternoon, June 12th, 1827, David Love; of whom there is a portrait, with a memoir, in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 225, with a further notice at p. 1575. He had nearly attained his seventy-seventh year; and, till within a few weeks of his death, pursued his avocation of "walking stationer" in Nottingham. It was unnecessary for him to take out an hawker's license, as the commodities in which he dealt were entirely of his own manufacture.

According to the memoirs of David Love's life, (a curious specimen of "autobiography,") which he published in twenty-four penny numbers, in 1824, and which he sold very numerously, he was born near Edinburgh in the year 1750; at three years of age he was abandoned by his father, and his mother shortly afterwards became blind; he led her about, and was an "unlucky urchin;" when older grown he worked in a coal-pit, but broke his arm, and was discharged, and commenced hawking tracts and small books. At twenty-five he was worth upwards of three pounds. Then, thinking of settling in the world, he wooed, won, and married a young woman: a small shop was established, which succeeded at first; but finding his fortune wasting, he paid his first court to the Muses, by composing two songs, of which the titles only are now extant:—"The Pride and Vanity of Young Women, with Advice to Young Men, that they may take care who they marry;" and "The Pride and Vanity of Young men, with Advice to the Maids, to beware of being ensnared by their Flatteries and enticing Words." These versifyings he printed, and first started at a distant fair. Their sale exceeded his expectations; he discontinued his shop, paid his debts, and soon after (during the American war) enlisted into the duke of Buccleugh's regiment of South Fencibles. His wife quickly presented him with a son, which being "the first man child born in the regiment," the duke accepted as his name-son. After experiencing the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, and getting out of the "black hole" two or three times by his verses, he was discharged, in consequence of a weakness in his arm. He then had his soldier's poems printed, resumed his old trade of walking stationer, turned his face to the south, and was the more successful the farther he went from home. After travelling for some years he settled at Gosport, commenced bookseller with his old stock of old books, and printed a fourpenny volume of original poems. He then lived for three years in London, and composed many poems. Bristol was his next place of residence, and there he performed several remarkable cures out of an old receipt-book, but was too conscientious to turn quack doctor. Here he saw his father, who died shortly after "a repenting sinner," aged ninety-three. Still travelling, he reached Newbury, in Berkshire, where he tells us he was "converted," and he dates his "new birth" on

the 17th of April, 1796. Many pages of his work are occupied by his religious experience, and various texts of scripture, whence he derived consolation.

In 1804 David Love buried his wife, (aged fifty-one,) after a long illness, at Rugby, in Warwickshire. He journeyed to Leicester, and thence to Nottingham, where he from that time continued to reside, except at intervals, and where he married again. In eighteen months his second wife died suddenly, also at Rugby. The following is the commencement of a long elegy on the subject :—

" In this vain world my troubles still abound,
My two wives lie in Rugby burial ground ;
Both of one name, and both of them one age,
And in one house both were called off the stage."

These lines refer to a singular coincidence respecting his wives; both their maiden names were Mary Thompson, and both were aged fifty-one at their death. In 1810, May 21, he married his third and surviving wife at St. Mary's church, Nottingham; and, excepting a journey to Edinburgh, and another to London, they lived in various parts of the town till his decease. David's forte lay principally in religious acrostics and hymns, for which he had a good demand among the pious inhabitants. The following is inserted as being a ***short*** one :—

To Ann Short,

Who said, " I am short of every thing."

A m short, O Lord, of praising thee,
N othing I can do right ;
N eedy and naked, poor I be,
S hort, Lord, I am of sight :
H ow short I am of love and grace !
*O*f every thing I'm short :
R enew me, then I'll follow peace
T hrough good and bad report.

In person David was below the middle stature ; his features were not unhandsome for an old man ; his walk was exceedingly slow, deliberately placing one foot before the other, in order perhaps to give his customers time to hear what he had got ; his voice was clear, and strongly marked with the Scotch accent. He possessed a readiness of wit and repartee, which is often united with aspiring talents in lower life. A tribute to Love's memory, written on the day of his burial, may not be unacceptable

Elegy, written in St Mary's Church yard, Nottingham.

The sexton tolls the knell of David Love,
The funeral train treads slowly thro' the street,
Old General,* wand in hand, with crape above,
Conducts the pageant with demeanour meet.

Now stops the mournful train beside the grave,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save when the clerk repeats his twanging stave,
And on the coffin fall the pattering moulds ;

Save that from yonder grass-surrounded stone,
The whining schoolboy loudly does complain
Of such, as crowding round his mossy throne,
Invade his tottering transitory reign.

Beneath those rugged stones, that corner's shade,
And trodden grass in rough mis-shapen heap,
(Unless by Friday's art away convey'd,†)
In order due, what various bodies sleep.

The call of " coals," the cry of sooty sweep,
The twist machine ‡ loud lumbering over head ;
The jacks' shrill whirring,§ oft disturbing sleep—
No more shall rouse them from their well-flock'd bed.

For them no more the Indian weed shall burn,
Or bustling landlord fill his beverage rare ;
No shopmates hail their comrade's wish'd return,
Applaud his song, and in his chorus share.

Perhaps in this hard-beaten spot is laid
Some head once vers'd in the mechanic powers,
Hands that the bat at cricket oft have sway'd,
Or won the cup for gooseberries and flowers.

Slow through the streets on tottering footsteps borne,
Muttering his humble ditties he would rove,
Singing "Goose Fair," ‖ or " Tread Mill " where forlorn
Consign'd by Lincoln 'squires trod David Love.

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* *Old General.* See *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. col. 1570, for a memoir of this worthy.

† *Old Friday.* The nickname of the ex-deputy sexton of St. Mary's parish, who was more than suspected of participating in resurrectioning. In Feb. 1827, a discovery was made of some bodies about to be removed to London; an examination ensued, when it was found that, for many months, the dissecting rooms of the metropolis were supplied wholesale from the various grounds of the parish ; and for many days nothing was heard of but the opening of graves, which were discovered to be empty.

‡ Machines for making lace.

§ Part of a stocking-frame, which makes a great noise in working.

‖ *Goose fair.* A great holiday fair at Nottingham, so called probably from its occurrence immediately after Michaelmas day, (viz. on October 2, 3, 4.) and the great quantity of geese slaughtered and eaten. One of David's best songs is on this subject, but it is entirely local. Popular tradition, however, has assigned a far different origin to its name: a farmer who for some reason or other (whether grief for the loss of his wife, or her infidelity, or from mere curiosity, or dread of the fair sex, or some other reason equally unreasonable, according to various accounts) had brought up his three sons in total seclusion, during which they

One week I miss'd him from the market-place,
Along the streets where he was wont to be;
Strange voices came, but his I could not trace,
Before the 'Change, nor by Sheep-lane was he.

And now with honour due, in sad array
Slow through the church-yard paths we've seen him borne;
Approach and hear (if thou wilt hear) the lay
In which the bard's departed worth we mourn.

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A minstrel old in Nottingham well known,
In Caledonia was his humble birth,
But England makes his aged bones her own.

Long were his verses, and his life was long,
Wide, as a recompense, his fame was spread;
He sold for halfpence (all he had) a song,
He earn'd by them ('twas all he wish'd) his bread.

No farther I his merits can disclose,
His widow dwells where David late abode;
Go, buy his life, wrote by himself, which shows
His service to his country, and his God.

B.

Nottingham,
June 14, 1827.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

BE HONEST.

If you only *endeavour* to be honest, you are struggling with yourself.

A DEFINITION.

Truth is the conformity of expression to thought.

TAKE CARE.

Equivocation is a mean expedient to avoid the declaration of truth, without verbally telling a lie.

KEEP AN ACCOUNT.

Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think of.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS ILL LUCK.

It is true that some misfortunes are inevitable; but, in general, they proceed from our own want of judgment and foresight.

OUR ENJOYMENTS ARE CONDITIONAL.

If we had it in our power to gratify every wish, we should soon feel the effects of a surfeit.

OUR REAL WANTS ARE FEW.

The stomach tires of every thing but bread and water.

MODERATE YOUR DESIRES.

Take away your expensive follies, and you will have little occasion to complain of hard times.

MANY A LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE.

When a shopkeeper has company, he may have two candles; but when alone, one candle will be sufficient for common purposes. The saving will nearly find his wife in shoes.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE INCLINES.

If you give your children an improper education, their future misfortunes will lie at your door.

THERE ARE TRUE AND FALSE FACTS.

History should be read with caution. It often presents us with false and delusive pictures; and, by the gay colouring of the artist, excites our admiration of characters really odious.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. IV.

OF SENSIBLE QUALITIES.

The most eminent philosophers of antiquity, Democritus, Socrates, Aristippus the chief of the Cyrenaïc sect, Plato, Epicurus, and Lucretius, affirmed, that cold and heat, odours and colours, were no other than sensations excited in our minds, by the different operations of the bodies surrounding us, and acting on our senses; even Aristotle

never saw woman. On their arriving at man's estate, he brought them to the October fair, promising to buy each of them whatever he thought best. They gazed about them, asking the names of whatever they saw, when beholding some women walking, dressed in white, they demanded what they were; the farmer, somewhat alarmed at the eagerness of the question, replied, "Pho, those silly things are geese." When, without waiting an instant, all three exclaimed, "Oh father, buy me a *goose*."

himself was of opinion, that "sensible qualities exist in the mind." Yet when Descartes, and after him Mallebranche, taught the very same truths, they were ascribed to these moderns, owing to the outcry they made, as if the opposite error, which they attacked in the schoolmen, had been that of all ages; and nobody deigned to search whether, in reality, it was so or not. Were we to bring into review all that the ancients have taught on this subject, we should be surprised at the clearness with which they have explained themselves, and at a loss to account how opinions came to be taken for new, which had been illustrated in their writings with such force and precision.

Democritus was the first who disarrayed body of its sensible qualities. He affirmed, that "the first elements of things having in them naturally neither whiteness nor blackness, sweetness nor bitterness, heat nor cold, nor any other quality, it thence follows, that colour, for example, exists only in our imagination or perception of it; as also, that bitterness and sweetness, which exist only in being perceived, are the consequences of the different manner in which we ourselves are affected by the bodies surrounding us, there being nothing in its own nature yellow or white, or red, sweet or bitter." He indicates what kind of atoms produce such and such sensations: round atoms, for example, the taste of sweetness; pointed and crooked, that of tartness; bodies composed of angular and coarse parts, introducing themselves with difficulty into the pores, cause the disagreeable sensations of bitterness and acidity, &c. The Newtonians imitate this reasoning everywhere, in explaining the different natures of bodies.

Sextus Empiricus, explaining the doctrine of Democritus, says, "that sensible qualities, according to that philosopher, have nothing of reality but in the opinion of those who are differently affected by them, according to the different dispositions of their organs; and that from this difference of disposition arise the perceptions of sweet and bitter, heat and cold; and also, that we do not deceive ourselves in affirming that we feel such impressions, but in concluding that exterior objects must have in them something analogous to our feelings."

Protagoras, the disciple of Democritus, carried farther than ever Democritus did the consequences of his system; for admitting with his master the perpetual mutability of matter which occasioned a constant change in things, he thence concluded, that whatever we see, apprehend, or touch, is just as they appear; and that the only true rule or criterion of things, was in the perception men had of them. From Protagoras, bishop Berkeley seems to have derived his idea, "that there is nothing in external objects but what the sensible qualities existing in our minds induce us to imagine, and of course that they have no other manner of existence; there being no other substratum for them, than the minds by which they are perceived, not as modes or qualities belonging to themselves, but as objects of perception to whatever is percipient."

We should think we were listening to the two modern philosophers, Descartes and Mallebranche, when we hear Aristippus, the disciple of Socrates, exhorting men "to be upon their guard with respect to the reports of sense, because it does not always yield just information; for we do not perceive exterior objects as they are in themselves, but only as they affect us. We know not of what colour or smell they may be, these being only affections in ourselves. It is not the objects themselves that we are enabled to comprehend, but are confined to judge of them only by the impressions they make upon us; and the wrong judgments we form of them in this respect is the cause of all our errors. Hence, when we perceive a tower which appears round, or an oar which seems crooked in the water, we may say that our senses intimate so and so, but ought not to affirm that the distant tower is really round, or the oar in the water crooked: it is enough, in such a case, to say with Aristippus and the Cyrenaïc sect, that we receive the impression of roundness from the tower, and of crookedness from the oar; but it is neither necessary nor properly in our power to affirm, that the tower is really round, or the oar broken; for a square tower may appear round at a distance, and a straight stick always seems crooked in the water." *

Everybody talks of whiteness and sweetness, but they have no common faculty to which they can with certainty refer impressions of this kind. Every one judges by his own apprehensions, and nobody can affirm that the sensation which he feels when he sees a white object, is the same with what his neighbour experiences in regard to the same object. He who has large eyes will see objects in a different magni-

* Peter Huet, the celebrated bishop of Avranches, in his "Essay on the Weakness of the Human Understanding," argues to the same effect, and almost in the same words. Ed.

tude from him whose eyes are little, and he who hath blue eyes, discern them under different colours from him who hath grey; whence it comes, that we give common names to things, of which, however, we judge very variously.

Epicurus, admitting the principles of Democritus, thence deduces "that colour, cold, heat, and other sensible qualities are not inherent in the atoms, but the result of their assemblage; and that the difference between them flows from the diversity of their size, figure, and arrangement; insomuch, that any number of atoms in one disposition creates one sort of sensation; and in another, another: but their own primary nature remains always the same."

The moderns have treated this matter with much penetration and sagacity, yet they have scarcely advanced any thing but what had been said before by the ancient philosophers just quoted, and by others who might be cited to the same effect.

For the Table Book.

MR. EPHRAIM WAGSTAFF, HIS WIFE AND PIPE.

About the middle of Shoemaker-row, near to Broadway, Blackfriars, there resided for many years a substantial hardwareman, named Ephraim Wagstaff. He was short in stature, tolerably well favoured in countenance, and singularly neat and clean in his attire. Everybody in the neighbourhood looked upon him as a "warm" old man; and when he died, the property he left behind him did not bely the preconceived opinion. It was all personal, amounted to about nineteen thousand pounds; and, as he was childless, it went to distant relations, with the exception of a few hundred pounds bequeathed to public charities.

The family of Ephraim Wagstaff, both on the male and female sides, was respectable, though not opulent. His maternal grandfather, he used to say, formed part of the executive government in the reign of George I., whom he served as petty constable in one of the manufacturing districts during a long period. The love of office seems not to have been hereditary in the family; or perhaps the opportunities of gratifying it did not continue; for, with that single exception, none of his ancestors could boast of official honours. The origin of the name is doubtful. On a first view, it seems evidently the conjunction of two names brought together by marriage or fortune. In the "Tatler" we read about the *staff* in a variety of combinations, under one of which the popular author of that work chose to designate himself, and thereby conferred immortality on the name of Bickerstaff. Our friend Ephraim was no great wit, but he loved a joke, particularly if he made it himself; and he used to say, whenever he heard any one endeavouring to account for his name, that he believed it originated in the marriage of a Miss Staff to some Wag who lived near her; and who, willing to show his gallantry, and at the same time his knowledge of French customs, adopted the fashion of that sprightly people, by adding her family name to his own. The conjecture is at least probable, and so we must leave it.

At the age of fifty-two it pleased heaven to deprive Mr. Wagstaff of his beloved spouse Barbara. The bereavement formed an era in his history. Mrs. Wagstaff was an active, strong woman, about ten years older than himself, and one sure to be missed in any circle wherein she had once moved. She was indeed no cipher. Her person was tall and bony, her face, in hue, something between brown and red, had the appearance of having been scorched. Altogether her qualities were truly commanding. She loved her own way exceedingly; was continually on the alert to have it; and, in truth, generally succeeded. Yet such was her love of justice, that she has been heard to aver repeatedly, that she never (she spoke the word *never* emphatically) opposed her husband, but when he was decidedly in the wrong. Of these occasions, it must also be mentioned, she generously took upon herself the trouble and responsibility of being the sole judge. There was one point, however, on which it would seem that Mr. Wagstaff had contrived to please himself exclusively; although, how he had managed to resist so effectually the remonstrances and opposition which, from the structure of his wife's mind he must necessarily have been doomed to encounter, must ever remain a secret The fact was this: Ephraim had a peculiarly strong attachment to a pipe; his affection for his amiable partner scarcely exceeding that which he entertained for that lively emblem of so many sage contrivances and florid speeches, ending like it—in smoke. In the times of his former wives (for twice before had he been yoked in matrimony) he had indulged himself with it unmolested. Not so with Mrs. Wagstaff the third. Pipes and smoking she held in unmitigated abhorrence: but having, by whatever

means, been obliged to submit to their introduction, she wisely avoided all direct attempts to abate what she called among her friends "the nuisance;" and, like a skilful general, who has failed of securing victory, she had recourse to such stratagems as might render it as little productive as possible to the enemy. Ephraim, aware how matters stood, neglected no precaution to guard against his wife's manœuvres—meeting, of course, with various success. Many a time did her ingenuity contrive an accident, by which his pipe and peace of mind were at once demolished; and, although there never could be any difficulty in replacing the former by simply sending out for that purpose, yet he has confessed, that when he contemplated the possibility of offering too strong an excitement to the shrill tones of his beloved's voice, (the only pipe she willingly tolerated,) he waved that proceeding, and submitted to the sacrifice as much the lesser evil. At length Mrs. Wagstaff was taken ill, an inflammation on her lungs was found to be her malady, and that crisis appeared to be fast approaching, when

> The doctor leaves the house with sorrow,
> Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

The foreboding soon proved correct; and, every thing considered, perhaps it ought not to excite much surprise, that when Ephraim heard from the physician that there was little or no chance of her recovery, he betrayed no symptoms of excessive emotion, but mumbling something unintelligibly, in which the doctor thought he caught the sound of the words "Christian duty of resignation," he quietly filled an additional pipe that evening. The next day Mrs. Wagstaff expired, and in due time her interment took place in the churchyard of St. Ann, Blackfriars, every thing connected therewith being conducted with the decorum becoming so melancholy an event, and which might be expected from a man of Mr. Wagstaff's gravity and experience. The funeral was a walking one from the near vicinity to the ground; and but for an untimely slanting shower of rain, no particular inconvenience would have been felt by those who were assembled on that occasion; that casualty, however, caused them to be thoroughly drenched; and, in reference to their appearance, it was feelingly observed by some of the bystanders, that they had seldom seen so many tears on the faces of mourners.—

To be continued—(perhaps.)

NEMO.

AN ULTRA-MARINER.

According to father Feyjoo, in the month of June, 1674, some young men were walking by the sea-side in Bilboa, and one of them, named Francis de la Vega, of about fifteen years of age, suddenly leaped into the sea, and disappeared presently. His companions, after waiting some time, and he not returning, made the event public, and sent an account of it to De la Vega's mother, at Lierganès, a small town in the archbishopric of Burgos. At first she discredited his death, but his absence occasioned her fond doubts to vanish, and she mourned his untimely loss.

About five years afterwards some fishermen, in the environs of Cadiz, perceived the figure of a man sometimes swimming, and sometimes plunging under the water. On the next day they saw the same, and mentioned it as a very singular circumstance to several people. They threw their nets, and baiting the swimmer with some pieces of bread, they at length caught the object of their attention, which to their astonishment they found to be a well-formed man. They put several questions to him in various languages, but he answered none. They then took him to the convent of St. Francis, where he was exorcised, thinking he might be possessed by some evil spirit. The exorcism was as useless as the questions. At length, after some days, he pronounced the word Lierganès. It happened that a person belonging to that town was present when he uttered the name, as was also the secretary of the Inquisition, who wrote to his correspondent at Lierganès, relating the particulars, and instituting inquiries relative to this very extraordinary man; and he received an account of the young man who had disappeared in the manner before related.

On this information, it was determined that the marine man should be sent to Lierganès; and a Franciscan friar, who was obliged to go there on other business, undertook to conduct him the following year. When they came within a quarter of a league of the town, the friar ordered the young man to go before and show him the way. He made no answer, but led the friar to the widow De la Vega's house. She recollected him instantly, and embracing him, cried out, "This is my son, that I lost at Bilboa!" Two of his brothers who were present also knew him immediately, and embraced him with equal tenderness. He, however, did not evince the least sen-

sibility, or the smallest degree of surprise. He spoke no more at Lierganès than at Cadiz, nor could any thing be obtained from him relative to his adventure. He had entirely forgotten his native language, except the words *pan, vino, tabaco,* "bread, wine, tobacco;" and these he uttered indiscriminately and without application. They asked him if he would have either of these articles; he could make no reply.

For several days together he would eat large quantities of bread, and for as many days following he would not take the least food of any kind. If he was directed to do any thing, he would execute the commission very properly, but without speaking a word: he would carry a letter to where it was addressed, and bring an answer back in writing. He was sent one day with a letter to St. Ander; to get there it was necessary to cross the river at Padrenna, which is more than a league wide in that spot; not finding a boat in which he could cross it, he threw himself in, swam over, and delivered the letter as directed.

At this time Francis de la Vega was nearly six feet in height, and well formed, with a fair skin, and red hair as short as a new-born infant's. He always went barefooted, and had scarcely any nails either on his hands or feet. He never dressed himself but when he was told to do it. The same with eating; what was offered to him he accepted, but he never asked for food.

In this way he remained at his mother's for nine years, when he again disappeared, without any apparent cause, and no one knew how. It may be supposed, however that the motive or feeling which induced his first disappearance influenced the second. Some time afterwards it was reported that an inhabitant of Lierganès again saw Francis de la Vega in some port of Asturias; but this was never confirmed.

When this very singular man was first taken out of the sea at Cadiz, it is said that his body was entirely covered with scales, but they fell off soon after his coming out of the water. They also add, that different parts of his body were as hard as shagreen.

Father Feyjoo adds many philosophical reflections on the existence of this phenomenon, and on the means by which a man may be enabled to live at the bottom of the sea. He observes, that if Francis de la Vega had preserved his reason and the use of speech, he would have given us more instruction and information in marine affairs, than all the naturalists combined.

ANTIPATHIES.

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever.

Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman, who never could see an eel without fainting.

There is an account of another gentleman, who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

A lady, a native of France, always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. Other persons of the same country experienced the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though they were particularly partial to the odour of jonquils or tuberoses.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.

Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples.

If an apple was shown to Chesne, secretary to Francis I., he bled at the nose.

A gentleman, in the court of the emperor Ferdinand, would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

Henry III. of France could never sit in a room with a cat.

The duke of Schomberg had the same aversion.

M. de Lancre gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal.

The same author was intimate with a very brave officer, who was so terrified at the sight of a mouse, that he never dared to look at one unless he had his sword in his hand.

M. Vangheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roasted pig.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word *lana*, wool, pronounced, although his cloak was woollen.

The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe.

La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered.

The author of the Turkish Spy tells us that he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, provided he had but a sword in his hand, than feel a spider

crawling on him in the dark. He observes, that there is no reason to be given for these secret dislikes. He humorously attributes them to the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul; and as regarded himself, he supposed he had been a fly, before he came into his body, and that having been frequently persecuted with spiders, he still retained the dread of his old enemy.

THE LACTEALS IN A MOLE.

A curious observer of nature will be delighted to know, that the lacteal vessels are more visible in a mole, than in any animal whatever. The view, however, is not of long duration. These vessels are rendered visible by the mode of killing the animal, which is by a wire gin that compresses the thoracic duct, thereby preventing the ascent of the chyle upwards. The time of demonstration is about half an hour after death. This curious fact was unknown to anatomists, till mentioned by Dr. A. Hunter, in his volume of maxims on men and manners.

LOUIS GONZAGA

TO

MARIE MANCINI.

FLORENCE, 1649.

Il cantar che nel anima si sente,
Il piu ne sente l'alma, il men l'orecchio.

I worshippe thee thou silverre starre,
As throu'd amid the vault of blue,
Rushes thy queenlye splendoure farre,
O'er mountain top and vale of dewe.

Yette more I love thy infante ray,
As risinge from its easterne cave,
With circlinge, fearfulle, fonde delaye,
It seemes to kisse the crimsone wave.

I love the proud and solemne sweepe
Of harpe and trumpette's harmonye,
Like swellinges of the midnighte deepe,
Like anthemes of the opening skye.

But lovelier to my heart the tone
That dies along the twilighte's winge,
Just heard, a silver sigh, and gone,
As if a spiritte touch'd the stringe.

Sweete Marie! swiftlye comes the noone
That gives thy beautye all its rayes,
And thou shalte be the rose, alone,
And heartes shall wither in its blaze.

Yette there are eyes had deeper loved
That rosebudde in its matine-beam,
The dew droppe on its blushe unmoved—
And shalle mye love be all a dreame?

PULCI.

POINTS OF CHARACTER.

A PRIME MINISTER.

The late sir Robert Walpole was from his youth fond of field sports, and retained his attachment to them until prevented by the infirmities of age from their further enjoyment. He was accustomed to hunt in Richmond Park with a pack of beagles. Upon receiving a packet of letters, he usually opened that from his gamekeeper first; and in the pictures taken of him, he preferred being drawn in his sporting dress.

A PRELATE.

Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, retired after the king's death to his own manor of Little Compton, in Gloucestershire, where, as Whitlocke tells us in his Memorials, "he much delighted in hunting, and kept a pack of good hounds, and had them so well ordered and hunted, chiefly by his own skill and direction, that they exceeded all other hounds in England for the pleasure and orderly hunting of them."

A HUNTSMAN.

Mr. Woolford, a sporting gentleman, as remarkable for politeness in the field as for the goodness of his fox-hounds, was one evening thus addressed by his huntsman: "An' please your honour, sir," twirling his cap and quid at the same time, "I should be glad to be excused going to-morrow to Woolford-wood, as I should like to go to see my poor wife buried." "I am sorry for thee, Tom," said his master, "we can do one day without thee: she was an excellent wife." On the following morning, however, Tom was the first in the field. "Heyday!" quoth Mr. W., "did not I give you leave to see the remains of your poor wife interred?" "Yes, your honour, but I thought as how we should have good sport, as it is a fine morning; so I desired our Dick, the dog-feeder, to see her *earth'd*."

My Desk.

For the Table Book.

Every one will agree with me, that this is the favourite article of furniture. Every one is fond of it as of an old friend—a faithful and trustworthy one—to whom has been confided both joys and sorrows. It is most likely the gift of some cherished, perhaps departed being, reminding us by its good qualities of the beloved giver. We have no scruple in committing our dearest secrets to its faithful bosom—they are never divulged. The tenderest billet-doux, the kindest acknowledgments, the sweetest confessions of a mistress—the cruellest expressions and bitterest reproaches of a friend lost to us for ever through the false and malignant representations of an enemy—or perhaps the youthful effusions of our own brain, which we occasionally draw forth from the recesses of the most secretly contrived *pigeon-hole*, and read over *à la dérobée*, with a half blush (at our self-love) and a smile partly painful from revived

recollections of days gone, never to return—all these we may unhesitatingly deposit in this personification of *deskretion*.

The very posture assumed at a desk bespeaks confidence and security. The head inclined over it, and the bosom leaning in gentle trustingness against this kind and patient friend.

By this description I would present to the "mind's eye" of the reader a plain unostentatious piece of furniture, of too simple an exterior to be admitted any where than in the study — square in shape, mahogany, bound with brass at the corners, a plate of the same metal on the top, of just a sufficient size to contain one's own initials and those of the giver. I detest those finicking machines one finds wrapped up in an oil-skin case in a drawing-room; made of rosewood, inlaid with silver, or mother-of-pearl, and lined with blue velvet. It seems like an insult to the *friendly* character of a desk, to dress him smartly, seat him in a fine apartment, and refuse to avail yourself of the amicable services he tenders you.—The contents of these coxcombical *acquaintances* are seldom better than its fair owner's private journal, (which no one thinks worthy of perusal—herself of course excepted,) her album, and scrap-book, the honourable Mr. Somebody's poetical effusions, and the sentimental correspondence of some equally silly young lady, her dearest friend.

Then there is the clerk's desk in a counting-house—there are no pleasant associations connected with that mercantile scaffolding, with its miniature balustrades at the top, partly intersected with accounts, bills, and papers of all sorts, (referring to business,) and surrounded by files clinging by their one hook. Above all this is seen the semicircular scalp of a brown wig, which, as it is raised to reply to your question, gradually discovers two eyes scowling at you from beneath a pair of glaring spectacles, a little querulous turned-up nose, and a mouth whose lines have become rigid with ill-humour, partly occasioned by a too sedentary life.

Again, there is the pulpit desk, with its arrogant crimson cushion—telling a tale of clerical presumption.

Lastly, there is the old bachelor's desk. (Nay, do not curl up the corners of your pretty mouths at me, sweet ladies—it may be worth while to take a peep at it—at least, I cannot prevail upon *myself* to omit it in this notice of desks.) It is of the plain and quiet description formerly mentioned, and very neatly and orderly arranged, both inside and out. The latter is kept bright and shining by the indefatigable hands of Sally the housemaid; who, while she breathes upon the plate to give it a polish, at the same time breathes a wish (to herself) that her breath possessed the magic power of unfastening locks, and so enabling her to see "what the old gentleman keeps in this here box to make him so fond on it." The interior he takes infinite care to keep in complete and exact order himself. Each particular compartment has its appropriate contents consigned to it. The fold-down nearest to him, as he sits at it, contains a small miniature within a red morocco case, of a placid and gentle-faced girl, whose original sleeps for ever in the bosom of the cold earth—a little box, containing a ring set with brilliants, and enclosing a lock of *her* hair—all *her* letters carefully tied up with green ribbon — a miniature edition of Shakspeare, and Milton, with his name written in them in *her* hand-writing. In the opposite fold, near the receptacle for the pens, wafers, ink, &c. are his own little writings, (for we are to suppose him fond of his pen, and as having occasionally indulged that fondness,) of all of which he preserves neat copies, some private memoranda, and an old pocket-book, given to him by his old friend and school-fellow, admiral ——, when he left England that year as a midshipman.

In the drawer are different letters from his friends; and, perhaps, at the very back of it, a little hoard of gold pieces, bright and new from the mint.

As I now lean upon my old friend and companion — my desk — I render it my grateful acknowledgments for the many pleasant hours I have spent over it; and also for its having been the means of my passing an agreeable quarter of an hour with my gentle reader, of whom I now take a courteous leave.

July, 1827. M. H.

WRITING DESKS.

There is not any mention of writing-desks among the ancients. They usually wrote upon the knee in the manner wherein Angelica Kauffman represents the younger Pliny, as may be seen in a modern engraving; and yet it appears from Stolberg, quoted by Mr. Fosbroke, that desks resembling ours have been found in Herculaneum. Writing-desks in the middle ages slanted so much, as to form an angle of forty-five degrees: their slant till within the last two centuries was little less.

Topographiana.

WILTS' LOCAL CUSTOM.

DANCING ROUND THE HARROW.

To the Editor.

Dear sir,—I hand you the following authentic particulars which happened in the pleasant village of S**** n B****r, and gave rise to "dancing round the harrow:" it worthy of being chronicled in the *Table Book*, they are yours.

John Jones not finding his lovesuit successful with his master's daughter, because her father, a farmer, rebuked him, took umbrage, threw down his whip on the "harrow" in the field, left the team, and, *sans cérémonie*, went to sea.

The farmer and his daughter Nancy were variously affected by this circumstance.—"Comfortable letters" were hoped for, news was expected from some corner of the world, but no tidings arrived as to the fate or designs of honest John. Village gossips often talked of the poor lad. The farmer himself, who was a good sort of man, began to relent; for Nancy's cheeks were not so rosy as formerly; she was dull at milking time. Observers at church whispered,—"How altered Nancy R* appears!" * * *

After a lapse of about six years appearances change favourably. John returns from sea auspiciously—meets his Nancy with open arms—her father finds him disposed to make her happy—John requests forgiveness, and is pardoned—his steadiness and attachment are tried and approved—and—suffice it to say—John and Nancy are married. He assists her father in the duties of the farm as his years decline, while she supplies the absence of her mother, buried in the family grave of the church-yard of her native village. * * * *

As soon as the wedding took place, a "harrow" was brought on the grass-plot in the fore-close, when the villagers invited danced round it till daybreak. * * * *

This "dancing round the harrow" was kept on several anniversaries of the wedding-day; a young family and the old projector's decease occasioned its discontinuance; but, on each of these occasions, John does not forget to present, instead, a not less acceptable offering, a good supper to his workfolks in remembrance of his advance in life.

I am, dear sir,

Goat and Boots, Yours very truly,
August 3, 1827. JEHOIADA.

For the Table Book.

BAKEWELL, DERBYSHIRE.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS AND INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CHURCH.

Upon the tablet over the mural monument in the chantry of the Holy Cross, is the following inscription:

Godfrey Foljambe, Knight, and Avena his wife, (who afterwards married Richard de Greene, Knight,) Lord and Lady of the Manors of Hassop, Okebrook, Elton, Stanton, Darley, Overhall, and Lokhawe, founded this Chantry in honor of the Holy Cross, in the 39th year of the Reign of King Edward the 3rd, 1366. Godfrey died on Thursday next after the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, in the 50th year of the reign of the same King; and Avena died on Saturday next after the Feast of the Nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the 6th year of the reign of Richard 2nd, 1383.

N. B. The Dates are taken from the Escheat Rolls, which contain the Inquisitum post mortem, 50th Edward 3. No. 24.

In the Vestry, there is an effigy in alabaster, of sir Thomas Wendersley de Wendersley, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Shrewsbury, 4th Henry IV., 1403, and was buried at Bakewell, where formerly were several shields of the arms of his family carved in wood. (See Brailsford's "Monumental Inscriptions of Derbyshire.")

Adjoining the vestry are several handsome monuments of the Vernon and Manners' families.

In the centre is the tomb or cenotaph of sir George Vernon, inscribed thus:

Here lyeth Sir George Vernon, Knight, deceased, ye daye of Anº 156 and Dame Margaret his Wife, dowghter of Sr Gylbert Tayllboys, deceased the daye of 156 and also Dame Mawde his Wyffe, dowghter to Sir Ralphe Langfoot, deceased the daye of Anº 1566. whose solles God p—don—

On the right is a monument to sir John Manners, with this inscription:

Here lyeth Sir John Manners, of Haddon, Knt. Second Sonne of Thomas Erle of Rutland, who died the 4th of June, 1611, and Dorothy his Wife, one of the Dawghters and heires of Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, Knt. who deceased the 24th day of June, in the 26th yeere of the Rayne of Queene Elizabeth, 1584.

To the right of the window, on a mural monument, is the following:

Heere lyeth buryed John Manners, Gentⁿ 3 Soñe of Sir John Mañers, Knight, who dyed the 16th day of July, in the Yeere of our Lord God 1590, being of the Age of 14 yeeres.

To the left is an elegant monument to sir John Maners, with this inscription:

George Manners of Haddon, Knᵗ. here awaits the resurrection of the just in Christ. He married Grace, second daughter of Henry Pierrepoint, Knᵗ. who afterwards bore him 4 sons and 5 daughters, and lived with him in Holy Wedlock 30 years, she caused him to be buried with his forefathers, and then placed this monument at her own expence, as a perpetual Memorial of their conjugal faith, and she united the figure of his body with hers, having resolved that their bones and ashes should be laid together. He died 23rd Apˡ. 1623, aged 54—She died - - - aged - - -

Beneath this monument, on an alabaster grave-stone on the floor, are some figures engraved round them, with an inscription, now obliterated, and the arms of Eyre impaled with Mordaunt.

In the Chancel.

Upon an alabaster tomb, repaired, and the inscription cut, and filled up with black in 1774, (by Mr. Watson.)

Here lies John Vernon, son and heir of Henry Vernon, who died the 12th of August 1477, whose soule God pardon.

August, 1827. E. J. H.

For the Table Book.

ERASMUS.

Quæritur, unde tibi sit nomen Erasmus? *Eras-mus.*

Resp.

Si sum *Mus* ego, te judice *Summus* ero.
Joannis Audoeni, lib. vii. epig. 34.

That thou wast great *Erasmus* none dispute;
Yet, by the import of thy name, wast small:
For none its truth can readily refute
Thou wast—*a Mouse*,—Eras-Mus after all.

THE REPLY OF ERASMUS.

Hence, if *a Mouse*, thy wit must this confess:—
I will be Sum-mus:—Can'st thou make me less?

J. R. P.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXX.

[From a "Woman's a Weathercock," a Comedy, by Nathaniel Field, 1612.]

False Mistress.

Scuamore alone; having a letter in his hand from Bellafront, assuring him of her faith.

Scud. If what I feel I could express in words,
Methinks I could speak joy enough to men
To banish sadness from all love for ever.
O thou that reconcilest the faults of all
Thy frothy sex, and in thy single self
Confines I nay has engross'd, virtue enough
To frame a spacious world of virtuous women!
Had'st thou been the beginning of thy sex,
I think the devil in the serpent's skin
Had wanted cunning to o'er-come thy goodness;
And all had lived and died in innocency,
The whole creation—.
Who's there?—come in—

Nevill (entering.) What up already, Scudmore?

Scud. Good morrow, my dear Nevill?

Nev. What's this? a letter! sure it is not so—

Scud. By heav'n, you must excuse me. Come, I know
You will not wrong my friendship, and your manners,
To tempt me so.

Nev. Not for the world, my friend.
Good morrow—

Scud. Nay, Sir, neither must you
Depart in anger from this friendly hand.
I swear I love you better than all men,
Equally with all virtue in the world:
Yet this would be a key to lead you to
A prize of that importance—

Nev. Worthy friend,
I leave you not in anger,—what d'ye mean?—
Nor am I of that inquisitive nature framed,
To thirst to know your private businesses.
Why, they concern not me: if they be ill,
And dangerous, 'twould grieve me much to know them;
If good, they be so, though I know them not:
Nor would I do your love so gross a wrong,
To covet to participate affairs
Of that near touch, which your assured love
Doth not think fit, or dares not trust me with.

Scud. How sweetly doth your friendship play with mine,
And with a simple subtlety steals my heart
Out of my bosom! by the holiest love
That ever made a story, you are a man
With all good so replete, that I durst trust you
Ev'n with this secret, were it singly mine.

Nev. I do believe you. Farewell, worthy friend.

Scud. Nay, look you, this same fashion does not please me.

You were not wont to make your visitation
So short and careless.
Nev. 'Tis your jealousy,
That makes you think it so; for, by my soul,
You've given me no distaste in keeping from me
All things that might be burdensome, and oppress me.—
In truth, I am invited to a Wedding;
And the morn faster goes away from me,
That I go toward it: and so good morrow—
Scud. Good morrow, Sir. Think I durst show it you—
Nev. Now, by my life, I not desire it, Sir
Nor ever lov'd these prying list'ning men,
That ask of others 'states and passages:
Not one among a hundred but proves false,
Envious and sland'rous, and will cut that throat
He twines his arms about. I love that Poet,
That gave us reading "Not to seek ourselves
Beyond ourselves." Farewell.
Scud. You shall not go.
I cannot now redeem the fault I have made
To such a friend, but in disclosing all.
Nev. Now, if you love me, do not wrong me so;
I see you labour with some serious thing,
And think, like fairies' treasure, to reveal it
Will burst your breast,—'tis so delicious,
And so much greater than the continent.
Scud. O you have pierced my entrails with your words,
And I must now explain all to your eyes. *(Gives him the Letter.)*
Read; and be happy in my happiness.
Nev. Yet think on't; keep thy secret and thy friend
Sure and entire. Oh give not me the means
To become false hereafter; or thyself
A probable reason to distrust thy friend,
Though he be ne'er so near. I will not see it.
Scud. I die, by heav'n, if you deny again.
I starve for counsel; take it, look upon it.
If you do not, it is an equal plague
As if it been known and published.
For God's sake, read; but with this caution,—
By this right hand, by this yet unstain'd sword,
Were you my father flowing in these waves,
Or a dear son exhausted out of them,
Should you betray the soul of all my hopes,
Like the two Brethren (though love made them Stars)
We must be never more both seen again.
Nev. I read it, fearless of the forfeiture:—
Yet warn you, be as cautelous not to wound
My integrity with doubt, on likelihoods
From misreport, but first exquire the truth, *(reads.)*
Scud She is the food, the sleep, the air I live by—
Nev. (having read the Letter.) O heav'n, we speak like Gods, and do like Dogs!—
Scud. What means my—
Nev. This day this Bellafront, this rich heir
Is married unto Count Frederick;
And that's the Wedding I was going to.
Scud. I prithee do not mock me;—married!—
Nev. It is no matter to be plaid withal;
But yet as true, as women all are false.
Scud. O that this stroke were thunder to my breast.
For, Nevill, thou hast spoke my heart in twain;
And with the sudden whirlwind of thy breath
Hast ravish'd me out of a temperate soil,
And set me under the red burning zone.
Nev. For shame, return thy blood into thy face
Know'st not how slight a thing a Woman is?
Scud. Yes; and how serious too.—

Scudmore, afterwards, forsaken.

Scud. Oh God!
What an internal joy my heart has felt,
Sitting at one of these same idle plays,
When I have seen a Maid's Inconstancy
Presented to the life; how glad my eyes
Have stole about me, fearing lest my looks
Should tell the company contented there,
I had a Mistress free of all such thoughts.

He replies to his friend, who adjures him to live.

Scud. The sun is stale to me; to-morrow morn,
As this, 'twill rise, I see no difference;
The night doth visit me but in one robe;
She brings as many thoughts, as she wears stars
When she is pleasant, but no rest at all:
For what new strange thing should I covet life then?
Is she not false whom only I thought true?
Shall Time (to show his strength) make Scudmore live,
Till (perish the vicious thought) I love not thee;
Or thou, dear friend, remove thy heart from me!—

C. L.

Ancient Music

SUPERIOR TO MODERN.

"That the music of the ancients," says Jeremy Collier, "could command farther than the modern, is past dispute. Whether they were masters of a greater compass of notes, or knew the secret of varying them the more artificially; whether they adjusted the intervals of silence more exactly, had their hands or their voices further improved, or their instruments better contrived; whether they had a deeper insight into the philosophy of nature, or understood the laws of the union of the soul and body more thoroughly; and thence were enabled to touch the passions, strengthen the sense, or prepare the medium with greater advantage; whether they excelled us in all, or in how many of these ways, is not so clear however, this is certain, that our improvements in this kind are little better than ale-house crowds (fiddles) with respect to theirs."

The effects of music among the ancients, are said to have been almost miraculous. The celebrated ode of Dryden has made every one acquainted with the magic power of Timotheus over the emotions of the human heart. And all, who have read any thing of ancient history, must have remarked the wonderful effects attributed to the musical instrument in the hand of a master.

Among a hundred other stories, which evince the power of music, is the following:

Pythagoras was once likely to be troubled at his lecture, by a company of young men, inflamed with wine, and petulant with the natural insolence of youthful levity. The philosopher wished to repress their turbulence; but forbore to address them in the language of philosophy, which they would either not have attended to, or have treated with derision. He said nothing; but ordered the musician to play a grave majestic tune, of the Doric style. The effect was powerful and instantaneous. The young men were brought to their sober senses, were ashamed of their wanton behaviour, and with one accord tore off the chaplets of flowers with which they had decorated their temples in the hour of convivial gaiety. They listened to the philosopher. Their hearts were opened to instruction by music, and the powerful impression being well timed, produced in them a permanent reformation.

How desirable is it to revive the music of Pythagoras! How concise a method of philosophizing to the purpose! What sermon or moral lecture would have produced a similar effect so suddenly?

But nothing of this kind was ever produced by the most successful efforts of modern music. Let us suppose a case somewhat similar to the preceding. Let us imagine a number of intoxicated rakes entering the theatre with a professed intention to cause a riot. Such a case has often been real. The music in the orchestra has done all that it could do to sooth the growing rage; but it was as impotent and contemptible as a pistol against a battery. It would be a fine thing for the proprietors, if a tune or two could save the benches, and the fiddlers preclude the carpenters. But Timotheus and the Doric strains are no more; yet, surely, in so general a study of music it might be expected that something of their perfection might be revived.*

* Vicesimus Knox.

MUSICAL ANECDOTES.

A Grand Movement.

A musical instrument-maker of Bremen was on the point of failure, and his creditors watched him so close, that he could not get a pin's worth carried away. He bethought himself of a singular stratagem for deceiving his watchmen. He got together about a hundred and fifty musicians, his friends, in the shop, and set them all playing with the different instruments there, the overture of the "Gazza Ladra." As it was night, at each movement of the orchestra, he contrived to throw some article of furniture from the back window, and the fall was so managed, that, from the noise of the instruments, no one perceived it. At last, to finish the affair so happily begun, at the end of the concert, each musician went out with his instrument. The artist went out last, and locked the shop-door, leaving nothing to his creditors but a bust of Ramus.

An Accompaniment.

The most singular spit in the world is that of the count de Castel Maria, one of the most opulent lords of Trevise. This spit turns one hundred and thirty different roasts at once, and plays twenty-four tunes, and whatever it plays, corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus, a leg of mutton *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the 12th air; a fowl *à la Flamande*, will be juicy at the 18th, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry farther the love of music and gormandizing.*

* Furet de Londres.

BEETHOVEN.

Ludwig von Beethoven was born in 1770 at Baun, where his father was then tenor singer in the chapel of the elector of Cologne. At an unusually early age he was able to perform that first of all works for forming a finished player on the organ or the piano-forte, the preludes and fugues of Sebastian Bach, called "Le Clavecin bien tempéré." At this time he displayed equal progress in composition; for, in the same year, he published variations to a march, sonatas, and songs, all for the piano-forte.

In 1792, he was sent by the elector to Vienna, as court-organist, to study the theory of music under the celebrated J. Haydn, who, on leaving Vienna for London

two years after, intrusted his pupil to the care of the learned Albrechtsberger. He was then more distinguished for his performance than his composition. Judging by the criticisms of his early works, harshness of modulation, melodies more singular than pleasing, and an evident struggle to be original, were among the principal faults of which he was accused. Severe as these critics were on him as a composer, they were lavish in their praises of him as a player. In their opinion, no one could equal him in spirit and brilliancy of execution; and nothing more was wanting to perfect his performance, than more precision and distinctness of touch. His greatest power consisted in extemporary performance, and in the art of varying any given theme without the least premeditation. In this he approached nearest to Mozart, and has never had a rival since.

The precarious situation of the court of Cologne during the war, and the death of the elector in 1801, in whom the art of music lost one of its most zealous patrons, induced Beethoven to choose Vienna as his permanent residence. As original and independent in his general way of thinking, as in his musical productions, a decided enemy to flattery, an utter stranger to every thing dishonourable, he disdained to court the favour of any one, however wealthy or high in rank. He has consequently resided nearly thirty years in that splendid metropolis, in open hostility with many; and in friendship with only a few, whom the admiration of his great genius will not allow to take offence, either at the singularity of his manner, or the candour with which he gives his honest opinions. Till very lately, he had hardly any other emolument than what his compositions produced him, and consequently he was too often in circumstances very unworthy of such a great genius.

In Austria, the native composers have experienced a neglect similar to that which Frederick the Great displayed to the literati of Prussia. Salieri, the Italian, has all the honours and emoluments of principal maestro di capella to their majesties; whereas the inimitable Beethoven relies entirely on his own strength, without the smallest portion of imperial munificence. It must have been a consideration like this, together with the increase of difficulties, that determined him, in 1809, to accept an offer from the new Westphalian court of Jerome Buonaparte, of the situation of maestro di capella. Fortunately, for the honour of Vienna and of Austria, the archduke Rudolph, and the princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky, induced him to alter this resolution. In expressions at once the most favourable and delicate, these princes had a document drawn up, by which they settled on Beethoven an annuity of 4000 florins, with no other condition, than that so long as he derives the benefit of it, he must reside at Vienna, or in some other part of the Austrian dominions; but he cannot travel into foreign countries, unless with the consent of his patrons. Vienna has thus become the place of his abode during the principal part of his life. Although he had a great wish to see foreign countries, particularly England, he has never applied for leave of absence to the archduke Rudolph, who is now his only patron, the princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky being dead. It has, however, been doubted whether his presence would add, either here or any where else, to his celebrity. His warmth of temper, extreme frankness, and singularity of manners, (which he is little able to rule according to the prescribed forms of society,) his little reserve in judging of people, and above all, his great deafness, seem little calculated to endear his person to the true admirers of his genius. Notwithstanding these foibles, which more frequently belong to great than to ordinary men, his character, as a man and as a citizen, ranks deservedly high. There is a rectitude in his moral conduct, which ensures to him the esteem of every honourable person.

Beethoven's works are universally acknowledged to be, for the greater part, productions of the highest order. In the loftier strains of composition, he has attained so eminent a rank, that it is difficult to say who excels him. In many of his orchestral symphonies, overtures, quartettos for the violin, concertos, trios, and sonatas for the piano-forte, he may be placed without the slightest presumption by the side of Haydn and Mozart. His overture to the "Men of Prometheus," and his piano-forte concerto in C minor, Op. 37, would alone be sufficient to immortalize him. They will ever be heard with delight after any overture or concerto, even of Mozart. A list of his works is copied from that very excellent periodical work, the "Harmonicon," into the "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians," from whence the present notice of Beethoven is derived.

The talents of a Haydn and Mozart raised instrumental composition in Germany to an astonishing elevation; and Beethoven may be said not only to have maintained the art in that stupendous alti

tude, but even in some respects to have brought it to still higher perfection. Reichardt, in his letters from Vienna, says, "Haydn drew his quartets from the pure source of his sweet and unsophisticated nature, his captivating simplicity and cheerfulness; in these works he is still without an equal. Mozart's mightier genius and richer imagination took a more extended range, and embodied in several passages the most profound and sublime qualities of his own mind. Moreover, he was much greater as a performer than Haydn, and as such, expected more from instruments than the latter did. He also allowed more merit to highly wrought and complicated compositions, and thus raised a gorgeous palace within Haydn's fairy bower. Of this palace Beethoven was an early inmate; and in order adequately to express his own peculiar forms of style, he had no other means but to surmount the edifice with that defying and colossal tower, which no one will probably presume to carry higher with impunity."

"If any man," says the Quarterly Musical Review, "can be said to enjoy an almost universal admiration as a composer, it is Beethoven; who, disdaining to copy his predecessors in any, the most distant, manner, has, notwithstanding, by his energetic, bold, and uncommon style of writing, carried away the prize from our modern Olympus. His peculiar beauties may be enumerated as follows: originality of invention — uncommon passages — a very energetic manner—imitative passages almost innumerable—and abstruse scientific modulation. The first of these peculiarities, no sincere lover of music who has heard any of his symphonies will refuse to admit; and it is principally to this prominent feature in all his works that the fame he has acquired is owing. There is something in the first movements of all his overtures and symphonies, which, to the hearer, conveys a clear impression that the piece is not similar to any he ever heard before by other composers. The frequent employment of discords unresolved with a full harmony, the apparent sombre cast of expression by a continual richness and depth of the bass, the evident preparation for some beautiful allegro or vivace movement; all these conspire to raise the author in our estimation, and to keep our attention alive. Yet, when he does lead us to the quick, it is not upon a light, unmeaning, or dance-like passage, that he chooses to work; conscious of his resources, he gives an excellent subject, gradually rising into importance as the instruments one after the other join in the stringed chorus; and when (as Maister Mace would say) 'that vast concording unity' of the whole band comes 'thundering in,' we perceive with what admirable skill the orchestra are brought together, and afterwards, to the latter part of the piece, continue our admiration of the scientific manner in which the parts are worked up. The conclusion leaves us in regret."

In Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," the introductory symphony is considered to be so affecting and appropriate as to be equal, if not superior, to Haydn's introduction, or representation of "Chaos" in the "Creation." The whole is a striking instance of his originality of invention. With respect to his energetic manner, nearly the whole of his works abound with specimens of this description of beauty. Yet, however, in the midst of his energy, variety, and abstruseness, ideas may sometimes be discovered which create enthusiasm solely from their simplicity. Of this description is the well-known passage in his "Battle Sinfonia," where the one fifer is supposed to be heard attempting to rally the disordered ranks of the French army, by playing their national air of "Malbrouk," which he performs in a minor key, from his own presumed thirst and fatigue.

It is said that Beethoven does not write down a single note of his compositions till he has mentally completed them, and that he holds his own earlier compositions in contempt. He usually passes the summer at the pleasant village of Baden, about twelve miles from Vienna. He is very deaf, but can hear without the assistance of any machine, when addressed loudly and distinctly. His principal amusement in the country is taking long walks in the most romantic parts of the vicinity; these excursions he sometimes extends even through the night.*

ANNE DE MONTMORENCY.

Of the sanguinary character of this constable of France some idea may be formed by the specimen which Brantome has given of his favourite orders.—"Go! Let me see those rascals stabbed or shot directly! Hang me that fellow on yonder tree! Hack me to pieces those scoundrels this moment, who dared to defend that church against the king's forces! Set fire to that village, d'ye hear! Burn me all the country for a mile round this spot!"

* Biographical Dict. of Musicians.

Fac-simile of a French Assignat for Ten Sous,

REFERRED TO IN THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor.

Dear sir,—Perhaps you may esteem the enclosed as a curiosity worthy of a place in the *Table Book*. It is a genuine specimen of the *assignats* used in lieu of money during the French revolution. I believe there are very few now to be had. It was given to me by a French gentleman, whose father (a native of Normandy) had lost considerable sums by them. He had unfortunately converted most of his property into *assignats*, as a precaution during those times, which, although eventually of so much benefit to the French nation, were so distressing while they lasted. But when the use of coin was resumed, he found his intention frustrated, and himself deprived of all his fortune.

This gentleman had been the means of assisting the duke and duchess of Chartres in their escape to England, after having concealed them for some time in his own house. They left him with reiterated assruances of liberal recompense and future patronage, should they ever be so fortunate as to return to their native country:—they did return—but their Norman benefactor was forgotten—he never heard any thing more of them.—"*Telle est la récompense de loyauté!*" was the concluding remark of his son, who related the story to me. He was a pleasant specimen of a Frenchman—light, kind-hearted, and extremely enthusiastic; but his enthusiasm was equally bestowed on the most important or the most trivial occasion. I have seen him rise from his seat, stretch his clasped hands out at full length, and utter with rapturous ecstasy through his clenched teeth, "*Ah, Dieu! que c'étoit beau!*" when perhaps the subject of his eulogy was the extraordinary leap of some rope-dancer, or the exaggerated shout of some opera-singer, whose greatest recommendation was, that she possessed "*une voix à enlever le toit.*" He had a habit of telling immensely long stories, and always forgot that you had heard him relate them often and often before. He used to tack his sentences together by an awful "*alors,*" which was the sure sign of his being in the humour (although by the by he never was otherwise) for telling one of his pet anecdotes, or, more properly interminable narratives, for such he made them by his peculiar tact at spinning them out. He had three special favourites;—the one above related of aristocratic ingratitude;—another about Buonaparte's going incognito every morning, while he was a *Boulogne sur Mer*, to drink new milk a the cottage of an old woman, with whom he used to take snuff, and talk quite familiarly;—and the last and best-beloved, an

account of his own good fortune in having once actually *spoken* with the emperor Napoleon Buonaparte himself! He had been an officer on board one of the ships belonging to the *flotille* destined for the invasion of England, and almost adored Buonaparte as a sort of God. He was perhaps as affectionate-hearted a human being as could possibly exist, and I never heard him speak bitterly against any one, excepting *Messieurs les Clergés*.

I have digressed considerably, but the *assignat* is merely a matter of curiosity to look at, and does not admit of much comment.

I am, dear sir,
Your respectful admirer,
June 28, 1827. M. H.

BUYING AND SELLING.

A *merchant* shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong; and an *huckster* shall not be freed from sin.

As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones; so doth sin stick close between buying and selling. *Ecclesiasticus.*

It has been observed in the House of Commons, "That commerce tends to corrupt the morals of a people." If we examine the expression, we shall find it true, in a certain degree.

Perhaps every tradesman can furnish out numberless instances of small deceit. His conduct is marked with a littleness, which though allowed by general consent, is not strictly just. A person with whom I have long been connected in business, asked if I had dealt with his relation whom he had brought up, and who had lately entered into commercial life. I answered in the affirmative. He replied, "He is a very honest fellow." I told him I saw all the finesse of a tradesman about him. "Oh, rejoined my friend, a man has a right to say all he can in favour of his own goods."

Nor is the seller alone culpable. The buyer takes an equal share in the deception. Though neither of them speak their sentiments, they well understand each other. Whilst a treaty is agitating, the buyer pronounces against the article; but when finished, the seller whispers to his friend, "It is well sold," and the buyer smiles at the bargain. The commercial track is a line of minute deceits.

But, on the other hand, it does not seem possible for a man in trade to pass this line, without wrecking his reputation; which, if once broken, can never be made whole. The character of a tradesman is valuable; it is his all; therefore, whatever seeds of the vicious kind may shoot forth in the mind, they are carefully watched and nipped in the bud, that they may never blossom into action.

Having stated the accounts between morality and trade, I shall leave the reader to draw the balance, and only ask, "Whether the people in trade are more corrupt than those out?" If the curious reader will lend an attentive ear to a pair of farmers in the market, bartering for a cow, he will find as much dissimulation as at St. James's, or at any other saint's, but couched in more homely phrase. The man of well-bred deceit is "infinitely your friend—it would give him immense pleasure to serve you!" while the man in the frock "will be —— if he tells you a word of a lie!"

Having occasion for a horse, in 1759, I mentioned it to an acquaintance, and informed him of the uses the animal was wanted for; he assured me he had one that would exactly suit; which he showed in the stable, and held the candle pretty high, "for fear of affecting the straw." I told him it was needless to examine him, for I should rely upon his word, being conscious he was too much my friend to deceive me; I therefore bargained, and caused him to be sent home. But by the light of the sun which next morning illumined the heavens, I perceived the horse was "greased" on all fours. I therefore, in gentle terms, upbraided my friend with duplicity, when he replied with some warmth, "I would cheat my own brother in a horse." Had this honourable friend stood a chance of selling me a horse once a week, his own interest would have prevented himfrom deceiving me.

A man enters into business with a view of acquiring a fortune—a laudable motive! That property which arises from honest industry is an honour to its owner; the repose of his age, the reward of a life of attention; but great as the advantage seems, yet, being of a private nature, it is one of the least in the mercantile walk. For the intercourse occasioned by traffic gives a man a view of the world, and of himself; removes the narrow limits that confine his judgment, expands the mind, opens his understanding, removes his prejudices, and polishes his manners. Civility and humanity are ever the companions of trade; the man of business is the man of liberal sentiment: if he be not the philosopher of nature he is the friend of his country. A barbarous and commercial people is a contradiction.*

* Hutton's History of Birmingham.

LONGEVITY

Of a remarkable Highlander.

In August, 1827, John Macdonald expired in his son's house, in the Lawnmarket, at the advanced age of one hundred and seven years. He was born in Glen Tinisdale, in the Isle of Skye, and, like the other natives of that quarter, was bred to rural labour. Early one morning in his youth, when looking after his black cattle, he was surprised by the sight of two ladies, as he thought, winding slowly round a hill, and approaching the spot where he stood. When they came up, they inquired for a well or stream, where a drink of water could be obtained. He conducted them to the "Virgin Well," an excellent spring, which was held in great reverence on account of its being the scene of some superstitious and legendary tales. When they had quenched their thirst, one of the ladies rewarded Macdonald with a shilling, the first silver coin of which he was possessed. At their own request he escorted them to a gentleman's house at some distance, and there, to his great surprise and satisfaction, he learned that the two "ladies" were Flora Macdonald and prince Charles Stewart.

This was the proudest incident in Macdonald's patriarchal life; and, when surrounded by his Celtic brethren, he used to dilate on all the relative circumstances with a sort of hereditary enthusiasm, and more than the common garrulity of age. He afterwards turned joiner, and bore a conspicuous part in the building of the first protestant church which was erected in the island of North Uist. He came to Edinburgh twenty-three years before his death, and continued to work at his trade till he was ninety-seven years of age.

Macdonald was a temperate, regular-living man, and never paid a sixpence to a surgeon for himself, nor had an hour's sickness in the whole course of his life. He used to dance regularly on New-year's day, along with some Highland friends, to the bagpipe. On New-year's day, 1825, he danced a reel with the father, the son, the grandson, and great-grandson, and was in more than his usual spirits. His hearing was nothing impaired, and till within three weeks of his demise he could have threaded the finest needle with facility, without glasses.*

* Scotsman, August, 1827.

Discoveries

of the

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS

No. V.

Having examined what knowledge the ancients had in logic and metaphysics, we are now to consider with the same impartiality, what general or particular discoveries they made in physics, astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, and the other sciences.

Of Bodies — the Incorporeality of their Elements.—Leibnitz.

Although the distance may appear considerable between metaphysics and physics, yet an idea of their connection runs through the whole system of Leibnitz. He founds this on the principle, employed long ago by Archimedes, "that there must be a sufficient reason for every thing." Leibnitz inquires, why bodies are extended in length, breadth, and thickness. He holds, that to discover the origin of extension, we must come at something unextended, and without parts; in short, at existences entirely simple; and he contends, that "things extended" could have had no existence, but for "things entirely simple."

The foundations of this system were, in effect, long since laid by Pythagoras and his disciples. Traces of it are in Strato of Lampsacus, who succeeded Theophrastus in the Lyceum; in Democritus; in Plato, and those of his school; and in Sextus Empiricus, who has even furnished entire arguments to Leibnitz for establishing "the necessity of seeking for the reason of compound things, in those which never had external existence." Moderatus Gaditanus, in relation to the numbers of Pythagoras, says, "Numbers are, so to speak, an assemblage of units, a progressive multitude which arises from unity, and finds there its ultimate cause." And Hermias, expounding the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, says, that, according to them, "the unit, or simple essence, was the origin and principle of all things."

Sextus Empiricus deems it unworthy of a philosopher to advance, that what falls under the notice of our senses, could be the principle of all things; for things sensible ought to be derived from what is not so. Things compounded of other things cannot possibly be themselves a principle; but what constitutes those things may. Those

who affirm that atoms, similar parts, particles, or those bodies which only are to be apprehended by the intellect itself, are the primary elements of all things, in one respect say true, in another not. In so far as they acknowledge for principles, only such things as fall not under our senses, they are right; but they are wrong in apprehending those to be corporeal principles: for as those bodies which fall not under our senses, precede those which do, they themselves are preceded also by what is of another nature: and as the letters are not a discourse, though they go into the composition of it, neither are the elements of body, body: but since they must be either corporeal or incorporeal, it follows, that they are incorporeal. To this end he argues, that "bodies are composed of incorporeal principles, not to be comprehended but by the mind itself."

To the same effect, Scipio Aquilianus, treating of the opinion of Alcmæon, the Pythagorean, concerning the principles of things, reduces it to a syllogism. "What precedes body in the order of nature, is the principle of body; number is such a thing; therefore number is the principle of body. The second of these propositions is proved thus:—Of two things, that is the first, which may be conceived independent of the other, whilst that other cannot of it. Now number may be conceived independently of body, but not body of number; wherefore number is antecedent to body in the order of nature."

Marcilius Ficinus imputes to Plato the same notion, and gives us the substance of that philosopher's thoughts. "The different species of all sorts of compounds may be traced out to something which in itself is uncompounded; as the boundaries of body to a point, which has no boundary; numbers to a unit, which consists not of numbers; and elements to what has nothing in it mixt or elementary." Marcilius Ficinus expresses the system in a few words. "Compounds are reducible into things uncompounded, and these again into what is still more simple." One sees here those compounds of Leibnitz, which, when reduced to their simple parts, terminate in the Deity for their cause and source.

Plotinus also affirms, that "there must be in bodies some principle, or substratum, entirely different from any thing corporeal.

These quotations accord with passages in Plutarch concerning Heraclitus. There are passages in Stobæus, from Epicurus, Xenocrates, and Diodorus, to a similar purport; and a remarkable one in *Hebrews* xi. 3. "Through faith we understand tha the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that *things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.*"*

It every where appears that Leibnitz drew many of his notions from Plato; and he defines his "monads," just as Plato does his ideas, τὰ ὄντως ὄντα, "things really existing." An erudite German says, "I am assured by one of my friends, who was himself informed of it by a learned Italian, who went to Hanover to satisfy an ardent desire he had of being acquainted with Mr. Leibnitz, and spent three weeks with him, that this great man, at parting, said to him: 'Sir you have often been so good as to insinuate, that you looked upon me as a man of some knowledge. Now, sir, I'll show you the sources whence I drew it all;' and immediately taking him by the hand, led him into his study, showing him all the books he had; which were Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch, Sextus Empiricus, Euclid, Archimedes, Pliny, Seneca, and Cicero."

Leibnitz and Parmenides agree in these particulars:—

1. The existence and essence of things are different.

2. The essence of things existent, is without the things themselves.

3. There are, in nature, similar and dissimilar things.

4. The similar are conceived, as in existence essentially the same.

5. Whatever exists is reducible to certain classes, and specific forms.

6. All those forms have their existence in the unity; that is, in God; and hence the whole is one.

7. Science consists in the knowledge, not of individuals, but of kinds or species.

8. This knowledge differs from that of things existing externally.

9. Forms or ideas, as they exist in God, escape the observation of men.

10. Hence men perceive nothing perfectly.

11. Our mental notions are but the shades or resemblances of ideas.

Of Animated Nature.—Buffon.

Buffon's theory respecting universal matter, generation, and nutrition, so much resembles what was taught by some of the ancients, that it is difficult not to think that his ideas drew their origin from that first school. It appears indeed, that he had

* Perhaps this principle derives further illustration from scripture. "In the *beginning* was the *Word*." John i. 1. Ed.

attentively read the ancients, and knew how to value them. He says himself, that "the ancients understood much better, and made a greater progress in the natural history of animals and minerals, than we have done. They abounded more in real observations; and we ought to have made much better advantage of their illustrations and remarks." Yet Buffon does not seem to have perceived the analogy which every where reigns between his system and that of the ancients.

Anaxagoras thought that bodies were composed of small, similar, or homogeneous particles; that those bodies, however, admitted a certain quantity of small particles that were heterogene, or of another kind; but that to constitute any body to be of a particular species, it sufficed, that it was composed of a great number of small particles, similar and constitutive of that species. Different bodies were masses of particles similar among themselves; dissimilar, however, relatively to those of any other body, or to the mass of small particles belonging to a different species. Thus, the ancients taught, that blood was formed of many drops or particles, each of which had blood in it; that a bone was formed of many small bones, which from their extreme littleness evaded our view; and these similar parts they called ὁμοιομερείας *similaritates*. Likewise, that nothing was properly liable to generation, or corruption, to birth, or to death; generations of every kind, being no other than an assemblage of small particles constituent of the kind; and the destruction of a body being no other than the disunion of many small bodies of the same sort, which always preserving a natural tendency to reunite, produce again, by their conjunction with other similar particles, other bodies of the same species. Vegetation and nutrition were but means employed by nature for the continuation of beings; thus, the different juices of the earth being composed of a collection of innumerable small particles intermixed, constituting the different parts of a tree or flower for example, take, according to the law of nature, different arrangements; and by the motion originally impressed upon them, proceed till, arriving at the places destined and proper for them, they collect themselves and halt, to form all the different parts of that tree or flower; in the same manner as many small imperceptible leaves go to the formation of the leaves we see, many little parts of the fruits of different kinds to the composition of those which we eat; and so of the rest. The same, with respect to the nutrition of animals. The bread we eat, and the other aliments we take, turn themselves, according to the ancients, into hair, veins, arteries, nerves, and all the other parts of our body; because there are, in those aliments, the constituent parts of blood, nerves, bones, hair, &c. which, uniting with one another, make themselves by their coalition perceptible, which they were not before, because of their infinite littleness.

Empedocles believed, that matter had in it a living principle, a subtile active fire, which put all in motion; and this Buffon calls, by another name, "organized matter, always active; or animated organic matter." According to Empedocles, "this matter was distributed through the four elements, among which it had an uniting force to bind them, and a separating to put them asunder; for the small parts either mutually embraced, or repelled one another; whence nothing in reality perished, but every thing was in perpetual vicissitude."

Empedocles had a sentiment, which Buffon follows, in the same terms; where he says, that "the sexes contain all the small parts analogous to the body of an animal, and necessary to its production."

Plotinus, investigating what might be the reason of this sympathy and attraction in nature, discovered it to proceed from such a "harmony and assimilation of the parts, as bound them together when they met," or repelled them when they were dissimilar; he says, that it is the variety of these assimilations that concurs to the formation of an animal; and calls this binding, or dissolving force, "the magic of the universe."

Anaxagoras thought as Buffon does, that there is no preexistent seed, involving infinite numbers of the same kind one within another; but an ever active organic matter, always ready so to adapt itself, as to assimilate, and render other things conformable to that wherein it resides. The species of animals and vegetables can never therefore exhaust themselves; but as long as an individual subsists, the species will be always new. It is as extensive now as it was at the beginning, and all will subsist of themselves, till they are annihilated by the Creator.

It would be easy to show, that in morals and politics, as in physics, the most eminent moderns have said nothing new Hobbes has advanced nothing, but what he found in the writings of the Grecian and Latin philosophers; and above all, in those of Epicurus. Montesquieu also assumes from the ancients the principles of his

system; and Machiavel those of his politics from Aristotle, though we have attributed to his genius the whole honour of having invented them. But these discussions would detain the reader too long; we hasten therefore to another field of contemplation, not less fruitful of testimony, in support of the position, that the most celebrated philosophers among the moderns have taken what they advance from the works of the ancients.

For the Table Book.

GRASSHOPPERS.

" Sauter de branche en branche."

The stream may flow, the wheel may run,
The corn in vain be brown'd in sun,
And bolting-mills, like corks, be stoppers;
Save that their clacks, like noisy rain,
Make flour of corn in root and grain
By virtue of their HOPPERS.

And London sportsmen *(sportsmen?)* meet
To shoot at sparrows twenty feet
Like ginger-beer escaping,—poppers:
Pigeons are thus *humanely* shot,
And thus they go to pie and pot,
Poor *pulse* and *crum-b-led* HOPPERS!

Trees in their shrouds resemble men,
And they who " cut may come again,"
To take their tithe as legal loppers:
Soldiers and sailors, after wars,
In spite of glory, fame, and stars,—
Are *they* not pen-*sion* HOPPERS?

Yet more than these, in summer's even,
There hop, between the *blades* of Heaven
And hailstones pearly droppers,
Insects of mirth, whose songs so shrill
Delight the *ears* of vale and hill,
The grassy, green—GRASS-HOPPERS.

Aug. 1827. J. R. P.

For the Table Book.

WASPS.

A grocer's shop at Camberwell — " the Grasshopper" — is much visited by wasps for the sweets of the sugar hogsheads. The shop is closed on Sundays, but they find entrance into it by creeping privately through the *keyhole of the door.*

C. W. P.

THE BARLEY-MOW.

To the Editor.

My dear sir,—Nothing could possibly exceed the heartfelt pleasure I enjoyed when the last load was drawn into the farm-yard; and the farmer, and his men and women, witnessed the completion of the " Barley-mow." Their huzzas filled the scenery, and the barns and church replied. The carters and horses were trimmed with boughs and wild flowers. The hedges siding the lanes, and the patriarch elms and walnut-trees, as the survivors of templar consecrations to the demesne, took their tithes, to the joy of birds; and the fields had still a generous strewing of ears for the peasant-gleaners, who, like ants, collected a small store for the days of frost and adversity. The farmer's heart gladdened with the reward of his labours. The ale-bottle, when held upward, gurgled its choice liquid into many thirsty throats. Every thing and every body showed satisfaction. The housewife came forth with a rake in her hand, in her sun-shielding gloves and broad flat bonnet, and she sung the rejoicings of her peace in a minor key, suitable to her taste of harmony. Her daughter too came tripping in a lightsome gait and charming advance, towards her sire and myself, with cake and cider, dimpling and exhilarating.

By this time the " Barley-mow " was coning to a point, and the stray ears were plucked out of its bulging sides.

The evening closing into eternity, the peaceful aspect of nature sweetly accorded with the quiet sensations of thankfulness, glowing in the grateful breasts of the persons cast in this out-of-town spot. The increasing pall of dusk, when the work was ended, drew the labourers into a circle within their master's welcome domicile. Here the farmer and his wife and family were assembled, and, without pride's distinction, regaled the sharers of their summer-toil with that beverage that warms the feelings of hope into real joy. This was the triumph of the " Barley-mow." Every tongue praised, as every energy assisted it. It was a heartfelt celebration. Songs were sung, and they danced down the midnight. The foot of Time stepped lightly, till the weather-featured clock toll'd the end of the joyful recreation. Sincerity, unity, and hospitality were blended: the master was satisfied with his servants—the servants were thankful with their means of support. My thoughts rebounded high, as my sympathies awakened to so much happiness in

so small a compass. Ere satiety arrived the companions separated. My candle was ready; I shook hands with my friends; and, after penning you this outline, retired with benevolent impressions and aspirations in behalf of a cheerful country life, arising from contented habits and industrious courses.

The two following stanzas were audible for a long time in the neighbouring rural-ries:

Let the scythe and sickle lie
Undisturb'd for many a day
Labour stoops without a sigh,
And grisly care is gay
Bless the harrow and the plough
Bless the glorious *Barley-mow*

Now the miller's hoppers play;
Now the maltster's kiln is dry
Empty casks prepare the way,
And mirth is in the eye:
Praise the sun and trim the bough,—
Hail the golden *Barley-mow!*

I am, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

J. R. P.

T——n T——e,

August 1, 1827.

HANGING THE SHUTTLE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The custom of "hanging the shuttle" arose out of the introduction of a "spring loom," which an eminent clothier at Langley ventured, in 1794, to have erected in one of his cottages, built for the use of his men.

One person performing nearly as much work in this loom as two persons, the weavers in the neighbourhood met at the "Plough," to consider the best means of opposing the success of the one-shuttle stranger.

After sundry resolutions were passed, declarative that spring-looms would prove hurtful to weavers of the old school, they suspended a shuttle to a bacon rack by a skein of tangled yarn over the table round which they sat. Meeting every Saturday-night at this inn, they pledged their affiance to the "shuttle," and continued the custom till their meetings were fruitless.

The "hanging the shuttle" over them signified that no honest weaver should work a spring-loom to the injury of his fellow-workman. This prejudice having subsided, and most of the weavers that assembled at the "Plough" being dead, their sons agree to the prevailing and supposed improvements.

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

*, *, P.

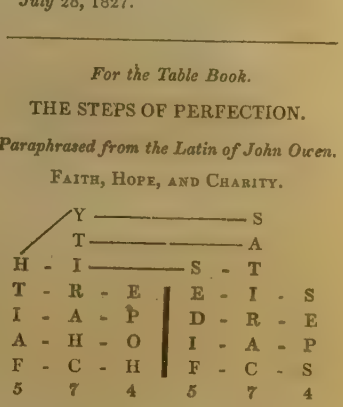
July 28, 1827.

For the Table Book.

THE STEPS OF PERFECTION.

Paraphrased from the Latin of John Owen.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.



When VIRTUE her examples drew in heaven,
Seven steps to reach them were to mortals given:—
HOPE, so desirous to be first, attains
Four of the SEVEN: but FAITH *five* precepts gains:
LOVE is the chief, for Love the two excels,
And in the virtue of PERFECTION dwells.

P.

NEWSPAPER ORTHOGRAPHY, 1682.

From the "True Protestant Mercury,"

No. 162.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LOST, a Flowered silk *Manto* (Mantua) Gown of a sable and Gold Coulor, lined with Black, betwixt *Arniseed Clere* (St. Agnes le Clair) and the White Houses at *Hogsden* (Hoxton) on Wednesday last, the 19th instant, about 4 or 5 *a* clock in the Afternoon. Any one that can give Intelligence of the said Manto Gown to Mr. Blewit's, at the Rose and Crown in *Loathberry*, shall have 10*s.* for their pains.

Poetry.

For the Table Book.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

And it came to pass that night, that the Angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses!—2 *Kings*, xix. 35.

The sun in his beauty had sunk to rest,
And with magic colours illumin'd the west,
Casting o'er the temple his brightest gold,
The temple,—Jehovah's dwelling of old:
The flowers were clos'd by the evening breeze,
That sadly sigh'd through Lebanon's trees;
The moon was up, so pale and bright,
(She look'd more beautiful that night,)
Whilst numerous stars were round her gleaming—
Stars in silent beauty beaming.

The Fiend of Fear his dark wings spread
O'er the city of God, and fill'd it with dread;
But the king at the altar prostrate lay,
And plac'd on Jehovah's arm his stay;
In anxious watching he pass'd the night,
Waiting the return of the morning light,
When forth his embattled hosts should move,
The power of Jehovah on the Heathen to prove!

The Assyrian hosts were proud in their might,
And in revelry spent the commencement of night,
'Till the power of wine o'er their coward-souls creeping,
Each man in his armour lay prostrate, sleeping!

At the midnight watch the angel of God
O'er the Assyrian camp spread his wings abroad:
On his brow was plac'd a crown of light,
Which shone like a meteor in the gloom of night,
And quench'd, with its brightness, the moon's pale sheen,
Which her sickly rays flung over the scene:
His flowing robe in large folds roll'd,
Spangled with gems and bright with gold!
As over the Assyrian camp he pass'd,
He breathed upon them a poisonous blast—
It blanch'd their cheeks—and without a groan
Each soul was hurried to his long, long home!

At the morning watch in the Assyrian camp
Was heard no sound of the war-horse tramp!
The bright sun rose, like a bridegroom dress'd,
And illumin'd the camp from east to west;
But there was no spear in his bright beam gleaming,
Nor polish'd mail his reflected light streaming:
The spear and the armour were cover'd with rust,
And prostrate the warrior lay down in the dust!
To arms! to arms! the trumpet sounded—
The echoes in mockery the blast resounded!
Sennacherib waited his embattled host,
The pride of his heart and his impious boast;—
The trumpet was sounded again and again,
Its shrill notes echoing o'er the prostrate slain;—
But his bands were bound in the slumber of death,
Nor heeded the war-stirring clarion's breath!
The angel of God had pass'd over the host—
In the grasp of Death lay Sennacherib's host!

O. N. Y.

July, 1827.

For the Table Book.

NIXON'S PROPHECIES.—MR. CANNING.

Mr. Canning's decease on the 8th of August, 1827, occasioned the following article in the newspapers.

The Death of Mr. Canning predicted by Nixon, the Astrologer.

In an old book, entitled *The Prophecies of Robert Nixon*, printed in the year 1701, is the following prophetic declaration, which appears to refer to the late melancholy event, which has deprived the English nation of one of her brightest ornaments:—"In the year 1827 a man will raise himself by his wisdom to one of the most exalted offices in the state. His king will invest him with great power, as a reward for his zeal. England will be greatly rejoiced. A strong party will enter into a league against him, but their envy and hatred will not prevail. The power of God, which reigneth over all, will cut him off in his prime, and the nation will bitterly bemoan her loss. Oh, England? beware of thy enemies. A great friend thou wilt lose in this man."

The preceding is a prediction made after the event—a mere "hoax" on the credulous. There is nothing of the kind among the prophecies imputed to Nixon, who was not an astrologer, and probably existed nowhere but in the imagination of the writer of the manuscript copied by the "Lady Cowper."

BUSH EELS.

At this season when persons, at inns in Lincolnshire, ask for "eel-pie," they are presently provided with "bush eels;" namely, *snakes*, caught for that purpose in the bushes, and sold to the landlords cheaply, which are made into stews, pies, and fries.

P.

Case containing the Heart of Lord Edward Bruce,

AT CULROSS ABBEY.

Lord Edward Bruce was eldest son of sir Edward, baron of Kinloss, so created by James I. in 1603, to whom the king gave the dissolved abbey of Kinloss, in Ayrshire, after he had been instrumental in his succession to the crown of England; whither accompanying the king, he was made master of the rolls in 1604, died in 1610, and was buried in the Rolls chapel His son, the lord Edward, killed in duel by sir Edward Sackville in 1613, was succeeded by his brother, who was created earl of Elgin in 1633. and an English baron in 1641.

Sir Edward Sackville, by whose hand the lord Edward Bruce fell, was younger brother to Richard Sackville, earl of Dorset, on whose death he succeeded to the title. He was lord president of the council, a joint lord keeper, and filled several other distinguished offices under Charles I., to whom he adhered, by whose side he fought at the battle of Edge-hill, and whose death he took so much to heart, that he never afterwards stirred out of his house in Salisbury-court, but died there on the 17th of July, 1652.

Between these noblemen there arose a quarrel, which terminated in their duel; and all that is, or probably can be known respecting it, is contained in the following correspondence, preserved in a manuscript in Queen's college library, Oxford.*

A Monsieur, Monsieur Sackvile.

"I that am in France, hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises; and for me, the truest almanack, to tell you how much I suffer. If you call to memory, when as I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman, my love once spoke, and come and do him right that could recite the tryals you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time; the place wheresoever, I will wait on you. By doing this, you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

"Ed. Bruce."

A Monsieur, Monsieur Baron de Kinloss.

"As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that is desirous to make tryal of my valour, by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who, within a month, shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give honourable satisfaction, by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time, be as secret of the appointment, as it seems you are desirous of it.

"E. Sackvile."

* Collins's Peerage.

A Monsieur, Monsieur Baron de Kinloss.

"I am at Tergose, a town in Zeland, to give what satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman for my second, in degree a knight. And, for your coming, I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair, for your own honour, and fear of prevention; at which time you shall find me there.

Tergose, 10th of August, 1613. "E. Sackvile."

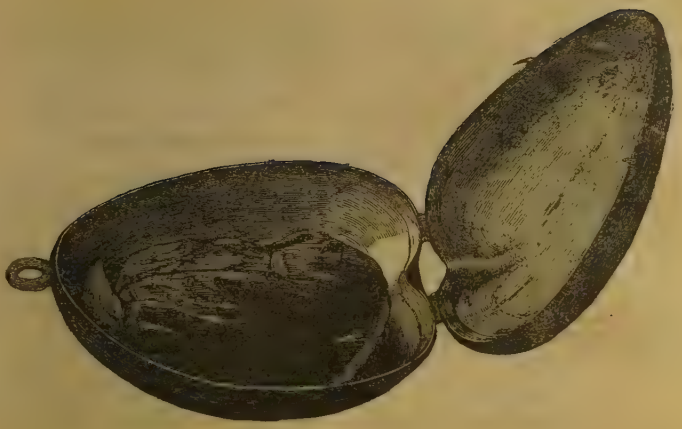
A Monsieur, Monsieur Sackvile.

"I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me; and now I come, with all possible haste, to meet you.

"E. Bruce."

The combat was fierce, and fatal to lord Bruce. The survivor, sir Edward Sackville, describes it in a letter, which will be inserted at a future time. For the present purpose it is merely requisite to state, that lord Stowell, in a communication to the earl of Aberdeen, president of the Society of Antiquarians, dated February 15, 1822, seems to have determined the spot whereon the duel was fought, and the place of lord Bruce's interment. From that communication, containing an account of the discovery of his heart, with representations of the case wherein it was enclosed, the following detail is derived, together with the engravings.

It has always been presumed that the duel was fought under the walls of Antwerp; but the combatants disembarked at Bergen-op-Zoom, and fought near that town, and not Antwerp. The circumstances are still well remembered at Bergen, while at Antwerp there is not a trace of them. A small piece of land, a mile and a half from the Antwerp gate of Bergen, goes by the name of Bruce-land; it is recorded as the spot where Bruce fell; and, according to tradition, was purchased by the parties to fight upon. The spot is unclaimed at the present day, and marked by a little earthen boundary, which separates it from the surrounding corn-fields. It was considered, until the French revolution, as free ground, where any person might take refuge without being liable to arrest. Lord Bruce was buried at Bergen, and a monument is stated to have been erected to his memory within the great Protestant church, which was nearly destroyed in the siege of 1747.



Appearance of the Heart of Lord Edward Bruce.

In consequence of a tradition, that the heart of lord Edward Bruce had been sent from Holland, and interred in the vault or burying-ground adjoining the old abbey church of Culross, in Perthshire, sir Robert Preston directed a search in that place in 1808, with the following result.—Two flat stones, without inscription, about four feet in length and two in breadth, were discovered about two feet below the level of the pavement, and partly under an old projection in the wall of the old building. These stones were strongly clasped together with iron; and when separated, a silver case, or box, of foreign workmanship, shaped like a heart, was found in a hollow or excavated place between them. Its lid was engraved with the arms and name "Lord Edward Bruse;" it had hinges and clasps; and when opened, was found to contain a heart, carefully embalmed, in a brownish coloured liquid. After drawings were taken of it, as represented in the present engravings, it was carefully replaced in its former situation. There was a small leaden box between the stones in another excavation; the contents of which, whatever they were originally, appeared reduced to dust.

Some time after this discovery, sir Robert Preston caused a delineation of the silver case, according to the exact dimensions, with an inscription recording its exhumation and re-deposit, to be engraved on a brass plate, and placed upon the projection of the wall where the heart was found.*

It is a remarkable fact, that the cause of the quarrel between lord Bruce and sir Edward Sackvile has remained wholly undetected, notwithstanding successive investigations at different periods. The last was conducted by the late lord Leicester, and several gentlemen, whose habits and love of investigation are equally well known, but they were unable to discover the slightest clue to the object of their anxious and diligent inquiry. Lord Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," records the combat as an occurrence of magnitude, from its sanguinary character and the eminence of the parties engaged in it. He does not say any thing respecting the occasion of the feud, although lord Bruce's challenge seems to intimate that it was matter of public notoriety.

HEART BURIAL.

During the rebuilding of part of the church of Chatham, Kent, in 1788, there was found in one of the vaults a leaden pot, containing, according to an inscription, the heart of a woman, one Hester Harris. The pot appeared to have been nailed up to the side of the vault, there being a piece of lead soldered on for that purpose.†

* Archæologia, xx. 515. † Gent. Mag. 1789.

POETICAL QUID PRO QUO.

A Greek poet frequently offered little compliments to Augustus, with hopes of some small reward. His poems were worthless and unnoticed, but as he persisted in his adulation, Augustus amused himself with writing an epigram in praise of the poet, and when he received the next customary panegyric, presented his lines to the bard with surprising gravity. The poor man took and read them, and with apparent delight deliberately drew forth two farthings, and gave them to the emperor, saying, "This is not equal to the demands of your situation, sire; but 'tis all I have: if I had more I would give it to you." Augustus could not resist this; he burst into laughter, and made the poet a handsome present.

POCKETS.

Mr. Gifford relates the preceding anecdote, in a note on his Juvenal, from Macrobius. He makes the poet draw the farthings from his "pocket:" but the pocket was unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Mr. Fosbroke says the men used the girdle, and the women their bosom; and that Strutt thinks the scrip, and purse, or bag, were succedanea. The Anglo-Saxon and Norman women wore pocketting sleeves; and sleeves with pockets in them, mentioned by DuCange, Matthew Paris, Malmesbury, and Knighton, were searched, before the wearers could be admitted to the royal presence. Sleeve pockets are still worn by the monks in Portugal.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

These useful appendages to dress were certainly not in use with the Greeks. The most ancient text wherein handkerchiefs are expressly mentioned, describes them as long cloths, called *oraria*, used and worn by senators "ad emungendum et exspuendum;" that use is said to have grown out of the convenience of the *orarium*, which is supposed to have been merely used at first to wave for applause in the public shows. Mr. Fosbroke presumes it to have been the "swat-cloth" of the Anglo-Saxons; for one called *mappula* and *manipulus* was then worn on the left side to wipe the nose. In subsequent ages there was the *manuariolum*, one carried in the hand during summer, on account of perspiration. Queen Elizabeth wore handkerchiefs of party-coloured silk, or cambric, edged with gold lace.

PICKPOCKETS.

The old robbers, in the "good old times," when purses were carried in the hand or borne at the side, cut them away, and carried them off with the contents, and hence they were called "cut-purses." In the scarce "History of Highwaymen," by Smith, there is a story of a ludicrous private robbery, from "the person" of a man, mistakenly committed by one of these cut-purses. One of Shakspeare's rogues, Autolycus, says, that "to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse." Of course, "pickpockets" are of modern origin; they "came up" with the wearing of pockets.

Garrick Plays

No. XXXI.

[From the "Triumphant Widow," a Comedy, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1677.]

Humours of a Thief going to Execution.

Officers. Room for the prisoner there, room for the prisoner.

Footpad. Make room there; 'tis a strange thing a man cannot go to be hanged without crowding for it.

1st Fellow. Pray, Sir, were not you a kin to one *Hinde?**

Footpad. No; I had run faster away then.

2d Fellow. Pray, prisoner, before your death clear your conscience, and tell me truly, &c.

(all ask him questions about robberies.)

Margery. I am sure you had my Lady's gilt candle cup.

Footpad. Yes, and would have kept it; but she has it again, has she not?

James. And the plate out of my buttery—

Footpad. Well, and had she not it again? what a plague would you have? you examine me, as if you would hang me, after I am hanged. Pray, officers, rid me of these impertinent people, and let me die in quiet.

1st Woman. O lord! how angry he is! that shews he is a right reprobate, I warrant you.

Footpad. I believe, if all of you were to be hanged,

* A noted Highwayman in those days.

which I hope may be in good time, you would not be very merry.

2d Woman. Lord, what a down look he has!

1st Woman. Aye, and what a cloud in his forehead, goody Twattle, mark that—

2d Woman. Aye, and such frowning wrinkles, I warrant you, not so much as a smile from him.

Footpad. Smile, quoth she! Tho' 'tis sport for you, 'tis none for me, I assure you.

1st Woman. Aye, but 'tis so long before you are hanged.

Footpad. I wish it longer, good woman.

1st Fellow. Prithee, Mr. Thief, let this be a warning to you for ever doing the like again.

Footpad. I promise you it shall.

2d Woman. That's well; thank you with all my heart, la! that was spoken like a precious godly man now.

1st Woman. By my truly, methinks now he is a very proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

Footpad. Aye, so are all that are hanged; the gallows adds a great deal of grace to one's person.

2d Woman. I vow he is a lovely man; 'tis pity he should be taken away, as they say, in the flower of his age.

1st Officer. Come, dispatch, dispatch; what a plague shall we stay all day, and neglect our business, to hang one thief?

2d Officer. Pray, be hanged quickly, Sir; for I am to go to a Fair hard by.

1st Officer. And I am to meet some friends to drink out a stand of ale by and by.

1st Woman. Nay, pray let him speak, and die like a Christian.

2d Woman. O, I have heard brave speeches at this place before.

Footpad. Well, good people—if I may be bold to call you so—this Pulpit was not of my chusing. I shall shortly preach mortality to you without speaking, therefore pray take example by me, and then I know what will become of ye. I will be, I say, your *memento mori*, hoping you will all follow me.

1st Fellow. O he speaks rarely.

2d Fellow. Aye, does Latin it.

Footpad. I have been too covetous, and at last taken for it, and am very sorry for it. I have been a great sinner, and condemned for it, which grieves me not a little, that I made not my escape, and so I heartily repent it, and so I die with this true confession.

1st Woman (weeping). Mercy on him, for a better man was never hanged.

2d Woman. So true and hearty repentance, and so pious.

2d Fellow. Help him up higher on the ladder. Now you are above us all.

Footpad. Truly I desire you were all equal with me; I have no pride in this world.

1st Fellow. Will you not sing, Sir, before you are hanged?

Footpad. No, I thank you; I am not so merrily disposed.

Hangman. Come, are you ready?

Footpad. Yes, I have been preparing for you these many years.

1st Woman. Mercy on him, and save his better part.

2d Woman. You see what we must all come to.

(horn blows a reprieve.)

Officer. A reprieve! how came that?

Post. My Lady Haughty procured it.

Footpad. I will always say, while I live, that her Ladyship is a civil person.

1st Fellow. Pish, what must he not be hanged now?

2d Fellow. What, did we come all this way for this?

1st Woman. Take all this pains to see nothing?

Footpad. Very pious good people, I shall shew you no sport this day.

[From "Mamamouchi," a Comedy, by Edward Ravenscroft, 1675.

Foolish Lender.

Debtor. As to my affairs, you know I stand indebted to you.

Creditor. A few dribbling sums, Sir.

Debt. You lent 'em me very frankly, and with a great deal of generosity, and much like a gentleman.

Cred. You are pleased to say so.

Debt. But I know how to receive kindnesses, and to make returns according to the merits of the person that obliges me.

Cred. No man better.

Debt. Therefore pray let's see how our accounts stand.

Cred. They are down here in my table book.

Debt. I am a man that love to acquit myself of all obligations as soon——

Cred. See the memorandum.

Debt. You have set it all down.

Cred. All.

Debt. Pray read—

Cred. Lent, the second time I saw you, one hundred guineas.

Debt. Right.

Cred. Another time fifty.

Debt. Yes.

Cred. Lent for a certain occasion, which I did not tell you, one hundred and fifty.

Debt. Did I not? that I should conceal any thing from my friend!

Cred. No matter.

Debt. It looks like mistrust, which is a wrong to friendship—

Cred. O Lord!

Debt. I am so ashamed!—for I dare trust my soul with you. I borrowed it, to lend a person of quality, whom I employed to introduce me to the King, and recommend to his particular favour, that I might be able to do you service in your affairs.

Cred. O did you so? then that debt is as it were paid; I'll cross it out.

Debt. By no means; you shall have it, or I vow—

Cred. Well, Sir, as you please.

Debt. I vow I would ne'er have borrowed of you again, as long as you lived—but proceed—

Cred. Another time one hundred—

Debt. O, that was to send into France to my wife to bring her over, but the Queen would not part with her then; and since, she is fallen sick—

Cred. Alas!

Debt. But pretty well recovered—

Cred. These four sums make up four hundred guineas—

Debt. Just as can be; a very good account. Put down two hundred more, which I will borrow of you now; and then it will be just six hundred: that is, if it will be no inconvenience to you—

Cred. Eah, not in the least—

Debt. It is to make up a sum of two thousand pounds, which I am about to lay up in houses I have bought; but if it incommode you, I can have it elsewhere—

Cred. O, by no means—

Debt. You need but tell me, if it will be any trouble—

Cred. Lard, Sir, that you will think so—

Debt. I know some will be glad of the occasion to serve me; but these are favours only those owned of special friends. I thought you, being my most esteemed friend, would take it ill, if you should come to hear of it, that I did not ask you first—

Cred. It is a great honour.

C. L.

FURS.—TIPPETS AND SCARFS.

To the Editor.

Dear sir,—Dr. Whitaker, in his "History of Craven," makes several extracts from the Compotus of Bolton in Craven, a folio of a thousand pages, kept by the monastery; which book begins in 1290 and ends in 1325. On one item, "In fururá de Buget, vs.," the doctor has the following note, which may be interesting to others besides the lovers of the delightful science of heraldry.

"*In Fururá de Buget.* In the middle ages, *fur* of different species formed an elegant and comfortable appendage, not only to professional habits, but to the ordinary dress of both sexes, from the sovereign to the private gentleman. Beneath the latter rank, none but the coarsest kinds were ever in use, which *they* certainly wore; for Chaucer, who intended to clothe his personification of Avarice in the garb of Poverty, allows her, notwithstanding, 'a burnette cote, furred with no *meniveere*, but with a furre rough of lambe skynnes, hevy and blacke.' (*Rom. Ros.*) The different sorts enumerated in the Compotus are, the *buget*, or *budge*, *gris*, *de ventre leporino*, the white fur of the hare's body, and *de pellibus agnirix*, or lambs' skins. The last of these, which still forms the lining of the hoods of the bachelors of arts at Cambridge, was anciently worn both by bishops and noblemen. For the first, see Mr. Warton's note on 'Comus,' edit. i. p. 146; and the inventory of the wardrope of the second earl of Cumberland in that volume. With respect to *budge*, or *buget*, it is understood by Mr. Warton (note on Comus, line 709) to be fur in general; but this interpretation is negatived by the terms of the present article, *furura de buget*. Whatever *budge* may have been, it is unknown to Du Cange, who has, with immense labour and erudition, collected every thing known on the subject in the middle ages. It was certainly scarce and expensive, being used for the lining of the prior's (Bolton) hood alone. After all, I suspect it to have been the skin of the Lithuanian weasel.* Even as late as Dr. Caius's time, the hoods of the regent masters of arts of Cambridge were lined 'pelle arminâ seu Lituana candidâ.' *Lituus* is sometimes used by the old writers on heraldry as synonymous with ermine. If I am right in my conjecture, therefore, *budge* so nearly resembled ermine, that either skin might be used indifferently as a badge of the same academical rank. And this accounts for Milton's epithet 'budge,' as applied to doctors, whose congregation robes at Cambridge are still faced with ermine. *Gris*, I think, was the skin of the grey, or badger.† The sleeves of Chaucer's monk, 'a fayre prelate,' who was gayly and expensively habited, were 'purfiled with *gris*:' and in the head of a bishop in painted glass, I have a fine specimen of this fur in the form of a tippet about the neck.

"It seems that, in the middle ages, ecclesiastics were apt to luxuriate in the use of beautiful and costly furs: 'Ovium itaque et agnorum despicuntur exuviæ: ermelini, gibellini (*sables*) martores exquiruntur et vulpes.' This vanity was checked by an English sumptuary law—'Statutum est ne quis escarleto, in Anglorum gente, sabelino,

* I have since discovered that budge is the same with "shanks, one of the many kinds of fur enumerated in the statute of the 24th Hen. VIII.: that is, a very fine case which is obtained from the legs of a fine furred kid, and almost equal in value, as well as in appearance, to ermine. It is not impossible that the name may have been derived from the verb "budge," as the legs are the instruments of locomotion. See Minsheu, in voce Furre. *Note to second edit. Whitaker's Craven.*

† In the district of Craven, cordwainers or makers are called badgers. Why is this?—the derivation in Mr. Garnett's work, "Horæ Momenta Cravenæ. Tent. Ratisb. discussere, worm to the very farthest. I am inclined to think that makers obtained the name from the colour of their leather. T. Q. M.

vario, vel grisèo uteretur,' Brompton, Anno 1188. Again, in two MSS. quoted by Du Cange, to whom I am also indebted for the foregoing passage, the expensive furs are enumerated thus,

'Vairs et gris, et ermines, et sables de rosie:'

and again,

'Sables, ermines, et vair, et gris.'

Vair was the skin of the Mus Ponticus, a kind of weasel, the same animal with the ermine, but in a different state, i. e. killed in summer when the belly was white and the back brown, whence it obtained the name of 'Varia.' The ancient *mineveere* was 'minuta varia,' or fur composed of these diminutive skins; and Drayton was learned and accurate when he gave his well-dressed shepherd 'mittons* of bauson's skin;' that is, of gris, and a hood of mineveere. With respect to *sables*, I have only to add, that from their grave and sober elegance, they were retained as tippets in the habits of bishops and other dignitaries in England to the time of queen Elizabeth, when they gave place to a similar ornament of silk, the origin of the present scarf, which continued to be called a tippet till the reign of Charles II. See Baxter's life, where we find that puritan, when sworn in king's chaplain, refusing to wear the tippet."

I am, &c.

T. Q. M.

BUDGE BACHELORS.—BUDGE-ROW.

In the old lord mayors' processions of London, there were, in the first division, the "*budge* bachelors marching in measured order."† These *budge*-bachelors go in the "Lord Mayor's Show" to the present day, dressed in blue gowns trimmed with *budge* coloured fur, white. Bishop Corbet, in his "Iter Boreale," speaks of

——— a most officious drudge,
His face and gown drawn out with the same *budge*;

implying, that his beard and habit were of like colour. *Budge*-row, Cannon-street, according to Stow, was "so called of *budge*-fur, and of skinners dwelling there."

* Mittons are gloves with no fingers, having only a place for the thumb. They are much worn in Craven, and the Scotch shepherds, many of whom are constantly there, earn a little money by the sale of them: they knit them with common wood skewers. T. Q. M.

† See the "London Pageant" of 1680, in "Hone on Mysteries."

DAIRY POETRY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—You may perhaps think the "Old Arm Chair" worthy a place in your amusing columns. It is the production of a self-taught, or natural genius, like Bloomfield, living in the fens of this place, and carrying on the business of a small dairyman.

Isle of Ely, Yours obediently,
Aug. 14, 1827. M. W.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

See *Table Book*, vol. i. p. 786.

What recollections of the past,
Of scenes gone by, and days that were,
Crowd through my mind whene'er I cast
A look upon my father's chair.

How often have I climb'd his knees
To pat his cheek, and stroke his hair;
The kind paternal kiss to seize,
When seated in this old arm chair.

And much of monitory lore,
Which bade me of the world beware;
His tongue has utter'd o'er and o'er,
When seated in this old arm chair.

When ev'ning call'd us round the hearth,
And storms disturb'd the wintry air;
What merry tales of social mirth
Have issued from this old arm chair.

With summer's toil and heat o'ercome,
When weary nature sought repair;
Oft has he thrown his languid frame,
Exhausted, in this old arm chair.

When adverse fortune cross'd his road,
And bow'd him down with anxious care;
How has he sigh'd beneath the load,
When seated in this old arm chair.

But death long since has clos'd his eyes;
And peacefully he slumbers, where
A grassy turf is seen to rise,
And fills no more this old arm chair.

Ev'n that which does those scenes recall,
Which age and wasting worms impair
Must shortly into pieces fall,
And cease to be an old arm chair.

Yet while its smallest parts remain,
My fancy shall behold him there;
And memory stir those thoughts again,
Of him who fill'd the old arm chair.

For the Table Book.

SONNET

To T. Hood, Esq. written after reading his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies."

Delightful bard! what praises meet are thine,
More than my verse can sound to thee belong;
Well hast thou pleaded, with a tongue divine,
In this thy sweet and newly breathed song,
Where, like the stream, smooth numbers gliding throng;
Gather'd, methinks I see the elfin race,
With the *Immortal* standing them among,
Smiling benign with more than courtly grace;
Rescued I see them,—all their gambols trace,
With their fair queen Titania in her bower,
And all their avocations small embrace,
Pictur'd by thee with a Shakspearean power—
O when the time shall come thy soul must flee,
Then may some hidden spirit *plead* for thee.

Edward Moxon.

For the Table Book.

THE QUINTAIN.

——— My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up,
Is but a *quintain*, a mere lifeless block.
As You Like it.

Mr. Chalmers, in his edition of Shakspeare, gives the following annotation on the preceding passage:—"A *quintain* was a *post*, or *butt*, set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts, and exercised their arms. But all the commentators are at variance about this word, and have illustrated their opinions with cuts, for which we must refer the reader to the new edition, 21 vols. 8vo."

Ben, the satirical sorrel Ben Jonson, thus notices this same *quintin*, *quintain*, or *gwyntyn*, as the Welsh spell it:—

——— At *quintin* he
In honour of his bridal-tee,
Hath challenged either wide countee;
Come cut and long taile, for there be
Six batchelors as bold as he,
Adjuting to his company,
And each one hath his livery.

The word *gwyntyn* literally meant *vane*, and was corrupted by the English into quintin, or quintain. Thus, we may naturally suppose, that this ancient custom, and more particularly bridal game, was borrowed by the Britons from the Welsh, who had it from the Romans on their invasion of England. It is mentioned by Minshew, as being a sport held every fifth year among the Olympic games, or it was the last of the *πενταθλοι*, used on the fifth or last day of the Olympics: it is supposed to be a Roman game, and left in this island ever since their time.

Dr. Kennet, in his "Parochial Antiquities," from Dr. Plot, says, that at the village of Blackthorn, through which the Roman road lay, they use it at their weddings to this day, on the common green, with much solemnity and mirth.*

Dr. Johnson says, I know not from whence it is derived; Minshew deduces it from *quintus*, and calls it a game celebrated every fifth year; *palus quintanus*, and from *quintaine*, French. It is, says he, an upright post, on the top of which a cross-post turned upon a pin; at one end of the cross-post was a broad board, and at the other a heavy sand-bag; the play was, to ride against the broad end with a lance, and pass by before the sand-bag, coming round, should strike the tilter to the ground. Sir Henry Spelman, who was a spectator of the game, coincides with this account, and says, "by which means, striking at the board, whirls round the bag and endangers the striker." At weddings, in England and Wales, it was a constant amusement, and so generally practised in the latter country, that it may almost be said to class with their sports and manners.

In Roberts's "Popular Antiquities of Wales,"† there is the following account of this ancient manly amusement. "On the day of the ceremony, the nuptial presents having previously been made, and the marriage privately celebrated at an early hour, the signal to the friends of the bridegroom was given by the piper, who was always present on these occasions, and mounted on a horse trained for the purpose; and the cavalcade being all mounted, set off at full speed, with the piper playing in the midst of them, for the house of the bride. The friends of the bride in the mean time having raised various obstructions to prevent their access to the house of the bride, such as ropes of straw across the road, blocking up the regular one, &c., and the *quintain*; the rider in passing struck the flat side, and if not dexterous was overtaken, and perhaps dismounted, by the sand-bag, and became a fair object for

* Vide also Mat. Paris: and Strype's "History of London," vol. i. 1st part, page 249, who delineates its figure.

† Page 162.

laughter. The *gwyntyn* was also guarded by champions of the opposite party; who, if it was passed successfully, challenged the adventurers to a trial of skill at one of the four and twenty games—a challenge which could not be declined; and hence to guard the gwyntyn was a service of high adventure."

In Henry the Third's time, or about the year 1253, it was much in fashion in almost every part of the kingdom: this game was sometimes played, by hanging a shield upon a staff fixed in the ground, and the skilful squire riding by struck the shield in such a manner as to detach it from its ligatures; * but this was of a less dangerous nature, and only used when the quintain could not be obtained.

There was another, but more hazardous manner, to those who were not skilled by habit in the use of the lance and javelin. It consisted of two large poles being drove into the ground, far enough apart to allow a man on horseback to ride full speed between them: at the top of these was an immense heavy sand-bag, fixed on a pivot, so as to swing freely round, and backward and forward, with amazing rapidity: this the young aspirant for chivalric honours delighted in, as a grand treat for the display of his personal bravery and contempt for danger. He commenced by reining in his steed opposite to the sand-bag, then dashing away at full speed, at the same time hurling the javelin at the bag with considerable force, and passing between the poles before it could resume its original position. Many of the squires and yeomen of Richard with the Lion-heart, held it in great esteem; and they would often pass through the supporters, regain their javelin, return back before the bag had sufficient time to fall, and ride bravely off without a single blow from this heavy instrument of pleasure. He who executed this feat in a handsome manner was declared victor, and the prize to which he became entitled was a peacock.

In the princely fête given by sir Rhys ap Thomas, in honour of his being admitted companion of the illustrious order of the Garter, it is mentioned thus:—"When they had dined they went to visit eache captaine in his quarters, wheare they found everie man in action, some wrestling, some hurling at the barr, some taking of the pike, some running at the *quintaine*, &c." Dr. Watts thus explains it:—"A ludicrous and sportive way of tilting or running on horseback at some mark hung on high, moveable, and turning round; which, while the riders strike at with lances, unless they ride quickly off, the versatile beam strikes upon their shoulders."

I earnestly recommend for the perusal of the reader, (if he delights in "merie deedes an' greenewoodee sportes, inn thee brighte formes of ladees highh, immersed in uncouthe donjons, by treacherouse kings, greate lords, an' mightee knights,") the tale of "Castle Baynard," in which he will find many very interesting customs, and more particularly, an excellent delineation of the above game. The author of this delightful little story is Hal Willis, who is possessed of considerable talent, and a knowledge of our ancestorial manners.

F. C. N.

* Mill's History of Chivalry.

A FARTHING LORD.

Lord Braco, an ancestor of the earl of Fife, was remarkable for practising that celebrated rule, "Get all you can, and keep all you get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he took up and carefully cleaned. A beggar passing at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying, it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "*Fin'* a farthing to *yoursel'*, puir body," replied his lordship, and carefully put the coin into his breeches pocket.

In addition to being his own farthing *fin'er*, his lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent happened to be deficient a single *farthing*. This amount could not be excused; and the farmer had to seek the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his lordship, "Now Braco, I wou'd gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud an' siller ye hae."—"Weel, mon," replied Braco, "it's no cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly, for and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand first well and truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin. "Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yoursel', Braco."—"Aye, mon!" said his lordship, "how can that be?"—"Because I've *seen* it—an' *you* can do nae mair."

SINGULAR TOLL.

Skipton in Craven.

From a paper of Henry the Eighth's time, among the MSS. at Skipton, I find that the following singular toll was anciently levied in Skirack and Crookrise:

"Note, that theise customes hayth ben used tyme out of mynd, by y^e^ report of Rob. Garth, forster ther; the whych s-ayeth, that he in all his tyme, and his father afore him in y^t^ office, always hayth taken the sayd customes:

"First, that ev'ry bryde cumynge that waye shulde eyther gyve her lefte shoo or IIIs. IVd. to the forster of Crookryse, by way of custome or gaytcloys."

The rest only relate to tolls taken for the passage of sheep, cattle, and wool.

The commutation was so high, that I suppose the penalty would generally be paid in kind; and by this ungallant custom, the poor brides of Craven would be reduced to tread the rugged ways of Crookrise in the situation of the light-footed sons of Thestius—

——— το λαιον ἰχνος αναρβυλοι ποδος,
Τοιδ' ἐν παιδιλοις.—
Eurip. in Fragm.[*]

A CURIOUS NARRATIVE.

For the Table Book.

Prince George of Denmark, and Sir John and Lady Duddlestone.

The following very remarkable anecdote is accompanied by a reference to the only work of any authority wherein I have met with it.

Prince George of Denmark, the nominal king-consort to queen Anne, in passing through Bristol, appeared on the Exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as perhaps they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him, for a person, whose name was John Duddlestone, a bodice-maker, in Corn-street, went up and asked the prince if he was not the husband of the queen, who informed him he was. John Duddlestone then told the prince, that he had observed, with a great deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner, adding, it was not for want of love to the queen or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but John said, he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him, informing him that he had a piece of good beef and a plum pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him; and when they got to the house, Duddlestone called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron and come down, for the queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them; she accordingly came down with her clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the prince. In the course of the dinner, the prince asked him if he ever went to London? He said, that since the ladies had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whalebone; whereupon the prince desired him to take his wife when he went again, at the same time giving him a card, to facilitate his introduction to him at court.

In the course of a little time, John Duddlestone took his wife behind him to London, and, with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the prince, and by him they were introduced to the queen, who invited them to an approaching dinner, informing them that they must have new clothes for the occasion, allowing them to choose for themselves. Each therefore chose *purple velvet*, such as the prince had then on, which was accordingly provided for them, and in that dress they were introduced by the queen herself, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the prince her husband to their house; and after the entertainment, the queen, desiring *him* to kneel down, laid a sword on his head, and (to use lady Duddlestone's own words) said to him, "*Ston up, sir Jan.*"

Sir "Jan" was offered money, or a place under government, but he did not choose to accept of either, informing the queen that he had "*fifty pounds* out at use," and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about her must be very expensive. The queen, however, made lady Duddlestone a present of her gold watch from her side, which "my lady" considered as no small ornament, when she went to market, suspended *over a blue apron.*

I first found this interesting account in "Corry's History of Bristol," which was

[*] Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven.

published a few years ago; but whence it was derived that author does not mention. As the editor of the *Table Book* is equally uninformed, perhaps some of his correspondents may be able to point out its origin; and, if it be authentic, communicate some particulars respecting the worthy knight and his dame.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. VI.

The Corpuscular Philosophy.

The two illustrious moderns, Newton and Gassendi, attribute the continual change which happens in bodies to the different figure and magnitude of their minute corpuscles; and affirm, that their different junction or separation, and the variety of their arrangement, constitute the differences of bodies. This corpuscular philosophy can be traced from the times of Democritus, to its founder Moschus the Phœnician. It does not appear that the Phœnician school admitted the indivisibility of atoms; whereas, Leucippus, Democritus, and Epicurus did. And so the philosophers in all ages, down to the Cartesians and Newtonians, admit the same. Aristotle, as great in metaphysics as able in mathematics, treats of it in his works of both kinds A modern proposition respecting it has been deemed new, although anciently it was expressed in almost the very same terms.

The Newtonians say, "that the smallest parcel of matter is able to cover the largest extent of space, by the number of parts into which it may be divided; and that without so much as leaving any one pore of the smallest dimension uncovered." Anaxagoras had previously said, that each body, of whatever size, was infinitely divisible; insomuch, that a particle so small as the half of the foot of the minutest insect, might furnish out of itself parts sufficient for covering an hundred million of worlds, without ever becoming exhaustible as to the number of its parts. Democritus expressed the like proposition, when he affirmed that it was "possible to make a world out of an atom." Chrysippus says the same, when he maintains that a drop of wine may be divided into a number of parts, each of itself sufficient to mingle with all the small particles of the ocean.

Motion—its Acceleration—the Fall of Bodies.

The ancients, as well as the moderns, define *motion* to be change of place, or the passing from one place to another; they knew the acceleration of bodies in falling, but not so exactly as to determine its law or cause. It was an axiom of Aristotle and the Peripatetics, that a body in falling acquired a celerity of motion, proportionable to its distance from the place whence the motion began; but they knew not that this increase of the celerity of falling bodies was uniform, and that the spaces passed over in equal times increased proportionably to the unequal numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, &c. Two mistakes of Aristotle hindered him from arriving at the truth. The first was, that there were two tendencies in body; one downwards, carrying it to the centre, in those that were heavy; the other upwards, removing it from it, in those that were light. His second error was, that he thought different bodies rolled through space with a celerity proportional to their masses. He did not consider that the resistance of the medium was the only cause of this difference; for supposing them to move through an irresisting medium, or in *vacuo*, the lightest bodies would then fall with the same velocity as the heaviest. This is demonstrated by means of the air-pump, wherein paper, lead, and gold, descend with equal swiftness.

Yet all the ancients were not thus ignorant. Lucretius, instructed in the principles of Democritus and Epicurus, arrived at this knowledge, and supports it by such arguments, as might do honour to the most experienced naturalist of our times.—"Admitting that there was nothing in the vacuum to resist the motion of bodies, it necessarily followed, that the lightest would descend with a celerity equal to the weightiest; that where there was no resistance in the medium, bodies must always move through equal spaces in equal times; but that the case would be different in such mediums, as opposed divers degrees of resistance to the bodies passing through them." Hereupon, he alleges the very same reasonings which Galileo draws from experience to support his theory. He says, that "the difference of velocities ought to increase or abate, according to the difference of resistance in the medium; and that because air and water resist bodies differently, they fall through these mediums with different degrees of velocity." We shall presently see, that the ancients were acquainted with the principle of *gravitation*.

GRASSINGTON THEATRICALS.

To the Editor.

Dear sir,—When I sent you the sketch of "Tom Airay" of this place, and his associates, I was not aware that the practice of acting plays was a very ancient one in the parish of Linton, (in which this place is.) The following extract from Whitaker's history will prove this to have been the case, and that Airay was "the last of a bright band." It will doubtless be perused with interest by many of the inhabitants of Craven, very few of whom I am inclined to think know of the circumstance. Whitaker's history is an expensive work, and only in the hands of a few.

"Many of these amusements were long after in use at Linton. But the most popular of their amusements was the practice of acting old plays, continued, I have no doubt, from the old 'Kirk Sights,' and clerk plays, though I can trace it in Craven no farther than 1606, where I find the following article in the accounts of Francis, earl of Cumberland:—

"'Item, paid to the yonge men of the town, (Skipton,) being his l'ps tenants and servants, to fit them for acting plays this Christmas, IIIIIs.'

"In the interval of a century from this time, it does not seem that they had much improved their stock of dramas; for, within the recollection of old persons with whom I have conversed, one of their favourite performances was 'The Iron Age,' by Heywood, a poet of the reign of James I., whose work, long since become scarce, and almost forgotten, had probably been handed down from father to son, through all that period. But in every play, whether tragedy or comedy, the *Vice* constituted one of the *dramatis personæ*, and was armed, as of old, with a sword of lath, and habited in a loose party-coloured dress, with a fur-cap, and fox's brush behind. In some parts of Craven these personages were called clowns, as in Shakspeare's time, and too often and too successfully attempted to excite a laugh by ribaldry and nonsense of their own; a practice which is very properly reprehended in Hamlet.

"In the 'Destruction of Troy' this personage easily united with Thersites; but he was often found in situations where his appearance was very incongruous, as ex. gr. in 'George Barnwell.' These rustic actors had neither stage nor scenes, but performed in a large room, what is called the 'house,'* of an ordinary dwelling.

"Sometimes they fabricated a kind of rude drama for themselves; in which case, as it is not likely that the plot would be very skilfully developed, the performers entered one by one, and each uttered a short metrical prologue, which they very properly chose to call a fore-speech. For why should these honest Englishmen be indebted to the Grecian stage for the word prologue, when they were certainly beholden to it for nothing else?

"In these fabrications, I believe, the subjects were frequently taken from printed plays; but the texture was of very inferior workmanship. For this I must beg my reader to give me credit; though, if all readers had the same relish for what, in the language of dulness, is called low, with Dr. Farmer and Mr. Warton, I could excite more than a smile by their travestie of the 'Merchant of Venice.' An old inhabitant of this place, (Linton,) whom I well knew, had the reputation of a dramatic manufacturer, though he had, in reality, no talents beyond those of an actor. But his fame drew upon him an awkward application; which, as the stated price of these services was three half crowns, he parried very dexterously by demanding half a guinea. Thus much for the chapter of amusements."

In mentioning Airay's stage companions I forgot to name Sim Coates, one of the principal. He was a club-footed man, and used to perform the "Fair Penitent!" He is lately dead.

I am, &c.

Grassington in Craven, Aug. 1, 1827. T. Q. M.

* *Ho* is a *kitchen* called in the Craven dialect.

THE GIN ACT—NAMES OF DRAMS.

On the 29th of September, 1736, when the bill against spirituous liquors took place, several people at Norwich, Bristol, and other places, as well as at London, made themselves very merry on the "Death of Madam Gin," and some of both sexes got soundly drunk at her "funeral," for which the mob made a formal procession, but committed no outrage.

A double guard for some days mounted at Kensington; the guard at St. James's, and the horse-guards at Whitehall, were reinforced; a guard was placed at the Rolls Office, Chancery-lane; and a detachment of the life and horse grenadier guards

paraded in Covent Garden, &c. in order to suppress any tumult that might happen at the going down of spirituous liquors.

Several of the distillers took out licenses to sell wine, others made preparations to take to the brewing-trade, and some went down to Oxford and Cambridge to open taverns there. The accounts of that period state, that the university of Oxford intended to try their right with them; the privilege of licensing vintners having been granted to it by a charter of Henry VIII., and afterwards confirmed by an act of parliament in 13 Elizabeth.

The distillers and others in different parts of the town sold a liquor, which seems to have been wine, with spices infused therein; and several continuing to sell spirituous liquors contrary to the act, informations were laid against them to the commissioners of excise.

Drams under the following names were sold at several brandy-shops in High Holborn, St. Giles's, Tothill-street, Rosemary-lane, Shoreditch, the Mint, Kent-street, &c. viz. "Sangree," "Tow Row," "Cuckold's Comfort," "Parliament Gin," "Bob," "Make Shift," "The Last Shift," "The Ladies' Delight," "The Balk," "King Theodore of Corsica," "Cholick and Gripe Waters." These denominations were with a view to evade the late act.

On the 14th of October, 1736, there came on before the commissioners of excise the trials of Mr. Robert Kirkpatrick, surgeon and apothecary in Turnmill-street, and Mr. John Thomas, chymist at Shoreditch, on informations for retailing spirituous liquors, contrary to the intent and meaning of the act; and they were both found guilty. The penalty was one hundred pounds each.

G. K.

A YOUNG POET'S OWN EPITAPH.

A few weeks before John Keats died of decline, at Rome, a gentleman, who was sitting by his bedside, spoke of an inscription to his memory. Keats desired that there should be no mention of his name or country. "If there be any thing," he said, "let it be, *Here lies the body of one whose name was writ in water.*"

For the Table Book.

TIME.

Oh Time, that ever with resistless wing
Cuts off our joys and shortens all our pain,
Thou great destroyer that doth always bring
Relief to man—all bow beneath thy reign;
Nations before thee fall, and the grim king
Of death and terror follows in thy train.
Thou bring'st the cup of Lethe to the mind,
Which else on earth no joy could ever find.

Little in youth we think upon thy flight,
Nor catch the lesson of each passing day,
Till, when too late, it bursts upon our sight,
And thou hast crowned us with thy cap of grey:
Our friends for ever fled, and all the light
That gilded this dim world hath passed away
On to eternity—thro' that sad portal
Which parts us, and assures us man is mortal.

Thou teachest us the vanity of earth,
With which, in spite of thee, we are delighted,
And lead'st us quickly onward from our birth
Unto old age, then leav'st us there benighted;
Where all our earthly pleasures, joys, and mirth
Fade fast away, like young leaves seared and blighted.
And hope, that lured us onward, then, we find,
Was but an *ignis fatuus* of the mind.

S.

HACKERSTON'S COW.

This is a Scotch proverb, the application of which may be inferred from the following account of its origin. A tenant of lord Hackerston, who was one of the judges of the court of session, one day waited on his lordship with a woful countenance. "My lord," said he, "I am come to inform your lordship of a sad misfortune, my cow has gored one of your lordship's cows, so that I fear it cannot live."—"Well, then, you must pay for it."—"Indeed, my lord, it was not my fault, and you know I am a very poor man."—"I can't help that, I say you must pay for it; I am not to lose my cow."—"Well, my lord, if it must be so I cannot say against your lordship,—but stop, my lord, I believe I have made a mistake, it was your lordship's cow that gored mine." "O! that is quite a different affair,—go along and don't trouble me, I am busy—go along, I say."

ROPE-RIDING ON HORSEBACK, ON ST. MARK'S DAY AT VENICE.

The gaiety and splendour exhibited in the place of St. Mark at Venice on this anniversary, is extremely attractive. Formerly, among the remarkable customs in honour of this the patron saint of the city, it was usual for a man to ascend and descend a rope stretched from the summit of St. Mark's tower, and secured at a considerable distance from the base.

On the last day of February, 1680, the doge, the senate, and the imperial ambassador, with about fifty thousand spectators, beheld the annual solemnity. In the first place appeared certain butchers, in their roast-meat clothes; one of which, with a Persian scimitar, cut off the heads of three oxen, one after another, at one blow, to the admiration of the beholders, who had never seen the like either in Venice, or any other part of the world. But that which caused greater wonder was this: — A person, adorned in a tinsel riding habit, having a gilt helmet upon his head, and holding in his right hand a lance, in his left a helmet made of a thin piece of plate gilded, and sitting upon a white horse, with a swift pace ambled up a rope six hundred feet long, fastened from the quay to the top of St. Mark's tower. When he had arrived half way, his tinsel coat fell off, and he made a stand, and stooping his lance submissively, saluted the doge sitting in the palace, and flourished the banner three times over his head. Then, resuming his former speed, he went on, and, with his horse, entered the tower where the bell hangs; and presently returning on foot, he climbed up to the highest pinnacle of the tower; where, sitting on the golden angel, he flourished his banner again several times. This performed, he descended to the bell-tower; and there taking horse, rode down again to the bottom in like manner as he had ascended.*

"Whoever, says Mrs. Piozzi, "sees St. Mark's Place lighted up of an evening, adorned with every excellence of human art, and pregnant with pleasure, expressed by intelligent countenances sparkling with every grace of nature—the sea washing its walls—the moon-beams dancing on its subjugated waves—sport and laughter resounding from the coffee-houses—girls with guitars skipping about the square—masks and merry-makers singing as they pass you—unless a barge with a band of music is heard at some distance upon the water, and calls attention to sounds made sweeter by the element over which they are brought;—whoever is led suddenly," says Mrs. Piozzi, "to this scene of seemingly perennial gaiety, will be apt to exclaim in Venice, as Eve does to Adam in Milton,

> With thee conversing, I forget all time,
> All seasons, and their change—all please alike!"

* Malcolm's Manners of Europe.

REV MR. WILSON, THE MAN IN THE MOON.

It will now give pain to no one, if I notice Mr. Wilson, formerly curate of Halton Gill, near Skipton in Craven, and father of the late Rev. Edward Wilson, canon of Windsor. He wrote a tract, entitled "The Man in the Moon," which was seriously meant to convey the knowledge of common astronomy in the following strange vehicle:

A cobbler, Israel Jobson by name, is supposed to ascend first to the top of Pennigint; and thence, as a second stage equally practicable, to the moon! after which he makes a tour of the whole solar system. From this excursion, however, the traveller brings back little information which might not have been had upon earth, excepting that the inhabitants of one of the planets, I forget which, were made of "pot metal." The work contains some other extravagancies; but the writer, after all, was a man of talent, and has abundantly shown that had he been blessed with a sound mind and a superior education, he would have been capable of much better things. If I had the book before me I could quote single sentences here and there, which in point of composition rise to no mean degree of excellence. It is rarely to be met with, having, as I am told, been industriously bought up by his family. I have only seen one copy, and my recollection of what I read in it is not very particular.*

Mr. Wilson had also good mechanical hands, and carved well in wood, a talent which he applied to several whimsical purposes. But his *chef-d'œuvre* was an oracular head, like that of friar Bacon and the disciple of the famous Escotillo, with which he diverted himself and amazed his neighbours, till a certain reverend wiseacre threatened to complain of the poor man to his metropolitan as an enchanter! After this the oracle was mute.†

* Could any reader of the *Table Book* forward a copy?—Ed.

† Rev. Dr. Whitaker's History of Craven.

SUMMER SHOWERS—SCORCHED LEAVES.

In the summer, after some days of fine weather, during the heat of the day, if a storm happens, accompanied with a few light showers of rain, and the sun appears immediately after with its usual splendour, it burns the foliage and the flowers on which the rain had fallen, and destroys the hopes of the orchard. The intense heat, which the ardour of the sun produces at that time on the leaves and flowers, is equal to that of burning iron. Naturalists have sought for the cause of this strange effect, but they have said nothing which satisfies a reasonable mind. This is, however, the fact: in the serene days of the summer it is visible that there gathers on the foliage and the flowers, as, indeed, on every other part, a little dust, sometimes more and sometimes less, scattered by the wind. When the rain falls on this dust, the drops mix together, and take an oval or round form, as we may frequently observe in our houses on the dusty floor, when servants scatter water before they sweep. These globes of water form convex lenses, which produce the same effect as burning mirrors. Should the rain be heavy and last long, the sun would not produce this burning heat, because the force and duration of the rain will have destroyed the dust that formed these drops of water; and the drops, losing their globular form, in which alone consisted their caustic power, will be dispersed.*

* Peter Huet.

ROYAL SUMMER-HOUSE, IN SIAM.

The king of Siam has in one of his country palaces a most singular pavilion. The tables, the chairs, the closets, &c. are all composed of crystal. The walls, the ceiling, and the floors, are formed of pieces of plate glass, of about an inch thick, and six feet square, so nicely united by a cement, which is as transparent as glass itself, that the most subtile fluid cannot penetrate. There is but one door, which shuts so closely, that it is as impenetrable to the water as the rest of this singular building. A Chinese engineer constructed it thus as a certain remedy against the insupportable heat of the climate. This pavilion is twenty-eight feet in length, and seventeen in breadth; it is placed in the midst of a great basin, paved and ornamented with marble of various colours. They fill this basin with water in about a quarter of an hour, and it is emptied as quickly. When you enter the pavilion the door is immediately closed, and cemented with mastic, to hinder the water from entering; it is then that they open the sluices; and this great basin is soon filled with water, which is even suffered to overflow the land; so that the pavilion is entirely under water, except the top of the dome, which is left untouched for the benefit of respiration. Nothing is more charming than the agreeable coolness of this delicious place, while the extreme heat of the sun boils the surface of the freshest fountains.*

* Puretiere.

SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

On occasion of the decease of the queen mother of Spain in 1696, the Paris papers gravely relate the following particulars of a dispute respecting precedence.

The officers of the crown and the grandees of the kingdom assembled at the usual time to open her majesty's will; but finding that the first lady of the queen's chamber, who ought by virtue of her office to have been present, was absent, the august body sent a messenger, requesting her attendance. The first lady, deeming the message a gross attack upon her privileges and high importance, indignantly replied, that it was her indispensable duty not to leave her deceased royal mistress, and therefore the nobles must wait on her.

Thereupon ensued a negotiation by messages, which occupied eight hours. In the course of the discussion, the grandees insisted on their claims of precedence as an aggregate body, yet, individually, they considered themselves happy when complying with the commands of the ladies. Fixed in her resolution, the lady high-chamberlain acquainted her opponents with her final determination. The decision of the great officers and grandees was equally unalterable; but at the last they proposed, that "without rising from their seats, or moving themselves, they should be *carried* to a room at an equal distance between their own apartment and the lady high-chamberlain's, who should be *carried* to the same place, seated upon a high cushion, in the same manner as she sat in the queen's chamber, to the end it might be said, that *neither side had made a step to meet each other.*" It seems that the performance of the solemnity happily terminated the important difference.

BOSWELLIANA.

The following anecdotes are related by, or relate to, the well-known James Boswell, who conducted Dr. Johnson to the Highlands of Scotland.

It may be recollected that when Boswell took the doctor to his father's house, the old laird of Auchinleck remarked, that "Jamie had brought an odd kind o' a chiel' wi' him." "Sir," said Boswell, "he is the grand luminary of our hemisphere,—quite a *constellation*, sir."—"*Ursa Major*, (the Great Bear,) I suppose," said the laird.

Some snip-snap wit was wont to pass between sire and son. "Jamie" was bred an advocate, and sometimes pleaded at the bar. Pleading, on a particular occasion, before his father, who, at that time, was "Ordinary on the bills," and saying something which his lordship did not like, he exclaimed to Jamie, "Ye're an ass, mon." —"No, my lord," replied Jamie, "I am not an ass, but I am a colt, the foal of an ass!"

In 1785, Boswell addressed "a Letter to the People of Scotland" on a proposed alteration in the court of session. He says in this pamphlet, "When a man of probity and spirit, a lord Newhall, whose character is ably drawn in prose by the late lord president Arniston, and elegantly in verse by Mr. Hamilton of Bangour,—when such a man sits among our judges, should they be disposed to do wrong, he can make them hear and tremble. My honoured father told me, (the late lord Auchinleck,) that sir Walter Pringle 'spoke as one having authority'—even when he was at the bar, 'he would *cram a decision* down their throats.'"

Boswell tells, in the same "Letter," that "Duncan Forbes of Culloden, when lord president of the court, gave every day as a toast at his table, 'Here's to every lord of session who does not deserve to be hanged!' Lord Auchinleck and lord Monboddo, both judges, but since his time, are my authority," says Boswell, "for this.—I do not say that the toast was very delicate, or even quite decent, but it may give some notion what sort of judges there *may* be."

It is further related by Boswell, that a person was executed to please his laird. "Before the heritable jurisdictions were abolished, a man was tried for his life in the court of one of the chieftains. The jury were going to bring him in 'not guilty,' but somebody whispered them, that 'the young *laird* had never seen an execution,' upon which their verdict was—'*death*;' and the man was hanged *accordingly*."

This is only to be paralleled by the story of the highland dame, whose sense of submission to the chief of her clan induced her to insinuate want of proper respect in her husband, who had been condemned, and showed some reluctance to the halter. "Git up, Donald," said the "guid wife," to her "ain guid man," "Git up, Donald, and be hangit, an' dinna *anger* the laird."

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

A Recipe.

The writer of a letter to the editor of the "Times," signed "W." in August, 1827, communicates the following prescription, as particularly useful in diarrhœa, accompanied by inflammation of the bowels:—

Take of confection of catechu 2 drachms; simple cinnamon water 4 ounces; and syrup of white poppies 1 ounce. Mix them together, and give one or two tablespoonfuls twice or thrice a day as required. To children under ten years of age give a single dessert-spoon, and under two years a tea-spoonful, two or three times, as above stated.

This mixture is very agreeable, and far preferable to the spirituous and narcotic preparations usually administered. In the course of a few hours it abates the disorder, and in almost every instance infallibly cures the patient. During the fruit season it is especially valuable.

Epitaph

ON A MARINE OFFICER

Here lies retired from busy scenes
A First Lieutenant of Marines;
Who lately lived in peace and plenty
On board the ship the Atalanta:
Now, stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confined to earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.*

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* From the "Notes of a Bookworm."

Nathan Coward,

GLOVER AND POET, OF DERSINGHAM, NORFOLK.

For the Table Book.

This eccentric individual, whose fertile pen procured him notoriety, was the son of a small grocer at March in the Isle of Ely. To use his favourite expression, he "came forth" on Friday, the 13th of April, 1735, O. S. He received the rudiments of his education under "dame Hawkins," from whom he was removed to a most sagacious schoolmaster, named Wendall; and he "astonished his schoolfellows by the brilliancy of his genius," till he was bound to his cousin Coward, of Lynn, to learn the art and mystery of a "glover and breeches-maker." He had nearly passed through his apprenticeship, and attained to the age of twenty, unconscious of the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," when one day gazing at a small shop-window, nearly blinded by gloves and second-hand unmentionables, an accidental aperture favoured him with a glimpse of the too charming Miss Barbara Green, in the act of making wash-leather gloves. She was a maiden, and though something more than fifty, her fading beauty rendered her, to Nathan, all that

> "Youthful poets fancy when they love."

From that moment his eyes lost their lustre,—

> "Love, like a worm i' th' bud, preyed on his damask cheek.

He was to be seen pursuing his avocations at his "board of green cloth" day by day, sitting

> ——"Like Patience on a monument
> Smiling at grief."

He "never told his love" till chance enabled him to make the idol of his hope the offer of his hand. "No," said the too fascinating Barbara Green, "I will be an *Evergreen*." The lady was inexorable, and Nathan was in despair; but time and

reflection whispered "grieving's a folly," and "it's better to have any wife than none," and Nathan took unto himself another, with whom he enjoyed all the "ecstatic ecstasies" of domestic felicity.

Nathan's business at Lynn became inadequate to his wants, and he removed to the village of Dersingham, a few miles distant; and there, as a "glover, poet, haberdasher, green-grocer, and psalm-singer," he vegetated remote from vulgar throng, and beguiled his leisure by "cogitating in cogibundity of cogitation."—Here it was, he tells us, that in 1775 he had a "wonderful, incomprehensible, and pathetic dream"—a vision of flames, in the shapes of "wig-blocks" and "Patagonian cucumbers," attended with horrid crashes, like the noise of a thousand Merry Andrew's rackets, which terrified and drove him to the "mouth of the sea;" where, surrounded by fire and water, he could only escape from dreadful destruction by — awaking. He believed that the fiery wig-blocks were "opened to him" in a dream as a caution, to preserve him from temptation. It was soon after this that, seeing one of his neighbours at the point of death, he "cogitated" the following

"REFLECTION.

"What creatures are we!
Under the hands of he,
Who created us for to be,
Objects of his great mercy:
And the same must I be,
When years seventy,
Creep upon me."

On another occasion, while his wife was dangerously ill, Nathan, sitting by her bedside, became overwhelmed with "the influence of fancy," and believing her actually dead, concocted this

"EPITAPH.

"My wife is dead,—she was the best,
And I her bosom friend:
Yes, she is gone,—her soul's at rest,
And I am left to mend."

Nathan made a trifling mistake; for, "to his great surprise," his wife recovered, and the epitaph was put by till the proper time should arrive.

Nathan's dexterity in wielding his pen enabled him to serve unlettered swains in other matters, besides their nether garments. He wrote letters for them "on love or business," in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The following ending of a "Love-letter written by particular desire," is a specimen of his "effusions in prose."

———"Marriage is like war; the battle causes fear, but the sweet hope of winning at the last stimulates us to proceed. But the effects of matrimony are much more agreeable than war, because the engagement may be accomplished without being prejudicial to the welfare of society. Were I to mention all the comparisons my warm imagination could furnish me with, it would swell this letter to a very great bulk.

"So to conclude;—the many inconveniences attending my being in business alone, are beyond conception; and I wish the fatigue to be abated by sharing it with some congenial soul, who may be intrusted with both secrets and circumstances, and all affairs of importance, too tedious to mention."

Filled with self-importance by a lively sense of his vast acquirements, and his amazing utility to his village neighbours, he turned his thoughts to the "affairs of the nation" in the year 1799, and projected the salvation of the empire, by a plan of finance for raising adequate supplies to carry on the war against France with vigour. This he submitted in a spirited memorial, addressed

"TO THE HON. WM. PITT, *First of Ministers*, &c. &c. &c.

"MAY it please your gracious Honour, Dear Sir, to take into your honourable consideration the undermentioned business, which at this critical crisis and expensive period wants very much to be put in practice, to the advantage of the world, the benefit of our own government, the public's welfare, and the glory of Dersingham."

Nathan's memorial runs to great length, but he states its real "business" in a few words.—"Beloved and honourable sir, be not angry at my proposal, if not approved of, which is, to beg of all dukes, lords, earls, baronets, country squires, profound justices, gentlemen, great and rich farmers, topping tradesmen, and others, who, to my certain and inconceivable knowledge, have so much unnecessary ornamental and useless *plate*, of all sorts and descriptions, to deliver up the same immediately to government, to be made into money for the support of this just and necessary war. Honoured sir, my plan is not to debar any one from having a sufficient quantity of such like plate, but only that which stands and remains useless and unused, which would

raise many hundreds, if not thousands of money. I have but little, yet I am (so is my wife, in God's name) minded, willing, and desirous, out of half a dozen teaspoons, to deliver up half, which you know, mighty sir, will be exactly three."

Nathan proceeds to say, that "Many useless things, such as great waiters, teakettles, frying and sauce pans, and sundry other articles in the gold and silver way, too tedious to mention, were they now turned into money, would supply your wants of cash. Brass, earthenware, pipeclay, china and glass, nothing can be sweeter, nor look neater, and sufficient for any man or woman upon earth to eat and drink out of.—Mr. Pitt, these sentiments I deliver from my heart; they are the dictates of wisdom and the fruit of experience.—Was our good and gracious king, as also yourself, worthy Mr. Pitt, once to come down into the country, and take a survey of matters, you would be astonished how abundance of individuals live. Pray, sir, in God's name, take off a few taxes from the necessaries of life, especially salt, sugar, leather, and parchment. I myself have but six or seven shillings a week coming in, and sometimes not that, by losses and bad debts; and now corn is risen, we labour under great apprehension in other articles. —Dear and noble sir, I once heard a sermon preached on a thanksgiving day, for the proclamation of peace, by one Rev. Mr. Stony, at Lynn, Norfolk, mentioning the whole calamities of the war; and he brought your honourable father in, very fine. I wish from the bottom of my heart I may shortly hear such a like one preached upon yourself."

In conclusion, Nathan thus inquires of Mr. Pitt, "Honoured sir, from whence comes wars, and rumours of wars, cockfightings, and burglaries?" Finally, says Nathan, "The limits of one sheet of paper being filled, I must conclude, with wishing well to our good and gracious king, the queen, and all the royal family; as also to your honour, Mr. Pitt, your consort, sons and daughters, (if any,) and family in general."

Nathan established his public character by his epistle to Mr. Pitt. He made known its contents to all his friends, and shortly after he had transmitted it, he received an acknowledgment of thanks and a promise of reward, in a scrawling hand with an unintelligible signature; whereupon he sagely consoled himself with this remark, that great men, "despising the common, plebeian method of writing, generally scratch their names so illegible, that neither themselves nor any body else can read them."

Nathan's notoriety was now at its height. He usually visited Lynn once or twice a week; and flattered by the general encomiums bestowed on his transcendent abilities by his admirers in that ancient town, he ventured to disclose a long-cherished hope, the object of his ardent ambition, to appear in print as an author. His desire was fostered by several literary youths, resident in Lynn, to whom he submitted his writings for arrangement, and in 1800 they were published to the world under the title of "Quaint Scraps, or Sudden Cogitations." Previous to its appearance, he received repeated congratulations on the forthcoming book. Among other "Commendatory Verses" was a poetical address, purporting to have been written in America, addressed "To Nathan Coward, the sage Author of Scraps and Cogitations, by Barnabas Boldero, LL.D. VS. MOPQ. &c. of the Cogitating College, Philadelphia." This pleasing testimonial required Milton, and the "far-famed bards of elder times," to give place to the rising luminary of the poetical hemisphere.

"Avaunt! avaunt! hide your diminish'd heads!
When the sun shines the stars should seek their beds.
No longer clouds the dawning light imprison,
The golden age is come! a mighty sun has risen
A mighty sun, whose congregated rays
At Dersingham pour forth their dazzling blaze;
Not there alone, but e'en throughout all nations,
Beam Nathan's *Scraps and Sudden Cogitations!*
None better knows Pindaric odes to write,
None e'er a better love-song can indite;
None better knows to play the tragic part,
Or with sweet anthems captivate the heart;
None better knows to sport extemp're wit,
Or with strange spells avert an ague fit;
None better knows to frame th' elegiac air,
Or with the nasal Jews harp charm the ear."

This address is printed entire in Nathan's book, which consisted of epitaphs, loveletters, valentines, cures for the ague and consumption, reflections, songs, &c. &c. The preface, the sketch of his life, and the conclusion to the work, were drawn up by Nathan's youthful editors. Through them Nathan appealed to the reviewers in an address, containing the following spirited passage:—"It is ye, ye mites of criticism it is ye alone I fear; for, like your namesakes, the greater the richness and goodness of the cheese the more destructive are your depredations, and the more numerous

your partisans." Towards the public, the poet of Dersingham was equally candid and courageous.—"I shun the general path of authors," says Nathan, "and instead of 'feeling conscious of the numerous defects, and submitting my trifles, with all possible humility, to the candour of a generous public,' I venture to assert, that the public must receive the greatest advantage from my labours; and every member of society shall bless the hour that ushered into existence my 'Quaint Scraps and my Sudden Cogitations.' For what author, were he actually conscious of his numerous defects, would wish to trust himself to the mercy of that *generous public*, whom every one condemns for want of discernment and liberality. No, I profess, and I am what I do profess, a man of independent spirit! and although I have hitherto dwelt in obscurity, and felt the annihilating influence of oppression and the icy grasp of poverty, yet I have ever enjoyed the praiseworthy luxury of having an opinion of my own; because,—I am conscious of the inferiority of the opinions of others."

These were some of the preliminary means by which, with an honesty worthy to be imitated by authors of greater fame, Nathan aspired to win "golden opinions." The final sentence of his valedictory address "to the reader" is remarkable for feeling and dignity. "I am conscious," says Nathan, "that I begin to fade; and be assured, that if I should be so fortunate as to blossom a few years longer, it must be entirely imputed to the animating influence of your praises, which will be grateful as the pure and renovating dews of heaven. And when at length the soft breeze of evening shall fly over the spot where I once bloomed, the traveller will refresh it with the soft tears of melancholy, and sigh at the frailty of all sublunary grandeur."

His wish accomplished, and his book published, Nathan's spare person, (about the middle size,) clad in tight leather "shorts," frequently ambulated the streets of Lynn, and he had the ineffable pleasure of receiving loud congratulations from his numerous friends. Here, perhaps, his literary career had terminated, had not Napoleon's abortive threats of invasion roused Nathan to take his stand, with daring pen, in defiance of the insolent foe. Our patriotic author produced a "Sermon" on the impending event. His former editorial assistants again aided him, and announced his intentions by a prospectus, setting forth that, on such an occasion, "when address, argument, and agitation, elegy, epitaph, and epithalamium, puff, powder, poetry, and petition, have been employed to invigorate and inspirit the minds of Englishmen, it surely must be a matter of serious exultation, that a writer of such superlative celebrity as Nathan Coward should draw his pen in defence of the common cause.—Cold and disloyal indeed must be that breast which, even on the bare perusal, does not feel the glow of enthusiastic patriotism,—does not beat with rapture at the pride of Dersingham, the glory of his country, and the admiration of the universe."

"Rise, Britons, rise, and rising nobly raise
Your joyful Pæans to great Nathan's praise;
Nathan, whose powers all glorious heights can reach,
Now charm an ague,—now a Sermon preach;—
Nathan, who late, as time and cause seem'd fit,
Despatch'd a letter to great premier Pitt,
Showing how quick the public in a dash
Might change their spoons and platters into cash;
And now with zeal, attach'd to name nor party,
Thunders out vengeance 'gainst great Buonaparte;
Zeal that no rival bard shall e'er exceed;
To prove your judgment, quickly buy and read."

Soon after the publication of his "Sermon," Nathan became more sensible to the infirmities of "threescore years and ten." And the epitaph on his wife having been duly appropriated, for in good time she died, he removed to Liverpool, where he had a daughter married and settled, and there, in her arms, about the year 1815, he breathed his last at the age of eighty.—*Requiescat in pace.*

K.

PETER AND MARY.

Dr. Soams, master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, towards the close of the sixteenth century, by a whimsical perverseness deprived the college over which he presided of a handsome estate. Mary, the widow of Thomas Ramsey, lord mayor of London, in 1577, after conferring several favours on that foundation, proffered to settle five hundred pounds a year (a very large income at that period) upon the house, provided that it might be called "The college of Peter and Mary." "No!" said the capricious master, "Peter, who has lived so long single, is too old now for a female partner." Fuller says it was "a dear jest by which to lose so good a benefactress." The lady, offended by the doctor's fantastic scruple, turned the stream of her benevolence to the benefit of other public foundations.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXII.

[From "Love's Metamorphosis," a Comedy, by John Lily, M. A. 1601.]

Love half-denied is Love half-confest.

Nisa. Niobe, her maid.

Nisa. I fear Niobe is in love.

Niobe. Not I, madam; yet must I confess, that oftentimes I have had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both, a kind of yielding; I know not what; but certainly I think it is not love: sigh I can, and find ease in melancholy: smile I do, and take pleasure in imagination: I feel in myself a pleasing pain, a chill heat, a delicate bitterness; how to term it I know not; without doubt it may be Love; sure I am it is not Hate.

[From "Sapho and Phao," a Comedy, by the same Author, 1601.]

Phao, a poor Ferryman, praises his condition.—He ferries over Venus; who inflames Sapho and him with a mutual passion.

Phao. Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a freeman; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thy oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sapho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge harketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is ready, when thy oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. O sweet life! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatcht cottage. But here cometh one; I will withdraw myself aside; it may be a passenger.

Venus, Phao: She, as a mortal.

Venus. Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry, that conducteth to Syracusa?

Phao. The ferry, fair lady, that conducteth to Syracusa.

Venus. I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao. These waters are commonly as the passengers are; and therefore, carrying one so fair in show, there is no cause to fear a rough sea.

Venus. To pass the time in thy boat, can'st thou devise any pastime?

Phao. If the wind be with me, I can angle, or tell tales: if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take pains.

Venus. I like not fishing; yet was I born of the sea.

Phao. But he may bless fishing, that caught such an one in the sea.

Venus. It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net.

Phao. So, was it said, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Venus. Did'st thou hear so? it was some tale.

Phao. Yea, Madam; and that in the boat did I mean to make my tale.

Venus. It is not for a ferryman to talk of the Gods. Loves: but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother spin. But come, let us away.

Phao. I am ready to wait—

Sapho, sleepless for love of Phao, who loves her as much, consults with him about some medicinal herb: She, a great Lady; He, the poor Ferryman, but now promoted to be her Gardener.

Sapho. What herbs have you brought, Phao?

Phao. Such as will make you sleep, Madam; though they cannot make me slumber.

Sapho. Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?

Phao. Yes, madam; the causes are contrary. For it is only a dryness in your brains, that keepeth you from rest. But—

Sapho. But what?

Phao. Nothing: but mine is not so—

Sapho. Nay then, I despair of help, if our disease be not all one.

Phao. I would our diseases were all one!

Sapho. It goes hard with the patient, when the physician is desperate.

Phao. Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort, when she (poor soul) could not wink.

Sapho. Medea was in love, and nothing could cause her rest but Jason.

Phao. Indeed I know no herb to make lovers sleep but Heart's Ease: which, because it groweth so high, I cannot reach, for—

Sapho. For whom?

Phao. For such as love—

Sapho. It stoopeth very low, and I can never stoop to it, that——

Phao. That what?

Sapho. That I may gather it. But why do you sigh so, Phao?

Phao. It is mine use, Madam.

Sapho. It will do you harm, and me too: for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh also.

Phao. It were best then that your Ladyship give me leave to be gone: for I can but sigh—

Sapho. Nay, stay; for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave, though you be gone. But what do you think best for your sighing, to take it away?

Phao. Yew, Madam.

Sapho. Me!

Phao. No, Madam; Yew of the tree.

Sapho. Then will I love Yew the better. And indeed I think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only Yew.

Phao. Do, Madam; for I think nothing in the world so good as Yew.

Sapho. Farewell, for this time.

Sapho questions her low-placed Affection.

Sapho. Into the nest of an Alcyon no bird can enter but the Alcyon: and into the heart of so great a Lady can any creep but a great Lord?

Cupid. Sapho cured of her love by the pity of Venus.

Cupid. But what will you do for Phao?

Sapho. I will wish him fortunate. This will I do for Phao, because I once loved Phao: for never shall it be said, that Sapho loved to hate: or that out of love she could not be as courteous, as she was in love passionate.

Phao's final resolution.

Phao. O Sapho, thou hast Cupid in thy arms, I in my heart; thou kissest him for sport, I must curse him for spite; yet will I not curse him, Sapho, whom thou kissest. This shall be my resolution, wherever I wander, to be as I were ever kneeling before Sapho; my loyalty unspotted, though unrewarded. With as little malice will I go to my grave, as I did lie withal in my cradle. My life shall be spent in sighing and wishing; the one for my bad fortune, the other for Sapho's good.

C. L.

For the Table Book.

WHITTLE SHEEPSHANKS, ESQ.

Formerly there was a farmer of very extensive property, who was also of great piety, residing in Craven, with the above awkward Christian and surname. He once purchased some sheep of a native of North Britain at one of the Skipton cattle fairs, and not having cash enough with him to pay for them, he said to the man, "I've no money by me at present, but I'll settle with you next fair." "An' wha ma ye be, sir?" said the Scotsman. "What, don't ye know me? I thought every body knew Whittle Sheepshanks." "Hout! mon," said the Scotsman, "dinna think to make a fule o' me; wha' ever heard sic a name *o' a sheepshanks wi' a whittle to it.*" This so offended Mr. Sheepshanks, that he changed his name to York.

T. Q. M.

For the Table Book.

MY "HOME."

This is the soothing word that calms the mind under all the various anxieties, mortifications, and disappointments we meet with, day after day, in the busy world. This is the idea that enables us to support the most trying vexations and troubles—it is an antidote for every evil—

My "Home!"—There is a deliciously restful, quiet tone about the word. It presents heavenly ideas of soft ease, and gentle repose to the oppressed mind and languid body—ideas of quiet seclusion, where one's powers and faculties may be relaxed, and be at rest. The idea of "home" is perhaps the only one which preserves an equal influence over us through all the different periods of life.

The weary child that slowly draws its little tender feet, one after the other, in endeavours to keep up with "dear papa," who has taken it out for a long walk, looks up in his face with brightening eyes, as he says, "Never mind, we shall soon be *home* now." Its tiny fingers take a firmer grasp of the supporting hand of its father, and its poor drooping head half erects, as it thinks of the kind mother who will receive it with words of sympathy for its fatigue, seat it in her lap, lay its face on her cherishing bosom with comforting expressions, and chafe its aching limbs with her soft palms.

The school boy, or girl, when holiday-time comes—with what anxiety do they not look forward to the time of the chaise's arrival, which is to take them "home!" They both think of the approaching happy meeting with all their affectionate family—the encouraging smile of the proud father—the overwhelming kisses of the fond mother—the vociferous welcomes of the delighted brothers and sisters. Visions of well-merited praise bestowed on the different exhibitions of the neatly executed copy-book, the correctly worked sums, (those tremendously long phalanxes of figures, that call forth the mirthful astonishment of the younger party,) the well-recited Latin lines, and the "horribly hard" translation, pass before *his* mind.—*She* anticipates the admiration that will be elicited by the display of certain beautiful needlework, (that pernicious destroyer of female health, both bodily and mental,) which, at the expense of shape and eyesight, is perhaps brought to such perfection as exactly to imitate the finest "Brussels."—Alas, poor Woman! How comes it that we are so blind to our

own good, as to employ in such trifling and even injurious pursuits all your faculties, which (inferior to man's, as man assumes they are) might still be cultivated and developed, so as to add mental acquirements to your gentle qualities, and render you a still more amiable and desirable companion for us.

The man while busy at his daily occupation thinks of going "home" after the fatigues of the day with ecstasy. He knows that on his return he shall find an affectionate face to welcome him—a warm snug room—a bright fire—a clean hearth—the tea-things laid—the sofa wheeled round on the rug—and, in a few minutes after his entrance, his wife sitting by his side, consoling him in his vexations, aiding him in his plans for the future, or participating in his joys, and smiling upon him for the good news he may have brought home for her—his children climbing on the hassock at his feet, leaning over his knees to eye his face with joyous eagerness, that they may coaxingly win his intercession with "dear mamma" for "only half an hour longer."——

I have hitherto looked only at the bright side of the picture. I am unhappily aware that there are individuals who never can know the luxury of "home." Mr. Charles Lamb says, that "the home of the very poor is no home." And I also aver, that the home of the very rich is no home. He may be constantly at home if he chooses, therefore he can never know the delightful sensation of a return to it, after having been obliged (for with human beings the chief charm of a thing seems to arise from its being denied to us) to remain out all day. Besides, "home" should be a place of simplicity and quiet retirement after the turmoil of the world. Do the rich find *these* amid their numerous guests and officious domestics—their idle ceremony, and pomp, and ostentation? This is not the "ease and comfort" (that greatest source of an Englishman's delight) which should be peculiar to "home."——

There is, likewise, another being who never can taste the truly exquisite enjoyment of "home:"—I mean the "Old Bachelor." He returns to his lodging (I will not say to his "home")—there may be every thing he can possibly desire in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal and anxious wish to please of Mrs. Smith, (his housekeeper,) but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy:—the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied—and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no loving hand meets his—no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment as he enters. He sits down to a book—alone. There is no one sitting by his side to enjoy with him the favourite passage, the apt remark, the just criticism—no eyes in which to read his own feelings—his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected—he has no resource but himself—no one to look up to but himself—all his enjoyment, all his happiness must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair—buries his face in his hands—thinks of her who might have been his beloved and heart-cheering companion—*she* is gone!——

HOME!—scene of tenderly cherished infancy—of youthful buoyancy, brilliant with enjoying and hopeful feelings—of maturer and exquisite happiness—of all our best feelings—towards thee does my heart ever yearn in constant and grateful affection!—

M. H.

For the Table Book.

THE BLACKBERRY BLOSSOM.

WRITTEN IN EPPING FOREST.

The maiden's blush,
Sweet blackberry blossom, thou
Wearest, in prickly leaves that rove
O'er friendlike turning bough.

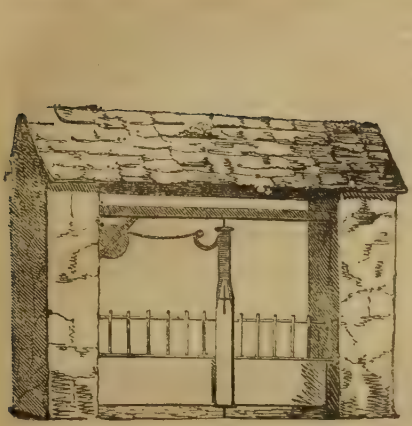
Companionship
Thine attributes, thou givest
Likeness of virtue shielded safe
From lives with whom thou livest.

What is mankind?
But like thy wand'ring?—Time
Leads mortals through the maze of life,
And thousands hopewards climb.

A sudden blast—
Then what of hope remains?
Beauty full soon by sickness falls,
And pleasures die in pains.

But fruit succeeds—
Thou ripenest by the sky:
May human hearts bear fruits of peace
Before in earth *they* lie!

August 19, 1827.



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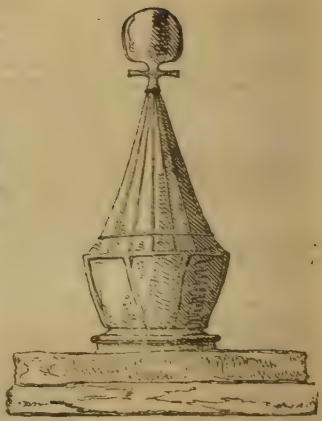

Grassmere Font.

NOTES ON A TOUR, CHIEFLY PEDESTRIAN, FROM SKIPTON IN CRAVEN, YORKSHIRE, TO KESWICK, IN CUMBERLAND.

"I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say 'tis all barren."—*Sterne*

July 14, 1827. Left Skipton for Keswick. The road from Skipton to Burnsal exhibits some romantic scenery, which the muse of Wordsworth has made classic ground. About half a mile from Rilston, on the right-hand side of the road, are the ruins of Norton tower, one of the principal scenes in the poem of the "White Doe of Rylstone." Having visited the tower before, I did not think it worth while to reascend the immense precipice on which it stands.

15th, *Sunday*. Previously to the commencement of the service at *Burnsal* church, I sketched the "lich-gate," which differs considerably from the beautiful one of Beckenham, in Kent; a drawing whereof is in my friend Mr. Hone's *Table Book*. The manner wherein the gate turns on its pivot is rather curious, and will be best exemplified by the drawing above. The church, an old structure, apparently of the reign of Henry VII., is pleasantly situated on "the banks of the crystal Wharfe." While attending divine service, one or two things struck me as remarkable. The church has an organ, on which two voluntaries were played; one after the psalms for the day, and the other after the second lesson; but during the singing of the metrical psalms the organ was silent. Instead of it two or three strange-looking countrymen in the organ gallery raised an inharmonious noise with a small fiddle, a flute, and a clarinet. Why do the churchwardens allow this? The gallery of the church should not be allowed to resemble the interior of an ale-house at a village feast. The church would have looked better had it been cleaner: the pew wherein I sat was covered with cobwebs. The business of the churchwardens seemed to me to consist rather in thumping the heads of naughty boys than in looking after the state of the church.

Afternoon, same day. At *Linton*, about two miles up the river, arrived during the time of service. This church has suffered much from the "beautifiers;" who, amongst other equally judicious improvements, have placed a *Venetian* window over the altar of the *Gothic* edifice: the present incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Coulthurst, is about to remove it. The altar rails were covered with

garlands made of artificial flowers. Church garlands were formerly made of real flowers. They are borne before the corpses of unmarried young women. I have heard an old woman in Durham sing the following stanza, which evidently alludes to the custom :—

When I am dead, before I be buried,
Hearken ye maidens fair, this must ye do—
Make me a garland of marjoram and lemon thyme,
Mixed with the pansy, rosemary, and rue.

The practice of bearing the garlands is still very common in the country churches in Craven.

In the church-yard is the following inscription on a stone, date 1825! The march of intellect is surely here proceeding at a rapid pace!

Remember man, that paseth by
As thou is now so once was I;
And as I is so must thou be,
Prepare thyself to follow me.

Some one had written beneath,

To follow you's not my intent,
Unless I knew which way you went.

July 16. Went from Linton over the moors to *Clapham*; passed through Skirethorns, over Skirethorns moor, by Malham Water, by the side of Pennygent, through Great and Little Stainforth, over ——— moor,* through Wharfe and Austwick. Malham Water is a beautiful lake, well worthy of the traveller's notice; it is supposed to be the source of the river Aire, which springs in the neighbourhood. About a mile from it is the famous chasm Gordale. (Vide Gray's Journal.) From ——— moor,* above the village of Little Stainforth, is a sublime view of mountain scenery, in which Pennygent is a principal object. No traveller should pass through Little Stainforth without seeing the waterfall below the bridge. There is a finer one in the neighbourhood, but I was ignorant of it when I passed through the village. From the waterfall the bridge appears to great advantage; the arch has a fine span. There are, I was told, some curious caves in this part. N.B. This day's journey taught me that the information of the peasantry with respect to distances is not to be depended upon: at Little Stainforth I was informed it was three miles to Clapham; six would have been nearer the mark.

* I cannot remember the names: the map of Yorkshire I have affords no clue.

July 17, 18. *Kirby Lonsdale.* This town is on the banks of the Lune, which here winds through a finely wooded valley. It has an elegant old bridge. In one of the battlements is a stone, resembling a Roman altar, with this inscription—Feare God, Honore te Kinge, 1683. Why and when placed there I know not. Drunken Barnaby's "*Aulam factam in tabernam,*" may be seen in the main street: it is still used as an inn. The church is a handsome structure; near the altar rails I observed the table of consanguinity placed.* At the west end is a fine Norman doorway, a considerable sufferer by "beautifying." In the church-yard, on a neat pyramidal tombstone, is the following melancholy inscription :—

Eastern side.

Sacred
to the Memory of
Alice Clark,
Aged 31 years;
Agnes Walling,
Aged 25;
Bella Cornthwaite,
Aged 20;
Hannah Armstrong,
Aged 18;
Agnes Nicholson,
Aged 17:

All of whom were hurried into eternity by the awful conflagration by fire of the Rose and Crown Hotel, in this town, on the night of the 6 December, 1820.

Western side.

In the midst of life we are in Death.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art, O God!

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which springeth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down and withered.

Erected by voluntary contributions.

All the sufferers in this dreadful conflagration seem to have been *young*. "Whom the Gods love die young," I think is said by one of the Grecian poets.

A walk, extending from the north gate of the church-yard along the banks of the Lune, affords a delightful prospect of the county, with several gentlemen's seats.

* This seems a pretty general custom in Westmoreland. Do the young people of this county need informing that "a man may not marry his grandmother?"

N.B. The Rev. Mr. Hunt, the author of an elegant version of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, was once curate here. I believe the well-known Carus Wilson is the officiating minister at present.

18th, *Evening*—At *Kendal*. At Cowbrow half way between Kirby Lonsdale and this place, is the following stanza, beneath a sign representing a ploughboy :—

> The weather's fair, the season's now,
> Drive on my boys, God speed the plough;
> All you my friends pray call and see
> What jolly *boys* we ploughmen be.

Had this "poetry" been in the neighbourhood of Durham, I should have suspected it to have been written either by the late Baron Brown, or Vet. Doc. Marshall, though I do not think the doctor would have made such a bull as runs in the last line.

19. Left Kendal for *Bowness*. Arrived there in the evening, and took up my quarters at the posting-house at the entrance of the village. From the front windows of the inn is a good view of Windermere. At the time of my arrival it was invisible; both lake and village were enveloped in a thick mist. About eight o'clock the mist dispersed, the sky grew clear, and Windermere was seen in all its beauty. This is the largest of the English lakes; and, according to Mr. Athey's Guide, is ten miles in length. The hills around it are delightfully wooded, but the scenery is tame when compared with that of the more northern lakes. Bell's Island is now called Curwen's Island, from its being the country residence of Mr. Curwen: it is the largest of the numerous islands on Windermere. In Bowness church-yard is a tomb to the memory of Rassellas Belfield, an Abyssinian. Near Troutbeck bridge, in the neighbourhood, is the seat of the laureate of the Palmy isle. In the midst of the village is a tree on which notices of sales are posted. Bowness is to the inhabitants of Kendal what Hornsey is to the cocknies, and during the summer months gipsying excursions are very frequent. On the evening that I arrived some Oxonians were "astonishing the natives:" they seemed to think that, as they were from college, they had a right to give themselves airs. The inhabitants appeared to regard them with mingled looks of pity and derision.

July 20. Left Bowness for *Grassmere*, through *Ambleside* and *Rydal*. At the last place I turned aside to see Rydal Mount, the residence of the celebrated poet, Wordsworth. While proceeding to his cottage, an old woman popped out her head from the window of a rude hut, and asked me if I should like to see the waterfall: I entered her dwelling, where a good fire of sticks and turf was burning on the hearth; and, from the conversation of the dame, I gleaned that she was a dependant on the bounty of Lady le Fleming, in whose grounds the waterfall was: she at length conducted me to it. This waterfall is certainly a fine one, but as seen through the window of a summer-house it has rather a cockney appearance. Rydal Hall is a huge uncouth building; the beautifiers have made the old mansion look like a factory: when I first saw it from the road I mistook it for one. N.B. For seeing the waterfall, the price is "what you choose!"

I now proceeded to Rydal Mount, which, from the trees surrounding it, can hardly be seen from the road: the approach is shaded by beautiful laurels—proper trees for the residence of Wordsworth! While reconnoitring I was caught in a heavy thunder-shower, and should have been drenched, had not a pretty servant girl invited me into the kitchen, where I sat for at least an hour. On the dresser, in a large wicker cage, were two turtledoves; these, I learnt, were great favourites, or rather *pets*, (that was the word,) with the bard. The shower having ceased, I obtained Mrs. Wordsworth's leave to walk through the garden: from the mount in it I gained an excellent view of the front part of the house. I had scarcely reached the village of Rydal when another shower drove me into a cottage, from the door of which I had my first view of the author of the Lyrical Ballads: he is rather tall, apparently about fifty years of age; he was dressed in a hair cap, plaid coat, and white trowsers. It was gratifying to hear how the Rydal peasantry spoke of this good man. One said he was kind to the poor; another, that he was very religious; another, that he had no pride, and would speak to any body: all were loud in his praise.

At *Rydal* is a neat gothic church, lately erected at the sole cost of Lady le Fleming. I have not seen any new church that pleased me so much as this; the east end is finely conceived, and both the exterior and interior reflect the highest credit on the taste and talent of the artist, Mr. Webster of Kendal. I wished Mr. Hone had seen it with me, for I know he would have been delighted with it. The church tower forms a pretty object from many parts of the neighbourhood. Rydal lake is small, but very romantic. On some of the surrounding

hills I observed those rude erections of loose stones which the country boys are in the habit of building, and which they call *men*. Wordsworth alludes to these men in his Lyrical Ballads:—

> To the top of high * —— they chanc'd to climb,
> And there did they build, without mortar or lime,
> A *man* on the top of the crag.

A few of these "men" being provided with arms, resemble crosses, and transport the imagination of the beholder to catholic countries. The "Opium Eater" resides in this part; I saw him; his name is De Q——.

July 21. *Grassmere.* Arrived here at nine in the morning, and took up my quarters at Jonathan Bell's, the Grassmere inn. This is a most lovely village. The poem of the "City of the Plague," in which its lake and church are so exquisitely described, conveys but a faint idea of its beauties—even my favourite, Wilson, has failed in delineating this fairy spot. On entering, the first object that struck me was the church and its cemetery.

> There is a little church-yard on the side
> Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grassmere lake.
> Most beautiful it is! a vernal spot
> Enclos'd with wooded rocks, where a few graves
> Lie shelter'd, sleeping in eternal calm—
> Go thither when you will, and that sweet spot
> Is bright with sunshine.
>
> Death put on
> The countenance of an angel, in the spot
> Which he had sanctified——
>
> *City of the Plague.*

I found the description correct, with the exception of the sunshine passage; for when I entered the church-yard not a sun ray smiled on the graves; but, on the contrary, gloomy clouds were frowning above. The church door was open, and I discovered that the villagers were strewing the floors with fresh rushes. I learnt from the old clerk, that, according to annual custom, the rush-bearing procession would be in the evening. I asked the clerk if there were any dissenters in the neighbourhood; he said, no, not nearer than Keswick, where there were some that called themselves Presbyterians; but he did not know what they were, he believed them to be a kind of *papishes*.† During the whole of this day I observed the children busily employed in preparing garlands of such wild flowers as the beautiful valley produces, for the evening procession, which commenced at nine, in the following order:—The children (chiefly girls) holding these garlands, paraded through the village, preceded by the *Union* band, (thanks to the great drum for this information;) they then entered the church, where the three largest garlands were placed on the altar, and the remaining ones in various other parts of the place. (By the by, the beautifiers have placed an ugly window above the altar, of the nondescript order of architecture.) In the procession I observed the "Opium Eater," Mr. Barber, an opulent gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, Miss Wordsworth, and Miss Dora Wordsworth. Wordsworth is the chief supporter of these rustic ceremonies. The procession over, the party adjourned to the ball-room, a hayloft, at my worthy friend, Mr. Bell's, where the country lads and lasses tripped it merrily and *heavily*. They called the amusement *dancing*, but I called it *thumping*; for he who could make the greatest noise seemed to be esteemed the best dancer; and, on the present occasion, I think Mr. Pooley, the schoolmaster, bore away the palm. Billy Dawson, the fiddler, boasted to me of having been the officiating minstrel at this ceremony for the last six and forty years. He made grievous complaints of the outlandish tunes which the "Union band chaps" introduce: in the procession of this evening they annoyed Billy by playing the "Hunters' Chorus in Friskits." "Who," said Billy, "can keep time with such a queer thing?" Amongst the gentlemen dancers was one Dan Burkitt; he introduced himself to me, by seizing my coat collar in a mode that would have given a Burlington Arcade lounger the hysterics, and saying, "—— I'm old Dan Burkitt, of Wytheburn, sixty-six years old—not a better jigger in Westmoreland." No, thought I, nor a greater toss-pot. On my relating this to an old man present, he told me not to judge of Westmoreland manners by Dan's; "for," said he, "you see, sir, he is a *statesman*, and has been at Lunnon, and so takes liberties." In Westmoreland, farmers residing on their own estate are called "statesmen." The dance was kept up till a quarter to twelve, when a livery-servant entered, and delivered the following verbal message to Billy—"Master's respects, and will thank you to lend him the fiddlestick." Billy took the hint; the sabbath morn was at hand, and

* I quote from memory, and cannot fill up the blank.

† The only instance of dissent I heard of betwixt Kendal and Keswick, was a private Unitarian chapel at a gentleman's seat near Bowness. At Kendal and Keswick the dissenters are very numerous.

the pastor of the parish had adopted this gentle mode of apprizing the assembled revellers that they ought to cease their revelry. The servant departed with the fiddlestick, the chandelier was removed, and when the village clock struck twelve not an individual was to be seen out of doors in the village. No disturbance of any kind interrupted the dance: Dan Burkitt was the only person at all "how came you so?" and he was "non se ipse" before the jollity commenced. He told me he was "seldom sober;" and I believed what he said. The rush-bearing is now, I believe, almost entirely confined to Westmoreland. It was once customary in Craven, as appears from the following extract from Dr. Whitaker:—"Among the seasons of periodical festivity, was the rush-bearing, or the ceremony of conveying fresh rushes to strew the floor of the parish church. This method of covering floors was universal in *houses* while floors were of earth, but is now confined to places of worship: the bundles of the girls were adorned with wreaths of flowers, and *the evening concluded with a dance.* In Craven the custom has wholly ceased."

In Westmoreland the custom has undergone a change. Billy remembered when the lasses bore the rushes in the evening procession, and strewed the church floor at the same time that they decorated the church with garlands; now, the rushes are laid in the morning by the ringer and clerk, and no rushes are introduced in the evening procession. I do not like old customs to change; for, like mortals, they change before they die altogether.

The interest of the scene at Grassmere was heightened to me, by my discovering that the dancing-room of the rush-bearers was the ball-room of Mr. Wilson's children's dance. The dancing-master described so exquisitely in his poem is John Carradus. From an old inhabitant of Grassmere I had the following anecdotes of the now professor of moral philosophy. He was once a private in the Kendal local militia; he might have been a captain, but not having sufficient knowledge of military tactics, he declined the honour.

Wilson, while in the militia, was billeted at one of the Kendal inns, where a brother private was boasting of his skill in leaping, and stated, that he never met with his equal. Wilson betted a guinea that he would outleap him; the wager was accepted, and the poet came off victorious, having leaped seven yards; his bragging antagonist leaped only five. Mr. Wilson appears to have been celebrated in Westmoreland for these things; being a good climber of trees, an excellent swimmer, and a first-rate leaper.

The poet had a curious fancy in wearing his hair in long curls, which flowed about his neck. His sergeant noticed these curls, and remarked, that in the militia they wanted men and not puppies; requesting, at the same time, that he would wear his hair like other Christians. The request of the sergeant was complied with, and the poet's head was soon deprived of its tresses. On a friend blaming him for submitting to the orders of a militia sergeant, he coolly said, "I have acted cofrectly; it is the duty of an inferior soldier to submit to a superior."

While in the militia, Wilson opposed himself to seven beggars, or trampers, of "Younghusband's gang," who were insulting a poor man. In this fray the bard got two black eyes; "but," added the narrator, "no matter—he got 'em in a good cause."

July 22, *Sunday*. Attended church. After service sketched the font, which appeared to be of great antiquity. Near the altar is the following inscription on a beautiful marble monument, designed and executed by Webster of Kendal: the poetry is by Wordsworth.

IN THE BURIAL GROUND

Of this church are deposited the remains of JEMIMA ANN DEBORAH, second Daughter of Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, of Denton Court, Kent, Bart. She departed this life, at the Ivy Cottage, Rydal, May 25, 1822, Aged 28 years. This memorial is erected by her husband, EDWARD QUILLINAN.

These vales were saddened with no common gloom
When good Jemima perished in her bloom;
When, such the awful will of Heaven, she died
By flames breathed on her from her own fire-side.
On earth we dimly see, and but in part
We know, yet faith sustains the sorrowing heart:
And she the pure, the patient, and the meek,
Might have fit epitaph could feelings speak:
If words could tell, and monuments record,
How treasures lost are inwardly deplored,
No name by grief's fond eloquence adorned,
More than Jemima's would be praised and mourned
The tender virtues of her blameless life,
Bright in the daughter, brighter in the wife;
And in the cheerful mother brightest shone—
That light hath past away—the will of God be done.

From the church-yard I transcribed the following inscriptions:—

HERE LIETH

The body of THOMAS, the son of WILLIAM and MART

WORDSWORTH. He died on the 1st of December, A. D. 1812.

Six months to six years added, he remained
Upon this sinful earth by sin unstained.
O blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed
A child whom every eye that looked on loved,
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM GREEN, the last 23 years of whose life were passed in the neighbourhood, where, by his skill and industry as an artist, he produced faithful representations of the county, and lasting memorials of its more perishable features.

He was born at Manchester,
And died at Ambleside,
On the 29 Day of April, 1823, in the 63 year of his age, deeply lamented by a numerous family, and universally respected.

HIS AFFLICTED WIDOW
Caused this stone to be erected.

Green was a surprising man, and his sketches of mountain scenes are correctly executed, though I never liked his manner of drawing; and in his colouring there is something glaring and unnatural. But the fame of Green does not rest on his abilities as an artist. As the historian of the English maintains, his descriptive talents were of the first order. His entertaining and invaluable "Guide" will be perused by posterity with increased admiration. There is a charm about it which I have not found in any other of the numerous publications of a similar nature. I have been informed, however, that notwithstanding its excellence its sale was limited, and the author was out of pocket by it.

July 23. Ascended *Silvertop* or *Silverhow*, a hill at Grassmere. It is not very high, but from its unevenness it is not easy to reach the summit. The view from it is rather extensive, considering its very moderate height. When I ascended there was a considerable mist, yet I could distinguish Windermere, Rydal lake and church, and the surrounding objects. To day I leave Grassmere; I do it with regret, but with hopes of once more visiting it, and seeing Jonathan Bell again. He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with, and I shall recommend the Grassmere inn to all my friends who may visit the lakes.

July 24. Walked to *Keswick*. The road from Grassmere is so well described in Mr. Otley's small guide, (which has been of the greatest use to me,) that it would be only a waste of time and paper to particularize its numerous interesting objects. The road passes by Thulmere, or *contracted* Lake, (so called from its sudden contraction in the middle, where there is a neat bridge,) through the greatest part of Saint John's Vale, so celebrated by sir Walter Scott's poem, the "Bridal of Triermain." Opposite Wytheburn chapel, (which is the smallest I ever saw,) I entered into conversation with a labouring man, who was well acquainted with the late Charles Gouche, the "gentle pilgrim of nature," who met an untimely death by falling over one of the precipices of Helvellyn. Some time previous to his death he had lodged at the Cherry Tree, near Wytheburn. The man related many anecdotes of him, but none particularly interesting. Mr. Gouche was an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, which he would frequently recite to him and others of his friends.

Keswick is a neat town. The Greta runs through it; but, alas! its once pure waters have become polluted by the filthy factories now on its banks. Having been obliged to leave Keswick in the afternoon of the day after my arrival, I was unable to see much of it or its neighbourhood. I paid a hasty visit to Derwentwater and the falls of Lowdore. The latter, from the dryness of the season, much disappointed me. I saw the Druid's Temple on the old road to Penrith; it is a circle formed of rough stones. The common people pretend these stones cannot be counted, but I found no difficulty in ascertaining their number to be forty-eight. A barbarian once recommended the owner to blast these stones for walling, but happily for the antiquary his suggestion was not attended to. Green, in his guide, speaking of this spot, alludes to the very erroneous opinion that the druidical was a polytheutic religion.—N.B. Skiddaw has a majestic appearance when viewed from Keswick. Southey's house is at the foot.

During my residence in the above parts I collected the following scraps, by whom written, or whether original, I know not.

SONNET.

The nimble fancy of all beauteous Greece
Fabled young Love an everlasting boy,
That through the blithe air, like a pulse of joy,
Wing'd his bright way—a life that could not cease,
Nor suffer diminution or increase;
Whose quiver, fraught with quaint delicious woes,
And wounds that hurt not—thorns plucked from the rose
Making the fond heart hate its stagnant fence—

Was ever full. Oh musical conceit
Of old Idolatry, and youthful time,
Fit emanation of a happy clime,
Where but to live, to move, to breathe, was sweet;
And love indeed came floating on the air,
A winged God, for ever fresh and fair!

SONNET.

It must be so—my infant love must find
In my own breast a cradle and a grave;
Like a rich jewel hid beneath the wave,
Or rebel spirit bound within the rind
Of some old [wither'd] oak—or fast enshrin'd
In the cold durance of an echoing cave——
Yet better thus, than cold disdain to brave;
Or worse, to taint the quiet of that mind
That decks its temple with unearthly grace,
Together must we dwell my dream and I—
Unknown then live, and unlamented die
Rather than dim the lustre of that face,
Or drive the laughing dimple from its place,
Or heave that white breast with a painful sigh.

SONNET.

Few lov'd the youthful bard, for he was one
Whose face, tho' with intelligence it beam'd,
Was ever sad; if with a smile it gleam'd
It was but momentary, like the sun
Darting one bright ray thro' the thunder cloud—
He lov'd the secret vale, and not the crowd
And hum of populous cities—some would say
There was a secret labouring in his breast,
That made him cheerless and disturb'd his rest;
Whose influence sad he could not drive away.
What caused the young bard's woe was never known,
Yet, once, a wanderer deem'd an hapless flame
Consum'd his life away, for one, whose name
He heard him breathe, upon the mountains lone!

SONG.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smil'd on me.
O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye—
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

SONG.

I have lived, and I have loved,
Have lived, and loved in vain;
Some joy, and many woes, have proved,
Which may not be again.
My heart is old—my eye is sere—
Joy wins no smile, and grief no tear.

I would hope, if hope I could,
Tho' sure to be deceived;
There's sweetness in a thought of good,
If 'tis not quite believed—
But fancy ne'er repeats the strain
That memory once reproves, for vain.

Here endeth my journal.

T. Q. M.

GENDERS.—JAMES HARRIS.

A good translation of Xenophon's Cyropædia is much wanted. That by Ashley is vilely done; though Mr. Harris has pronounced a high eulogium on it in his Philological Inquiries.

Mr. Harris was an excellent Greek scholar, but beyond that he does not seem to have great merit as a writer. In his "Hermes," speaking of the grammatical genders, he says, they are founded on a "reasoning which discovers, even in things without sex, a distant analogy to that great distinction, which, according to Milton, animates the world." To this he adds, in a note, 'Linnæus has traced the distinction of sexes through the vegetable world, and made it the basis of his botanic method." Should not one be induced to think from this, that Linnæus classed some plants as male, and others as female, from their form and character? when, in fact, they are classed according to the number and form of those parts on which the fructification of the plants actually depends. What becomes of this supposed analogy in the German language, where the sun is feminine, and the moon masculine?

Lowth, in his grammar, mentions the poetical advantage our language derives from making all inanimate things neuter, by the power it gives of personification by the mere change of gender.*

For the Table Book.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? 'tis like the ocean,
In its placid hours of rest,
Sleeping calmly—no emotion
Rising in its tranquil breast.

But too soon the heavenly sky
Is obscured by nature's hand,
And the whirlwind passing by
Leaves a wreck upon the strand.

S.

---

* Pye.

DOCTOR LETTSOM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Few inherited better qualities or were more eccentric than the late Dr. Lettsom. While he associated with literary men, communicated with literary works, and wrote and published his medical experience, he gave gratuitous aid to the needy, and apportioned his leisure to useful and practical purposes.

In a work, called "Moods and Tenses," lately published, I find anecdotes of the doctor, which I had sent to a literary publication,* reprinted without acknowledgment, and extracted since into other works. In addition to the printed anecdotes of so amiable a man, I trust, sir, you will not be unwilling further to illustrate his character by an anecdote or two, until now untold.

The first is of a *Lady and her Servant.* The doctor was once called in to attend a sick lady and her maid-servant. On entering the passage, he was asked by the nurse into the lady's chamber. "Very well," said he mildly, "but is there not a servant ill also." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then let me prescribe for her first," he rejoined, "as her services will be first wanted." His request was complied with; and as he predicted so it proved,—by the second visit the servant was convalescent. "I generally find this the case," observed the doctor, good-humouredly, to his friend; "Servants want physic *only*, but their mistresses require more skill than physic. This is owing to the difference between scrubbing the stairs and scrubbing the teeth."

The second anecdote refers to *books.* Whenever a friend borrowed a book from the doctor's library, he rarely lent it but with this stipulation, that the supposed value of the book should be deposited, with the name of the borrower, and the title of the volume with date, in the vacant place till the book was restored. "Though attended with some pains, I find this a good plan," said the doctor; "many of my sets would otherwise be imperfect. I feel pleasure in lending my books, (many I give away,) but I like to see my library, like my practice, as regularly conducted as possible."

The third anecdote relates to the cure of *filching.* The doctor had a favourite servant, who manifested the frailty of taking that which did not belong to him. John had abstracted a loaf of sugar from the store closet, and sold it to a person that kept a shop. Shortly afterwards, on the carriage passing the shop, the doctor desired John to go in and order a loaf or lump sugar, and to pay for it, which was accordingly done; but when they returned home, John suspecting his master's motive, made a full confession of the crime, fell on his knees, implored forgiveness, and was pardoned on his solemn promise of future honesty.

The fourth anecdote is worthy of the consideration of medical practitioners. The doctor having been called to a poor "lone woman," pitied her desolate situation so much, that he shed tears. Her person and room were squalid; her language and deportment indicated that she had seen better days; he took a slip of paper out of his pocket, and wrote with his pencil the following very rare prescription to the overseers of the parish in which she resided:—

"A shilling *per diem* for Mrs. Maxton: Money, not Physic, will cure her.

Lettsom."

That the doctor was not a rich man may be easily accounted for, when it is considered that at the houses of the necessitous he gave more fees than he took. At public medical dinners, anniversaries, and lectures, he must be well remembered by many a truly vivacious companion, with a truly benevolent heart and good understanding.

HPI.

* Literary Chronicle, 1819, p. 392.

For the Table Book.

A FAREWELL.

Go, go, thy heart is still thine own,
Go, taste of joy and gladness;
I fondly dreamt that heart mine own,
To hope so now were madness.

Many a mortal yet will woo thee,
Many a lover trust that smile,
But, if well as I they knew thee,
Few thy beauty would beguile.

Like the merchant who has ventured
All his fortune on the sea,
So in thee my hopes were center'd,
Destin'd soon a wreck to be.

Then fare-thee-well, we meet no more,
Better had we never met;
Thou hast many joys in store,
I have none—my sun is set.

S.

"PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE."

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES, WRITTEN TO OBLIGE A YOUNG FRIEND, WHO SUGGESTED THE TOPIC.

The PAST, which *once* was present, *then* did seem,
As doth *this* present, but "a sick man's dream."
Now, the remembrance of *that* past appears,
Through the dim distance of receding years,
A lovely vision of fair forms:—and yet,
How different it was! Fool! to regret
What had no being! Time, that faithful tutor,
Were I but teachable, might show the FUTURE
As the PRESENT is; and yet I paint it
Teeming with joy; and my hope doth saint it,
With haloes round the fond imagination.
And so through life I pass—without a station
Whence I can see the present, a reality
To be enjoy'd—living on *ideality*.

August 25, 1827.

For the Table Book.

TOMMY MITCHESON, OF DURHAM.

The above is a well-known character in Durham, called "the philosopher:" and were his literary attainments to be measured by the books he peruses, they would far exceed those of any gentleman in the place. Tommy reads every thing that he can borrow—legal, medical, theological, historical—true narrative, or romance, it matters little to him;—but Tommy has no recollection. On arriving at the last page of a work he is just as wise as before he commenced. A friend of mine once lent him Gibbon's "Decline and Fall;" and when Tommy returned the last volume, asked him how he liked it. "It is a *nice* work."—"Well, how did you like that part about the boxing match between Crib and Molineux?"—"Oh," said he, "it was the *nicest* part in the whole book!" Poor Tommy! I can say this of thee; I have lent thee many a book, and have always had them returned clean and unsoiled! I cannot say this of some of my book borrowers.

T. Q. M.

A MAN-LIKING BIRD.

"I have read of a bird," says Dr. Fuller, in his Worthies of England, "which hath a face *like*, and yet will prey *upon*, a man, who coming to the water to drink, and finding there, by reflection, that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself."

For the Table Book.

PENNY A LOT.

A SCHOOLBOY'S *fruitless* RAMBLE THROUGH TOWN.

The morning is warm, and the weather is fine,
'Tis too late for school, and too early to dine;
Through the streets as I go for refreshment, or not,
All the dainties to sell are, a—*Penny a Lot!*

Fine pears, by their cheeks, are inviting to taste,
With their tails curling round, like bashaws in the east;
Red apples in heaps, on a wicker-work spot,—
How d'ye sell them?—These—Here, are, a—*Penny a Lot!*

But your plums—are they cheap? By their Orleau hues
They belong to the Indigo Warehouse,—the Blues;
And your gages, so green!—are they fresh from the cot?—
From the Garden this morning, sir,—*Penny a Lot!*

Barcelonas in small wooden measures are piled;
How attractive they look to the one-copper child,
With his treasure to spend! 'But what *there* have ye got?
Acid Drops! cries a Jew Boy, a—*Penny a Lot!*

Nice slices of cocoa-nut, white as the snow,
Brazil-nuts and almond-nuts all in a row;
Napoleon's-ribs,—brandy-balls for the sot,
And sweet cakes—what are *these?* Sir, a—*Penny a Lot.*

Groundsel, chickweed, canes, posies, beads, cresses, and grapes,
Currants sodden'd with rains, raisins press'd in their shapes;
Seaweeds, shells, and ornaments, fit for a Grot,
Are all sold at the rate of, a—*Penny a Lot!*

What chance has the Far-thing to burn a hole through?
What chance has the Half-penny, though it were new?
Unbless'd with a purchase, though thirsty and hot,
All the order of sale is, a—*Penny a Lot.*

P.

FISH.

Philip II. of Spain, the consort of our queen Mary, gave a whimsical reason for not eating fish. "They are," said he, "nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water."

It is related of a queen Aterbatis, that she forbad her subjects ever to touch fish, "lest," said she, with calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale their sovereign."

Hogarth embarking at the Isle of Grain.

——— on hands and knees we crawl,
And so get safe on board the yawl. *Gostling.*

This sheet is dedicated to the five days' travels, in 1732, of him

That drew th' essential form of grace,
That saw the manners in the face,

and four of his friends. "Some few copies of the Tour," says Horace Walpole, "were printed by Mr. Nichols. It was a party of pleasure down the river into Kent, undertaken by Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Scott, and three of their friends, in which they intended to have more humour than they accomplished, as is commonly the case in such meditated attempts. The Tour was described in verse

by one of the company, and the drawings executed by the painters, but with little merit, except the views taken by Mr. Scott."

Walpole's account is an incorrect and contemptuous flout of "a merry, and a very merry" party, consisting—besides Hogarth, and his friend Scott, a landscape painter—of Thornhill, (son of sir James, whose daughter Hogarth married;) Tothall, a woollendraper at the corner of Tavistock-court, Covent-garden, who, being a member of the club at the Bedford coffee-house, became intimate with Hogarth; and Forrest, another of Hogarth's friends. They "accomplished" much "humour," as their journal shows; though not to the understanding of Walpole, who was only a fine gentleman, a wit, and an adept in artificial knowledge.

A few months ago, I heard from the lips of the kindest and most exquisite humourist of the age, what seems to me a perfect definition—"Humour is Wit steeped in Mannerism." Walpole could never say, because he never thought, or felt, any thing like it. He was skilled in imitative matters alone: he brought himself up to Art, and there stopped; his good breeding would not permit him to deviate towards Nature. He talked of it as people of fashion do of trade—a vulgar thing, which they are obliged to hear something about, and cannot help being influenced by.

The "some few copies of the Tour," which Horace Walpole says "were printed by Mr. Nichols," and which he represents as having been "described in verse by one of the company," Mr. Nichols certainly printed in 1781; but that gentleman acquaints us, that it "was the production of the ingenious Mr. W. Gostling, of Canterbury," who was not of the party. Mr Nichols reprinted it at the request of some friends, on account of its rarity, in his "Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth." The account of the "Tour," really written "by one of the company," was in prose; and this, which certainly Walpole had not seen, was edited, and given to the world, by Mr. R. Livesay, in 1782, on nine oblong folio pages, with etchings of the same size.

The Tour in question was not "meditated." The party set out at midnight, at a moment's warning, from the Bedford Arms tavern, each with a shirt in his pocket. They had particular departments to attend to. Hogarth and Scott made the drawings; Thornhill (Hogarth's brother-in-law) the map; Tothall faithfully discharged the joint office of treasurer and caterer; and Forrest wrote the journal. They were out five days only; and on the second night after their return, the book was produced, bound, gilt, and lettered, and read at the same tavern to the members of the club then present. A copy of the journal having been left in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Gostling, (author of "A Walk in and about Canterbury,") he wrote an imitation of it in Hudibrastic verse, of which Mr. Nichols printed twenty copies as a literary curiosity.*

The original Tour by Mr. Forrest, and the versified version of it, are placed on the ensuing pages, from the before-mentioned editions; beginning with Forrest's from the title-page, viz.

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT SEEMED MOST REMARKABLE IN THE FIVE DAYS' PEREGRINATION OF THE FIVE FOLLOWING PERSONS; viz. MESSRS. TOTHALL, SCOTT, HOGARTH, THORNHILL, AND FORREST. Begun on Saturday, May 27th, 1732, and finished on the 31st of the same Month. "ABI TU, ET FAC SIMILITER."—*Inscription on Dulwich College Porch.* LONDON: Printed for R. Livesay, 1782.

Saturday, May the 27th, we set out with the morning, and took our departure from the Bedford Arms Tavern, in Covent Garden, to the tune of "Why should we quarrel for riches?" The first land we made was Billingsgate, where we dropped anchor at the Dark House.

There Hogarth made a caracatura of a porter, who called himself the Duke of Puddle Dock.* The drawing was (by his grace) pasted on the cellar door. We were agreeably entertained with the humours of the place, particularly an explanation of a Gaffer and Gammer, a little gross, though in presence of two of the fair sex. Here we continued till the clock struck one.

Then set sail in a Gravesend boat we had hired for ourselves. Straw was our bed, and a tilt our covering. The wind blew hard at S.E. and by E. We had much rain and no sleep for about three hours. At Cuckold's Point we sung St. John, at Deptford Pishoken; and in Blackwall Reach eat hung beef and biscuit, and drank right Hollands.

* It is to be regretted that his grace's picture was not preserved in this collection.

* Mr. Nichols's account of Hogarth.

At Purfleet we had a view of the Gibraltar, the Dursley Galley, and Tartar Pink, men of war, from the last of which we took on board the pilot who brought her up the channel. He entertained us with a lieutenant's account of an insult offered him by the Spaniards, and other affairs of consequence, which naturally made us drowsy; and then Hogarth fell asleep, but soon awaking, was going to relate a dream he had, but falling asleep again, when he awaked forgot he had dreamed at all.

We soon arrived at Gravesend, and found some difficulty in getting ashore, occasioned by an unlucky boy's having placed his boat between us and the landing-place, and refusing us passage over his vessel; but, as virtue surmounts all obstacles, we happily accomplished this adventure, and arrived at Mr. Bramble's at six. There we washed our faces and hands, and had our wigs powdered; then drank coffee, eat toast and butter, paid our reckoning, and set out at eight.

We took a view of the building of the New Church, the unknown person's tomb and epitaph, and the Market place, and then proceeded on foot to Rochester.

Nothing remarkable happened in that journey, except our calling and drinking three pots of beer at an evil house, (as we were afterwards informed,) known by the sign of the Dover Castle, and some small distress Scott suffered in travelling through some clay ground moistened by the rain; but the country being extremely pleasant alleviated his distress, and made him jocund, and about ten we arrived at Rochester.

There we surveyed the fine Bridge, the cathedral, and the Castle; the last well worth observing. It is a very high building, situate on the river Medway, strong built, but almost demolished. With some difficulty we ascended to the top of the battlements, and took a view of a most beautiful country, a fine river, and some of the noblest ships in the world. There is a very curious well cut in the middle wall from the top of the Castle, a considerable depth below its foundation, as we believed: we saw a little boy go down towards the bottom of it by small holes cut in the sides, wherein he placed his hands and feet, and soon returned, bringing up with him a young daw he had taken out of a nest there.

We afterwards traversed the city, saw the Town-house, Watts's Hospital for relief of six travelling persons, by entertaining them with one night's lodging, and giving to each fourpence in the morning, provided they are not persons contagiously diseased, rogues, or proctors.

We saw on the front of a house four figures in basso relievo after the antique, done by some modern hand, representing the Seasons; and then came to the Crown inn at twelve. From that time till dinner most of our company slept on several chairs in the dining-room. From one o'clock till three we were at dinner on a dish of soles and flounders, with crab sauce, a calf's heart stuffed and roasted, the liver fried, and the other appurtenances minced, a leg of mutton roasted, and some green peas, all very good and well drest, with good small beer and excellent port. The boy of the house cleaned all our shoes, and we again set out to seek adventures.

Hogarth and Scott stopped and played at hop-scotch in the colonnade under the Town-hall; and then we walked on to Chatham, bought shrimps and eat them, and proceeded by a round-about way to the king's store-houses and dock-yard, which are very noble. We went on board the Marlborough and the Royal Sovereign, which last is reckoned one of the finest ships in the navy. We saw the London, the Royal George, and Royal Anne, all first-rate men of war. At six we returned to our quarters at Rochester, and passed the time agreeably till nine, and then, quite fatigued with pleasure, we went to bed.

Sunday at seven awaked. Hogarth and Thornhill related their dreams, and we entered into a conversation on that subject in bed, and left off no wiser than we begun. We arose and missed Scott, who soon came, and acquainted us that he had been on the bridge drawing a view of some part of the river, (vide Drawing the 2d,) and wondered at the people staring at him, till he recollected it was Sunday. We asked him to produce the drawing; and he told us he had not drawn any thing. We were all desirous to have him reconcile this contradiction; but other affairs intervening, prevented our further inquiry.

At nine we breakfasted, and set out over the bridge, through part of Stroud, and by the Medway side. Going through the fields, we were attacked by a severe shower of rain; to escape which Scott retired under a hedge, and lying down had the misfortune to soil the back of his coat——. Uneasy at this, and requiring assistance to be cleaned ——, he missed a white cambric handkerchief, which he declared was lent him by his spouse; and though he soon

found it, yet was his joy at that success again abated by his fear that it was torn; but being soon convinced that he was more afraid than hurt, we all proceeded merrily to Frendsbury.

We there viewed the church and churchyard, pleasantly situated. There are some bad epitaphs, and in the church is hung up a list of benefactions to the parish, at the bottom of which there is wrote, "Witness our hands," and subscribed with the name of "William Gibbons, Vicar," only. This seemed a little odd; but being in such a place we imagined there might be some mystery in it, so inquired no further.

At ten we walked on, and calling a council among ourselves, it was proposed, that if any one was dissatisfied with our past proceedings, or intended progress, he might depatriate, and be allowed money to bear his charges. It was unanimously rejected, and resolved to proceed to Upnor.

We viewed, and Hogarth made a drawing of the castle, and Scott of some shipping riding near it (vide Drawing the 3d). The castle is not very large, but strong, garrisoned with twenty-four men, and the like number of guns, though no more than eight are mounted. I went and bought cockles of an old blind man and woman, who were in a little cock-boat on the river. We made a hurry-scurry dinner at the Smack at the ten-gun battery, and had a battle-royal with sticks, pebbles, and hog's dung. In this fight Tothall was the greatest sufferer, and his cloaths carried the marks of his disgrace. Some time this occasioned much laughter, and we marched on to the bird's-nest battery; and, keeping the river and shipping still in view, passed over the hills, and came to Hoo churchyard, where, on a wooden rail over a grave, is an epitaph, supposed to be wrote by a maid-servant on her master, which, being something extraordinary, I shall here transcribe verbatim:

And. wHen. he. Died. you. plainLy. see.
Hee. freely. gave. al. to. Sara. passa. Wee.
And. in. Doing. so. if. DoTh. prevail.
that. Iou. him. can. Well. beaTow. this Rayel.
On. Year. I. sarved. him. it. is. well. None.
BuT. Thanka. beto. God. it. is. al. my. One.

* * * * * *

At four we left Hoo and an agreeable widow landlady, who had buried four husbands. As we travelled along this charming country, the weather was exceeding pleasant, and Scott (according to custom) made us laugh by attempting to prove, a man might go over but not through the world; and, for example, pointed to the earth, and asked us to go through that element. Our fixed opinion was, that his argument had less weight than his coat-pockets, which were, by some of the company, filled with pebble-stones, unperceived by him, and he carried them some time; but at last discovering the trick, and being thereby in a condition to knock down all opposition to his argument, we acquiesced.

At five we took a view of Stoke Church, and passed through the church-yard, but saw nothing worth observation till we came to a farm-house not far distant; where, on an elm-tree at the door was placed a high pole, with a board that moved with the wind, painted in form of a cock, over which was a fane weather-cock, and above that a shuttle-cock. This variety of cocks afforded much speculation.

At North-street, a little village we passed through, we all agreed to quarrel; and being near a well of water full to the brim, we dealt about that ammunition for some time, till the cloaths and courage of the combatants were sufficiently cooled; and then, all pleased, travelled on to the town of Stock, and took up our quarters at the Nag's Head.

At six, whilst supper was getting ready, we walked out to take a view of the low countries thereabouts; and, on an adjacent plain, another sharp engagement happened, in which Tothall and Scott both suffered, by their cloaths being daubed with soft cow-dung.

At seven we returned back and cleaned ourselves; supped, and adjourned to the door; drank punch, stood and sat for our pictures drawn by Hogarth, for which see Drawing the 3d. Night coming on, we drew cuts who should lie single, there being but three beds, and no night-caps. The lot fell to Tothall, and he had the satisfaction of lying alone.

At ten went to bed, and had much laughter at Scott and I being forced to lie together. They threw the stocking, fought perukes, and did a great many pretty tricks in a horn, and then left us. At eleven we arose again, without a candle, and dressed ourselves, our sheets being very damp; then went to bed again in our cloaths, and slept till three.

Monday at three, awaked and cursed our day; our eyes, lips, and hands, being tormented and swelled by the biting of gnats. Notwithstanding this, the God of Sleep being powerful, we soon forgot our miseries, and submitted to be bound fast again in his

leaden chains, in which condition we remained till six; then arose, had our shoes cleaned, were shaved, and had our wigs flowered, by a fisherman in his boots and shock hair, without coat or waistcoat, vide Drawing the 4th. We had milk and toast for breakfast, paid our reckoning, and set out for Sheerness at eight.

We passed down Stock Marshes, being directed to keep the road-way, which being heavy walking (much rain having fallen the preceding night) I prevailed on the company to follow me over a style, which led along the beach by a creek side, imagining it as near and a better way; but was deceived, and led the company about two miles astray; but getting into the right road, we soon entered the Isle of Grain, (so called from its fruitfulness, as I conjecture,) and near the church there, we stopped at the Chequer ale-house, kept by Goody Hubbard, who entertained us with salt pork, bread, butter, and buns, and good malt liquor. Here Scott left and lost his penknife, value five shillings. We expected to have got a boat here to carry us over to Sheerness; but the ferry-man did not care to go, and another person we would have employed for that purpose sent us word, that the wind blew too hard. But our landlady put us into a method by which we might possibly get a passage; and that was, to go down the marshes towards the salt-houses, and endeavour to hail the ships in ordinary, and by that means get one of their boats. We accordingly went down to the shore, which was covered with variety of shells, and accidentally espied a little boat coming on our side the water below us, which Thornhill and Tothall went down to meet, and brought up to us, and with some difficulty took us in (the manner of our embarking is delineated in the 5th drawing); and we set sail for Sheerness. The sea ran high the wind blowing hard at S.W. and by S. In our passage we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the guns fired from the fort and the men of war, and about twelve we landed. We traversed the fort, went round the lines, saw all the fortifications and batteries, and had a delightful prospect of the sea and the island of Sheppy. Scott was laughed at for smelling to the touch-holes of some of the guns lately discharged; and so was Hogarth, for sitting down to cut his toe-nails in the garrison. At one we set out for Queenborough, to which place we walked along the beach, which the spray flew over in many places. Thornhill fell down, and slightly hurt his leg; yet we all perambulated merrily, and arrived at Queenborough about two.

The town is but one street, situate on the east side of a creek, called after the town's name, and branching out of the Medway near the town. The street is clean and well paved (for a more exact description see the 6th drawing), and answers the description I have had of a Spanish town, viz. there is no sign of any trade, nor were many human creatures to be seen at our first arrival. The church is low and ill built: among many tomb-stones there are but few epitaphs worth noting, and the most material I take to be the following one, viz.

Henry Knight Master of a Shipp to Greenland and Herpooner 24 Voyages

In Greenland I whales Sea horses Bears did Slay
Though Now my Body is Intombe in Clay

The town-house or clock-house (as it is called) stands in the middle of the street, supported by four piers, which form four arches, and (it being holiday) was decorated with a flag, in which is delineated the arms of the corporation. We took up our quarters at the Red Lion (which the people call the Swans) fronting the river, and met with a civil, prating landlady; but she being unprovided with beds, we applied to a merry woman at a private house, who furnished us with what we wanted. We then took another walk up the town, had a view of the inside of the church, and a conference with the grave-digger, who informed us of the state of the corporation. Among other things we were told, that the mayor is a custom-house officer, and the parson a sad dog. We found, to our sorrow, that although the town has two market-days, yet there was not one piece of fresh meat of any sort, nor any poultry or fish, except lobsters, to be got; with which, and some eggs and bacon, we made our supper.

We walked up the hill behind the town, to a well of very good water; over which (we were informed) a palace formerly stood, built by King Edward the Third for his Queen Philippa. Whilst we were at the well, two sailors came and drew a bucket of water to drink, and told us, that they and four more, belonging to the Rose man of war, were obliged the day before to attend one of their midshipmen, a son of General S——, in a yawl up the creek, and run the vessel ashore, where the midshipman left them, (without any sustenance, but a few cockles, or one penny of money to buy any,) and went to Sheerness, and was not yet returned, and they half-starved.

We gave the fellows six-pence, who were very thankful, and ran towards the town to buy victuals for themselves and their companions, who lay asleep at some distance. We going to view their boat that stuck fast in the mud, one of the sailors returned hastily, and kindly offered us some cockles; this seemed an act of so much gratitude that we followed the fellows into the town, and gave them another sixpence; and they fetched their companions, and all refreshed themselves, and were very thankful and merry.

About seven we passed through the town, and saw and conversed with several pretty women, which we did not expect, not having seen any at our arrival, and returned to our quarters. We got a wooden chair, and placed Hogarth in it in the street, where he made the Drawing No. 6, and gathered a great many men, women, and children, about him, to see his performance. Having finished his drawing, we again walked up town, and at the mayor's door saw all the sailors before mentioned, who informed me, (with "your worship" at every word) that the midshipman was lately returned from Sheerness, and had been up the creek to see how the boat lay; and coming back, had met a sailor in company with a woman whom the midshipman wanted to be free with, and the sailor opposed, insisting she was his wife, and hindered him from being rude; which the midshipman resenting, was gone to the mayor to redress his grievance. We thought this a very odd affair, but did not stay to see the result of it.

About nine we returned to our quarters, drank to our friends as usual, and emptied several cans of good flip, and all sung merrily; but were quite put out of countenance by some Harwich men, who came with lobsters, and were drinking in the next room. They sung several sea-songs so agreeably, that our St. John could not come in competition, nor could Pishoken save us from disgrace; so that after finishing the evening as pleasantly as possible, we went out of the house the back-way to our lodgings, at near eleven.

When we came there, our landlady had provided a bed for Scott in the garret, which made him grumble, and us laugh: this provoked him so far, that he absolutely refused to lie there; and Tothall, out of pure good-nature, offered him his bed at the house we came from, and that he would lie in the garret. This Scott accepted, and went away; and Tothall going up stairs, found he was to lie on a flock bed, without curtains; so came down again immediately, and went after Scott, at which we were very merry, and slept upon it till six in the morning.

Tuesday morning, at six, Hogarth called me up, and told me, the good woman insisted on being paid for her bed, or having Scott before the mayor; which last we did all in our power to promote, but to no effect; so coming to the public-house where Scott and Tothall lay, we found the doors open (a thing common in this town,) and nobody up. However, Hogarth soon roused them; and then Scott related another distress he had the last night, viz. when he left us, and was going to bed, he perceived something stir under the bed-cloaths, which he (collecting all his courage) was resolved to feel; at which something cried out, (seemingly affrighted,) and scared him out of his wits; but, resuming courage enough to inquire into the nature of affairs, he found it to be a little boy of the house, who had mistook the bed. This relation, according to custom, made us very merry, and Tothall provided some breakfast; after which we left the Swans, and went up town, where our shirts were sent to be washed; but not having time to dry, we took them wet, and had them dried and ironed at the next town.

About ten we quitted Queenborough: the morning was delightful, the country very pleasant, through which we passed very agreeably up to Minster, a little village on the highest part of the island. We laboured hard to climb the hill to the church-yard, it being very steep. We saw there, on a wooden rail over the grave, the following epitaph in verse:

Here Interr'd George Anderson Doth Lye
By fallen on an Anchor he did Dye
In Sheerness Yard on Good Friday
ye 6th of April, I do say
All you that Read my Allegy: Be alwaies
Ready for to Dye—Aged 42 Years

Our landlord at the George procured us a key of the church, which we entered, and saw there the monuments of Lord Cheyne, of a Spanish Ambassador, and of the Lord Shorland. Scott made a drawing of the Ambassador, (vide Drawing the 7th,) and Hogarth of Lord Shorland (see Drawing the 8th). The legend of the last being remarkable, I shall relate it with all its circumstances. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this lord having been to visit a friend on this island, and passing by this church in his way home to Shorland, about two miles off, he saw a concourse of people gathered together in the church-yard; and

inquiring the reason, was informed, that the parson who stood by there, refused to bury the corpse brought for that purpose, because there was no money to pay the burial fees. His lordship, being extremely moved at the parson, ordered the people to throw him into the grave, and bury him quick; which they accordingly did, and he died. My lord went home; and there reflecting on what he had done, and fearing to forfeit his life for the offence, he wrote a petition, setting forth the nature of his offence; and hearing the queen was on board one of the ships at the Nore, (to which place she came to take a view of her fleet designed to oppose the Spanish armada,) he took a horse, and rode directly into the sea, and swam to the Nore, above three miles off, and coming to the ship's side, begged to see her majesty; who came immediately, and he presented his petition. The queen received, read, and granted it; and he, without quitting his horse, swam back again to the island; and coming on the shore met an old woman, who told him, that though the horse had then saved his life, he would be the cause of his death. His lordship fearing (and in order to prevent) the accomplishment of the old woman's prophecy, alighted from his horse, drew his sword and killed him, and left him there; and his carcass was, by the force of the sea, thrown some little way on the land.

Some years after this, my lord, walking with some of his friends near the sea-side, espied the skull and some other bones of the horse lying there, and relating the foregoing account, happened to kick the skull and hurt one of his toes, which mortified and killed him; and he lies in Minster Church, and a monument is erected over his grave, on which he is figured with a horse's head (supposed to be in the waves) placed by him. (Vide Drawing the 8th.) This story is so firmly believed in that parish, that a horse's head, finely gilt, is placed as a weather-cock on the church steeple, and the figure of a horse is struck upon the spindle above that weather-cock, and the church is commonly called the Horse Church. We were so well satisfied of the people's belief that all they told us was true, that we did not dare to declare our disbelief of one tittle of the story.

We dined at the George, staid till four, then left Minster, and walked to Sheerness; hired a small vessel, (vulgarly called a bomb-boat,) and about five set sail for Gravesend.

The wind blew a fresh gale at E. and by S. Scott grew very sea-sick, and did what was natural in such cases. Soon after, Hogarth grew sick, and was consequently uneasy, which was augmented by our stopping; and Tothall going on board Captain Robinson, in one of the custom-house sloops, riding in Holy Haven, who furnished him with some milk punch, and us with some fire to light our pipes, which was greatly wanted.

It rained hard all the voyage. We saw several porpoises rolling in pursuit of their prey; and one in particular was got so near shore, that we thought he must remain there; but he deceived our expectation, and got off again.

About seven, our sick passengers being recovered, we sailed merrily, and sung St. John, Pishoken, and several other songs and tunes ourselves, and our cockswain entertained us with several sailors' songs; but our notes were soon changed by our vessel running on, and sticking fast in, the Blye sand, though we were almost in the middle of the channel. It was the tide of ebb, and within about an hour of flood, which gave us some concern, believing we should be forced to continue there some time, and bear the beating of the wind and waves; yet, by the industry of our mariners, and the skilful assistance of Tothall, we got off again in a little time (though with some difficulty); and the wind proving favourable, we arrived safe at Gravesend about ten.

We supped, and drank good wine, and thought our adventures and extraordinary mirth ended, but found otherwise: for a great coat Scott had borrowed for this journey, and left at Gravesend, and travelled without it, we found, on our arrival here, could not be found. This, though grief to him, was sport to us; and he soon got the better of his uneasiness, and grew as merry as we. Thus we continued till pretty late, and then went to bed.

Wednesday, at eight, we arose, breakfasted, and walked about the town. At ten went into a boat we had hired, with a truss of clean straw, a bottle of good wine, pipes, tobacco, and a match. The wind was favourable at S.E. and a mackerel gale. Our passage was very pleasant to all till we came into Eriff Reach, when Scott, being without his great coat, (for the reason above-mentioned,) taking a drawing of some shipping, a flurry of wind caused our vessel to ship a sea, which washed him from head to foot, and nobody else. He, greatly surprised, got up, and drawing the foretail of his shirt from out of his breeches,

(which were also well soused with salt water,) he held it in both hands opposed to the windward; and the sun shining warm, he was soon dry; and, recovering his surprise, joined with us in laughing at the accident.

We came merrily up the river; and quitting our boat at Billingsgate, got into a wherry that carried us through bridge, and landed at Somerset Water-gate; from whence we walked all together, and arrived at about two at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in the same good-humour we left it to set out on this very pleasant expedition.

I think I cannot better conclude than with taking notice, that not one of the company was unemployed; for Mr. Thornhill made the map, Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Scott the drawings, Mr. Tothall was our treasurer, which (though a place of the greatest trust) he faithfully discharged; and the foregoing Memoir was the work of

E. Forrest.

The veracity of this manuscript is attested by us,

Wm. Hogarth. Wm. Tothall.
Saml. Scott. Jno. Thornhill.

London, May 27, 1732. Accompt of Disbursements for Messieurs Hogarth and Co. viz.

	£.	s.	d.
To paid at the Dark-house, Billingsgate	0	0	8½
To paid for a pint of Geneva Hollands	0	1	0
To paid waterman to Gravesend	0	5	0
To paid barber ditto	0	0	10
To paid for breakfast at ditto	0	2	2
Carried up	0	9	8½

	£.	s.	d.
Brought up	0	9	8½
To paid for beer on the road to Rochester	0	0	9
To paid for shrimps at Chatham	0	0	9
To paid at the gunnery and dock	0	1	6
To paid bill at Rochester	1	7	3
28. To gave at Upnor for information	0	0	3
To paid at the Smack at ditto	0	4	3
To paid at Hoo	0	1	8
To paid at Stoke	0	11	6
29. To paid at Mother Hubbard's at Grain	0	3	0
To paid for passage over to Sheerness	0	2	10
To paid for lobsters at Queenborough	0	1	6
To paid for two pots of beer to treat the sexton	0	0	6
To paid for dinner, &c.	0	6	6
To charity gave the sailors	0	1	0
30. To paid for lodgings and maid	0	4	6
To paid for breakfast	0	2	6
To paid for washing shirts	0	1	8
To paid at Minster	0	9	2
To paid at Sheerness	0	1	3
To paid for a boat to Gravesend	0	7	0
31. To paid barber at ditto	0	1	2
To paid for sundry at ditto	1	0	3½
To paid for passage to Somerset House	0	5	6
	£ 6	6	0

Vouchers produced, examined, and allowed,
Per E. Forrest. Saml. Scott.
Wm. Hogarth. Jno. Thornhill.

The Rev. Mr. Gostling's version bore the same title and motto as the prose Tour, with this addition,—"Imitated in *Hudibrasticks*, by one well acquainted with some of the Travellers, and of the places here celebrated, with liberty of some additions." It is subjoined; viz.

MR. GOSTLING'S ACCOUNT OF HOGARTH'S TOUR.

'Twas first of morn on *Saturday*,
The seven-and-twentieth day of *May*,
When *Hogarth*, *Thornhill*, *Tothall*, *Scott*,
And *Forrest*, who this journal wrote,
From *Covent-Garden* took departure,
To see the world by land and water.
Our march we with a song begin:
Our hearts were light, our breeches thin.
We meet with nothing of adventure
Till *Billingsgate's Dark-house* we enter.
Where we diverted were, while baiting,
With ribaldry, not worth relating
(Quite suited to the dirty place);
But what most pleas'd us was his Grace
Of *Puddle Dock*, a porter grim,
Whose portrait *Hogarth*, in a whim,
Presented him in caricature,
He pasted on the cellar door.*
But hark! the Watchman cries "Past one!"
'Tis time that we on board were gone.
Clean straw we find laid for our bed,
A tilt for shelter over head.
The boat is soon got under sail,
Wind near S. E. a mack'rel gale,
Attended by a heavy rain;
We try to sleep, but try in vain,
So sing a song, and then begin
To feast on biscuit, beef, and gin.
At *Purfleet* find three men of war,
The *Dursley* galley, *Gibraltar*,

* This drawing unluckily has not been preserved.

And *Tartar* pink, and of this last
The pilot begg'd of us a cast
To *Gravesend*, which he greatly wanted,
And readily by us was granted.
The grateful man, to make amends,
Told how the officers and friends
Of *England* were by *Spaniards* treated,
And shameful instances repeated.
While he these insults was deploring,
Hogarth, like Premier, fell to snoring,
But waking cry'd, "I dream'd"—and then
Fell fast asleep, and snor'd again.
The morn clear'd up, and after five
At port of *Gravesend* we arrive,
But found it hard to get on shore,
His boat a young son of a whore
Had fix'd just at our landing-place,
And swore we should not o'er it pass;
But, spite of all the rascal's tricks,
We made a shift to land by six,
And up to Mrs. *Bramble's* go
[A house that we shall better know],
There get a barber for our wigs,
Wash hands and faces, stretch our legs,
Had toast and butter, and a pot
Of coffee (our third breakfast) got:
Then, paying what we had to pay,
For *Rochester* we took our way,
Viewing the new church as we went,
And th' unknown person's monument.
The beauteous prospects found us talk,
And shorten'd much our two hours walk,
Though by the way we did not fail
To stop and take three pots of ale,
And this enabled us by ten
At *Rochester* to drink again.
Now, Muse, assist, while I declare
(Like a true *English* traveller)
What vast variety we survey
In the short compass of one day.
We scarce had lost the sight of *Thames*,
When the fair *Medway's* winding streams,
And far-extending *Rochester*,
Before our longing eyes appear:
The Castle and Cathedral grace
One prospect, so we mend our pace;
Impatient for a nearer view,
But first must *Strood's* rough street trudge through,
And this our feet no short one find;
However, with a cheerful mind,
All difficulties we get o'er,
And soon are on the *Medway's* shore.
New objects here before us rise,
And more than satisfy our eyes.
The stately Bridge from side to side,
The roaring cataracts of the tide,
Deafen our ears, and charm our sight,
And terrify while they delight.
These we pass over to the Town,
And take our Quarters at *The Crown*,
To which the Castle is so near,
That we all in a hurry were
The grand remains on't to be viewing;
It is indeed a noble ruin,
Must have been very strong, but length
Of time has much impair'd its strength:
The lofty Tower as high or higher
Seems than the old Cathedral's spire;
Yet we determin'd were to gain
Its top, which cost some care and pain;
When there arriv'd, we found a well,
The depth of which I cannot tell;
Small holes cut in on every side
Some hold for hands and feet provide,
By which a little boy we saw
Go down, and bring up a jack-daw.
All round about us then we gaze,
Observing, not without amaze,
How towns here undistinguish'd join,
And one vast One to form combine.
Chatham with *Rochester* seems but one,
Unless we're shewn the boundary stone,
That and its yards contiguous lie
To pleasant *Brompton* standing high;
The Bridge across the raging flood
Which *Rochester* divides from *Strood*,
Extensive *Strood*, on t'other side,
To *Friendsbury* quite close ally'd,
The country round, and river fair,
Our prospects made beyond compare,
Which quite in raptures we admire;
Then down to face of earth retire.
Up the Street walking, first of all
We take a view of the Town-Hall.
Proceeding farther on, we spy
A house, design'd to catch the eye,
With front so rich, by plastick skill,
As made us for a while stand still:
Four huge Hobgoblins grace the wall,
Which we four Bas Relievo's call;
They the four Seasons represent,
At least were form'd for that intent.
Then *Watts's Hospital* we see
(No common curiosity);
Endow'd (as on the front appears)
In favour of poor travellers;
Six such it every night receives,
Supper and lodging *gratis* gives,
And to each man next morn does pay
A groat, to keep him on his way:
But the contagiously infected,
And rogues and proctors, are rejected.
It gave us too some entertainment
To find out what this bounteous man meant,
Yet were we not so highly feasted,
But that we back to dinner hasted.
By twelve again we reach *The Crown*,
But find our meat not yet laid down,
So (spite of "Gentlemen, d'ye call?")
On chairs quite fast asleep we fall,
And with clos'd eyes again survey
In dreams what we have seen to-day;
Till dinner's coming up, when we
As ready are as that can be.
If we describe it not, we're undone,
You'll scarce believe we came from *London*,
With due attention then prepare
Yourself to hear our bill of fare.

For our first course a dish there was
Of soles and flounders with crab-sauce,
A stuff'd and roast calf's-heart beside,
With 'purt'nance minc'd, and liver fry'd;
And for a second course, they put on
Green pease and roasted leg of mutton.
The cook was much commended for't;
Fresh was the beer, and sound the port;
So that *nem. con.* we all agree
(Whatever more we have to see)
From table we'll not rise till three.
Our shoes are clean'd, 'tis three o'clock,
Come let's away to *Chatham-Dock*;
We shan't get there till almost four,
To see't will take at least an hour;
Yet *Scott* and *Hogarth* needs must stop
At the Court-Hall to play *Scotch* hop.
To *Chatham* got, ourselves we treat
With Shrimps, which as we walk we eat,
For speed we take a round-about-
way, as we afterwards found out:
At length reach the King's yards and docks
Admire the ships there on the stocks,
The men of war afloat we view,
Find means to get aboard of two;*
But here I must not be prolix,
For we went home again at six,
There smoak'd our pipes, and drank our wine,
And comfortably sat till nine,
Then, with our travels much improv'd,
To our respective beds we mov'd.
Sunday at seven we rub our eyes,
But are too lazy yet to rise,
Hogarth and *Thornhill* tell their dreams,
And, reasoning deeply on those themes,
After much learned speculation,
Quite suitable to the occasion,
Left off as wise as they begun,
Which made for us in bed good fun.
But by and by, when up we got,
Sam Scott was missing, "Where's *Sam Scott?*"
"Oh! here he comes. Well! whence come you
"Why from the bridge, taking a view
Of something that did highly please me,
But people passing by would teaze me
With 'Do you work on *Sundays*, friend?'
So that I could not make an end."
At this we laugh'd, for 'twas our will
Like men of taste that day to kill.
So after breakfast we thought good
To cross the bridge again to *Strood*:
Thence eastward we resolve to go,
And through the Hundred march of *Hoo*,
Wash'd on the north side by the *Thames*,
And on the south by *Medway's* streams,
Which to each other here incline,
Till at the *Nore* in one they join.
Before we *Frindsbury* could gain,
There fell a heavy shower of rain,
When crafty *Scott* a shelter found
Under a hedge upon the ground,

* *The Royal Sovereign* and *Marlborough*.

There of his friends a joke he made,
But rose most woefully bewray'd;
How against him the laugh was turn'd,
And he the vile disaster mourn'd!
We work, all hands, to make him clean,
And fitter to be *fitly* seen.
But, while we scrap'd his back and side,
All on a sudden, out he cried,
"I've lost my cambrick handkercher,
'Twas lent me by my wife so dear:
What I shall do I can't devise,
I've nothing left to wipe my eyes."
At last the handkerchief was found,
To his great comfort, safe and sound,
He's now recover'd and alive;
So in high spirits all arrive
At *Frindsbury*, fam'd for prospects fair,
But we much more diverted were
With what the parish church did grace,
"A list of some who lov'd the place,
In memory of their good actions,
And gratitude for their benefactions.
Witnes our hands—*Will. Gibbons*, Vicar—"
And no one else.—This made us snicker:
At length, with countenances serious,
We all agreed it was mysterious,
Not guessing that the reason might
Be, the Churchwardens could not write.
At ten, in council it was mov'd,
Whoe'er was tir'd, or disapprov'd
Of our proceedings, might go back,
And cash to bear his charges take.
With indignation this was heard:
Each was for all events prepar'd.
So all with one consent agreed
To *Upnor-Castle* to proceed,
And at the sutler's there we din'd
On such coarse fare as we could find.
The Castle was not large, but strong,
And seems to be of standing long.
Twenty-four men its garrison,
And just for every man a gun;
Eight guns were mounted, eight men active,
The rest were rated non-effective.
Here an old couple, who had brought
Some cockles in their boat, besought
That one of us would buy a few,
For they were very fresh and new.
I did so, and 'twas charity;
He was quite blind, and half blind she.
Now growing frolicksome and gay,
Like boys, we after dinner play,
But, as the scene lay in a fort,
Something like war must be our sport:
Sticks, stones, and hogs-dung were our weapons,
And, as in such frays oft it happens,
Poor *Tothall's* cloaths here went to pot,
So that he could not laugh at *Scott*.
From hence all conquerors we go
To visit the church-yard at *Hoo*.
At *Hoo* we found an Epitaph,
Which made us (as 'twill make you) laugh:
A servant maid, turn'd poetaster,
Wrote it in honour of her master;

I therefore give you (and I hope you
Will like it well) a *Vera Copia*:
"And . wHen . he . Died . You plainly . see
Hee . freely . gave . al . to . Sara . passaWee.
And . in . Doing . so . it DoTh . prevail .
that . Ion . him . can . well . bes . Tow . this Rayez.
On . Year . I served . him . it is well . none .
BuT Thanks . beto . God . it . is . all my . One."

* * * * *

Long at one place we must not stay,
'Tis almost four, let's haste away.
But here's a sign; 'tis rash, we think,
To leave the place before we drink.
We meet with liquor to our mind,
Our hostess complaisant and kind:
She was a widow, who, we found,
Had (as the phrase is) been shod round,
That is, had buried husbands four,
And had no want of charms for more;
Yet her we leave, and, as we go,
Scott bravely undertook to show
That through the world we could not pass,
How thin soe'er our breeches was;
"'Tis true, indeed, we may go round,
But through"—then pointed to the ground.
So well he manag'd the debate,
We own'd he was a man of weight:
And so indeed he was this once,
His pockets we had fill'd with stones.
But here we'd serv'd ourselves a trick,
Of which he might have made us sick:
We'd furnish'd him with ammunition
Fit to knock down all opposition;
And, knowing well his warmth of temper,
Out of his reach began to scamper,
Till, growing cooler, he pretends
His passion feign'd, so all are friends.
Our danger now becomes a joke,
And peaceably we go to *Stoke*.
About the church we nothing can see
To strike or entertain our fancy:
But near a farm, or an elm tree,
A long pole fix'd upright we see,
And tow'rd the top of it was plac'd
A weathercock, quite in high taste,
Which all of us, ere we go further,
Pronounce of the Composite order.
First, on a board turn'd by the wind,
A painter had a cock design'd,
A common weathercock was above it,
This turn'd too as the wind did move it;
Then on the spindle's point so small
A shuttlecock stuck o'ertopp'd them all.
This triple alliance gave occasion
To much improving speculation.
Alas! we ne'er know when we are well,
So at *Northfleet* again must quarrel;
But fought not here with sticks and stones
(For those, you know, might break our bones)
A well just by, full to the brim,
Did fitter for our purpose seem;
So furiously we went to dashing,
Till our coats wanted no more washing;
But this our heat and courage cooling,
'Twas soon high time to leave such fooling,
To *The Nag's Head* we therefore hie,
To drink, and to be turn'd adry.
At six, while supper was preparing,
And we about the marsh-lands staring,
Our two game cocks, *Tothall* and *Scott*,
To battling once again were got:
But here no weapons could they find,
Save what the cows dropp'd from behind;
With these they pelted, till we fancy
Their cloaths look'd something like a tansy.
At seven we all come home again,
Tothall and *Scott* their garments clean;
Supper we get, and, when that's o'er,
A tiff of punch drink at the door;
Then, as the beds were only three,
Draw cuts who shall so lucky be
As here to sleep without a chum;
To *Tothall's* share the prize did come;
Hogarth and *Thornhill*, *Scott* and I,
In pairs, like man and wife, must lie.
Then mighty frolicksome they grow,
At *Scott* and me the stocking throw,
Fight with their wigs, in which perhaps
They sleep, for here we found no caps.
Up at eleven again we get,
Our sheets were so confounded wet;
We dress, and lie down in our cloaths;
Monday, at three, awak'd and rose,
And of the cursed gnats complain,
Yet make a shift to sleep again.
Till six o'clock we quiet lay,
And then got out for the whole day;
To fetch a barber out we send:
Stripp'd, and in boots, he does attend,
For he's a fisherman by trade;
Tann'd was his face, shock was his head;
He flowers our wigs and trims our faces,
And the top barber of the place is.
The cloth is for our breakfast spread,
A bowl of milk and toasted bread
Are brought, of which while *Forrest* eats,
To draw our pictures *Hogarth* sits;
Thornhill is in the barber's hands,
Shaving himself *Will Tothall* stands;
While *Scott* is in a corner sitting,
And an unfinish'd piece completing.
Our reckoning about eight we pay,
And take for Isle of *Grease* our way;
To keep the road we were directed,
But, as 'twas bad, this rule neglected;
A tempting path over a stile
Led us astray above a mile;
Yet the right road at last we gain,
And joy to find ourselves at *Grease*;
Where my Dame *Husbands*, at *The Chequer*,
Refresh'd us with some good malt liquor;
Into her larder then she runs,
Brings out salt pork, butter, and buns,
And coarse black bread, but that's no matter,
'Twill fortify us for the water.
Here *Scott* so carefully laid down
His penknife which had cost a crown,

That all in vain we sought to find it,
And, for his comfort, say, "Ne'er mind it;"
For to *Sheerness* we now must go:
To this the ferryman says, "No."
We to another man repair'd:
He too says, "No—it blows too hard."
But, while we study how to get there,
In spite of this tempestuous weather,
Our landlady a scheme propos'd,
With which we fortunately clos'd,
Was to the shore to go, and try
To hail the ships in ordinary,
So we might get, for no great matter,
A boat to take us o'er the water.
We haste, and soon the shore we tread,
With various kinds of shells bespread,
And in a little time we spy'd
A boat approaching on our side;
The man to take us in agreed,
But that was difficult indeed,
Till, holding in each hand an oar,
He made a sort of bridge to shore,
O'er which on hands and knees we crawl,
And so get safe on board the yawl.
In little time we seated were,
And now to *Shepey's* coast draw near;
When suddenly, with loud report,
The cannons roar from ships and fort,
And, like tall fellows, we impute
To our approach this grand salute.
But soon, alas! our pride was humbled,
And from this fancy'd height we tumbled,
On recollecting that the day
The nine and twentieth was of *May*.
The firing had not long been ended,
Before at *Sheerness* we were landed,
Where on the battery while we walk,
And of the charming prospect talk,
Scott from us in a hurry runs,
And, getting to the new-fir'd guns,
Unto their touch-holes clapp'd his nose;
Hogarth sits down, and trims his toes;
These whims when we had made our sport,
Our turn we finish round the fort,
And are at one for *Queenborough* going:
Bleak was the walk, the wind fierce blowing,
And driving o'er our heads the spray;
On loose beach stones, our pebbly way,
But *Thornhill* only got a fall,
Which hurt him little, if at all:
So merrily along we go,
And reach that famous town by two.
Queenborough consists of one short street,
Broad, and well-pav'd, and very neat;
Nothing like dirt offends the eye,
Scarce any people could we spy:
The town-house, for the better show.
Is mounted on a portico
Of piers and arches, number four,
And crown'd at top with a clock tower;
But all this did not reach so high
As a flag-staff, that stood just by,
On which a standard huge was flying
(The borough's arms, the king's supplying)
Which on high festivals they display
To do the honours of the day.
As for salutes, excus'd they are,
Because they have no cannon there.
To the church-yard we first repair,
And hunt for choice inscriptions there.
Search stones and rails, till almost weary all,
In hopes to find something material.
When one at last, of pyebald style
(Though grave the subject) made us smile:
Telling us first, in humble prose,
"That *Henry Knight* doth here repose,
A *Greenland* Trader twice twelve year,
As master and as harpooner:"
Then, in as humble verse, we read
(As by himself in person said)
"In *Greenland* I whales, sea-horse, and bears did slay
Though now my body is intombed in clay."
The house at which we were to quarter
Is call'd *The Swans*; this rais'd our laughter,
Because the sign is *The Red Lion*,
So strange a blunder we cry "Fie on!"
But, going in, all neat we see
And clean; so was our landlady:
With great civility she told us,
She had not beds enough to hold us,
But a good neighbour had just by,
Where some of us perhaps might lie.
She sends to ask. The merry dame
Away to us directly came,
Quite ready our desires to grant,
And furnish us with what we want.
Back to the church again we go,
Which is but small, ill built, and low,
View'd the inside, but still we see
Nothing of curiosity,
Unless we suffer the grave-digger
In this our work to make a figure,
Whom just beside us now we have,
Employ'd in opening of a grave.
A prating spark indeed he was,
Knew all the scandal of the place,
And often rested from his labours,
To give the history of his neighbours;
Told who was who, and what was what,
Till on him we bestow'd a pot.
(For he forgot not, you may think,
"Masters, I hope you'll make me drink!")
At this his scurrilous tongue run faster,
Till "a sad dog" he call'd his master.
Told us the worshipful the Mayor
Was but a custom-house officer,
Still rattling on till we departed,
Not only with his tales diverted,
But so much wisdom we had got,
We treated him with t'other pot.
Return we now to the town-hall,
That, like the borough, is but small,
Under its portico's a space,
Which you may call the market-place,
Just big enough to hold the stocks,
And one, if not two, butchers' blocks,
Emblems of plenty and excess,
Though you can no where meet with less:

For though 'tis call'd a market-town
(As they are not asham'd to own)
Yet we saw neither butcher's meat,
Nor fish, nor fowl, nor aught to eat.
Once in seven years, they say, there's plenty,
When strangers come to represent ye.
Hard at *The Swans* had been our fare,
But that some *Harwich* men were there,
Who lately had some lobsters taken,
With which, and eke some eggs and bacon,
Our bellies we design to fill;
But first will clamber up the hill,
A most delightful spot of ground,
O'erlooking all the country round;
On which there formerly has been
The palace of *Philippa*, queen
To the third *Edward*, as they tell,
Now nought remains on't but a well:
But 'tis from hence, says common fame,
The borough gets its royal name.
Two sailors at this well we meet,
And do each other kindly greet:
"What brings you here, my lads?" cry we.
"Thirst, please your honours, as you see;
For (adds the spokesman) we are here
Waiting for our young officer,
A mid hipman on board *The Rose*,
(For General *S*——'s son he goes)
We and our messmates, six in all,
Yesterday brought him in our yawl,
And when, as we had been commanded,
Quite safe and dry we had him landed,
By running of her fast aground
At tide of ebb, he quickly found
That he might go and see *Sheerness*,
So here he left us pennyless,
To feast on *Queenborough* air and water,
Or starve, to him 'tis no great matter;
While he among his friends at ease is,
And will return just when he pleases;
Perhaps he may come back to-day;
If not, he knows that we must stay."
So one of us gave him a tester,
When both cried out, "God bless you, master!"
Then ran to rouse their sleeping fellows,
To share their fortune at the alehouse.
Hence to the creek-side, one and all,
We go to see *The Rose's* yawl,
And found her bedded in the mud,
Immovable till tide of flood.
The sailors here had cockles got,
Which gratefully to us they brought,
'Twas all with which they could regale us;
This t' other sixpence sent to th' alehouse:
So merrily they went their way,
And we were no less pleas'd than they.
At seven about the town we walk,
And with some pretty damsels talk,
Beautiful nymphs indeed, I ween,
Who came to see, and to be seen.
Then to our *Swans* returning, there
We borrow'd a great wooden chair,
And plac'd it in the open street,
Where, in much state did *Hogarth* sit
To draw the townhouse, church, and steeple,
Surrounded by a crowd of people;
Tag, rag, and bobtail, stood quite thick there,
And cry'd, "What a sweet pretty picture!"
This was not finish'd long before
We saw, about the Mayor's fore-door,
Our honest sailors in a throng:
We call'd one of them from among
The rest, to tell us the occasion;
Of which he gave us this relation:
"Our midshipman is just come back,
And chanc'd to meet or overtake
A sailor walking with a woman
(May be she's honest, may be common):
He thought her handsome, so his honour
Would needs be very sweet upon her:
But this the seaman would not suf-
-fer, and this put him in a huff.
'Lubber, avast,' says sturdy *John*,
'Avast, I say, let her alone;
You shall not board her, she's my wife.
Sheer off, Sir, if you love your life:
I've a great mind your back to lick;'
And up he held his oaken stick.
"Our midship hero this did scare:
I'll swear the peace before the Mayor,"
Says he, so to the Mayor's they trudge:
How such a case by such a judge
Determin'd was I cannot say,
We thought it not worth while to stay:
For it strikes nine, "How th' evening spends
"Come, let us drink to all our friends
A chearful glass, and eat a bit."
So to our supper down we sit,
When something merry check'd our mirth:
The *Harwich* men had got a birth
Closely adjoining to our room,
And were to spend their evening come:
The wall was thin, and they so near,
That all they say, or sing, we hear.
We sung our songs, we crack'd our jokes,
Their emulation this provokes;
And they perform'd so joyously,
As distanc'd hollow all our glee;
So (were it not a bull) I'd say,
This night they fairly won the day.
Now plenteously we drink of flip,
In hopes we shall the better sleep;
Some rest the long day's work requires;
Scott to his lodging first retires;
His landlady is waiting for him,
And to his chamber walks before him;
In her fair hand a light she bears,
And shows him up the garret-stairs;
Away comes he greatly affronted,
And his disgrace to us recounted,
This makes us game, we roast him for it,
"*Scott's* too high-minded for a garret."
But *Tothall* more humanely said,
"Come, *Scott*, be easy, take my bed,
And to your garret I will go."
(This great good-nature sure did show)
There finding nought him to entertain
But a flock-bed without a curtain.

He too in haste came back, and got
Away to share his bed with *Scott*,
And at eleven each goes to nest,
Till *Tuesday* morn to take his rest.
At six comes *Hogarth*, "Rise, Sirs, rise,"
Says he, with roguery in his eyes,
"*Scott's* landlady is below stairs;
And roundly the good woman swears,
That for his lodging he shall pay,
(Where his tir'd bones he scorn'd to lay)
Or he should go before the Mayor."
She's in the right on't, we declare,
For this would cut the matter short,
(At least 'twould make us special sport);
But here she balk'd us, and, no doubt,
Had wit enough to find us out.
Our mark thus miss'd, we kindly go
To see how he and *Tothall* do.
We find the doors all open were,
(It seems that's not unusual here)
They're very well, but *Scott* last night
Had been in a most dreadful fright:
"When to his room he got," he said,
"And just was stepping into bed,
He thought he saw the bed-cloaths stir.
So back he flew in mortal fear;
But, taking heart of grace, he try'd
To feel what 'twas, when out it cry'd;
Again he starts, but to his joy
It prov'd a little harmless boy,
Who by mistake had thither crept,
And soundly (till he wak'd him) slept.
So from his fears recover'd quite,
He got to sleep, and slept all night."
We laugh at this, and he laughs too,
For, pray, what better could he do?
At ten we leave our *Lion-Swans*,
And to the higher lands advance,
Call on our laundress by the way,
For the led shirts left yesterday
To wash; "She's sorry, they're not yet
Quite dry!"—"Why then we'll take them wet;
They'll dry and iron'd be, we hope,
At *Minster*, where we next shall stop."
The way was good, the weather fair,
The prospects most delightful were.
To *Minster* got, with labour hard
We climb'd the hill to the church-yard,
But, when arriv'd there, did not fail
To read some verses on a rail
Well worth transcribing, we agree,
Whether you think so, you may see.
"Here interr'd *George Anderson* doth lye,
By fallen on an anchor he did dye
In *Sheerness* yard on *Good Friday*
The 6th of *April*, I do say,
All you that read my allegy be alwaies
Ready for to dye—aged 42 years."
Of monuments that here they shew
Within the church, we drew but two;
One an ambassador of *Spain's*,
T'other Lord *Shorland's* dust contains,
Of whom they have a wondrous story,
Which (as they tell) I'll lay before ye.

* The Lord of *Shorland*, on a day,
Chancing to take a ride this way,
About a corpse observ'd a crowd,
Against their priest complaining loud,
That he would not the service say
Till somebody his fees should pay
On this his lordship too did rave,
And threw the priest into the grave,
"Make haste and fill it up," said he,
"We'll bury both without a fee."
But when got home, and cool, reflecting
On the strange part he had been acting,
He drew a state up of the case,
Humbly petitioning for grace,
And to the sea gallop'd away,
Where, at that time, a frigate lay,
With Queen *Elizabeth* on board,
When (strange to tell!) this hare-brain'd Lord
On horseback swam to the ship's side,
And there to see the Queen apply'd.
His case she reads; her royal breast
Is mov'd to grant him his request.
His pardon thankfully he takes,
And, swimming still, to land he makes:
But on his riding up the beach,
He an old woman met, a witch:
"This horse, which now your life doth save,"
Says she, "will bring you to the grave."
"You'll prove a liar," says my lord,
"You ugly hag!" and with his sword
(Acting a most ungrateful part)
His panting steed stabb'd to the heart.
It happen'd, after many a day,
That with some friends he stroll'd that way,
And this strange story, as they walk,
Became the subject of their talk:
When, "There the carcase lies," he cry'd,
"Upon the beach by the sea side."
As 'twas not far, he led them to't,
And kick'd the skull up with his foot,
When a sharp bone pierc'd through his shoe,
And wounded grievously his toe,
Which mortify'd; so he was kill'd,
And the hag's prophecy fulfill'd.
See there his cross-legg'd figure laid,
And near his feet the horse's head!
The tomb† is of too old a fashion
To tally well with this narration;
But of the truth we would not doubt,
Nor put our *Cicerone* out:

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* This story is quoted by Mr. *Grose* in his Antiquities, Vol. II. art. *Minster Monastery*. "The legend," says Mr. *Grose*, "has, by a worthy friend of mine, been hitched into doggrel rhyme. It would be paying the reader but a bad compliment to attempt seriously to examine the credibility of the story."

† A cross-legg'd figure in armour, with a shield over his left arm, like that of a Knight Templar, said to represent Sir *Robert de Shurland*, who by *Edward* I. was created a Knight banneret for his gallant behaviour at the siege of *Carlaveroch* in *Scotland*. He lies under a *Gothic* arch in the south wall, having an armed page at his feet, and on his right side the head of a horse emerging out of the waves of the sea, as in the action of swimming.—Grose.

Monument in Minster Church to Lord Shorland.

Of whom they have a wondrous story,
Which (as they tell) I'll lay before ye. *Gotling.*

It gives a moral hint at least,
That gratitude's due to a beast.
So far it's good, whoever made it,
And that it may not fail of credit,
A horsehead vane adorns the steeple,
And it's *Horse-church* call'd by the people.
Our shirts dry'd at *The George* we get,
We dine there, and till four we sit;
And now in earnest think of home;
So to *Sheerness* again we come,
Where for a bum-boat we agree,
And about five put off to sea.
We presently were under sail,
The tide our friend, south-east the gale,
Quite wind enough, and some to spare,
But we to that accustom'd were.
When we had now got past *The Nore*,
And lost the sight of *Shepey's* shore,
The ebbing tide of *Thames* we met,
The wind against it fiercely set;
This made a short and tumbling sea,
And finely toss'd indeed were we.
The porpoises in stormy weather
Are often seen in shoals together.
About us while they roll and play,
One in his gambols miss'd his way,
And threw himself so far on shore,
We thought he would get off no more;
But with great struggling, and some pain,
He did, and went to play again.
On this we moralising say,
"How thoughtless is the love of play!"
When we ourselves with sorrow find
Our pleasures too with pain conjoin'd.
For troubles crowd upon us thick;
Our hero, *Scott*, grows very sick;
Poor *Hogarth* makes wry faces too
(Worse faces than he ever drew).
You'll guess what were the consequences,
Not overpleasing to our senses;
And this misfortune was augmented
By Master *Tothall's* being acquainted
With the commander of a sloop,
At *Holy Haven* near *The Hope*.
"There's Captain *Robinson*," says he,
"A friend, whom I must call and see."
Up the ship's side he nimbly goes,
While we lie overwhelm'd with woes,
Sick, and of winds and waves the sport,
But then he made his visit short,
And when a sup of punch he'd got,
Some lighted match to us he brought.

A sovereign cordial this, no doubt,
To men whose pipes had long been out.
By seven o'clock our sick recover,
And all are glad this trouble's over.
Now jovially we sail along,
Our cockswain giving song for song.
But soon our notes are chang'd; we found
Our boat was on *Bly-sand* aground,
Just in the middle of the river;
Here *Tothall* shew'd himself quite clever:
And, knowing we must else abide
Till lifted by the flowing tide,
Work'd without skippers, till the boat
Was once more happily afloat.
We all applaud his care and skill,
So do the boatmen his good-will.
Ere long the tide made upward, so
With that before the wind we go,
And, disembarking about ten,
Our *Gravesend* quarters reach again.
Here Madam, smiling, comes to tell
How glad she is to see us well:
This kind reception we commended,
And now thought all our troubles ended;
But, when for what we want we call,
Something unlucky did befall.
When we our travels first began
Scott (who's a very prudent man)
Thought a great coat could do no harm,
And in the boat might keep him warm;
So far perhaps you think him right,
As we took water in the night:
But when from hence we took our way
On foot, the latter end of *May*,
He, quite as reasonably, thought
'Twould be too heavy or too hot;
"I'll leave it here," says he, "and take
"It with me at our coming back."
And he most certainly design'd it,
But now the thing was, how to find it?
We told him he had been mistaken,
And did without his hostess reckon.
To him it was no jest; he swore,
He left it there three days before.
"This Mrs. *Bramble* can't deny."
"Sir, we shall find it by and by:"
So out she goes, and rends her throat
With "*Moll*, go find the gem'man's coat."
The house *Moll* searches round and round,
At last, with much ado, 'twas found—
'Twas found, that, to the owner's cost,
Or *Scott's*, the borrow'd coat was lost.
"Coat lost!" says he, stamping and staring.
Then stood like dumb, then fell to swearing:
He curs'd the ill-concluding ramble,
He curs'd *Gravesend* and mother *Bramble*.
But, while his rage he thus express'd,
And we his anger made our jest,
Till wrath had almost got the upper-
-hand of his reason, in came supper;
To this at once his stomach turn'd,
No longer it with fury burn'd,
But hunger took the place of rage,
And a good meal did both assuage.

He eat and drank, he drank and eat,
The wine commended, and the meat;
So we did all, and sat so late,
That *Wednesday* morn we lay till eight.
Tobacco then, and wine provide,
Enough to serve us for this tide.
Get breakfast, and our reckoning pay,
And next prepare for *London* hey;
So, hiring to ourselves a wherry,
We put off, all alive and merry.
The tide was strong, fair was the wind,
Gravesend is soon left far behind,
Under the tilt on straw we lay,
Observing what a charming day,
There stretch'd at ease we smoke and drink,
Londoners like, and now we think
Our cross adventures all are past,
And that at *Gravesend* was the last:
But cruel Fate to that says no;
One yet shall Fortune find his foe.
While we (with various prospects cloy'd)
In clouds of smoke ourselves enjoy'd,
More diligent and curious, *Scott*
Into the forecastle had got,
And took his papers out, to draw
Some ships which right ahead he saw.
There sat he, on his work intent,
When, to increase our merriment,
So luckily we shipp'd a sea,
That he got sous'd, and only he.
This bringing to his mind a thought
How much he wanted his great coat,
Renew'd his anger and his grief;
He curs'd *Gravesend*, the coat, and thief;
And, still to heighten his regret,
His shirt was in his breeches wet:
He draws it out, and lets it fly,
Like a *French* ensign, till 'tis dry,
Then, creeping into shelter safe,
Joins with the company and laugh.
Nothing more happen'd worthy note:
At *Billingsgate* we change our boat,
And in another through bridge get,
By two, to Stairs of *Somerset*,
Welcome each other to the shore,
To *Covent Garden* walk once more,
And, as from *Bedford Arms* we started,
There wet our whistles ere we parted.
With pleasure I observe, none idle
Were in our travels, or employ'd ill.
Tothall, our treasurer, was just,
And worthily discharg'd his trust;
(We all sign'd his accounts as fair;)
Sam Scott and *Hogarth*, for their share,
The prospects of the sea and land did;
As *Thornhill* of our tour the plan did;
And *Forrest* wrote this true relation
Of our five days peregrination.
This to attest, our names we've wrote all,
Viz. *Thornhill*, *Hogarth*, *Scott*, and *Tothall*.

THE END.

The Diet of Augsburgh Commemoration Medal.

To the Editor.

Sir,—This engraving is from a silver medal, of the same size, which commemorates two events—The first is that of the date of June 1530, which is called the Confession of Augsburgh, to settle the religious disputes, in a Diet, or Assembly of Princes between the Lutherans and the Catholics—The second relates to the celebration of the Centenary of the Diet.

The inscription "Johannes" on the side of the medal dated 1530, is for John Elector of Saxony. The inscription "Joh. Geor." on the side dated 1630, is for the Elector John George III. The escutcheon with swords saltierwise, accompanying their arms, denotes the dignity of Grand Marshal of the Empire.

The medal is in the possession of John Burrell Vaux, Esq. of Thetford, in Norfolk, who obligingly lent it to me, with permission to have a drawing taken from it for any purpose I pleased, together with a memorandum accompanying it, to the preceding effect. As a friend to the composure of differences, I deemed it suitable to the peaceful columns of the *Table Book;* and I shall be happy if so striking a memorial, and the events it refers to, receive further illustration from other correspondents.

I am, &c.

H. B.

[By a mistake of the engraver, the present is the only engraving in the present sheet of the *Table Book*.—Editor.]

HIGHLAND EMIGRATION.

Son of the Gaël, how many a wierie change
The wing of time has brought across thy hills!
How many a deed uncouth, and custom strange,
The lofty spirit of thy fathers chills!
The usage of thy foes thy region fills,
And low thy head is bowed their hand beneath,
And driven by innumerable ills,
Thy olden race is gone from hill and heath,
To live a homeless life, and die a stranger's death.

The preceding stanza is the first in the poem entitled "The Last Deer of Beann Doran." On the last two lines its author Mr. James Hay Allan, appends a note as follows:—

In consequence of the enormous advance of rents, and the system of throwing the small crofts into extensive sheep-farms, the

Highlands have been so depopulated in the last seventy-seven years,* that the inhabitants do not now amount to above one-third of their number at the commencement of that period. An instance of this melancholy fact is very striking in Glen Urcha: in 1745 the east half only of the straith from Dalmallie to Strone sent out a hundred fighting men: at the present day there are not in the same space above thirty. This proportion of decrease is general. During the last twenty years fifteen hundred persons have gone from Argyleshire; three thousand from Inverness; the same number from Ross and Caithness; and five thousand from Sutherland. The desertions have been equal in the isles. Pennant, speaking of the inhabitants of Skie, says: "Migrations and depression of spirit, the last a common cause of depopulation, have since the year 1750 reduced the number from fifteen thousand to between twelve and thirteen: one thousand having crossed the Atlantic; others, sunk beneath poverty, or in despair, ceased to obey the first great command, Increase and multiply." These observations were written in 1774; so that the depopulation which is mentioned, took place in twenty-four years.

It is impossible to paint the first departings of a people who held the memory of their ancestors, and the love of their soil, a part of their soul. Unacquainted with any mechanical art, and unable to obtain for their overflowing numbers an agricultural or pastoral employment in their own country, they were obliged to abandon their native land, and seek an asylum in the unpeopled deserts of the western world. The departing inhabitants of each straith and hamlet gathered into bands, and marched out of their glens with the piper playing before them the death lament, "Cha pill! cha pill! cha pill me tulle!"—"Never! never! never shall I return!" Upon the spot where they were to lose sight of their native place, and part from those who were to remain behind, they threw themselves upon the ground in an agony of despair, embracing the earth, moistening the heather with their tears, and clinging with hopeless anguish to the necks and plaids of the friends whom they were to see no more. When the hour of separation was past, they went forth upon the world a lonely, sad, expatriated race, rent from all which bound them to the earth, and lost amid the tide of mankind: none mixed with them in character, none blended with them in sympathy. They were left in their simplicity to struggle with fraud, ignorance, and distress, a divided people set apart to misfortune.

* Mr. Allan's poems, the "Bridal of Caölchairn," the "Last Deer of Beann Doran," &c. were published by Carpenter, Bond-street, in 1822.

In the third stanza of the poem on "Beann Doran," its author says,

> There was a time—alas! full long ago,
> Wide forests waved upon thy mountains' side.

On these lines Mr. Allan remarks as follows:—

Almost every district of the Highlands bears the trace of the vast forests with which at no very distant period the hills and heaths were covered: some have decayed with age, but large tracts were purposely destroyed in the latter end of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century. On the south side of Beann Nevis a large pine forest, which extended from the western braes of Lochabar to the black water and the mosses of Ranach, was burned to expel the wolves. In the neighbourhood of Loch Sloi a tract of woods, nearly twenty miles in extent, was consumed for the same purpose; and at a later period a considerable part of the forests adjoining to Lochiel was laid waste by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, in their attempts to subdue the Clan Cameron. Nothing of late years has tended more to the destruction of the small woods than the pasturage of sheep. Wherever these animals have access to a copse-wood which has been cut down, they entirely stunt its growth, and sometimes destroy it altogether, by continually eating off the young shoots as soon as they appear. A considerable quantity of the yet remaining woods is also too frequently sacrificed to the avarice of the proprietors. On the west bank of Loch Catrine, near the Trossachs, a ground which ought now to have been as sacred as the vale of Tempe, a beautiful copse-wood has been cut and sold within a recent period; and there appears in its place only the desolate side of a naked heather hill. It is not above sixty years since Glen Urcha has been divested of a superb forest of firs some miles in extent. The timber was bought by a company of Irish adventurers, who paid at the rate of sixpence a tree for such as would now have been valued at five guineas. After having felled the whole of the forest,

the purchasers became bankrupt, and dispersed: the overseer of the workmen was hanged at Inverara, for assassinating one of his men. The laird never received the purchase of his timber, and a considerable number of the trees were left upon the spot where they fell, or by the shores of Loch Awe, where they were carried for conveyance, and gradually consumed by the action of the weather. Those mosses where the ancient forests formerly stood, are overspread with the short stocks of trees still standing where they grew. Age has reduced them almost to the core, and the rains and decay of the earth have cleared them of the soil: yet their wasted stumps, and the fangs of their roots, retain their original shape, and stand amid the hollows, the realization of the skeletons of trees in the romance of Leonora. Abundance of these remains of an older world are to be seen in Glen Urcha and its neighbourhood. In Corrai Fhuar, Glen Phinglass, and Glen Eitive, they are met at every step. In the first, a few living firs are yet thriving; but they are surrounded on every side by the shattered stumps, fallen trunks, and blasted limbs of a departed forest.

It is difficult to conceive the sad emotions which are excited by this picture of an aged existence falling without notice, and consuming in the deepest solitude and silence: on every side lie different stages of decay, from the mouldered and barkless stock, half overgrown with grass and moss, to the overturned tree, yet bearing on its crashed limbs the withered leaves of its last summer. In Glen Phinglass there is no longer any living timber; but the remains of that which it once produced are of greater magnitude than those in Corrai Fhuar. In this tract the trees were chiefly oak; firs were, however, intermixed among them, and in the upper part of the glen is the stump of one six feet in diameter. At intervals are stocks of oak from five to seven or eight feet in height; they are all of a great size and age: some are still covered with bark, and yet bear a few stunted shoots; but many are so old, that the mossy earth has grown on one side to their top, and the heath has begun to tuft them over like ivy. In Glen Eitive the remains are less obliterated: many of the scathed and knotted stumps yet bear a thin head of wreathed and dwarfish boughs, and in some places trunks of immense oaks, straight as a mast, yet lie at the foot of the stump from which they were snapped. I know not how to describe the feelings with which I have gazed upon these relics of the ancient forests which once covered the hills, and looked up to the little feathery copse-wood which is all that now remains upon the side of the mountain. What must be the soul of that man who can look upon the change without a thought? who hears the taunts of the stranger revile the nakedness of his land, and who can stand upon his hill and stretch his eye for an hundred miles over the traces of gigantic woods, and say, "This is mine;" and yet ask not the neglected earth for its produce, nor strive to revive the perished glory of his country, and which to be reanimated needs but to be sought?

The success of those who have possessed this patriotism *ought* to be a source of emulation, and *is* a monument of reproach to those who do not follow their example. The princely avenues of Inverara, the beautiful woods of Glengarrie, the plantations of Duntroon, and the groves of Athol, must excite in a stranger, admiration; in a native, pride and gratitude—pride in the produce of his country, and gratitude to the noble possessors who have preserved and cherished that which every Scottish proprietor ought to support, the honour and the interest of his fathers' land.

Mr. Allan's elegant poem is a "lament" on the desertion of the Highlands by its ancient inhabitants. He says:—

Full often in the valleys still and lone,
The *ruins of deserted huts* appear.
And here and there grown o'er for many a year,
Half-hidden ridges in the heath are seen,
Where once the delving plough and waving corn had
been.

In a note on this stanza, Mr. Allan eloquently depicts the depopulated districts, viz.:—

Upon the narrow banks of lonely streams, amid the solitude of waste moors, in the bosom of desolate glens, and on the eminences of hills given to the foxes and the sheep, are seen the half-mouldered walls of ruined huts, and the mossy furrows of abandoned fields, which tell the existence of a people once numerous and rich. In these melancholy traces of desolation are sometimes seen the remains of eight or twelve houses bereft of their roofs, and mouldering into a promiscuous heap. Upon one farm in the straith of Glen Urcha there were "sixty years since" thirty-seven "smokes;" at this day they are all extinguished, except four. A less extensive

but more striking instance of this falling away of the people will still farther illustrate the lines in the poem. I was one evening passing up a solitary glen between Glen Phinglass and Loch Bhoile; the day was fast closing, and wearied with hunting, and at a distance from the inhabited straiths, I wished to discover some house where I might obtain refreshment. As I turned the shoulder of the hill, I came upon a small level plain where four glens met. In the midst stood two cottages, and I hastened forward in the hopes of obtaining a stoup of milk and a barley scone. As I drew near I remarked that no smoke issued from the chimney, no cattle stood in the straith, nor was there any sign of the little green kale yard, which is now found in the precincts of a highland cottage. I was something discouraged by the quiet and desolation which reigned around; but knowing the solitude and poverty of the shepherds of the outward bounds, I was not surprised. At length, however, as I drew near, I saw the heath growing in the walls of the huts, the doors were removed, and the apertures of the windows had fallen into chasms. As I stopped and looked round, I observed a level space which had been once a field: it was yet green and smooth, and the grass-grown ridges of long-neglected furrows were perceivable, retiring beneath the encroaching heather. Familiarity with such objects prevented surprise and almost reflection; but hunger and weariness reminded me not to linger, and I pursued my way towards Loch Bhoile. As I turned into the north-west glen, I again discovered before me a small house by the side of the burn, and the compactitude of its walls and the freshness of its grey roof as the setting sun glinted upon its ridge, assured me that it was not deserted. I hastened onward, but again I was deceived. When I came near, I found that although it had not been so long uninhabited, it was forsaken like the rest: the small wooden windows were half-closed; the door stood open, and moss had crept upon the sill; the roof was grown over with a thick and high crop of long-withered grass: a few half-burnt peats lay in a corner of the hearth, and the smoke of its last fire was yet hanging on the walls. In the narrow sandy path near the door was a worn space, which yet seemed smoothened by the tread of little feet, and showed the half-deranged remains of children's play-houses built with pebbles and fragments of broken china: the row of stepping-stones yet stood as they had been placed in the brook, but no foot-mark was upon them, and it was doubtless many a day since they had been crossed, save by the foxes of the hill.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXIII.

[From the "True Trojans, or Fuimus Troes," an Historical Play, Author unknown, 1633.]

Invocation of the Druids to the Gods of Britain, on the invasion of Cæsar.

Draw near, ye Heav'nly Powers,
Who dwell in starry bowers;
And ye, who in the deep
On mossy pillows sleep;
And ye who keep the centre,
Where never light did enter;
And ye whose habitations
Are still among the nations,
To see and hear our doings,
Our births, our wars, our wooings;
Behold our present grief:
Belief doth beg relief.

By the vervain and lunary,
By fern seed planetary,
By the dreadful misletoe
Which doth on holy oak grow,
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

Help us beset with danger,
And turn away your anger;
Help us begirt with trouble,
And now your mercy double;
Help us opprest with sorrow
And fight for us to-morrow.
Let fire consume the foeman,
Let air infest the Roman,
Let seas intomb their fury,
Let gaping earth them bury,
Let fire, and air, and water,
And earth conspire their slaughter.

By the vervain, &c.

We'll praise then your great power,
Each month, each day, each hour,
And blaze in lasting story
Your honour and your glory.
High altars lost in vapour,
Young heifers free from labour,
White lambs for suck still crying,
Shall make your music dying,
The boys and girls around,
With honey suckles crown'd;
The bards with harp and rhiming
Green bays their brows entwining,
Sweet tune and sweeter ditty,
Shall chaunt your gracious pity.

By the vervain, &c.

Another, to the Moon.

Thou Queen of Heav'n, Commandress of the deep,
Lady of lakes, Regent of woods and deer;
A Lamp, dispelling irksome night; the Source
Of generable moisture; at whose feet
Wait twenty thousand Naiades!—thy crescent
Brute elephants adore, and man doth feel
Thy force run through the zodiac of his limbs.
O thou first Guide of Brutus to this isle,
Drive back these proud usurpers from this isle.
Whether the name of Cynthia's silver globe,
Or chaste Diana with a gilded quiver.
Or dread Proserpina, stern Dis's spouse,
Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throes,
Doth thee delight: rise with a glorious face.
Green drops of Nereus trickling down thy cheeks,
And with bright horns united in full orb
Toss high the seas, with billows beat the banks,
Conjure up Neptune, and th' Æolian slaves,
Protract both night and winter in a storm,
That Romans lose their way, and sooner land
At sad Avernus' than at Albion's strand.
So may'st thou shun the Dragon's head and tail!
So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed!
So may the fair game fall before thy bow!—
Shed light on us, but light'ning on our foe.

[From the "Twins," a Comedy, by W. Rider, A. M. 1655.]

Irresolution.

I am a heavy stone,
Rolled up a hill by a weak child: I move
A little up, and tumble back again.

Resolution for Innocence.

My noble mind has not yet lost all shame.
I will desist. My love, that will not serve me
As a true subject, I'll conquer as an enemy.
O Fame, I will not add another spot
To thy pure robe. I'll keep my ermine honour
Pure and alive in death; and with my end
I'll end my sin and shame: like Charicles,
Who living to a hundred years of age
Free from the least disease, fearing a sickness,
To kill it killed himself, and made his death
The period of his health.

[From "Sir Giles Goosecap," a Comedy, Author Unknown, 1606.]

Friendship in a Lord; modesty in a Gentleman.

Clarence, (to some musicians). Thanks, gentle friends;
Is your good lord, and mine, gone up to bed yet?

Momford. I do assure you not, Sir, not yet, nor yet, my deep and studious friend, not yet, musical Clarence.

Clar. My Lord—

Mom. Nor yet, thou sole divider of my Lordship.

Clar. That were a most unfit division,
And far above the pitch of my low plumes.
I am your bold and constant guest, my Lord.

Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long,
Almost these twenty years, and half those years
Hast been my bedfellow, long time before
This unseen thing, this thing of nought indeed,
Or atom, call'd *my Lordship*, shined in me;
And yet thou mak'st thyself as little bold
To take such kindness, as becomes the age
And truth of our indissoluble love,
As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday:
Such is thy gentle and too tender spirit.

Clar. My Lord, my want of courtship makes me fear
I should be rude; and this my mean estate
Meets with such envy and detraction,
Such misconstructions and resolv'd misdooms
Of my poor worth, that should I be advanced
Beyond my unseen lowness but one hair,
I should be torn in pieces by the spirits
That fly in ill-lung'd tempests thro' the world,
Tearing the head of virtue from her shoulders,
If she but look out of the ground of glory;
'Twixt whom, and me, and every worldly fortune,
There fights such sour and curst antipathy,
So waspish and so petulant a star,
That all things tending to my grace and good
Are ravish'd from their object, as I were
A thing created for a wilderness,
And must not think of any place with men.

[From the "English Monsieur," a Comedy by the Hon. James Howard, 1674.]

The humour of a conceited Traveller, who is taken with every thing that is French.

English Monsieur. Gentlemen, if you please, let us dine together.

Vaine. I know a cook's shop, has the best boiled and roast beef in town.

Eng. Mons. Sir, since you are a stranger to me, I only ask you what you mean; but, were you acquainted with me, I should take your greasy proposition as an affront to my palate.

Vaine. Sir, I only meant, by the consent of this company, to dine well together.

Eng. Mons. Do you call dining well, to eat out of a French house.

Vaine. Sir, I understand you as little as you do beef.

Eng. Mons. Why then, to interpret my meaning plainly, if ever you make me such offer again, expect to hear from me next morning—

Vaine. What, that you would not dine with me—

Eng. Mons. No, Sir; that I will fight with you. In short, Sir, I can only tell you, that I had once a dispute with a certain person in this kind, who defended the

English way of eating; whereupon I sent him a challenge, as any man that has been in France would have done. We fought; I killed him: and whereabouts do you think I hit him?

Vaine. I warrant you, in the small guts—

Eng. Mons. I ran him through his mistaken palate; which made me think the hand of justice guided my sword.

* * * * *

Eng. Mons. Madam, leading your Ladyship, puts me in mind of France.

Lady. Why, Sir?

Eng. Mons. Because you lead so like French ladies.

Lady. Sir, why look you so earnestly on the ground?

Eng. Mons. I'll lay a hundred pounds, here has been three English ladies walking up before us.

Crafty. How can you tell, Sir?

Eng. Mons. By being in France.

Crafty. What a devil can he mean?

Eng. Mons. I have often in France observed in gardens, when the company used to walk after a small shower of rain, the impression of the French ladies' feet. I have seen such *bon mien* in their footsteps, that the King of France's *Maitre de Daunce* could not have found fault with any one tread amongst them all. In this walk I find the toes of the English ladies ready to tread one upon another.

* * * * *

Vaine. Monsieur Frenchlove, well met—

Eng. Mons. I cannot say the like to you, Sir, since I'm told you've done a damn'd English trick.

Vaine. In what?

Eng. Mons. In finding fault with a pair of tops I wore yesterday; and, upon my *parol*, I never had a pair sat better in my life. My leg look'd in 'em not at all like an English leg.

Vaine. Sir, all that I said of your tops was, that they made such a rushing noise as you walk'd, that my mistress could not hear one word of the love I made to her.

Eng. Mons. Sir, I cannot help that; for I shall justify my tops in the noise they were guilty of, since 'twas *Alamode* of France. Can you say 'twas an English noise.

Vaine. I can say, though your tops were made in France, they made a noise in England.

Eng. Mons. But still, Sir, 'twas a French noise—

Vaine. But cannot a French noise hinder a man from hearing?

Eng. Mons. No, certainly, that's a demonstration; for, look you, Sir, a French noise is agreeable to the air, and therefore not unagreeable, and therefore not prejudicial, to the hearing; that is to say, to a person that has seen the world.

The Monsieur comforts himself, when his mistress rejects him, that "'twas a denial with a French tone of voice, so that 'twas agreeable:" and, at her final departure, "Do you see, Sir, how she leaves us? she walks away with a French step."

C. L.

THOU AND YOU, IN POETRY.

The promiscuous use of *thou* and *you* is a common error among all our poets, not the best or most accurate excepted.

The cause of this anomaly is not of difficult investigation. The second person singular not being colloquial with us, (for we never use it to our familiar friends like the French,) it at once elevates our language above the level of common discourse—a most essential object to the poet, and therefore he readily adopts it; but when it comes to govern a verb, the combination of *st* is so harsh that he as readily abandons it.

In Pope's Eloisa to Abelard, the singular pronoun is constantly used till verse 65:

"—Heaven listen'd while *you sung*;"

for *thou sungst* (without considering the rhyme) would have been intolerable.

In lines 107, 109, the verb *canst thou* has a good effect; as by lengthening the syllable by position it becomes more emphatic, and the harshness is amply compensated by the superior force of *canst thou* to *can you*. The fastidious critic therefore would do well, before he passes his sentence, to consider whether an inaccuracy, which is never discovered except it be sought after, is not fairly entitled to the favour Aristotle grants to those deviations from strict propriety which tend to heighten the interest of a poem.

This change however is absolutely indefensible when used for the sake of rhyme only. Many instances of this occur in the same poem; the most striking will be found in two succeeding couplets:

O come! O! teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce *my* love, my life, myself,—and *you*:
Fill my fond heart with God alone; for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to *thee*.

In some cases this change is strictly justifiable; as, when a person is addressed in a different style. For example, in Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda, when Siffredi discloses to Tancred that he is the king, he says,

Forgive me, sir! this trial of *your* heart.

For the respectful appellation *sir* demands the more colloquial term of address; but he immediately adds with animation,

Thou! thou! art he!

And so in Tancred's subsequent speech to Siffredi, he first says,

I think, my lord! *you* said the king intrusted
Us his will!—

but soon after adds, in a more impassioned tone,

> On this alone I will not bear dispute,
> Not even from *thee*, Siffredi!

The same distinction will, in general, be found in the speeches of Sigismunda to Tancred.*

HARVEST-CATCH IN NORFOLK.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Your *Every-Day Book* contains several interesting accounts relating to the present joyous season of the year. Amongst others, a correspondent G. H. J. (in vol. ii. col. 1168,) has furnished us with some amusing particulars of the old customs of the harvest supper. It should seem, however, that he is but imperfectly acquainted with the old "catch" of this country. That which he has given is evidently compounded of two different songs in use on these occasions, and I have no doubt when you have read and compared them you will be of my opinion. A few years more, and probably (but for your notice of them) they will be entirely forgotten.

The health-drinking catch, which is always the last thing before parting, is as follows:—

First the mistress:—

Now supper is over, and all things are past,
Here's our mistress's good health in a full flowing glass;
She is a good mistress, she provides us good cheer,
Here's our mistress's good health, boys—Come drink *half* your beer—
She is a good mistress, she provides us good cheer,
Here's our mistress's good health, boys—Come drink *off* your beer.

During the time the catch is going round the whole party are standing, and, with the exception of the drinker, they join in chorus. The glass circulates, beginning with the "Lord" in regular succession through the "company:" after that it is handed to the visitors,—the harvestmen of gone-by days,—who are not, or ought not to be, forgotten on the occasion. If the drinker be taken off his guard, and should drink off his beer at the pause in the catch, he is liable to a forfeit: if one of the chorus misplaces the words *half* and *off*, which not unfrequently happens at the heel of an evening, he incurs a similar penalty.

After the mistress the master:—

Here's health to our master, the lord of the feast,
God bless his endeavours, and give him increase,
And send him good crops, that we may meet another year.
Here's our master's good health, boys—Come drink *half* your beer.
God send him good crops, &c.—Come drink *off* your beer.

Where the beer flows very freely, and there is a family, it is sometimes usual to carry on the catch, through the different branches, with variations composed for the purpose, perhaps at the spur of the moment: some of these I have known very happily conceived. The other glee to which I alluded in the beginning of my letter, and which I conceive G. H. J. to have had in view, is this:—

Here's health unto our master, the founder of the feast,
God grant, whenever he shall die, his soul may go to rest,
And that all things may prosper whate'er he has in hand,
For we are all his servants, and are at his command;
So drink, boys, drink, and mind you do none spill,
For if you do
You shall drink two,
For 'tis our master's will!

If the foregoing be acceptable, it will be a satisfaction to have contributed a trifle to a miscellany, which has afforded a fund of instruction and amusement to

Your constant reader and admirer,

T. B. H.

Norfolk, August 20, 1827.

POTTED VENISON.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a fanciful discourse on "Sympathy," affirms, that the venison which is in July and August put into earthern pots, to last the whole year, is very difficult to be preserved during the space of those particular months which are called the fence-months; but that, when that period is passed, nothing is so easy as to keep it *gustful* (as he words it) during the whole year after. This he endeavours to find a cause for from the "sympathy" between the potted meat, and its friends and relations, courting and capering about in its native park.

* Pye.

For the Table Book.

THE DEFEAT OF TIME;

OR A

TALE OF THE FAIRIES.

TITANIA, and her moonlight Elves, were assembled under the canopy of a huge oak, that served to shelter them from the moon's radiance, which, being now at her full noon, shot forth intolerable rays—intolerable, I mean, to the subtil texture of their little shadowy bodies—but dispensing an agreeable coolness to us grosser mortals. An air of discomfort sate upon the Queen, and upon her Courtiers. Their tiny friskings and gambols were forgot; and even Robin Goodfellow, for the first time in his little airy life, looked grave. For the Queen had had melancholy forebodings of late, founded upon an ancient Prophecy, laid up in the records of Fairy Land, that the date of Fairy existence should be *then* extinct, when men should cease to believe in them. And she knew how that the race of the Nymphs, which were her predecessors, and had been the Guardians of the sacred floods, and of the silver fountains, and of the consecrated hills and woods, had utterly disappeared before the chilling touch of man's incredulity; and she sighed bitterly at the approaching fate of herself and of her subjects, which was dependent upon so fickle a lease, as the capricious and ever mutable faith of man. When, as if to realise her fears, a melancholy shape came gliding in, and *that* was—TIME, who with his intolerable scythe mows down Kings and Kingdoms; at whose dread approach the Fays huddled together, as a flock of timorous sheep, and the most courageous among them crept into acorn cups, not enduring the sight of that ancientest of Monarchs. Titania's first impulse was to wish the presence of her false Lord, King Oberon, who was far away, in the pursuit of a strange Beauty, a Fay of Indian Land—that with his good lance and sword, like a faithful knight and husband, he might defend her against TIME. But she soon checked that thought as vain, for what could the prowess of the mighty Oberon himself, albeit the stoutest Champion in Fairy Land, have availed against so huge a Giant, whose bald top touched the skies. So in the mildest tone she besought the Spectre, that in his mercy he would overlook, and pass by, her small subjects, as too diminutive and powerless to add any worthy trophy to his renown. And she besought him to employ his resistless strength against the ambitious Children of Men, and to lay waste their aspiring works, to tumble down their towers and turrets, and the Babels of their pride, fit objects of his devouring Scythe, but to spare her and her harmless race, who had no existence beyond a dream; frail objects of a creed; that lived but in the faith of the believer. And with her little arms, as well as she could, she grasped the stern knees of TIME, and waxing speechless with fear, she beckoned to her chief attendants, and Maids of Honour, to come forth from their hiding places, and to plead the Plea of the Fairies. And one of those small delicate creatures came forth at her bidding, clad all in white like a Chorister, and in a low melodious tone, not louder than the hum of a pretty bee—when it seems to be demurring whether it shall settle upon this sweet flower or that, before it settles—set forth her humble Petition. "We Fairies," she said, "are the most inoffensive race that live, and least deserving to perish. It is we that have the care of all sweet melodies, that no discords may offend the Sun, who is the great Soul of Music. We rouse the lark at morn; and the pretty Echos, which respond to all the twittering quire, are of our making. Wherefore, great King of Years, as ever you have loved the music which is raining from a morning cloud, sent from the messenger of day, the Lark, as he mounts to Heaven's gate, beyond the ken of mortals; or if ever you have listened with a charmed ear to the Night Bird, that

> in the flowery spring,
> Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring
> Of her sour sorrows, sweeten'd with her song:

spare our tender tribes; and we will muffle up the sheep-bell for thee, that thy pleasure take no interruption, whenever thou shall listen unto Philomel."

And TIME answered, that "he had heard that song too long; and he was even wearied with that ancient strain, that recorded the wrongs of Tereus. But if she would know in what music TIME delighted, it was, when sleep and darkness lay upon crowded cities, to hark to the midnight chime, which is tolling from a hundred clocks, like the last knell over the soul of a dead world; or to the crush of the fall of some age-worn edifice, which is as the voice of himself when he disparteth kingdoms."

A second female Fay took up the Plea, and said, "We be the handmaids of the Spring, and tend upon the birth of all sweet buds; and the pastoral cowslips are

our friends, and the pansies; and the violets, like nuns; and the quaking hare-bell is in our wardship; and the Hyacinth, once a fair youth, and dear to Phœbus."

Then TIME made answer, in his wrath striking the harmless ground with his hurtful scythe, that "they must not think that he was one that cared for flowers, except to see them wither, and to take her beauty from the rose."

And a third Fairy took up the Plea, and said, "We are kindly Things; and it is we that sit at evening, and shake rich odours from sweet bowers upon discoursing lovers, that seem to each other to be their own sighs; and we keep off the bat, and the owl, from their privacy, and the ill-boding whistler; and we flit in sweet dreams across the brains of infancy, and conjure up a smile upon its soft lips to beguile the careful mother, while its little soul is fled for a brief minute or two to sport with our youngest Fairies."

Then SATURN (which is TIME) made answer, that "they should not think that he delighted in tender Babes, that had devoured his own, till foolish Rhea cheated him with a Stone, which he swallowed, thinking it to be the infant Jupiter." And thereat in token he disclosed to view his enormous tooth, in which appeared monstrous dints, left by that unnatural meal; and his great throat, that seemed capable of devouring up the earth and all its inhabitants at one meal. "And for Lovers," he continued, "my delight is, with a hurrying hand to snatch them away from their love-meetings by stealth at nights, and to ravish away hours from them like minutes whilst they are together, and in absence to stand like a motionless statue, or their leaden Planet of mishap (whence I had my name), till I make their minutes seem ages."

Next stood up a male fairy, clad all in green, like a forester, or one of Robin Hood's mates, and doffing his tiny cap, said, "We are small foresters, that live in woods, training the young boughs in graceful intricacies, with blue snatches of the sky between; we frame all shady roofs and arches rude; and sometimes, when we are plying our tender hatches, men say, that the tapping woodpecker is nigh: and it is we that scoop the hollow cell of the squirrel; and carve quaint letters upon the rinds of trees, which in sylvan solitudes sweetly recall to the mind of the heat-oppressed swain, ere he lies down to slumber, the name of his Fair One, Dainty Aminta, Gentle Rosalind, or Chastest Laura, as it may happen."

SATURN, nothing moved with this courteous address, bade him be gone, or "if he would be a woodman, to go forth, and fell oak for the Fairies' coffins, which would forthwith be wanting. For himself, he took no delight in haunting the woods, till their golden plumage (the yellow leaves) were beginning to fall, and leave the brown black limbs bare, like Nature in her skeleton dress."

Then stood up one of those gentle Fairies, that are good to Man, and blushed red as any rose, while he told a modest story of one of his own good deeds. "It chanced upon a time," he said, "that while we were looking cowslips in the meads, while yet the dew was hanging on the buds, like beads, we found a babe left in its swathing clothes—a little sorrowful deserted Thing; begot of Love, but begetting no love in others; guiltless of shame, but doomed to shame for its parents' offence in bringing it by indirect courses into the world. It was pity to see the abandoned little orphan, left to the world's care by an unnatural mother, how the cold dew kept wetting its childish coats; and its little hair, how it was bedabbled, that was like gossamer. Its pouting mouth, unknowing how to speak, lay half opened like a rose-lipt shell, and its cheek was softer than any peach, upon which the tears, for very roundness, could not long dwell, but fell off, in clearness like pearls, some on the grass, and some on his little hand, and some haply wandered to the little dimpled well under his mouth, which Love himself seemed to have planned out, but less for tears than for smilings. Pity it was, too, to see how the burning sun scorched its helpless limbs, for it lay without shade, or shelter, or mother's breast, for foul weather or fair. So having compassion on its sad plight, my fellows and I turned ourselves into grasshoppers, and swarmed about the babe, making such shrill cries, as that pretty little chirping creature makes in its mirth, till with our noise we attracted the attention of a passing rustic, a tender-hearted hind, who wondering at our small but loud concert, strayed aside curiously, and found the babe, where it lay on the remote grass, and taking it up, lapt it in his russet coat, and bore it to his cottage, where his wife kindly nurtured it, till it grew up a goodly personage. How this Babe prospered afterwards, let proud London tell. This was that famous Sir Thomas Gresham, who was the chiefest of her Merchants, the richest, the wisest. Witness his many goodly vessels on the Thames,

freighted with costly merchandise, jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames, and silks of Samarcand. And witness more than all, that stately Bourse (or Exchange) which he caused to be built, a mart for merchants from East and West, whose graceful summit still bears, in token of the Fairies' favours, his chosen crest, the Grasshopper. And, like the Grasshopper, may it please you, great King, to suffer us also to live, partakers of the green earth!"

The Fairy had scarce ended his Plea, when a shrill cry, not unlike the Grasshopper's, was heard. Poor Puck — or Robin Goodfellow, as he is sometimes called—had recovered a little from his first fright, and in one of his mad freaks had perched upon the beard of old TIME, which was flowing, ample, and majestic, and was amusing himself with plucking at a hair, which was indeed so massy, that it seemed to him that he was removing some huge beam of timber rather than a hair; which TIME by some ill chance perceiving, snatched up the Impish Mischief with his great hand, and asked "What it was?"

"Alas!" quoth Puck, "A little random Elf am I, born in one of Nature's sports, a very weed, created for the simple sweet enjoyment of myself, but for no other purpose, worth, or need, that ever I could learn. 'Tis I, that bob the Angler's idle cork, till the patient man is ready to breathe a curse. I steal the morsel from the Gossip's fork, or stop the sneezing Chanter in mid Psalm; and when an infant has been born with hard or homely features, mothers say, that I changed the child at nurse; but to fulfil any graver purpose I have not wit enough, and hardly the will. I am a pinch of lively dust to frisk upon the wind, a tear would make a puddle of me, and so I tickle myself with the lightest straw, and shun all griefs that might make me stagnant. This is my small philosophy."

Then TIME, dropping him on the ground, as a thing too inconsiderable for his vengeance, grasped fast his mighty Scythe; and now not Puck alone, but the whole State of Fairies had gone to inevitable wreck and destruction, had not a timely Apparition interposed, at whose boldness TIME was astounded, for he came not with the habit, or the forces, of a Deity, who alone might cope with TIME, but as a simple Mortal, clad as you might see a Forester, that hunts after wild coneys by the cold moonshine; or a Stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold. But by the golden lustre in his eye, and the passionate wanness in his cheek, and by the fair and ample space of his forehood, which seemed a palace framed for the habitation of all glorious thoughts, he knew that this was his great Rival, who had power given him to rescue whatsoever victims TIME should clutch, and to cause them to live for ever in his immortal verse. And muttering the name of SHAKSPEARE, TIME spread his Roc-like wings, and fled the controuling presence. And the liberated Court of the Fairies, with Titania at their head, flocked around the gentle Ghost, giving him thanks, nodding to him, and doing him curtesies, who had crowned them henceforth with a permanent existence, to live in the minds of men, while verse shall have power to charm, or Midsummer moons shall brighten.

* * *

What particular endearments passed between the Fairies and their Poet, passes my pencil to delineate; but if you are curious to be informed, I must refer you, gentle reader, to the "Plea of the Fairies," a most agreeable Poem, lately put forth by my friend, Thomas Hood: of the first half of which the above is nothing but a meagre, and a harsh, prose-abstract. Farewell.

ELIA.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.

PARODIES ON HORACE

Mr. James Petit Andrews, the continuator of Dr. Henry's History of England, mentions a whimsical instance of literary caprice—a parody of Horace, by a German, David Hoppius, who had interest enough to have his book printed at Brunswick, in 1568, under the particular protection of the elector of Saxony. Hoppius, with infinite labour, transformed the odes and epodes of Horace into pious hymns, preserving the original measure, and, as far as possible, the words of the Roman poet. "The classical reader," Mr. Andrews says, "will, at one glance, comprehend the amazing difficulties which such a parodist must undergo, and will be surprised to find these productions not wanting in pure Latinity." A specimen or two are annexed.

Ad Pyrrham. Ode v. lib. 1.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? &c.

Ad Mariam Deiparam. Parodia v. lib. 1.

Quis fœno recubans, in gracili tenes
Innexus teneris te, pia, fasciis
Blandus, Virgo, puellus?
Cui primos adhibes cibos.
Dives munditiis? &c.

In Juliam Barinen. Ode viii. lib 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Tarpior unqui.
Crederem—Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura, &c.

Προσφωνησις Christi ad Peccatorem. Parodia ix. lib. 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Culpa, peccator, doluisset unquam
Mente, si tantum fieres vel unâ
Tristior hora
Plauderem—Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, ingemiscis
Ob scelus nunquam, scelerumque prodis
Publicus autor, &c.

In Bacchum. Ode xxiii. lib. 3.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quod agor in specus,
Velox mente novâ; quibus
Antris, egregie Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis, &c.

Ad Christum. Parodia xxiii. lib. 3.

Quo me, Christe, feram mali
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quos fugiam in specus,
Pressus mole gravi? Quibus
Antris ob maculam criminis occultar
Æternam meditans facem
Infernum effugere, et simplicium Stygis? &c.

A GENTLEMAN'S FASHION.

In the reign of Henry VII. sir Philip Calthrope, a Norfolk knight, sent as much cloth, of fine French tauney, as would make him a gown, to a tailor in Norwich. It happened one John Drakes, a shoemaker, coming into the shop, liked it so well, that he went and bought of the same as much for himself, enjoining the tailor to make it of the same fashion. The knight was informed of this, and therefore commanded the tailor to cut his gown as full of holes as his sheers could make. John Drakes's was made "of the same fashion," but he vowed he never would be of the *gentleman's* fashion again.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. VII.

In the present stage of the inquiry will be adduced examples of the knowledge of the ancients, respecting the essential principles that "uphold the world."

GRAVITY, ATTRACTION — THE LAW OF SQUARING THE DISTANCES—CENTRIPETAL AND CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

The moderns, who imagine that they were the first to discover universal gravitation, have only trod in the paths of the ancients. It is true, that they have demonstrated the laws of gravitation, but this is all.

Besides universal gravitation, the ancients knew that the circular motion described by the planets in their courses, is the result of two moving forces combined—a rectilinear and a perpendicular; which, united together, form a curve. They knew also why these two contrary forces retain the planets in their orbs; and explained themselves, as the moderns do, excepting only the terms of "centripetal" and "centrifugal;" instead of which, however, they used what was altogether equivalent.

They also knew the inequality of the course of the planets, ascribing it to the variety of their weights reciprocally considered, and of their proportional distances; or, which is the same thing, in more modern terms, they knew the "law of the inverse ratio of the square of the distance from the centre of the revolution."

Some have thought, that in Empedocles's system the foundation of Newton's was to be found; imagining, that under the name of "love," he intended to intimate a law, or power, which separated the parts of matter, in order to join itself to them, and to which nothing was wanting but the name of *attraction;* and that by the term "discord," he intended to describe another force, which obliged the same parts to recede from one another, and which Newton calls a repelling *force.*

The Pythagoreans and Platonics perceived the necessity of admitting the force of two powers, viz. projection and gravity, in order to account for the revolution of the planets. Timæus, speaking of the soul of the world, which animates all nature, says, that "God hath endowed it with two

powers, which, in combination, act according to certain numeric proportions."

Plato clearly asserts, that God had impressed upon the planets "a motion which was the most proper for them." This could be nothing else than that perpendicular motion, which has a tendency to the centre of the universe, that is, gravity; and what coincides with it, a lateral impulse, rendering the whole circular

Diogenes Laertius says, that at the beginning, the bodies of the universe were agitated tumultuously, and with a disorderly movement; but that God afterwards regulated their course, by laws natural and proportional.

Anaxagoras being asked what it was that retained the heavenly bodies in their orbit, notwithstanding their gravity, remarkably answered, that "the rapidity of their course preserved them in their stations; and that should the celerity of their motions abate, the equilibrium of the world being broken, the whole machine would fall to ruin."

Plutarch, who knew almost all the shining truths of astronomy, in explaining what it was that made bodies tend towards the earth, attributes it to "a reciprocal attraction, whereby all terrestrial bodies have this tendency, and which collects into one the parts constituting the sun and moon, and retains them in their spheres." He afterwards applies these particular phenomena to others more general; and, from what happens in our globe, deduces, according to the same principle, whatever must thence happen respectively in each celestial body; and then considers them in their relative connections one towards another. He illustrates this general relationship and connection, by instancing what happens to our moon in its revolution round the earth, comparing it to "a stone in a sling, which is impressed by two powers at once;" that of projection, which would carry it away, were it not retained by the embrace of the sling; which, like the central force, keeps it from wandering, whilst the combination of the two moves it in a circle. In another place, he speaks "of an inherent power in bodies, that is, in the earth, and other planets, of attracting to themselves whatever is within their reach." In these two passages, there is a plain reference to the centripetal force, which binds the planets to their proper, or common centres; and to the centrifugal, which makes them roll in circles at a distance.

The ancients, then, attribute to the celestial bodies a tendency towards one common centre, and a reciprocal attractive power. It appears also, that they knew, as well as the moderns, that the cause of gravitation, that attracted all things, did not reside solely in the centre of the earth. Their ideas were even more philosophic; for they taught, that "this power was diffused through every particle of the terrestrial globe, and compounded of the various energy residing in each."

It remains to inquire, whether they knew the law by which gravity acts upon the celestial bodies, that it was in an inverse proportion of their quantity of matter, and the square of their distance. Certainly they were not ignorant, that the planets in their courses observed a constant and invariable proportion; though some sought for it in the difference of the quantity of matter contained in the masses, of which the planets were composed; and others, in the difference of their distances. Lucretius, after Democritus and Aristotle, thought that "the gravity of bodies was in proportion to the quantity of matter of which they were composed." It is true, that the penetration and sagacity of a Newton, a Gregory, and a Maclaurin, were requisite to perceive and discover, in the few fragments of the ancients now remaining, the inverse law respecting the squares of the distances, a doctrine which Pythagoras had taught; but they acknowledge that it was contained in those writings; and they avail themselves of the authority of Pythagoras, to give weight to their system.

Plutarch, of all the philosophers who have spoken of Pythagoras, had a better opportunity of entering into the ideas of that great man, and has explained them better than any one besides. Pliny, Macrobius, and Censorinus, have also spoken of the harmony which Pythagoras observed to reign in the course of the planets; but Plutarch makes him say, that it is probable that the bodies of the planets, their distances, the intervals between their spheres, the celerity of their courses and revolutions, are not only proportionable among themselves, but to the whole of the universe. Dr. Gregory declares it to be evident, that Pythagoras understood, that the gravitation of the planets towards the sun was in a reciprocal ratio of their distance from that luminary; and that illustrious modern, followed herein by Maclaurin, makes that ancient philosopher speak thus:—

"A musical string, says Pythagoras, yields the very same tone with any other of twice its length, because the tension of

the latter, or the force whereby it is extended, is quadruple to that of the former; *and the gravity of one planet is quadruple to that of any other, which is at double the distance.* In general, to bring a musical string into unison with one of the same kind, shorter than itself, its tension ought to be increased in proportion as the square of its length exceeds that of the other; and *that the gravity of any planet may become equal to that of any other nearer the sun, it ought to be increased in proportion as the square of its distance exceeds that of the other.* If, therefore, we should suppose musical strings *stretched from the sun to each of the planets, it would be necessary,* in order to bring them all to unison, *to augment or diminish their tensions, in the very same proportion as would be requisite to render the planets themselves equal in gravity.* This, in all likelihood, gave foundation for the reports, that Pythagoras drew his doctrine of harmony from the spheres."*

Galileo duly honours Plato, by acknowledging that he is indebted to him for his first idea of the method of determining, how the different degrees of velocity ought to produce that uniformity of motion discernible in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. His account is, that "Plato being of opinion that no movable thing could pass from a state of rest to any determinate degree of velocity, so as perpetually and equably to remain in it, without first passing through all the inferior degrees of celerity or retardation; he thence concludes, that God, after having created the celestial bodies, determining to assign to each a particular degree of celerity, in which they should always move, impressed upon them, when he drew them from a state of rest, such a force as made them run through their assigned spaces, in that natural and direct way wherein we see the bodies around us pass from rest into motion, by a continual and successive acceleration. And he adds, that having brought them to that degree of motion, wherein he intended they should perpetually remain, he afterwards changed the perpendicular into a circulary direction, that being the only course that can preserve itself uniform, and make a body without ceasing keep at an equal distance from its proper centre."

This acknowledgment of Galileo is remarkable. It is a homage to antiquity from an inventive genius, who least of any, owes his eminence to the aid of the ancients. It is the disposition of noble minds to arrogate to themselves as little as possible any merit, but what they have the utmost claim to; and thus Galileo and Newton, the greatest of modern philosophers, set an example, which will never be imitated but by men of distinguished greatness.

* Gregorii Astronomiæ Elementa; and Maclaurin's Systems of the Philosophers, in a discourse prefixed to his philosophy of Newton, p. 32. Wallis, vol. iii. p. 138. and 160.

AVON MILL, WILTS.

The Gleaning or Leasing Cake.

To the Editor.

Sir,—It may not be deemed an intrusion to inform your readers, that when Avon Mill was devoted to the grinding of corn it was very centrally situated for the convenience of the poor gleaners. This mill, then kept by a family of the name of Tanner, (the sons were renowned swimmers,) had also much business with the neighbouring farmers and maltsters. At the time, dame Tanner, one of the best-hearted women then living, had a custom of her own, (perhaps to discharge the dictates of a good conscience for the double toll taken by the millers.) She made after the harvest-season a cake, somewhat after the manner of the Jews' passover cakes, given to their Gentile friends, which she called the "Gleaning cake," and gave it to every poor person that brought gleaned corn to be ground at the mill. A few years after her death the mill was purchased (I think a chancery suit was pending) for a clothing manufactory, (one pair of stones only being kept,) which it still remains. When the shearing machines were here first introduced to cut and dress cloth by water, detachments of troops were nightly stationed in the lanes and mill to prevent large bodies of the shearmen, then out of employ, from setting fire to the premises. At subsequent periods much business has been done here in the manufacture of superfine broadcloth, but owing to the fluctuation of trade Avon Mill has not generally done half the work of its water power.

A neighbouring mill, once also a great corn mill, at Christian Malford, but which is now a spacious edifice, has shared nearly the same fate and devotedness. The waterwheels being partly undershot on this beautiful river, the water in autumn is often insufficient to the demand; but when after heavy rains the floods are out, the meadows

present a sheet of blue expanse truly picturesque, and the bridges, by the depth and rapidity of the current near the mills, are nearly impassable. Many peasants returning home, and farmers riding from market, have by their adventure missed their way and been drowned.

A "pretty considerable number" of ghost stories are floating in the memories of the aged cottagers, of persons appearing after death on the Avon and its banks in this part of the country.

I am, sir,
Yours respectfully,
AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

T——n, T——e,
August 21, 1827.

SONG.

I long to forget thee! but every sweet scene
Reminds me too strongly of days that have been;
Where can I look round me, but something recalls
Our friendship, our love,—and my spirit enthralls?
Each nook of the mountain—each cot of the gill—
The rush of the river—the flow of the rill—
The trees of the forest—the gems of the lea—
All whisper of childhood, of virtue, and thee.

When in spring-time the violets and primroses bloom,
When in summer the wild thyme is wafting perfume;
When autumn is mellowly tinging the trees,
And in winter's cold blast when the mountain streams freeze;
When bright glows the sun-ray—when soft moon-light shines
On the aged church tower, and dark waving pines—
Each season shall tell of some ever-fled bliss,
Of the press of thine hand, or the balm of thy kiss.

Thou wert long the sole theme of my earliest lays,
And my wild harp's first breathings were all in thy praise;
When in fancy that wild harp I hung on the yew,
I thought not the fancy would e'er prove untrue.
I deem'd not the form that beside me reclin'd
In the haunt of the green-wood would e'er prove unkind—
Unkind to a heart that but liv'd for thy love,
And has pray'd for thy weal to the spirit above.

'Tis evening! the hues of the sun-set are fled—
A deep sombre mist o'er the valley is spread—
The tall cliffs are wrapp'd in the shades of the night,
And Dernebrook no longer is lapsing in light:
The burst of the morning the gloom shall dispel,
And a halo of glory gild valley and fell—
Yet a shade o'er my destiny ever will be,
And, Emma! that shade is—remembrance of thee!

T. Q. M.

TRASHING.

A BRIDAL CUSTOM IN YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor.

Morley, near Leeds, July 21, 1827.

Sir,—There is a custom prevalent in various parts of Yorkshire, which I do not remember to have seen noticed in the works of Strutt, Brand, Fosbroke, or any other learned writer upon such subjects. It is called "trashing," which signifies pelting people with old shoes on their return from church on the wedding-day. There were certain offences which subjected the parties formerly to this disagreeable liability; such as refusing to contribute to scholars' "potations," or other convivialities; but in process of time the reason of the thing became forgotten, and "trashing" was indiscriminately practised among the lower orders. Turf-sods or mud being substituted for lack of old shoes, and generally thrown in jest and good-humour rather than in anger or ill-will.

Although it is true that an old shoe is to this day called "a trash," yet it did not, certainly, give the name to the nuisance. To "trash" originally signified, to *clog*, incumber, or impede the progress of any one; (see Todd's Johnson;) and agreeably to this explanation we find the rope tied by sportsmen round the necks of fleet pointers to tire them well, and check their speed, is hereabouts universally called the "trash-cord," or dog trash. But why old shoes in particular were selected as the missiles most proper for impeding the progress of new married persons, it is now perhaps impossible to discover.

Yours respectfully,
N. S.

BILBOCQUET.

In 1585, Henry III. of France diverted himself, when passing through the streets of Paris, by playing with a "bilbocquet," a cup and ball. The dukes d'Epernon and de Joyeuse accompanied him in his childish frolic, which, by this example, became so general, that gentlemen, pages, lackeys, and all sorts of people, great and small, made the management of the "bilbocquet" a serious and perpetual study. The same king traversed his capital with a basket hanging by a girdle from his neck, out of which peeped the heads of half a dozen puppies.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

I.—Erasmus.

Erasmus, while a schoolboy, composed a panegyric on king Philip, (father of Charles V.,) on his coming out of Spain into Germany. His majesty took such notice of his early wit, that he honoured him with a yearly pension during his life.

King Henry VIII. of England wrote to him with his own hand, ordered him several very valuable presents, offered him a house and land, with six hundred florins a year, if he would reside in England.

Francis I., king of France, also wrote to him, offering him a bishopric, and one thousand florins a year, if he would live in France.

The emperor Charles V. offered him a bishopric in Sicily, made him one of his privy council, allowed him a pension of four hundred florins a year, and promised to make it five hundred, if he would occasionally reside in his court.

Sigismond, king of Poland, and Ferdinand, king of Hungary, were very bountiful to him, and repeatedly invited him to dwell in their dominions.

Ann, princess of Verona, allowed him a pension of one hundred florins a year.

Frederick, duke of Saxony, and William, duke of Gulick, made him several presents.

Pope Adrian VI. wrote to him three times with his own hand; and pope Clement VII., on being raised to the purple, sent him five hundred florins, and invited him to Rome.

Pope Paul III. intended to have raised him to the rank of cardinal, if death had not prevented him.

William Warham, archbishop of Canterbury, gave him an exhibition.

Cardinal Wolsey allowed him a pension out of a prebend at York.

The bishops of Lincoln and Rochester liberally supplied him with money, &c. on all occasions.

Polidore Virgil sent him money to buy a horse, and the lord Cromwell sent him thirty angels.

Lord Mountjoy, sir Thomas More, bishop Tonstall, and dean Collet, were his constant benefactors.

Cardinal Mattheo offered him a pension of five hundred a year to live in Rome, and sent him a cup of pure gold.

Albertus, archbishop, cardinal, and elector of Mentz, sent him also a cup of gold, richly ornamented with precious stones.

Cardinal Campegius, among other presents, sent him a ring of great value.

Stanislaus Olmucensis sent him a silver bowl, double gilt, with four pieces of gold, ancient coin.

The bishop of Basil offered him half the revenue of his bishopric.

Thurxo, bishop of Uratislavo, went six days' journey out of his way to see him.

William, earl of Eyrenberg, gave him a dagger, which by the inscription "he wished in the hearts of all his enemies."

II.—Nicholas Wood, the Glutton.

One Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in the county of Kent, yeoman, did eat with ease a whole sheep of sixteen shillings price, and that raw, at one meal. Another time he eat thirty dozen of pigeons. At sir William Sedley's he eat as much as would have sufficed thirty men. At lord Wotton's in Kent, he devoured in one meal eighty-four rabbits; another time eighteen yards of black pudding, London measure. He once eat sixty pounds of cherries, and said they were but wastemeat. He eat a whole hog, and afterwards swallowed three peck of damsons: this was after breakfast, at which he had taken a pottle of milk and pottage, with bread, butter, and cheese.

"He eat in my presence," saith Taylor, the water-poet, "six penny wheaten loaves, three sixpenny veal-pies, one pound of fresh butter, one good dish of thornback, and a sliver of a peck household loaf, an inch thick, all within the space of an hour; the house yielding no more he retired unsatisfied."

One John Dale, at Lenham, laid him a wager, he could fill his belly for him with good wholesome victuals for two shillings. He took this wager and said, when he had finished the two shillings worth, he would eat up a sirloin of beef. Dale, however, brought six pots of mighty ale and twelve new penny white loaves, which he sopped therein, the powerful fume whereof conquered this gluttonous conqueror, and laid him asleep before he had finished his meal, whereby the roast beef was preserved and the wager lost.

Wood spent all his estate in provender for his enormous stomach, and, although a landed man and a true labourer, he died very poor in 1630.

Sam Sam's Son.

JUST JUDGMENT.

A good Judge, and a good Jury.

It is of most essential importance to the due administration of justice that juries should be sensible of their own dignity; and, when occasion requires, that they should not implicitly and servilely bow to the opinion of any judge, however high he may be held in estimation. An instance of the beneficial result of a jury asserting, in a respectful manner, the privilege of having an opinion of their own, occurred, not at the assizes now holding, but not very long ago. Two men were indicted for a burglary: after the counsel for the prosecution had opened, the amiable and learned judge who presided, addressing the jury, said, "Gentlemen, there does not appear to me any probability that a case of burglary can be made out against the prisoners, it is therefore needless to occupy your time any further." The jury having, however, conferred for a short time, the foreman replied, "With perfect deference to your lordship's opinion we should rather prefer hearing the evidence." To this his lordship readily assented: the case went on, and the guilt of the prisoners was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt. After the verdict was returned, the learned judge said, "Well, gentlemen of the jury, I will not say that you are better *lawyers* than I am, but I am quite sure that in the present instance you have proved yourself to be better *judges*."*

OLD ENGLISH ALE.

About 1620 some doctors and surgeons, during their attendance on an English gentleman, who was diseased at Paris, discoursed on wines and other beverages; and one physician, who had been in England, said, "The English had a drink which they call ale, and which he thought the wholesomest liquor that could be drank; for whereas the body of man is supported by natural heat and radical moisture, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one, and the increase of the other, than ale: for, while the Englishmen drank only ale, they were strong, brawny, able men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age:" and so the ale bore away the bell among the doctors.†

* Times, August 27, 1827.
† Howell.

A SOLDIER'S AGE.

Napoleon, in his Italian successes, took a Hungarian battalion prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks, on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, &c., concluding by saying, "that he fought in the army of Maria Theresa."

"You must be *old*?" said Napoleon.

"Yes, I am either sixty or seventy."

"Why, colonel, you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count years a little more closely?"

"General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts, and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and that I shall never lose one of them!"

COUNSELS AND CAUTIONS

By Dr. A. Hunter.

Beware!

Leave your purse and watch at home when you go to the playhouse or an auction room.

Travelling.

When you take a journey in winter put on two shirts; you will find them much warmer than an additional waistcoat.

Building Repairs.

If you mean to buy a house that you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the tradesman's estimate.

Your Staircase.

Paint the steps a stone colour; it will save scouring and soap.

Housekeeping.

If you are in trade keep no more houses than you can support; a summer-house and a winter-house have forced many a man into a poor-house.

Enough should suffice.

A man who has obtained a competency, and ventures upon a speculation that may be capable of consuming all that he has already got, stakes ease and comfort against beggary and disgrace.

Loquacity.

A gossip has no home.

The noted John Cooke of Exeter.

" DRAWN FROM NATURE."

To the Editor.

Corporations in old times kept fools, and there are still traces of the custom. The antiquary admires the carving of a fool, " a motley fool," at the pu[illegible] the King John tavern at Exeter, and contemplates it as probably the faithful representation of an obsolete servant of that ancient city; while the traveller endeavours

to obtain a sight of the "noted Captain Cooke, all alive! alive!"—the most public, and not the least important officer of its lively corporation.

A tract, published without a title-page, yet symbolically, as it were, bearing a sort of half-head, whereby it is denominated "A Pamphlet called Old England for Ever!" is the production of captain Cooke himself; and a lithographed print represents that "noted" personage "drawn from *nature*," in his full costume, as "Captain of the Sheriffs troop at 74 assizes for the county of Devon." An engraving from the print is at the head of this article; the original is "published by George Rowe, 38, Paris-street, Exeter," price only a shilling. The present representation is merely to give the reader some notion of the person of the captain, previously to introducing so much of his "particular confession, life, character, and behaviour," as can be extracted from his aforesaid printed narrative.

The tract referred to, though denominated "Old England for Ever," seems intended to memorialize "*Captain Cooke*—for ever." Aspiring to eclipse the celebrated autobiography of "P. P. Clerk of this Parish," the captain calls his literary production "a pamphlet of patriotic home achievements during the late direful war from 1793 to 1815;" and, accordingly, it is a series, to adopt his own words, of "twenty-two years multifarious but abridged memoirs, novelties, anecdotes, genealogy, and bulletins, by the author's natural instinct."

The first most important information resulting from the captain's "natural instinct," is this:—that "the duke of Wellington, marshal Blucher, the allied officers, and armies, defeated the atheist, the enemy of the Sabbath and of peace to the world, on Sunday, 18th of June 1815, at half after eight o'clock in the evening:" which day the captain, therefore, calls "an indelible day;" and says, "I built a cottage that year, and have a tablet over my door—*Waterloo Cottage, in memory of Europe's victory, Sunday, 18th June*, 1815; and I went to Wellington-hill to see the foundation-stone laid for a Wellington column, in honour of the duke. So much for Buonaparte's fanfaronade!—At daybreak of the 15th of July, he (Buonaparte) surrendered himself to the English captain Maitland, of the Bellerophon—an appropo name to the refugee.—I was called up the next morning at one o'clock; I wrote twenty letters to country gentlemen of the O!-be-joyful news, by the same morning' post. I have been often called up on express news."

From hence may be deduced the value of the captain and his opinions in the city of Exeter; and, no doubt, due importance will be attached to his proposition, that "parliament should always meet of a Friday or Saturday, and prorogue of a Monday, to prevent sabbath-breaking as *little* as possible;" and that "the mails should be prohibited from blowing their horns in the dead of the night or morning, in towns or villages." It was contemplated to carry these measures into effect by joint stock companies, wherein all the captain's friends were shareholders, when the "panic" came down from London by an opposition coach, and destroyed public confidence in the captain's plans. They are noticed here in the order wherein he states them himself; and, pursuing the like order, it is proper to state, in the first place, something of the house wherein this self-eminent person was born; then, something respecting "Ashburton Pop;" and, lastly, something respecting his apprenticeship, and his services as a loyal man and a saddler to "the city of Exeter, and the corporation and trade thereof."

"I was born," says the captain, "at the Rose and Crown public-house on the old bridge, in the borough town of Ashburton, 1765; where a good woollen-manufactory has been carried on; and it has produced a great character, or so, for learning:" and "has been as famous for a beverage, called *Ashburton Pop*, as London is for porter. I recollect its sharp feeding good taste, far richer than the best small beer, more of the champaign taste, and what was termed a good sharp bottle. When you untied and hand-drew the cork, it gave a report louder than a pop-gun, to which I attribute its name; its contents would fly up to the ceiling; if you did not mind to keep the mouth of the stone bottle into the white quart cup, it filled it with froth, but not over a pint of clear liquor. Three old cronies would sit an afternoon six hours, smoke and drink a dozen bottles, their reckoning but eight-pence each, and a penny for tobacco. The pop was but two-pence a bottle. It is a great novel loss to the town; because its receipe died with its brewer about 1785."

From the never-enough-sufficiently to be lamented and for-ever-departed "Pop," the captain returns to himself. "My mother," says he, "put me apprentice at fifteen to the head saddler in Exeter, the late

Mr. Charter, whom I succeeded when I came of age, and have lived in the same house thirty-seven years, up to 1817, where my son now lives, under the firm of Cooke and Son." He evidently takes great pleasure in setting forth the names of his customers; and he especially relates, "I got to be saddler, through the late Charles Fanshawe, recorder of Exeter, to the late lord Elliott Heathfield, colonel of dragoons. His lordship was allowed to be one of the first judges of horses and definer of saddlery in the kingdom; his lordship's saddle-house consisted from the full bristed to the demy pick, shafto, Hanoverian, to the Dutch pad-saddles; and from the snaffle, Pelham, Weymouth, Pembroke, Elliott, Mameluke, and Chifney bridles. Chifney was groom to the prince regent. Besides all this, the vast manage horse-tackling, tomies, dumb-jockies, hobbles, lunging, lifting, and side reins. His lordship's saddle and riding-house was a school for a saddler and dragoon. And I had the honour of being saddler to other colonels of dragoons, connoisseurs of saddlery, when they were at Exeter quarters."

Here the captain's enthusiasm increases: "I could write," says he, "a treatise on all the parts of the bearings and the utility of all the kinds of saddles, bridles, stirrups, and harness-collars, made for the last thirty years, for the benefit of horse or rider; from the bullock-back horse to the finest withered." With just judgment, while on the saddle, the captain expatiates on the mode of riding to the best advantage. "As is said, keep your head cool, feet warm, and live temperate, and you won't need the doctor, without something is amiss; so let your saddle clear your finger with all your weight in the stirrups going down hill; the same on the hind part with all your weight on the seat going up hill; you won't need the saddler without something is amiss." A miss is as good as a mile, and the captain diverges to a "great mystery," which must be related in his own words:—

"The great mystery to know a horse's age is between five and eight years old. A horse may live to thirty; but not one out of a thousand but what are worked out of their lives at fifteen. From their sucking first teeth, they loose, and get their permanent teeth at five years old; at six they have a small pit-hole, a bean's eye, a cavity in two of their outer lower teeth; at seven they have this mark but in one, the outside tooth; at eight years old the teeth are all filled up; then the mark is out of the mouth. But dealers and judges look to the upper teeth; there is a mark to twelve years old, but no vestige afterward. An old horse has long large teeth, worn off on the top edge. The prime of a horse is between six and twelve years of age. He is weak and faint before six, and stiff and dull after twelve. Some say a horse is out of mark at seven; but it is at eight. The average age of horses is at twelve years—the average of man not at the half of his time appointed on earth!"

To a posey of poesy, occupying nearly a page in this part of the pamphlet, it is impossible to do justice with equal satisfaction to the reader and the captain; yet, in courtesy, it is proper to cull

> ——————— a twig,
> Or two, to stick about his wig.

As a specimen of the materials whereon he relies for a laurel crown, the following lines are drawn out from his "snarl" of versifyings:—

> As few began the world, so I multiplied.
> Plain, at twenty-one, I did begin
> Which in my manuscript was seen.
> Tho' I did not know the use of grammar,
> I was well supported by my hammer.
> I sticked to my King, leather, and tools;
> And, for order, wrote a set of shop rules.
> Working with the hands only is but part,
> The head's the essential to make the work smart.

After this poetical effusion the captain rises to "the height of his great argument," his undying doings. "Now," says the captain, "now for my *sixty home achievements* during the late war for my king and country." Alas! the captain seems to have disdained the "*use* of numbers," except when inspired by the muses, or the "sweet voices" of the people of Exeter, when they honoured him with a "Skimmington," which he passes over with a modesty equal to that of the Roman general who never mentioned his great ovation. The captain's "sixty achievements" are doubtless in his pamphlet; but they in "*wrong* order go," and are past the arithmetician's art to enumerate. The chief of them must be gathered from his own account. Foremost stands "the labour I took in pleasing and accommodating my customers;" and almost next, "the many hours I have knocked my head, as it were, against Samuel Johnson, to find words for handbills and advertisements all at my own expense, to avoid inflammatory pamphlets. I gloried in the name of 'John Bull,' and shall to my life's end. I went into the pot-houses at Exeter,

and treated with mugs round, and gave loyal toasts and sentiments. I became a volunteer in the infantry, before the cavalry were equipped by my brother tradesmen, that they should not say my loyalty was for trade. After this, I joined the second troop of the first Devon Royal Cavalry. One of my advertisements in the difficult times, at a guinea each, in the Exeter, Sherborne, and Sun, which was then the ministerial paper, was reprinted for its loyalty and novelty in Philadelphia, and in two miscellaneous volumes of Literary Leisure, by Solomon Sumpter, Esq.; and from the attention I paid to the nobility, gentry, dragoon and militia officers, &c. when they tarried at Exeter or its neighbourhood, it was a pleasure and an honour mixed with fatigue. Besides my own business, I procured for them, gratis, manors, estates, houses, lodgings, carriages, horses, servants, fish, fowl, hunting, shooting, and trout fishing. I may say John Cooke, the saddler of Exeter, is known from England to the Indies; on the Continent, Ireland, in Scotland, by the lord chief baron Dundas, from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Penzance. I had two direction-posts at my door during the war, that no one had in the kingdom beside; one to the various places and distances, from Exeter to London 170 miles, &c. &c.; the other a large sheet of paper written as a daily monitor gratis, a bulletin of news, to cheer people in the worst of times, to guide them in the constitutional road. *I even made myself a direction-post*, and wore a conspicuous breastplate painted with this motto, 'Fear God, honour the king, and revere his ministers;' which made not only the auditory, but the judges, sheriff, and counsel stare at me. I went from Exeter to London, to the funeral of lord Nelson, the late hero of the Nile, in 1805." The truth of the latter of the captain's achievements "nobody can deny." He *did* go to the funeral, and sat on a wall in solemn silence, fast asleep, while it passed, and then returned to Exeter, great as the great Bourbon, who

> ——————— with forty thousand men,
> Went up the hill, and then came down again.

From hence the captain diverges to other of his achievements. "I used to rise, before we had firemen, at the dead of night or morning with my apprentices at any alarm of fire, desiring all women, children, and lookers on, if they did not help they were of harm, being in the way. I put in my bulletins, you are to take the left of all you meet in riding, and the right in walking. I was the means of the watering cart to lay the dust of the streets in summer. I have subscribed to all the institutions at Exeter, and at rejoicings of news I was not behindhand. When I saw the allied sovereigns in London, I compared colonel Hain of the North Devon, if he wore mustachios, to marshal Blucher, who came forward to his window at signals; Mr. Chubb, of St. Thomas, Exeter, and Mr. Gribble, attornies, of Newton Bushel, to the emperor Alexander in face; the king of Prussia and his sons like healthy English country esquires in their best clothes. I saw the duke of Wellington, who looked thinner than his picture. I saw Buonaparte at Torbay, exact like his picture; a huge stiff broad back, strong neck, big calf to his legs, he looked about fifty, and about five feet eight, resembling a country master builder, a sturdy one, full of thought as about a building.—I end this pamphlet. Four words: thought is the quickest; time the wisest; the laws of necessity the strongest; truth the most durable.

"This from a Devonshire Jog-trot, who has done enough to be termed a public character in his way; a John Bull tradesman.

"JOHN COOKE."

"*Waterloo Cottage*,
18*th Feb.* 1819."

So end the achievements of the chief of the javelin-men of Exeter, written by himself, concerning whom, give me leave, Mr. Editor, to inquire, if there be any thing more to be told than is set down in his book. I think that captain Cooke's "Skimmington" took place after he favoured the public with appearing in print; and I remember to have heard that the procession was highly ludicrous, and honoured by every shop in the High-street of Exeter being closed, and every window above being filled. I may venture to affirm in behalf of your readers, that an account of it would be highly amusing; and if it be agreeable to your inclination, as I think it may, that such a narrative of the recent celebration of a very ancient custom should be permanently recorded, do me the favour to let me express an earnest hope that some of your Exeter readers will enable you to give particulars in the *Table Book*.

I. V.

[Communications respecting the ceremony referred to in the preceding letter will be very acceptable, and are therefore solicited.—EDITOR.]

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXIV.

[From the "Antipodes," further extracts: see No. XX.]

A Doctor humours his patient, who is crazed with reading lying books of travels, by pretending that he himself has been a great traveller in his time.

Peregrine, the patient. Doctor. Lady.

Peregrine. All the world over have you been?
Doctor. Over and under too.
Per. In the Antipodes?
Doct. Yes, through and through.
Nor isle nor angle in the other world
But I have made discovery of. Do you
Think, Sir, to the Antipodes such a journey?
Per. I think there's none beyond it, and that Mandevil
Was the only man came near it.
Doct. Mandevil went far.
Per. Beyond all English legs that I can read of.
Doct. What think you, Sir, of Drake, our famous countryman?
Per. Drake was a Didapper to Mandevil.
Candish and Hawkins, Frobisher, all our voyagers
Went short of Mandevil: but had he reach'd
To this place—here—yes here—this wilderness;
And seen the trees of the sun and moon, that *speak*,
And told King Alexander of his death;
He then
Had left a passage ope for travellers,
That now is kept and guarded by wild beasts;
Dragons and serpents, elephants white and blue;
Unicorns and lions, of many colours;
And monsters more, as numberless as nameless.
Doct. Stay there—
Per. Read here else: can you read?
Is it not true?
Doct. No truer, than I have seen it
You hear me not deny that all is true,
That Mandevil delivers of his travels;
Yet I myself may be as well believed.
Per. Since you speak reverently of him, say on.
Doct. Of Europe I'll not speak, 'tis too near home;
Who's not familiar with the Spanish garb,
Th' Italian cringe, French shrug, and German hug?
Nor will I trouble you with my observations
Fetch'd from Arabia, Paphlagonia,
Mesopotamia, Mauritania,
Syria, Thessalia, Persia, India;
All still is too near home: tho' I have touch'd
The clouds upon the Pyrenean mountains;
And been on Paphos hill, where I have kiss'd
The image of bright Venus; all is still
Too near home to be boasted. They sound
In a far traveller's ear,
Like the reports of those, that beggingly
Have put out on returns from Edinburgh.
Paris, or Venice; or perhaps Madrid,
Whither a Millaner may with half a nose
Smell out his way; and is not near so difficult,
As for some man in debt, and unprotected,
To walk from Charing Cross to the Old Exchange.
No, I will pitch no neare than the Antipodes;
That which is furthest distant; foot to foot
Against our region.
Lady. What, with their heels upwards?
Bless us, how 'scape they breaking of their necks?
Doct. They walk upon firm earth, as we do here;
And have the firmament over their heads,
As we have here.
Lady. And yet just under us!
Where is Hell then? if they, whose feet are toward us
At the lower part of the world, have Heaven too
Beyond their heads, where's Hell?
Doct. You may find that
Without enquiry.

Scene, at the Antipodes.

N.B. In the Antipodes, every thing goes contrary to our manners: wives rule their husbands; servants govern their masters; old men go to school again, &c.

Son. Servant. Gentleman, and Lady, natives. English Traveller.

Servant (to his young Master.) How well you saw
Your father to school to day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant!
Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?
Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three old men with satchels.

All three. (singing) Domine, domine, duster:
Three knaves in a cluster.
Son. O, this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on.
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?
1*st old man.* Pray now, good son, indeed, indeed—
Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of 'em.
2*d old man.* You sha'nt send us now, so you sha'nt—
3*d old man.* We be none of your father, so we be'nt—
Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their schoolmistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All three. Oh, oh, oh!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
English Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Gentleman. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that if they live until
Threescore, their sons send them to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
English Traveller. Tis a wise nation; and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable.
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.

Son. Tis granted.
Hold up your heads, and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All three. Gratias, gratias, gratias. (exeunt singing.)

[From the "Asparagus Garden," a Comedy, by the same Author, 1634.]

Private Conference.

Father-in-Law. You'll not assault me in my own house, nor urge me beyond my patience with your borrowing attempts.

Spendthrift A right. I have not used the word of loan or borrowing;
Only some private conference I requested.

Fath. Private conference! a new-coined word for borrowing of money. I tell you, your very face, your countenance, tho' it be glossed with knighthood, looks so borrowingly, that the best words you give me are as dreadful as Stand and Deliver.—Your riotousness abroad, and her long night-watchings at home, shortened my daughter's days, and cast her into her grave; and 'twas not long before all her estate was buried too.

Spend. I wish my life might have excused
Her's far more precious; never had a man
A juster cause to mourn.

Fath. Nor mourn'd more justly, it is your only wearing; you have just none other; nor have had any means to purchase better any time these seven years, I take it; by which means you have got the name of the Mourning Knight.

Timothy Hoyden, the Yeoman's Son, desires to be made a Gentleman. He consults with his friends.

Moneylack. Well, Sir, we will take the speediest course with you.

Hoyd. But must I bleed?

Mon. Yes, you must bleed; your father's blood must out.

He was but a Yeoman, was he?

Hoyd. As rank a Clown (none dispraised) as any in Somersetshire.

Mon. His foul rank blood of bacon and pease porritch
Must out of you to the last dram—

Springe. Fear nothing, Sir.
Your blood shall be taken out by degrees; and your veins replenished with pure blood still, as you lose the puddle.

Hoyd. I was bewitch'd, I think, before I was begot, to have a Clown to my father. Yet my mother said she was a Gentlewoman.

Spr. Said! what will not women say?

Mon. Be content, Sir; here's half a labour saved: you shall bleed but of one side. The Mother vein shall not be pricked.

Old Striker, after a quarrelling bout with old Touchwood.

Touchwood. I have put him into these fits this forty years, and hope to choke him at last. *(aside; and exit.)*

Striker. Huh, huh, huh! so he is gone, the villain's gone in hopes that he has killed me, when my comfort is he has recovered me. I was heart-sick with a conceit, which lay so mingled with my flegm, that I had perished if I had not broke it, and made me spit it out; hem, he is gone, and I'll home merrily. I would not he should know the good he has done me for half my estate; nor would I be at peace with him to save it all. I would not lose his hatred for all the good neighbourhood of the parish.
His malice works upon me
Past all the drugs and all the Doctors' counsels,
That e'er I coped with; he has been my vexation
E'er since my wife died; if the rascal knew it,
He would be friends, and I were instantly
But a dead man; I could not get another
To anger me so handsomely.

C. L.

BEAR AND TENTER.

To the Editor.

Morley, near Leeds, July, 1827.

Sir,—On surveying the plays and pastimes of children, in these northern parts especially, it has often struck me with respect to some of them, that if traced up to their origin, they would be found to have been "political satires to ridicule such follies and corruptions of the times, as it was, perhaps, unsafe to do in any other manner." In this conjecture I have lately been confirmed, by meeting with a curious paper, copied from another periodical work by a contributor to the old London Magazine, vol. for 1738, p. 59. It is an article which many would doubtless be glad to find in the *Table Book*, and nobody more so than myself, as it would be a capital accompaniment to my present remarks.

To come at once to the point; we have, or rather had, a few years ago, a game called the "bear and tenter," (or bear and bear warden, as it would be called in the south,) which seems, certainly, to have been one of the sort alluded to. A boy is made to crawl as a bear upon his hands and knees, round whose neck is tied a rope which the keeper holds at a few yards' distance. The bystanders then buffet the bear, who is protected only by his keeper, who, by touching any of the assailants, becomes liberated; the other is then the bear, and the buffeted bear becomes the keeper, and so on. If the "tenter" is sluggish or negligent in defence of his charge, it is then that the bear growls, and the blows are turned upon the guardian, wholly or partially, as the bearbaiters elect.

Now, my conjecture as to the origin of

the game of "bear and tenter" is this.—Our English youths and their tutors, or companions, were formerly distinguished in foreign countries by the names of the bear and the bear leader, from the absurd custom of sending out the former, (a boisterous, ungovernable set,) and putting them under the care of persons unfit to accompany them. These bears were at first generally sprigs of royalty or nobility, as headstrong as need be; and the tutor was often some needy scholar, a Scotsman, or a courtier, who knew little more of the world than his pupil; but who, when he had put on his bag-wig and sword, was one of the most awkward and ridiculous figures imaginable. While these people were abroad, there can be no doubt that they were formerly the dupes and laughingstocks of those who dealt with them; and that, in exchange for the cash out of which they were cheated, they brought home a stock of exotic follies, sufficient to render them completely preposterous characters in the eyes of their own countrymen. Considering therefore how much good English gold was wasted and lost in these travels, how hurtful to the national pride the practice was, and how altered for the worse were both guardian and ward, it is not to be wondered at if the middling and lower classes of Englishmen were highly incensed or disgusted. But as complaints would, at least, be unavailing when such persons as "Baby Charles" and "Stenny" Buckingham were the "bear and tenter," the people revenged themselves, as far as they dared, by the institution of this game, in which they displayed pretty well what hard knocks, ill treatment, derision, and scorn, awaited those who forsook their homes to wander in a land of strangers. And not only so, but they illustrated, at the same time, the contamination which ensued the touch of bad tutors, and the general character of the parties ridiculed.

I am well aware, Mr. Editor, that there was formerly a *pastime* of buffeting the bear; but that, as I apprehend, was a very different sport from that of "bear and *tenter*," and had not a political origin. That this had, I am well assured, from the game being kept up in these parts, where the Stuarts were ever almost universally execrated; where patriotism once shone forth in meridian splendour, and the finest soldiers that the world ever saw, were arranged under the banners of Cromwell, of Fairfax, or of Lambert.

I remain, yours respectfully,

N. S.

GLANCES AT BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

THE HISTORY *and Antiquities of* WESTON FAVELL, *in the County of Northampton. By* JOHN COLE, *Editor of 'Herveiana,'* &c. SCARBOROUGH: *Printed* (only 50 copies) *and published by John Cole; and Longman and Co. London,* 1827.—8vo. pp. 74.

According to Mr. Cole, Weston Favell is entered in Domesday book as "Westone," and the addition of Favell was derived from a family of that name, who formerly possessed the manor. From each of three mansions standing there at the commencement of the last century, but not one of which remained at its close, the important equipage of a "coach and six" formerly issued to the admiration of the villagers. The church is dedicated to St. Peter, "and consists of a body, south porch, and chancel, with a coped tower at the west end, containing five bells." Mr. C. remarks, on the authority of *tradition*, that the tower had once a spire to it, which was many years ago destroyed by lightning; and this observation induces him to cite, by way of note, that "*Tradition* is a very poetical, a very pleasing personage; we like to meet him in our travels, and always ask him a question. You will find him grey and blind, sitting among old ruins, and 'Death standing, dim, behind.'"

Mr. Cole copies several monumental inscriptions within the church, chiefly in memory of the Hervey family, and one especially on his favourite, viz.:—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF THE REV. JAMES HERVEY, A. M.
LATE RECTOR OF THIS PARISH:
THAT VERY PIOUS MAN
AND MUCH ADMIRED AUTHOR!
WHO DIED DEC. 25TH 1758
IN THE 45TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Reader expect no more to make him known
Vain the fond Elegy and figur'd Stone,
A name more lasting shall his Writings give;
There view displayed his heavenly Soul, and live

Such are the lines on the tomb of the author of the "Meditations among the Tombs; Reflections on a Flower Garden; and Contemplations on the Night, and on the Starry Heavens." He was buried under the middle of the communion-table in the chancel: when his body was conveyed to the church it was covered, according to his express desire, with the poor's pall. He was the most popular rector of Weston Favell, of which living he was the patron and incumbent, as his father had been. Hervey was not born in that parish, but in the neighbouring one of Hardingston.

Hervey's Birth-Place at Hardingston.

In this house (the representation of which is derived from Mr. Cole's History of Weston Favell) the author of the "Meditations" first saw light. He was instructed by his mother in reading till the age of seven, and then sent to the free grammar-school at Northampton, where he remained till seventeen, at which age his father placed him at Lincoln college, Oxford, and there he resided seven years, and gained an exhibition of twenty pounds. In 1736 he returned to his father, who was then rector of Weston Favell, and became his curate. In May, 1737, he succeeded the celebrated George Whitefield in the curacy of Dummer, Hampshire, and in about a twelvemonth removed to Stoke Abbey, Devon, where he lived with his friend, Mr. Orchard, upwards of two years. In 1739 he accepted the curacy of Bideford, which he retained till his final settlement at Weston Favell, where he

> To ampler plenitude and sweeter days
> Proceeded hourly.

It was in Hervey's native parish, Hardingston, that the battle of Northampton was fought on the 10th of July, 1460, and king Henry VI. taken prisoner by the earl of Warwick: the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Shrewsbury, and other noblemen were killed: and many of the slain were buried in the convent of Delapre, and at St. John's hospital, Northampton. In Hardingston parish is a military work, supposed to have been raised by the Danes, and therefore called the Danes' camp.

The wake of Weston Favell is held on the next Sunday after St. Peter's day. In the afternoon the rector preaches an appropriate sermon, the choristers prepare suitable psalms, and throngs of visitants from the neighbouring villages attend the service in the church. During the first three or four days of the feast-week there are dances at the inns, with games at bowls and quoits, and throughout the week there are dinner and tea-parties from the environs, whose meetings usually conclude with a ball. On St. Valentine's day the village lads and lasses assemble, and go round with a wish of "Good morrow, morrow, Valentine!" to the principal inhabitants, who give money to the juvenile minstrels. On Shrove Tuesday, at noon, it is the custom to ring one of the church-bells, called the "Pancake bell;" its sound intimates a holiday and allowance of sport to the village youngsters. The fifth of November is jovially celebrated with a bonfire, which may be

viewed throughout a circuit of many miles. Christmas is kept merrily, but the ancient usages of the season have passed away, except the singing by the church-choir, of whose carols Mr. Cole produces three, "which may serve," he says, "as an addition to Mr. Gilbert's collection."

In this "history" there is an engraving of two "figures on bricks, near the pulpit:" the other engravings are from a former work by Mr. Cole, entitled "Herveiana," (2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 1822,) wherein is collected a large number of particulars concerning Hervey from various sources. The latter work enumerates from Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio," the plants of the parish, and agreeably describes the common but beautiful plant, called Cuckoo-pint, or Wake Robin, which abounds under the hedge-rows. It is spoken of by its scientific name: "*Arum*—a wild herb, which unfolds but one leaf, formed after a very singular pattern, bearing some resemblance to the hare's ear. It is really one of the prettiest fancies in Nature's wardrobe, and is so much admired by the country-people, that they have dignified it with the appellation of lords and ladies; because it looks, I suppose, somewhat like a person of quality, sitting with an air of ease and dignity in his open sedan. In autumn, after both flowers have vanished, a spike of scarlet berries, on a simple stalk, is all that remains."

On the first publication of Hervey's "Meditations and Contemplations," and for several years afterwards, they were highly popular, and are still greatly admired by young persons, and others who are delighted by a florid interjectional manner of writing. Hervey's work occurs in Mr. Bohn's "Catalogue of the Library of the late reverend and learned Samuel Parr, LL.D." with the following remarkable note attached to the volume—"This book was the delight of Dr. Parr, when he was a boy; and, for some time, was the model on which he endeavoured to form a style."

ARUM—CUCKOO-PINT—STARCH-WORT.

Old John Gerard, who was some time gardener to Cecil lord Burleigh, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, says, in his "Herbal," that "beares, after they have lien in their dens forty dayes without any manner of sustenance, but what they get with licking and sucking their owne feet, do, as soon as they come forth, eate the herbe Cuckoo-pint, through the windie nature whereof the hungry gut is opened, and made fit againe to receive sustenance."

Gerard further tells, that "the most pure and white starch is made of the roots of Cuckow-pint; but is most hurtful to the hands of the laundresse that hath the handling of it, for it choppeth, blistereth, and maketh the hands rough and rugged, and withall smarting." From this ancient domestic use of the *arum*, it was called "Starch-wort:" it bore other and homelier names, some of them displeasing to a modern ear.

Gerard likewise relates of the *arum*, medically, that after being sodden in two or three waters, whereby it may lose its acrimony, and fresh put to, being so eaten, it will cut thick and tough humours in the chest and lungs; "but, then, that Cuckow-pint is best that biteth most—but Dragon's is better for the same purpose."

I know not whether I have fallen in with the sort of *arum* "that biteth *most*," but, a summer or two ago, walking early in the afternoon through the green lanes to Willsden, and so to Harrow on the Hill, its scarlet granulations among the way-side browse and herbage, occasioned me to recollect the former importance of its root to the housewife, and from curiosity I dug up one to taste. The piece I bit off was scarcely the size of half a split pea, yet it gave out so much acrid milk, that, for more than an hour, my lips and tongue were inflamed and continued to burn, as if cauterized by hot iron; nor did the sensation wholly cease till after breakfast the next morning. Gerard says that, according to Dioscorides, "the root hath a peculiar virtue against the gout," by way of cataplasm, blister-wise.

Hervey introduces the flower of the Cuckoo-pint as one of the beautiful products of the spring. "The hawthorn in every hedge is partly turgid with silken gems, partly diffused into a milk-white bloom. Not a straggling furze, nor a solitary thicket on the heath, but wears a rural nosegay. Even amidst that neglected dike the *arum* rises in humble state; most curiously shrouded in her leafy tabernacle, and surrounded with luxuriant families, each distinguished by a peculiar livery of green." I am almost persuaded that I have seen the fruited *arum* among the ornaments of gothic architecture, surmounting pinnacles of delicate shrine-work.

MEMORIALS OF JOHN KEATS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The anecdote of Keats, which appeared in a late number of your *Table Book*,* recalled his image to my "mind's eye" as vividly, through the tear of regret, as the long-buried pictures on the walls of Pompeii appear when water is thrown over them; and I turned to reperuse the written record of my feelings, at hearing him spoken of a few months since. These lines I trouble you with, thinking they may gratify the feelings of some one of his friends, and trusting their homeliness may be pardoned for the sake of the feeling which dictated them.

I should also be glad of this opportunity to express the wishes of many of his admirers for a portrait of Keats. There are two in existence; one, a spirited profile sketch by Haydon; the other, a beautiful miniature by his friend Severn; but neither have been engraved. Mr. Severn's return to England will probably produce some memorial of his "span of life," and a more satisfactory account of his last moments than can be gleaned from report. The opportunity that would thus be afforded of giving to the world the posthumous remains of his genius, will, it is to be hoped, not be neglected. Such a volume would be incomplete without a portrait; which, if seen by the most prejudiced of his literary opponents, would turn the laugh of contempt into a look of thoughtful regret. Hoping my rhymes will not frustrate my wishes, I remain, sir,

Your obliged correspondent,
and humble servant,
GASTON.

Sept. 13, 1827.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES, SUGGESTED BY SOME THOUGHTS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN KEATS, THE POET.

Thy name, dear Keats, is not forgotten quite
E'en in this dreary pause—Fame's dark twilight—
The space betwixt death's starry-vaulted sky,
And the bright dawn of immortality.
That time when tear and elegy lie cold
Upon the barren tomb, and ere enrolled
Thy name upon the list of honoured men,
In the world's volume writ with History's lasting pen.

No! there are some who in their bosom's haven
Cherish thy mem'ry—on whose hearts are graven
The living recollections of thy worth—
Thy frank sincerity, thine ardent mirth;
That nobleness of spirit, so allied
To those high qualities it quick descried
In others' natures, that by sympathies
It knit with them in friendship's strongest ties—
Th' enthusiasm which thy soul pervaded—
The deep poetic feeling, which invaded
The narrow channel of thy stream of life,
And wrought therein consuming, inward strife.—
All these and other kindred excellencies
Do those who knew thee dwell upon, and thence is
Derived a cordial, fresh remembrance
Of thee, as though thou wert but in a trance.

I, too, can think of thee, with friendship's glow,
Who but at distance only didst thee know;
And oft thy gentle form flits past my sight
In transient day dreams, and a tranquil light,
Like that of warm Italian skies, comes o'er
My sorrowing heart—I feel thou art no more—
Those mild, pure skies thou long'st to look upon,
Till friends, in kindness, bade thee oft "Begone
To that more genial clime, and breathe the air
Of southern shores; thy wasted strength repair."
Then all the Patriot burst upon thy soul;
Thy love of country made thee shun the goal
(As thou prophetically felt 'twould be,)
Of thy last pilgrimage. Thou cross'd the sea,
Leaving thy heart and hopes in England here,
And went as doth a corpse upon its bier!

Still do I see thee on the river's strand
Take thy last step upon thy native land—
Still feel the last kind pressure of thy hand.
A calm dejection in thy youthful face,
To which e'en sickness lent a tender grace—
A hectic bloom—the sacrificial flower,
Which marks th' approach of Death's all-withering power.

Oft do my thoughts keep vigils at thy tomb
Across the sea, beneath the walls of Rome;
And even now a tear will find its way,
Heralding pensive thoughts which thither stray.—
How must they mourn who *feel* what I but *know?*
What can assuage their poignancy of woe,
If I, a stranger, (save that I had been
Where thou wast, and thy gentleness had seen,)
Now feel mild sorrow and a welcome sadness
As then I felt, whene'er I saw thee, gladness?—
Mine was a friendship all upon one side;
Thou knewest me by name and nought beside.
In humble station, I but shar'd the smile
Of which some trivial thought might thee beguile!
Happy in that—proud but to hear thy voice
Accost me: inwardly did I rejoice
To gain a word from thee, and if a thought
Stray'd into utterance, quick the words I caught.
I laid in wait to catch a glimpse of thee,
And plann'd where'er thou wert that I might be.
I look'd on thee as a superior being,
Whom I felt sweet content in merely seeing:
With thy fine qualities I stor'd my mind;
And now thou'rt gone, their mem'ry stays behind.
Mixt admiration fills my heart, nor can
I tell which most to love—the Poet or the Man.

GASTON.

November, 1826.

* Col. 249.

FUNERALS IN CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor.

Sir,—It is usual at the funeral of a person, especially of a householder, to invite persons to attend the ceremony; and in Carlisle, for instance, this is done on the day of interment by the bellman, who, in a solemn and subdued tone of voice, announces, that "all friends and neighbours of ————, deceased, are requested to take notice, that the body will be lifted at —— o'clock, to be interred at ———— church." On this occasion the relatives and persons, invited by note, repair to the dwelling of the deceased, where they usually partake of a cold collation, with wine, &c.; and at the outside of the door a table is set out, bountifully replenished with bread and cheese, ale and spirits, when "all friends and neighbours" partake as they think proper. When the preparations for moving are completed, the procession is accompanied by those persons who are disposed to pay their last mark of respect to the memory of the deceased. This custom, it has been remarked, gives an opportunity for "that indulgence which ought to belong to the marriage feast, and that it is a practice savouring of the gothic and barbarous manners of our unpolished ancestors." With deference to the writer's opinion, I would say that the custom is worthy of imitation, and that the assembling together of persons who have only this opportunity of expressing their respect for the memory of the deceased, cannot fail to engage the mind to useful reflections, and is a great contrast to the heartless mode of conducting interments in many other places, where the attendants frequently do not exceed half a dozen.

The procession used often to be preceded by the parish clerk and singers, who sang a portion of the Psalms until they arrived at the church. This part of the ceremony is now, I understand, seldom performed.

I am,
Newcastle upon Tyne, Yours, &c.
August, 1827. W. C.

BIDDEN WEDDINGS

In Cumberland.

Sir,—It was a prevalent custom to have "*bidden* weddings" when a couple of respectability and of slender means were on the eve of marriage; in this case they gave publicity to their intentions through the medium of the "*Cumberland* Pacquet," a paper published at Whitehaven, and which about twenty-nine years ago was the only newspaper printed in the county. The editor, Mr. John Ware, used to set off the invitation in a novel and amusing manner, which never failed to ensure a large meeting, and frequently the contributions made on the occasion, by the visitors, were of so much importance to the new married couple, that by care and industry they were enabled to make so good "*a fend as niver to look ahint them.*"*

A long absence from the county precludes me from stating whether this "good old custom" continues to be practised: perhaps some of your readers will favour you with additional information on this subject, and if they would also describe any other customs peculiar to this county, it would to me, at least, be acceptable.

The following is a copy of an advertisement, as it appeared in the Cumberland Pacquet in a number for June, 1803:—

A PUBLIC BRIDAL.

JONATHAN and GRACE MUSGRAVE purpose having a PUBLIC BRIDAL, at Low Lorton Bridge End, near Cockermouth, on THURSDAY, the 16th of June, 1803; when they will be glad to see their Friends, and all who may please to favour them with their Company; —for whose Amusement there will be various RACES, for Prizes of different Kinds; and amongst others, a Saddle, and Bridle; and a Silver-tipt Hunting Horn, for Hounds to run for.—There will also be Leaping, Wrestling, &c. &c.

☞ Commodious ROOMS are likewise engaged for DANCING PARTIES, in the Evening.

Come, haste to the BRIDAL!—to Joys we invite You,
Which, help'd by the Season, to please You can't fail:
But should LOVE, MIRTH, and SPRING strive in vain to delight You,
You've still the *mild* Comforts of Lorton's sweet Vale.

And where does the Goddess more charmingly revel?
Where, Zephyr dispense a more health-chearing Gale,
Than where the pure *Cocker*, meandring the Level,
Adorns the calm Prospects of Lorton's sweet Vale?

* An endeavour as to render any additional assistance unnecessary.

To the BRIDAL then come;—taste the Sweets of our Valley;
Your Visit, *good Cheer* and *kind Welcome* shall hail.
Round the *Standard* of Old ENGLISH CUSTOM, we'll rally,—
And be blest in *Love*, *Friendship*, and LORTON'S sweet VALE.

With this, the conclusion of the bridal bidding," I conclude, Sir,

Your constant reader,
W. C.

Newcastle upon Tyne,
August, 1827.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. VIII.

THE MILKY WAY.

That lucid whitish zone in the firmament among the fixed stars, which we call the "Milky Way," was supposed by the Pythagoreans to have once been the sun's path, wherein he had left that trace of white, which we now observe there. The Peripatetics asserted, after Aristotle, that it was formed of exhalations, suspended high in air. These were gross mistakes; but all the ancients were not mistaken. Democritus, without the aid of a telescope, preceded Galileo in remarking, that "what we call the milky way, contained in it an innumerable quantity of fixed stars, the mixture of whose distant rays occasioned the whiteness which we thus denominate;" or, to express it in Plutarch's words, it was "the united brightness of an immense number of stars."

THE FIXED STARS — PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

The conceptions of the ancients respecting the fixed stars were not less clear than ours. Indeed, the opinions of the moderns on this subject have been adopted within a century from those great masters, after having been rejected during many ages. It would be reckoned almost an absurdity at present, to doubt of those stars being suns like ours, each respectively having planets of their own, revolving around them, and forming various solar systems, more or less resembling ours. Philosophy, at present, admits this theory, derived from the ancients, and founded on the most solid reasonings of astronomical science. The elegant work of Fontenelle, on the "Plurality of Worlds," first rendered the conception familiar to common minds.

This notion of a plurality of worlds was generally inculcated by the Greek philosophers. Plutarch, after giving an account of it, says, that "he was so far from finding fault with it, that he thought it highly probable there had been, and were, like this of ours, an innumerable, though not absolutely infinite, multitude of worlds; wherein, as well as here, were land and water, invested by sky."

Anaximenes was one of the first who taught, that "the stars were immense masses of fire, around which certain terrestrial globes, imperceptible to us, accomplished their periodic revolutions." By these terrestrial globes, turning round those masses of fire, he evidently meant planets, such as ours, subordinate to their own sun, and forming a solar system.

Anaximenes agreed with Thales in this opinion, which passed from the Ionic to the Italic sect; who held, that every star was a world, containing in itself a sun and planets, all fixed in that immense space, which they called ether.

Heraclides, and all the Pythagoreans likewise taught, that "every star was a world, or solary system, having, like this of ours, its sun and planets, invested with an atmosphere of air, and moving in the fluid ether, by which they were sustained." This opinion seems to have been of still more ancient origin. There are traces of it in the verses of Orpheus, who lived in the time of the Trojan war, and taught that there was a plurality of worlds; a doctrine which Epicurus also deemed very probable.

Origen treats amply of the opinion of Democritus, saying, that "he taught, that there was an innumerable multitude of worlds, of unequal size, and differing in the number of their planets; that some of them were as large as ours, and placed at unequal distances; that some were inhabited by animals, which he could not take upon him to describe; and that some had neither animals, nor plants, nor any thing like what appeared among us." The philosophic genius of the illustrious ancient discerned, that the different nature of those spheres necessarily required inhabitants of different kinds.

This opinion of Democritus surprised Alexander into a sudden declaration of his unbounded ambition. Ælian reports, that

this young prince, upon hearing Democritus's doctrine of a plurality of worlds, burst into tears, upon reflecting that he had not yet so much as conquered one of them.

It appears, that Aristotle also held this opinion, as did likewise Alcinoüs, the Platonist. It is also ascribed to Plotinus; who held besides, that the earth, compared to the rest of the universe, was one of the meanest globes in it.

Satellites.—Vortices.

In consequence of the ancient doctrine of the plurality of worlds, Phavorinus remarkably conjectured the possibility of the existence of other planets, besides those known to us. "He was astonished how it came to be admitted as certain, that there were no other *wandering* stars, or planets, but those observed by the Chaldeans. As for his part, he thought that their number was more considerable than was vulgarly given out, though they had hitherto escaped our notice." Here he probably alludes to the satellites, which have since been manifested by means of the telescope; but it required singular penetration to be capable of forming the supposition, and of having, as it were, predicted this discovery. Seneca mentions a similar notion of Democritus; who supposed, that there were many more of them, than had yet come within our view.

However unfounded may be the system of vortices promulgated by Descartes, yet, as there is much of genius and fancy in it, the notion obtained great applause, and ranks among those theories which do honour to the moderns, or rather to the ancients, from whom it seems to have been drawn, notwithstanding its apparent novelty. In fact, Leucippus taught, and after him Democritus, that "the celestial bodies derived their formation and motion from an infinite number of atoms, of every sort of figure; which encountering one another, and clinging together, threw themselves into vortices; which being thoroughly agitated and circumvolved on all sides, the most subtile of those particles that went to the composition of the whole mass, made towards the utmost skirts of the circumferences of those vortices; whilst the less subtile, or those of a coarser element, subsided towards the centre, forming themselves into those spherical concretions, which compose the planets, the earth, and the sun." They said, that "those vortices were actuated by the rapidity of a fluid matter, having the earth at the centre of it; and that the planets were moved, each of them, with more or less violence, in proportion to their respective distance from that centre." They affirmed also, that the celerity with which those vortices moved, was occasionally the cause of their carrying off one another; the most powerful and rapid attracting, and drawing into itself, whatever was less so, whether planet or whatever else.

Leucippus seems also to have known that grand principle of Descartes, that "all revolving bodies endeavour to withdraw from their centre, and fly off in a tangent."

RELIQUIÆ THOMSONIANA.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The article relating to Thomson, in a recent number of the *Table Book*, cannot fail to have deeply interested many of your readers, and in the hope that further similar communications may be elicited, I beg to offer the little I can contribute.

The biographical memoranda, the subject of the conversation in the article referred to, are said to have been transmitted to the earl of Buchan by Mr. Park. It is not singular that no part of it appears in his lordship's "Essays on the Lives and Writings of Fletcher of Saltoun, and the Poet Thomson, 1792." 8vo. Mr. Park's communication was clearly too late for the noble author's purpose. The conversation professes to have been in October, 1791; to my own knowledge the volume was finished and ready for publication late in the preceding September, although the date 1792 is affixed to the title.

Thomson, it is believed, first tuned his Doric reed in the porter's lodge at Dryburgh, more recently the residence of David Stuart Erskine, earl of Buchan; hence the partiality which his lordship evinced for the memory of the poet. At p. 194 of the Essays are verses to Dr. De (la) Cour, in Ireland, on his Prospect of Poetry, which are there ascribed to Thomson, and admitted as such by Dr. Thomson, who directed the volume through the press; although it is certain that Thomson in his lifetime disavowed them. The verses to Dr. De la Cour appeared in the Daily Journal for November 1734; and Cave, the proprietor and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, at the end of the poetical department in that miscellany for August, 1736, states himself "assured, from Mr.

Thomson, that, though the verses to Dr. De la Cour have some lines from his *Seasons*, he knew nothing of the piece till he saw it in the Daily Journal."

The appellation of the "oily man of God," in the Essays, p. 258, was intended by the earl of Buchan for Dr. Murdoch, who was subsequently a biographer of Thomson. Such designations would puzzle a conjuror to elucidate, did not contemporary persons exist to afford a clue to them.

The recent number of the *Table Book* is not at hand, but from some MS. papers now before me,—James Robertson, surgeon to the household at Kew, who married the sister of Amanda, was the bosom friend of Thomson for more than twenty years. His conversation is said to have been facetious and intelligent, and his character exemplarily respectable. He died at his residence on Richmond Green after four days' illness, 28th October, 1791, in his eighty-fourth year.

The original MS. of the verses to Miss Young, the poet's Amanda, on presenting her with his "Seasons," printed in the Essays, p. 280, were communicated by a Mr. Ramsay, of Ocherlyne, to his lordship. Some other presentation lines, with the Seasons, to the poet Lyttleton, were transcribed from a blank leaf of the book at Hagley, by Johnstone, bishop of Worcester, and transmitted by his son to the earl of Buchan in 1793 or 1794, consequently too late for publication. They follow here:—

Go, little book, and find our friend,
Who Nature and the Muses loves;
Whose cares the public virtues blend,
With all the softness of the groves.

A fitter time thou can'st not choose
His fostering friendship to repay:—
Go then, and try, my rural muse,
To steal his widowed hours away.

Among the autograph papers which I possess of Ogle, who published certain versifications of Chaucer, as also a work on the Gems of the Ancients, are some verses by Thomson, never yet printed; and their transcripts, Mr. Editor, make their obeisance before you:—

Come, gentle god of soft desire!
Come and possess my happy breast;
Not fury like, in flames and fire,
In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest.

These are the vain disguise of love,
And, or bespeak dissembled pains,
Or else a fleeting fever prove,
The frantic passion of the veins.

But come in Friendship's angel-guise,
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
More tender spirit at thine eyes,
More sweet emotions at thy heart.

Oh come! with goodness in thy train;
With peace and transport, void of storm.
And would'st thou me for ever gain?
Put on Amanda's waning form.

The following, also original, were written by Thomson in commendation of his much loved Amanda:—

Sweet tyrant Love, but hear me now!
And cure while young this pleasing smart,
Or rather aid my trembling vow,
And teach me to reveal my heart.

Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
Whose looks have smil'd my peace away,
Oh! whisper how she gives me pain,
Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay.

'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
For what the vulgar, beauty call;
'Tis not a cheek, a lip, an eye,
But 'tis the soul that lights them all.

For that I drop the tender tear,
For that I make this artless moan;
Oh! sigh it, Love, into her ear,
And make the bashful lover known.

In the hope that the present may draw forth further *reliquiæ* of the poet of the "Seasons" in your excellent publication, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir, &c.
WILL O' THE WISP.

Sept. 17, 1827.

THE BERKSHIRE MISER.

The economy and parsimony of the Rev. Morgan Jones, late curate of Blewbury, a parish about six miles from Wallingford, were almost beyond credibility; he having outdone, in many instances, the celebrated Elwes, of Marcham.

For many of the last years of Mr. Jones's ministerial labours, he had no servant to attend any of his domestic concerns; and he never had even the assistance of a female within his doors for the last twelve years. The offices of housemaid, chambermaid, cook, and scullion, and even most part of his washing and mending, were performed by himself; he was frequently known to beg needles and thread at some of the farm-houses, to tack together his tattered garments, at which, from practice,

he had become very expert. He was curate of Blewbury upwards of forty-three years; and the same hat and coat served him for his every-day dress during the whole of that period. The brim of his hat had, on one side, (by much handling,) been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day from the hamlet of Upton across the fields, he luckily met with an old left-off hat, stuck up for a scarecrow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar-twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, quite repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old one, and ever after wore it in common, although the old one was of a russet brown, and the new brim nearly as black as jet. His coat, when he first came from Ashton Keyns in 1781, was a surtout much the worse for wear; after some time he had it turned inside out, and made up into a common one. Whenever it became rent or torn, it was as speedily tacked together with his own hands: at length pieces fell out and were lost, and, as he found it necessary, he cut pieces off the tail to make good the upper part, until the coat was reduced to a jacket, stuck about with patches of his own applying. In this hat and coat, when at home on working days, he was constantly decorated, but he never wore it abroad or before strangers, except he forgot himself, as he several times had been much vexed at the ridicule his grotesque appearance had excited when seen by those with whom he was not much acquainted. This extraordinary coat (or more properly jacket) is now in the possession of one of the parishioners, and prized as a curiosity. His stockings were washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts, which had never been worn, but for many years his stock became reduced to one in use; his parsimony would not permit him to have this washed more than once in two or three months, for which he reluctantly paid a poor woman fourpence. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means be worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times. This solitary shirt he mended himself, and as fast as it required to be patched in the body he ingeniously supplied it by cutting off the tail; but, as nothing will last for ever, by this constant clipping it unfortunately became too short to reach down his small-clothes. This, of course, was a sad disaster, and there was some fear least one of the new ones *must* be brought into use; but, after a diligent search, he fortunately found in one of his drawers the top part of a shirt with a frill on, which had probably lain by ever since his youthful and more gay days. This, with his usual sagacity, he tacked on, to the tail of the old one, with the frill downwards, and it was thus worn until the day before he left Blewbury. Latterly his memory became impaired. He several times forgot to change his dress, and was more than once seen at the burial of a corpse dressed in this ludicrous and curious manner, with scarcely a button on any part of his clothes, but tied together in various parts with string. In this state he was by strangers mistaken for a beggar, and barely escaped being offered their charity.

His diet was as singular as his dress, for he cooked his pot only once a week, which was always on a Sunday. For his subsistence he purchased but three articles, which he denominated two necessaries and a luxury:" — the necessaries were bread and bacon, the luxury was tea. For many years his weekly allowance of bread was half a gallon per week; and in the season, when his garden produced fruit, or when he once or twice a week procured a meal at his neighbours', his half-gallon loaf lasted him a day or two of the following week; so that in five weeks he often had no more than four half-gallon loaves. He was also equally abstemious in his other two articles. He frequently ate with his parishioners; yet for the last ten years there was but a solitary instance of a person eating with him in return, and that a particular friend, who obtained only a bit of bread with much difficulty and importunity. For the last fifteen years there was never within his doors any kind of spirits, beer, butcher's meat, butter, sugar, lard, cheese, or milk; nor any niceties, of which he was particularly fond when they came free of expense, but which he could never find the heart to purchase. His beverage was cold water; and at morning and evening weak tea, without milk or sugar.

However cold the weather, he seldom had a fire, except to cook with, and that was so small that it might easily have been hid under a half-gallon measure. He was often seen roving the churchyard to pick up bits of stick, or busily lopping his shrubs or fruit-trees to make this fire, while his woodhouse was crammed with wood and coal, which he could not prevail upon himself to use. In very cold weather he would frequently get by some of his

neighbours' fires to warm his shivering limbs; and, when evening came, retire to bed for warmth, but generally without a candle, as he allowed himself only the small bits left of those provided for divine service in the church by the parish.

He was never known to keep dog, cat, or any other living creature: and it is certain the whole expenses of his house did not amount to half a crown a week for the last twenty years; and, as the fees exceeded that sum, he always saved the whole of his yearly salary, which never was more than fifty pounds per annum. By constantly placing this sum in the funds, and the interest, with about thirty pounds per annum more, (the rent of two small estates left by some relations,) he, in the course of forty-three years, amassed many thousand pounds, as his bankers, Messrs. Child and Co., of Fleet-street, can testify.

In his youthful days he made free with the good things of this life; and when he first came to Blewbury, he for some time boarded with a person by the week, and during that time was quite corpulent: but, as soon as he boarded and lived by himself, his parsimony overcame his appetite, so that at last he became reduced almost to a living skeleton. He was always an early riser, being seldom in bed after break of day; and, like all other early risers, he enjoyed an excellent state of health; so that for the long space of forty-three years he omitted preaching only two Sundays.

His industry was such, that he composed with his own hand upwards of one thousand sermons; but for the last few years his hand became tremulous, and he wrote but little; he therefore only made alterations and additions to his former discourses, and this generally on the back of old marriage licenses, or across old letters, as it would have been nearly death to him to have purchased paper. His sermons were usually plain and practical, and his funeral discourses were generally admired; but the fear of being noticed, and the dread of expense, was an absolute prohibition to his sending any thing to the press, although he was fully capable, being well skilled in the English and Latin languages. The expense of a penny in the postage of a letter has been known to deprive him of a night's rest! and yet, at times, pounds did not grieve him. He was a regular and liberal subscriber to the Bible, Missionary, and the other societies for the propagation of the Gospel and the conversion of the Jews; and more than once he was generous enough to give a pound or two to assist a distressed fellow-creature.

Although very fond of ale, he spent only one sixpence on that liquor during the forty-three years he was curate of Blewbury; but it must be confessed he used to partake of it too freely when he could have it without cost, until about ten years ago, when at a neighbour's wedding, having taken too much of this his favourite beverage, it was noticed and talked of by some of the persons present. Being hurt by this, he made a vow never more to taste a drop of that or any other strong liquor; and his promise he scrupulously and honestly kept, although contrary to his natural desires, and exposed to many temptations.*

A BALLAD.

For the Table Book.

" A very fine gentleman treads the lawn,
He passes our cottage duly;
We met in the grove the other morn,
And he vow'd to love me truly;
He call'd me his dear, his love, his life,
And told me his heart was burning;
But he never once said—will you be my wife?
So I left him his offers spurning."

" And what were his offers to thee, my child?"
Old Woodland said to Nancy—
" Oh many things, which almost beguil'd
Your simple daughter's fancy;
He talk'd of jewels, laces, and gold,
Of a castle, servants, and carriage;
And I could have low'd the youth so bold,
But he never talk'd of marriage.

" So I drew back my hand, and saved my lips,
For I cared not for his money;
And I thought he was like the bee which sips
From ev'ry flower its honey:
Yet I think his heart is a little bent
Towards me," said Nancy, " and marriage;
For last night, as soon as to sleep I went,
I dream'd of a castle and carriage."

" 'Twere wrong, my child," old Woodland said,
" Such idle dream to cherish
The roses of life full soon will fade,
They never should timeless perish;
The flower that's pluck'd will briefly die,
Tho' placed on a peerless bosom;
And ere you look with a loving eye,
Think, think on a fading blossom."

August 22, 1827. C. COLE.

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* Devizes Gazette, Sept. 1827.

View in Hagbush Lane, Islington.

A HUT, ERECTED BY WILLIAM CORRALL, A POOR AND AGED LABOURER, AFTER THE VIOLENT AND LAWLESS DESTRUCTION OF HIS COTTAGE, EARLY IN THE MORNING OF THE SIXTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1827.

" ——————— 'Twas strange; 'twas passing strange!
'Twas pitiful! 'twas wond'rous pitiful!"

I thought, in the *Every-Day Book*, that I had done with "Hagbush-lane" altogether—the tale of the poor man's wrongs, when "the proud man's contumely" grew into open aggression, had passed from me; and I presumed that, for his little while on this side the grave, the oppressed might "go free," and "hear not the voice of the oppressor"—but when selfishness is unwatched it has a natural tendency to break forth, and a sudden and recent renewal of an outrage, which every honest mind had con-

demned, furnishes a fresh story. It is well related in the following letter:—

To the Editor.

Sir,—In the first volume of the *Every-Day Book* you have favoured the lovers of rural scenery with an historical and descriptive notice of Hagbush-lane, Islington, accompanied with an engraving of the "mud edifice" which formerly stood there; of which you have given "the simple annals:"—its erection by a poor labourer who, else, had no shelter for himself, wife, and child, to "shrink into," when "pierced by wintry winds;"—its demolition by the wealthy occupants of the neighbouring fields;—the again-houseless man's endeavour to rebuild his hovel;—the rich man's repetition of the destruction of his half-finished hut;—and finally, the labourer's succeeding in the erection of a cottage, more commodious than the first, where he continued unmolested to sell small beer to poor workmen and wayfarers.—Allow me, sir, the melancholy task of informing you of the "final destruction" of this sample of rusticity.—Hagbush-lane is despoiled of its appropriate ornament.

I have ever been an admirer of the beautiful scenery that is to be met with on that side of the metropolis; and never, since reading your interesting narrative and description, have I strolled that way, without passing through Hagbush-lane. On entering the wide part from the field by Copenhagen-house, one day last week, I was sadly astonished at the change—the cottage, with its garden-rails and benches, had disappeared; and the garden was entirely laid waste: trees, bushes, and vegetables rudely torn up by the roots, lay withering where they had flourished. Upon the site of his demolished dwelling stood the poor old man, bent by affliction as much as by age, leaning on his stick. From the heart-broken expression of his features, it did not take me a moment to guess the cause of this devastation:—the opulent landholder has, for the third time, taken this ungentle expedient to rid his pastures of a neighbouring "nuisance"—the hut of cheerless poverty.

The distressed old rustic stated, that on Thursday, (which was the sixth of September,) at about six o'clock in the morning, before the inmates had arisen, a party of workmen came to the cottage; and, merely informing them that "they must disturb them," instantly commenced the work of destruction. His dwelling was soon levelled with the ground; and the growth of his garden torn up, and thrown in a heap into the lane. He declared, with a tear, that "it had ruined him for ever, and would be the death of him." I did not ask him many questions: it had been a sin to probe his too deeply wounded feelings.

Proceeding up the lane, to where it is crossed by the new road, I perceived that, in the open space by the road-side, at the entrance into the narrow part of the lane, the old man had managed to botch up, with pieces of board and old canvass, a miserable shed to shelter him. It was surrounded with household utensils, and what materials he had saved from the ruins of his cottage—a most wretched sty—but little larger than the dog-kennel that was erected near it, from which a faithful cur barked loudly at the intruder's footstep.

Being a stranger in the neighbourhood, I cannot pretend to know any thing of the motives that have induced his rich neighbours thus to distress the poor and aged man;—perhaps they are best known to themselves, and it is well if they can justify them to any but themselves!—but surely, surely he will not be suffered to remain thus exposed in the approaching season,

> "—all amid the rigours of the year,
> In the wild depth of winter, while without
> The ceaseless winds blow ice."——

Perhaps, sir, I give too much room to my feelings. My intention was but to inform you of a regretted change in a scene which you have noticed and admired in the *Every-Day Book*. Should you consider it worthy of further notice in the *Table Book*, you will oblige me by putting it forward in what form best pleases yourself.

I remain, &c.

Sept. 19, 1827. So and So.

This communication, accompanied by the real name and address of its warm-hearted writer, revived my recollections and kindled my feelings. I immediately wrote to a friend, who lives in the vicinage of Hagbush-lane, requesting him to hasten to the site of the old cottage, which was quite as well known to him as to me, and bring me a drawing of the place in its present state, with such particulars of the razing of the edifice as he could obtain. His account, as I collect it from verbal narration, corroborates that of my correspondent.

So complete has been the devastation, that a drawing of the spot whereon the cottage stood would merely be a view of the level earth. My friend walked over it,

and along Hagbush-lane, till he came into the new road, (leading from the King's Head at Holloway to the lower road from London to Kentish Town.) Immediately at the corner of the continuation of Hagbush-lane, which begins on the opposite side of the new road, he perceived a new hut, and near it the expelled occupant of the cottage, which had been laid waste in the other part of the lane. On asking the old man respecting the occasion and manner of his ejectment, he cried. It was a wet and dreary day; and the poor fellow in tears, and his hastily thrown up tenement, presented a cheerless and desolate scene. His story was short. On the Thursday, (mentioned in the letter,) so early as five in the morning, some men brought a ladder, a barrow, and a pickaxe, and ascending the ladder began to untile the roof, while the old man and his wife were in bed. He hastily rose; they demanded of him to unlock the door; on his refusing they burst it open with the pick-axe, and having thus forced an entrance compelled his wife to get up. They then wantonly threw out and broke the few household utensils, and hewed down the walls of the dwelling. In the little garden, they rooted up and destroyed every tree, shrub, and vegetable; and finally, they levelled all vestiges which could mark the place, as having been used or cultivated for the abode and sustenance of human beings. Some of the less destructible requisites of the cottage they trundled in the barrow up the lane, across the road, whither the old man and his wife followed, and were left with the few remnants of their miserable property by the housebreakers. On that spot they put together their present hut with a few old boards and canvass, as represented in the engraving, and there they remain to tell the story of their unredressed wrongs to all who desire the particulars.

The old man represents the "ringleader," as he calls him, in this last work of ruin, to be the foreman of a great cow-keeping landholder and speculator, to whose field-possessions the cottage on the waste was adjacent. Who employed this "ringleader" and his followers? Who was the instigating and protecting accessary before and after this brutal housebreaking, and wilful waste?

The helpless man got his living by selling small beer, and a little meat, cooked by his wife, to others as poor and helpless as themselves; and they eked out their existence by their garden produce. In the summer of 1825 I heard it said, that their cottage was the resort and drinking-place of idle and disorderly persons. I took some pains to ascertain the fact; but could never trace it beyond—the most dubitable authority—general report. It is quite true, that I saw persons there whom I preferred not to sit down with, because their manners and habits were different from my own; yet I not unfrequently took a cup of the old man's beer among them, and silently watched them, and sometimes talked with them; and, for any thing that I could observe—and I know myself to be a close observer—they were quite as honourable and moral, as persons of more refined language and dress, who frequent respectable coffee-houses. I had been, too, within the cottage, which was a place of rude accommodation for no more than its settled occupants. It was on the outside that the poor couple entertained their customers, who usually sat on the turf seat against the foot-path side of the hut, or on an empty barrel or two, or a three-legged milking-stool. On the hedge side of the cottage was a small low lean-to, wherein the old man kept a pig to fatten. At the front end was an enclosure of a few feet of ground, with domestic fowls and their callow broods, which ran about cackling, and routing the earth for their living. In the rear of the cottage was a rod or two of ground banked off, and well planted with potatoes, cabbages, and other garden stuff, where I have often seen the old man fully employed in weeding and cultivating; digging up old, or preparing for new crops, or plashing and mending his little fences. Between his vegetables, and his live stock, and his few customers, he had enough to do; and I never saw him idle. I never saw him sitting down to drink with them; and if he had, there was nothing among them but the small beer. From the early part of the spring to the end of the year just mentioned, I have been past and loitered near the cottage at all hours of the day, from the early dawn, before even the sun, or the inmates had risen, till after they had gone to rest, and the moon was high, and the stars were in their courses. Never in the hours I spent around the place by day or night, did I see or hear any persons or practices that would be termed disorderly by any but the worst judges of human nature and morals—the underbred overpolite, and vulgarly overdressed. There I have seen a brickmaker or two with their wives and daughters sitting and regaling, as much at home, and as sober and innocent, as parties of French ladies and gentlemen at Chedron's

in Leicester-square; and from these people, if spoken to civilly, there was language as civil. There I have seen a comfortably dressed man, in a clean shirt, and a coat and hat as good as a Fleet-street tradesman's, with a jug of *small* "entire" before him, leisurely at work on a pair of shoes, joining in the homely conversation, and in choruses of old English songs, raised by his compeers. There, too, I have heard a company of merry-hearted labourers and holiday-making journeymen, who had straggled away from their smithies and furnaces in the lanes of London, to breathe the fresh air, pealing out loud laughter, while the birds whistled over their heads from the slender branches of the green elms. In the old man I saw nothing but unremitting industry; and in his customers nothing but rude yet inoffensive good-nature. He was getting his bread by the sweat of his brow, and his brow was daily moistened by labour.

When I before related something of this poor man's origin,* and his former endurances, I little suspected that I should have to tell that, after the parochial officers of Islington had declined to receive him into the poor-house, the parish would suffer him to be molested as a labourer on its waste. He has been hunted as a wild beast; and, perhaps, had he been a younger man, and with vindictive feelings, he might have turned round upon his enemies, and lawlessly avenged himself for the lawless injuries inflicted on him. Vagrancy is easily tempted to criminality, and the step is short.

It is scarcely three weeks since the old cottager was in a snug abode of his own handmaking, with a garden that had yielded support to him and his wife through the summer, and roots growing in it for their winter consumption. These have been mercilessly laid waste at the coming-in of the inclement season. Will no one further investigate the facts, and aid him in obtaining "indemnity for the past, and security for the future?"

Respecting the rights of the parish of Islington in Hagbush-lane, as the ancient and long disused north road into London, I do not pretend to determine; because, after the warm discussions and strong resolutions of its vestries, sometime ago, respecting a part of this road which had been partially appropriated to private use, the parish may have thoroughly good reasons for acquiescing in the entire stopping up of a carriage thoroughfare, between the back road to Holloway and Islington upper street, which, if now open, would be of great use. Many of the inhabitants, however, may not be so easily satisfied as a few that the individual, who has at length wholly enclosed it, and shut it against the public, has any more right to stop up, and take the ground of this highway to himself, than to enclose so much of the road to Holloway through which the mails pass.

I have often perambulated Hagbush-lane, as the old London north road, from Old-street across the City-road, the Lower and Upper Islington, and Holloway roads, by the Islington workhouse, on to the Bull ring field; (which is in private hands, no one knows how;) from thence, over the site of the destroyed cottage to the old man's present hut; then along the meadows; across the Highgate-archway-cut into other meadows, through which it winds back again, and recrosses the archway-cut, and afterwards crosses the London road, between stately elms, towards Hornsey.

Perhaps the Commissioners of Crown Lands, or Woods and Forests, may find it convenient and easy to institute an inquiry into the encroachments of Hagbush-lane, as a disused public road; and devise a method of obtaining its worth, in aid of the public service.

Meantime, the aggression on the old cottager must not be forgotten. The private wrong he has sustained is in the nature of a public wrong; and it is open to every one to consider of the means by which these repeated breaches of the peace may be prevented, and redress be obtained for the poor man's injuries.

* In the first volume of the *Every-Day Book*, No. 28, which contains the account of Hagbush-lane and its vicinage, col. 857 to 872.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXV.

[From the "Hectors," a Comedy; by Edmund Prestwick, 1641.]

A Waiting Maid wheedles an old Justice into a belief, that her Lady is in love with him.

Maid. I think there never was Woman of so strange a humour as she is for the world; for from her infancy she ever doted on old men. I have heard her say, that in these her late law troubles, it has been no small comfort to her, that she hath been conversant with grave counsellors and serjeants; and what a happiness she had sometimes to look an hour together upon the Judges. She will go and walk a whole afternoon in Charter House Garden, on purpose to view the ancient Gentlemen there. Not long ago there was a young Gentleman here about the town who, hearing of her

riches, and knowing this her humour, had almost got her, by counterfeiting himself to be an old man.

Justice. And how came he to miss her?

Maid. The strangliest that ever you heard: for all things were agreed, the very writings drawn, and when he came to seal them, because he set his name without using a pair of spectacles, she would never see him more.

Justice. Nay, if she can love an old man so—well—

The Waiting Maid places the Justice, where he can overhear a sham discourse of the Lady with a pretended Brother.

Brother. What is the matter, Sister? you do not use to be so strange to me.

Lady. I do not indeed; but now methinks I cannot conceal any thing; yet I could wish you could now guess my thoughts, and look into my mind; and see what strange passions have ruled there of late, without forcing me to strain my modesty.

Broth. What, are you in love with anybody? Come, let me know the party; a brother's advice may do you no harm.

Sist. Did you not see an ancient gentleman with me, when you came in?

Broth. What, is it any son or kinsman of his?

Sist. No, no. *(She weeps.)*

Broth. Who then?

Sist. I have told you—

Broth. What, that feeble and decrepit piece of age—

Sist. Nay, brother—

Broth. That sad effect of some threescore years and ten—that antic relique of the last century—

Sist. Alas, dear brother, it is but too true.

Broth. It is impossible.

Sist. One would think so indeed.

Broth. I grant, you may bear a reverence and regard, as to your father's ashes, or your grandsire's tomb.

Sist. Alas, brother, you know I never did affect those vain though pleasing braveries of youth, but still have set my mind on the more noble part of man, which age doth more refine and elaborate, than it doth depress and sink this same contemptible clod.

Justice. I see, she loves me.

[From "Hey for Honesty," a Comedy, by T. Randolph, 1651.]

To Plutus.

Did not Will Summers break his wind for thee?
And Shakespeare therefore writ his comedy?
All things acknowledge thy vast power divine,
Great God of Money, whose most powerful shine
Gives motion, life; day rises from thy sight,
Thy setting though at noon makes pitchy night.
Sole catholic cause of what we feel and see,
All in this all are but the effects of thee.

Riches above Poverty; a syllogism.

—My *major*, That which is most noble, is most honorable. But Poverty is more noble. My *minor* I prove thus. Whose houses are most ancient, those are most noble. But Poverty's houses are most ancient; for some of them are so old, like Vicarage houses, they are every hour in danger of falling.

Stationer's Preface before the Play.

Reader, this is a pleasant Comedy, though some may judge it satirical, 'tis the more like Aristophanes, the father; besides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting age we live in; then biting for biting. Again, Tom Randal, the adopted son of Ben Jonson, being the Translator hereof, followed his father's steps. They both of them loved Sack, and harmless mirth, and here they shew it; and I, that know myself, am not averse from it neither. This I thought good to acquaint thee with. Farewell. Thine, F. J.

[From the "Example," a Tragi-Comedy, by Jas. Shirley, 1638.]

The humour of a wary Knight, who sleeps all day, and wakes all night, for security.—He calls up his Household at midnight.

Plot. Dormant, why Dormant, thou eternal sleeper
Who would be troubled with these lethargies
About him? are you come, dreamer?

Dormant (entering.) Would I were so happy. There's less noise in a steeple upon a Coronation-day. O sleep, sleep, tho' it were a dead one, would be comfortable. Your Worship might be pleased to let my fellow Old-rat watch as well as I.

Plot. Old-rat! that fellow is a drone.

Dorm. He has slept this half hour on the iron chest. Would I were in my grave to take a nap; death would do me a courtesy; I should be at rest, and hear no noise of "Dormant."

Plot. Hah! what's the matter?

Dorm. Nothing but a yawn, Sir, I do all I can to keep myself waking.

Plot. 'Tis done considerately. This heavy dulness
Is the disease of souls. Sleep in the night!

Dorm. Shall I wake my fellow Old-rat? he is refreshed.

Plot. Do; but return you with him: I have business with both—

Dorm. To hear us join in opinion of what's a clock!
They talk of Endymion: now could I sleep three lives.
(exit.)

Plot. When other men measure the hours with sleep,
Careless of where they are and whom they trust,
Exposing their condition to danger
Of plots, I wake and wisely think prevention.
Night was not made to snore in; but so calm,
For our imaginations to be stirring
About the world; this subtle world, this world
Of plots and close conspiracy. There is
No faith in man nor woman. Where's this Dormant?

Dorm. (re-entering with Old-rat.) Here is the sleepy vermin.

Old. It has been day this two hours.

Plot. Then 'tis time for me to go to bed.

Dorm. Would my hour were once come!

Plot. Keep out daylight, and set up a fresh taper.

Dorm. By that time we have dined, he will have slept out his first sleep.

Old. And after supper call for his breakfast.

Plot. You are sure 'tis morning?

Dorm. As sure as I am sleepy.

C. L.

For the Table Book.

IMPERIAL FATE.

——— Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court—

RICHARD II.

Does any man envy the situation of monarchs? Let him peruse the following statement, which particularizes the deaths of the *forty-seven* Roman emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Constantine the Great; only *thirteen* of whom encountered "the last enemy" in the ordinary course of nature:—

B. C.

42. *Julius Cæsar* was murdered by Brutus and others in the senate-house.

A. D.

15. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR *died a natural death.*

39. *Tiberius* was smothered with pillows, at the instigation of Macro, the friend of Caligula.

42. *Caligula* was stabbed by Cherea and other conspirators, when retiring from the celebration of the Palatine games.

55. *Claudius* was poisoned by the artifice of his wife Aggrippina.

69. *Nero* in the midst of a general revolt was condemned to death by the senate. Upon hearing of which he killed himself with a dagger.

69. *Sergius Galba* conspired against by Otho, by whose partisans he was beheaded.

70. *Otho* destroyed himself, to avoid further contest with his competitor Vitellius.

70. *Vitellius* was massacred by the populace, who threw his dead body into the Tiber.

79. VESPASIAN *died a natural death.*

81. *Titus.* It is suspected that his death was hastened by his brother Domitian.

96. *Domitian* was murdered by Stephanus and other conspirators.

98. NERVA *died a natural death.*

117. TRAJAN *ditto.*

138. ADRIAN *ditto.*

161. TITUS ANTONINUS, called Antoninus Pius, *ditto.*

180. MARCUS AURELIUS, called Antoninus the Philosopher, *ditto.*

192. *Commodus* was strangled by Narcissus and other conspirators.

192. *Pertinax* was murdered by the soldiers.

195. *Didius Julian* was beheaded by the soldiers.

211. SEPTIMUS SEVERUS *died a natural death.*

217. *Caracalla* and *Geta*, joint emperors. Geta was killed by his brother Caracalla, who was afterwards killed by Martial.

218. *Opillius Macrinus* was killed by the partisans of Heliogabalus.

222. *Heliogabalus* was murdered by the soldiers, who threw his dead body into the Tiber.

235. *Alexander* was beheaded by the soldiers.

238. *Maximin* was murdered by his own guards.

238. *Maximus* and *Balbinus*, joint emperors, were both murdered by the prætorian guards.

243. *Gordian* was murdered by order of Philip, whom he had associated with him in the command of the empire.

248. *Philip* was murdered by the soldiers.

251. *Decius* destroyed himself, after having been defeated by the Goths.

253. *Gallus* was slain in battle, with his competitor Emilianus.

259. *Valerian* was taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, who caused him to be cruelly murdered.

268. *Galienus* was slain by his own soldiers.

270. CLAUDIUS *died a natural death.*

275. *Aurelian* was murdered by Menesthus and other conspirators.

275. TACITUS *died a natural death.*

282. *Probus* was murdered by his soldiers.

284. *Carus* and his sons, *Carinus* and *Numerian*, joint emperors. The father was struck dead by lightning, and both his sons were murdered.

304. *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*, joint emperors. Dioclesian resigned the empire, and died either by poison or madness. Maximian also resigned, but was afterwards condemned to death by Constantine.

306. CONSTANTIUS and
311. GALERIUS, } joint emperors, both *died a natural death.*

343. CONSTANTINE the Great *died a natural death.*

Where did these events occur? Among the savage tribes of interior Africa, or the rude barbarians of modern Europe? No: but in Rome—imperial Rome—in her "high and palmy state," when she was mistress of the world, and held within her dominion all the science and literature of which the earth could boast. Surely we may with reason doubt, whether the moral improvement of mankind invariably keeps pace with their intellectual advancement.

O. Z.

ILL-FATED ROYAL FAMILIES.

THE LINE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The successors of Charlemagne in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy destiny.

His son, Louis le Debonnaire, died for want of food, in consequence of a superstitious panic.

His successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by his physician.

The son of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell also by poison.

Charles, king of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, was fatally wounded in the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavouring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in disguise.

Louis III., successor to Louis the Stutterer, riding through the streets of Tours, pursued the handsome daughter of a citizen named Germond, till the terrified girl took refuge in a house; and the king, thinking more of her charms than of the size of the gateway, attempting to force his horse after her, broke his back, and died.

His successor, Carloman, fell by an ill-directed spear, thrown, by his own servant, at a wild boar.

Charles the Fat perished of want, grief, and poison, all together.

His successor, Charles the Simple, died in prison of penury and despair.

Louis the Stranger, who succeeded him, was bruised to death as he was hunting.

Lotharius and Louis V., the two last kings of the race of Charlemagne, were both poisoned by their wives.

After a revolution of two hundred and thirty years, there remained of the whole line of Charlemagne, only Charles, duke of Lorrain; and he, after ineffectually struggling in defence of his rights against Hugh Capet, sunk beneath the fortune of his antagonist, and ended his life and race in solitary confinement.

The French historians observe, that the epithets given to the princes of the line of Charlemagne, were, almost all, expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

THE STUARTS.

The royal line of Stuart was as steadily unfortunate as any ever recorded in history. Their misfortunes continued with unabated succession, during three hundred and ninety years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

James I., after having beheaded three of his nearest kinded, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III., when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up in his palace

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. (and VI. of Scotland) died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years; and when he ascended the throne became

a slave to his pleasures: he lived a sensualist, and died miserably.

James II. abdicated the crown, and died in banishment.

Anne, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. remain proscribed and exiled.

Original Poetry.

For the Table Book.

TALES OF TINMOUTHE PRIORIE.

No. I.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SEA.

" Al maner Mynstralcye,
" That any man kan specifye,
* * * *
" And many unkouth notys new,
" Offe swiche folke als lovid trewe."

JOHN LIDGATE.

O loud howls the wind o'er the blue, blue deep,
And loud on the shore the dashing waves sweep,
And merk is the night by land and by sea,
And woe to the stranger that's out on the lea.

Closed fast is the gate of the priory hall,*
Unscathed stand the towers of the castle* so tall,
High flare the flames on the hearth-stane so wide,
But woe to the stranger that crosses the tide.

Hark! hark! at the portal who's voice is so bold—
It cannot be open'd for silver or gold—
The foeman is near with his harrying brand,
And brent are the homes of Northumberland.

I'm no foeman, no Scot, in sooth now to say,
But a minstral who weareth the peaceful lay;
Wynken de Mowbray the Prior doth know,
Then open the gate, for the north winds blow.

Who hath not heard De Mowbray's song?
The softest harp in the minstrel throng;
O many a true love tale can he sing,
And touch the heart with his melting string.

Now while the welkin with tempest raves,
And the angry ocean maddens his waves,
Around the hearth-stane we'll listen to thee,
And beguile the long night with minstralcye.

O sweet and wild is the harper's strain,
As its magic steals o'er the raptur'd brain;
And hush'd is the crowd of hearers all,
As thronged they sit in the priory hall.

" O what is sweeter and softer than thou
" Heather-bell on the mountain brow?
" And what is more pure than the sparkling dew
" That kisses that heather-bell so blue?
" Yes! far far sweeter and purer is she,
" The dark-eyed Maiden of the Sea.

" What is more sweet in the leafy grove
" Than the nightingale's plaintive song of love?
" And what is more gay than the lark of spring,
" As he carrols lightly on heaven-bent wing?
" O yes, more sweet and more gay is she,
" The dark-eyed Maiden of the Sea.

" Her raven-tresses in ringlets flow,
" Her step is more light than the forest doe,
" Her dark eyes shine 'neath their silken lash,
" Like the bright but lambent light'ning flash
" Of a summer eve, as noiseless it plays
" 'Midst a million stars of yet softer rays.

" The beauteous Eltha's evening song
" Is wafted o'er the swelling wave,
" And it catches the ear, as it steals along,
" Of wondering seamen, while billows lave
" In gentle murmurs his vessel's prow,
" As he voyages to where the cedars grow.

" A shallop is riding upon the sea,
" With her broad sail furl'd to the mast;
" A pennon brave floats fair and free
" On the breeze, as it whispers past:

" And who is that stranger of lofty mien
" Who is rock'd on the salt, salt tide?
" ——He is from a foreign land I ween,
" A stranger of meikle pride.

" He has heard the beauteous Eltha's notes
" Borne far on the eventide breeze,
" Like the eastern perfume that distant floats
" O'er the silver surfac'd seas.

" The stranger hath seen dark Eltha's eye,
" As it glanc'd o'er the wave so green;
" And mark'd her tresses of raven-dye,
" (More beauteous than golden sheen,)
" Interwoven with sea-flowers of whiten'd hue,
" Such flowers as never in garden grew,
" But pluck'd from the caverns of ocean deep
" By the last stormy waves' fast rushing sweep,
" And left on the strand as a tribute to thee,
" Thou dark-eyed Maiden of the Sea.

" The stranger lov'd dark Eltha's lay,
" And he lov'd her bright, bright eye;
" And he sued for the love of that maiden gay,
" As she wander'd the ocean nigh.

" He gain'd her love, for his form had grace,
" And stately was his stride;

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* Tynemouth castle and priory which stand together on a bleak promontory.

" His gentlesse show'd him of noble race,
" Tho' roaming on billows wide :—
" But fair skims the breeze o'er the placid sea,
" And the stranger must hie to a far countrie.

" Dark Eltha still sings but her song is slow,
" And the west wind catches its mournful flow ;
" The mariners wonder the changed lay,
" As their slothful barks calm lingering stay :
" The songstress' cheek is wan and pale,
" And her tresses neglected float on the gale ;
" The sea flower is thrown on its rocky bed,
" The once gay Eltha's peace is fled,
" The eye of the Maiden is dark and bright,
" But it rivals no more the diamond's light.

" Now many a day thou hast gaz'd o'er the sea
" For the bark of thy lover in vain,
" And many a storm thou hast shudder'd to see
" Spread its wings o'er the anger'd main :
—" Is he faithless the stranger ?—forgetful of thee ?
" Thou beauteous Maiden of the Sea.

" On many a whiten'd sail hast thou gaz'd,
" Till the lazy breeze bore it on,
But they pass, and thy weary eyes are glaz'd,
" As they trace the bark just gone :
" None have the pennon, so free and fair,
" As the stranger ship which once tarried there.

On yon tall cliff to whose broken base
" Loud surging waves for ever race,
" A form is bent o'er the fearful height,
" So eager, that a feather's weight
" Would cast its poised balance o'er,
" And leave a mangled corse on the shore.

" ——'Tis Eltha's form, that with eager glance,
" Scans the wide world of waves, as they dance,
" Uprais'd by the sigh of the east wind chill,
" Which wafts to the ear the scream so shrill
" Of the whirling sea mews, as landward they fly,
" —To seamen a mark that the storm is nigh.

" And what is yon distant speck on the sea,
" That seems but a floating beam,
" Save that a pennon fair and free
" Waves in the sun's bright gleam ?

" A bark is driven with rapid sail,
" Its pennon far spread on the moaning gale,
" A foamy track at its angry keel,
" And the billows around it maddening reel ;
" The white fring'd surges dash over its prow
" As its masts to the pressing canvass bow—

" But O with rapid, fiend-like, haste,
" The breeze rolls o'er the watery waste,
" And louder is heard the deaf'ning roar
" Of the waves dashing fierce on the trembling shore,
" Ten thousand eddying billows recede,
" And return again with an arrow's speed,
" Till the flaky foam on the wind is spread,
" Far, far above their ocean bed,
" And boom o'er the cliff where Eltha's form
" Is seen to await the deadly storm.

" Keep to the wind with a taughten'd sheet,*
" Thou bark from a stranger land,
" No daring northern pilot would meet
" A storm like this near the strand ;
" No kindly haven of shelter is here,
" Then whilst thou may,—to seaward steer ;
" But thou com'st, with a wide and flowing sail,
" To a rock bound coast in an eastern gale,
" Thou wilt see the danger around thee at last,
" When the hour of safety for ever is past ;

" ——And O it is past, thou art now embay'd,
" And around thee gathers the evening shade,
" Thy last sun has set in a red, red sky,
" Thy last Vesper hymn is the fearful cry
" Of the ominous sea bird shrieking on high.
" The night and the storm have bidden from view
" The fated ship and her gallant crew,
" And the last sight seen on the foamy sea
" Was a pennon broad streaming fair and free.

* * * * * * * *

" The morrow is come and the storm is o'er.
" And the billows more slowly dash,
" But shatter'd timbers are spread on the shore
" Beyond the ebb-waves' wash :
" Still are the hearts of the gallant band
" Which erst did beat so true ;
" They'll never more see their fatherland,
" Where their playful childhood grew.

" And on a shelving rock is seen,
" Enwrapp'd in a shroud of sea-weed green,
" A noble corse, whose marble brow
" Is cluster'd with locks of auburn hue ;
" And even in death, his manly form
" Seems to mock the rage of the northern storm.
" In his hand is clasp'd a jewel rare
" Enshrining a lock of black, black hair :
" And on his cold breast, near his heart, is display'd
" A golden gift of the dark-ey'd maid.

" The lovely Eltha's smiles are fled,
" And she wildly looks o'er the ocean-bed
" With sunken glance and a pale, pale cheek,
" And her once bounding step is slow and weak ;
" On the wave she launches the blue sea-shell
" Which swims for a moment then sinks in the swell
" And wilder'd she bends o'er the chrystal billow
" As it eddying whirls to its coral pillow :
" She fancys a faëry bark is sped
" To bring her cold love from the land of the dead ;
" But no tears on her sunken eye-lids quiver,
" Her reason is fled for ever !—for ever !—"

De Mowbray's soft harp ceas'd the mournful strain
But awaken'd the broken notes once again,
Like the throb of the heart strings when dying they sever,
They stop—thrill—stop—and are silent for ever.

ALPHA.

September, 1827.

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* *Keep to the wind, &c.* This line is a technical description of the sails of a vessel when contending against the wind.—ΑΛΦΑ.

For the Table Book.

MY POCKET-BOOK.

I crave good Mr. Du B——'s pardon for my "flat burglary" with regard to the title of the present little paper. It is very far from my intention to endeavour in any way to place myself in competition with that great satirical genius, of whose very superior talents and brilliant wit I am pleased to be thus afforded an opportunity of avowing myself an ardent admirer: but as this title suits my purpose, I must entreat his permission to appropriate it, and merely remind him of the poet Puff's excuse on a somewhat similar occasion —— "All that can be said is—that two people happened to hit upon the same thought, (title,) and Shakspeare (Du B——) made use of it first, that is all."

Pocket-books (as implied by their name) were originally intended as *portable* receptacles for our different memoranda, remarks and communications. But now it is no longer honoured by an immediate attendance on our person; its station at present is confined to the bureau, desk, or private drawer. What man who can boast of being *d'un assez bon air* would consent to injure his exquisite *adonisation* of coat, by wearing a pocket-book in his side-breast pocket, and thus ungratefully frustrate all poor Mr. Stultz's efforts at an exact and perfect *fit*. The ladies, for some reason, concerning which I do not so much as venture even a surmise, (for Heaven forefend that I should attempt to dive into these sacred mysteries, or, as "Uncle Selby" would call them, *femalities*,) have entirely given up the use of pockets, therefore I would advise that memorandum-books destined for the use of the fair sex should in future be styled—*reticule*-books.

Old pocket-books are like some old ladies' chests of drawers—delightful things to rummage and recur to. Looking over an old pocket-book is like revisiting scenes of past happiness after a lapsé of years. Recollections and associations of both a painful and pleasurable nature are vividly recalled, or forcibly present themselves to our mind. Treasured letters, private remarks, favourite quotations, dates of days spent in peculiar enjoyment, all these meet our eye, and rise up like the shadows of those past realities connected with them, whose memory they are intended to perpetuate to us.

——Pocket-books are indexes to their owner's mind—were it an allowable action to inspect another's pocket-book, we might form a tolerably shrewd guess at the character and disposition of its possessor. On picking up a lost pocket-book by chance in the streets, one can be at no loss to divine the quality of its former proprietor. A large rusty black leather pocket-book, looking more like a portmanteau than a memorandum book, stuffed with papers half printed, half written, blank stamp receipts, churchwarden's orders and directions, long lists of parishioners, with a small ink-horn in one corner—denotes the property of a tax-gatherer. The servant-maid's is an old greasy red morocco one—in the blank leaf is written in straggling characters reaching from the top of one side to the bottom of the other—

> Sarah Price her book,
> God give her grace therein to look.

In the part designated "cash account" are various items, for the most part concerning tea, sugar, and ribbon. Among the memoranda are the following:—"Spent last Easter Monday was a twel'month with Tom Hadley, at Greenwich—in great hopes I shall get leave to go again this year. My next wages comes due 4th August, 18—. Jane Thompson says she pays only 4s. for the best *sowtchong* tea; and I pay 4s. 6d.—to speak to Mr. Ilford the grocer about it." —The pockets are crammed full of songs and ballads, of which her favourites are "Black eyed Susan," "Auld Robin Gray," and "Lord William and Fair Margaret." Perhaps a letter from Tom Hadley, an old silver coin, his gift, and a lucky penny with a hole in it.—The young lady's is elegantly bound in red and gilt. In the blank leaf is written in a little niminy piminy hand-writing — "To my sweet friend Ellen Woodmere, from her affectionate Maria Tillotson." Quotations from Pope, Young, Thomson, Lord Byron, and Tom Moore, occupy the blank pages—"Memoranda. June 16th saw Mrs. Siddons riding in her chariot in Hyde Park. Mem. Wonder why pa' won't let me read dear lord Byron's new work the 'Don Juan'—there must be something odd in it. Mem. To remember and ask Maria what she paid a yard for that beautiful lace round her collar. Mem. What a horrid wretch that Robespierre must have been! I'm glad he was killed himself at last. Mem. To tell pa' that it is quite impossible for me to go to the ball next Tuesday without a new lutstring dress. Mem. How I wish I had been Joan of Arc!—But I would not have put on the men's clothes again in prison—

I wonder why she did so—How silly!"—In the pockets are some of her dear Maria's letters—a loose leaf torn out of sir Charles Grandison describing Miss Harriet Byron's dress at the masquerade — and several copies of verses and sonnets, the productions of some of her former school-fellows.

The old bachelor's pocket-book is of russia leather, glossy with use, yet still retaining its grateful and long-enduring odour. The memoranda chiefly consist of the dates of those days on which he had seen or spoken to remarkable or celebrated people. Opposite the prognostics concerning weather, which he has since found incorrect, are to be seen the words: "No such thing"—"Pshaw, the fellow talks about what he does not understand"—"Absurd folly," &c. —In the pockets are sundry square scraps of paper cut out at different periods from old newspapers—a copy of "The Means to be used for the recovery of persons *apparently* drowned"—a watch-paper cut out for him by his little grand-niece—and, (wrapped up in several folds of silver paper,) a long ringlet of auburn hair with its wavy drop, and springy relapse as you hold it at full-length between your finger and thumb. Among the leaves is a small sprig of jasmin which *she* had worn in *her* bosom a whole evening at a party, and which he had gently possessed himself of, on taking leave of her for the night.——

M. H.

WOMEN.

That venerable people—who were the ancients to those whom we call the ancients—the wise Egyptians, in the disposition which they allotted to the genders of their nouns, paid a singular and delicate compliment to the fair sex. In the four elements, beginning with water, they appointed the ocean, as a rough boisterous existence, to the male sex; but streams and fountains they left to the more gentle females. As to earth, they made rocks and stones male; but arable and meadow lands female. Air they divided thus: to the masculine gender, rough winds and hurricanes of every kind; to the female, the sky and the zephyrs. Fire, when of a consuming nature, they made male, but artificial and harmless flames they rendered feminine

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. IX.

To the Reader.

In the present volume has been commenced, and will be concluded, a series of Articles under this title, which to some readers may not have been sufficiently attractive. It is therefore now re-stated, that they present very curious particulars concerning the extent to which the ancients were acquainted with several popular systems and theories, usually supposed to have originated in modern times.

Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of Colours appears, by the succeeding paper, to have been imagined above two thousand years ago. The History of Ancient Philosophy is pregnant with similar instances of discrimination. It is hoped that this may justify the present attempt to familiarize the reader with the knowledge of the Ancients in various branches of Natural Philosophy, and the Elements of the Human Mind. Succeeding papers will be found to relate to their acquaintance with the Motion of the Earth—the Antipodes—Planetary Revolutions —Comets—the Moon—Air—Air-guns—Thunder—Earthquakes—the Magnet—the Tides—the Circulation of the Blood—Chirurgery—Chemistry—Malleability of Glass—Painting on Glass—Gunpowder—the Sexes of Plants—the Pendulum—Light—Perspective—the Quadrature of the Circle —Burning Glasses—the Precession of the Equinoxes—Mechanics — Architecture — Sculpture — Painting—Music, &c.

Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of Colours indicated by Pythagoras and Plato.

That wonderful theory, whereby is investigated and distinguished from one another the variety of colours that constitute the uniform appearance, called light, establishes the glory of sir Isaac Newton, and is an eternal monument of his extraordinary sagacity. Its discovery was reserved for an age when philosophy had arrived at its fullest maturity; and yet it is to be found in the writings of some of the most eminent men of ancient times.

Pythagoras, and his disciples after him, entertained sufficiently just conceptions of the formation of colours. They taught that "they resulted solely from the different modification of reflected light;" or, as a modern author, in explaining the sentiments of the Pythagoreans, expresses it,

"light reflecting itself with more or less vivacity, forms by that means our different sensations of colour." The same philosophers, "in assigning the reason of the difference of colours, ascribe it to a mixture of the elements of light; and divesting the atoms, or small particles of light, of all manner of colour, impute every sensation of that kind to the motions excited in our organs of sight."

The disciples of Plato contributed not a little to the advancement of optics, by the important discovery they made, that light emits itself in straight lines, and that the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection.

Plato terms colours "the effect of light transmitted from bodies, the small particles of which were adapted to the organ of sight." This seems precisely what sir Isaac Newton teaches in his "Optics," viz. that "the different sensations of each particular colour are excited in us by the difference of size in those small particles of light which form the several rays; those small particles occasioning different images of colour, as the vibration is more or less lively, with which they strike our sense." But the *ancient* philosopher went further. He entered into a detail of the composition of colours; and inquired into "the visible effects that must arise from a mixture of the different rays of which light itself is composed." He advances, however, that "it is not in the power of man exactly to determine what the proportion of this mixture should be in certain colours." This sufficiently shows, that he had an idea of this theory, though he judged it almost impossible to unfold it. He says, that "should any one arrive at the knowledge of this proportion, he ought not to hazard the discovery of it, since it would be impossible to demonstrate it by clear and convincing proofs:" and yet he thought "certain rules might be laid down respecting this subject, if in following and imitating nature we could arrive at the art of forming a diversity of colours, by the combined intermixture of others."

It is to be remarked, that Plato adds what may be regarded as constituting the noblest tribute that can be offered in praise of sir Isaac Newton; "Yea, should ever any one," exclaims that fine genius of antiquity, "attempt by curious research to account for this admirable mechanism, he will, in doing so, but manifest how entirely ignorant he is of the difference between divine and human power. It is true, that God can intermingle those things one with another, and then sever them at his pleasure, because he is, at the same time, all-knowing and all-powerful; but there is no man now exists, nor ever will perhaps, who shall ever be able to accomplish things so very difficult."

What an eulogium is this from the pen of Plato! How glorious is he who has successfully accomplished what appeared impracticable to the prince of ancient philosophers! Yet what elevation of genius, what piercing penetration into the most intimate secrets of nature, displays itself in these passages concerning the nature and theory of colours, at a time when Greek philosophy was in its infancy!

Light—Aristotle and Descartes.

Although the system of Descartes, respecting the propagation of light in an instant, has been discarded since Cassini discovered that its motion is progressive; yet it may not be amiss to show from whence he obtained the idea. His opinion was, that light is the mere action of a subtile matter upon the organs of sight. This subtile matter he supposes to fill all that space which lies between the sun and us; and that the particle of it, which is next to the sun, receiving thence an impulse, instantaneously communicates it to all the rest, between the sun and the organ of sight. To evidence this, Descartes introduces the comparison of a stick; which, by reason of the continuity of its parts, cannot in any degree be moved lengthways at one end, without instantaneously being put into the same degree of motion at the other end. Whoever will be at the pains to read, attentively, what Aristotle hath written concerning light, will perceive that he defines it to be the action of a subtile, pure, and homogeneous matter. Philoponus, explaining the manner in which this action was performed, makes use of the instance of a long string, which being pulled at one end, will instantaneously be moved at the other: he resembles the sun, to the man who quills the string; the subtile matter, to the string itself; and the instantaneous action of the one, to the movement of the other. Simplicius, in his commentary upon this passage of Aristotle, expressly employs the motion of a stick, to intimate how light, acted upon by the sun, may instantaneously impress the organs of sight. This comparison of a stick seems to have been made use of first, by Chrysippus—lastly, by Descartes.

Durhamiana.

For the Table Book.

WILLEY WALKER AND JOHN BOLTON.

Willey Walker, a well-known Durham character, who has discovered a new solar system different from all others, is a beadsman of the cathedral; or, as the impudent boys call a person of his rank, from the dress he wears, "a blue mouse." It is Willey's business to toll the curfew: but to our story. In Durham there are two clocks, which, if I may so express myself, are both *official* ones; viz. the cathedral clock, and the gaol or county clock. The admirers of each are about equal: some of the inhabitants regulating their movements by one, and some by the other. Three or four years ago it happened, during the middle of the winter, that the two clocks varied considerably; there was *only* three quarters of an hour's difference between them. The citizens cared very little about this *slight* discrepancy, but it was not at all relished by the guard of the London and Edinburgh mail, who spoke on the subject to the late John Bolton, the regulator of the county clock. John immediately posted off to the cathedral, where he met Willey Walker, and the following dialogue is said to have passed between them.

Bolton. Willey, why doa'nt ye keep t' abba clock reet—there's a bit difference between it and mine?

Willey. Why doa'nt ye keep yours so—it never gans reet?

Bolton. Mine's set by the sun, Willey! (Bolton was an astronomer.)

Willey. By the sun! Whew! whew! whew! Why, are ye turned fule? Nebody would think ye out else! and ye pretend to be an astronomer, and set clocks by 't' sun in this *windy* weather!—ther's ne depending on it: the winds, man, blaw sa, they whisk the sun about like a whirligig!

Bolton, petrified by the outpouring of Willey's astronomical knowledge, made no answer.

Bolton was a very eccentric character, and a great natural genius: from a very obscure origin he rose to considerable provincial celebrity. Such was his contempt of London artists, that he described himself on his sign as being "from Chester-le-Street, not London." He was an indefatigable collector of curiosities; and had a valuable museum, which most strangers visited. His advertisements were curious compositions, often in doggerel verse. He was a good astronomer and a believer in astrology. He is interred in Elvet churchyard: a plain stone marks the place, with the following elegant inscription from the classic pen of veterinary doctor Marshall. I give it as pointed.

> Ingenious artist! few thy skill surpast
> In works of art. Yet death has beat at last.
> Tho' conquerd. Yet thy deeds will ever shine,
> Time cant destroy a genius large as thine!

Bolton built some excellent organs and turret clocks. For one of the latter, which he made for North Shields, he used to say, he was not paid; and the following notice in his shop, in large characters, informed his customers of the fact — "North Shields clock never paid for!"

R. I. P. *Preb. Butt.*

A SENSUALIST AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

The following lines, written in the year 1609, are said, in the "Notes of a Bookworm," to have induced Butler to pursue their manner in his "Hudibras."

Dialogue.

Glutton, My belly I do deify.
Echo. Fie!
Gl. Who curbs his appetite's a fool.
Echo. Ah! fool!
Gl. I do not like this abstinence.
Echo. Hence!
Gl. My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.
Echo. Swine.
Gl. We epicures are happy truly.
Echo. You lie.
Gl. May I not, Echo, eat my fill?
Echo. Ill.
Gl. Will it hurt me if I drink too much?
Echo. Much.
Gl. Thou mock'st me, nymph, I'll not believe it.
Echo. Believe it.
Gl. Do'st thou condemn, then, what I do?
Echo. I do.
Gl. Is it that which brings infirmities?
Echo. It is.
Gl. Then, sweetest Temperance, I'll love thee.
Echo. I love thee.
Gl. If all be true which thou dost tell,
To gluttony I bid farewell.
Echo. Farewell!

PLAYWRIGHT-ING.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The following short matter-of-fact narrative, if inserted in your widely circulated miscellany, may in some degree tend to lessen the number of dramatic aspirants, and afford a little amusement to your readers.

I was, at the age of sixteen, apprenticed to a surgeon, and had served but two years of my apprenticeship, when I began to conceive that I had talents for something superior to the profession I had embraced. I imagined that literature was my forte; and accordingly I tried my skill in the composition of a tale, wherein I was so far successful, as to obtain its insertion in a "periodical" of the day. This was succeeded by others; some of which were rejected, and some inserted. In a short time, however, I perceived that I had gained but little fame, and certainly no profit. I therefore determined to attempt dramatic writing, by which I imagined that I should acquire both fame and fortune. Accordingly, after much trouble, I concocted a plot, and in three months completed a farce! I submitted it to my friends, all of whom declared it to be "an excellent thing;" and that if merit met with its due reward, my piece would certainly be brought out. Flattered and encouraged by their good opinion, I offered it, with confidence of success, to the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre. In the space of a week, however, my piece was returned, with a polite note, informing me, that it was "not in any way calculated for representation at *that* theatre." I concluded that it could not have been read; and having consoled myself with that idea, I transmitted it to the rival theatre. One morning, after the lapse of a few days, my hopes were clouded by a neat parcel, which I found to contain my manuscript, with the same polite but cutting refusal, added to which was an assurance, "that it had been read most attentively." I inwardly execrated the Covent Garden "reader" for a fool, and determined to persevere. At the suggestion of my friends I made numerous alterations, and submitted my farce to the manager of the Haymarket theatre, relying upon his liberality; but, after the usual delay of a week, it was again returned. At the Lyceum it also met with a similar fate. I was much hurt by these rejections, yet determined to persevere. The minor theatres remained for me, and I applied to the manager of one of these establishments, who, in the course of time, assured me, that my piece should certainly be produced. I was delighted at the brilliant prospects which *seemed* to open to me, and I *fancied* that I was fast approaching the summit of my ambition. Three tedious months ensued before I was summoned to attend the rehearsal; but I was then much pleased at the pains the actors appeared to have taken in acquiring their parts. The wished-for night arrived. I never dreamed of failure; and I invited a few of my select friends to witness its first representation.—it was the last: for, notwithstanding the exertions of the performers, and the applause of my worthy friends, so unanimous was the hostility of the audience, that my piece was damned!—damned, too, at a *minor* theatre! I attributed its failure entirely to the depraved taste of the audience. I was disgusted; and resolved, from that time, never more to waste my talents in endeavouring to amuse an unappreciating and ungrateful public. I have been firm to that resolution. I relinquished the making up of plays for the more profitable occupation of making up prescriptions, and am now living in comfort upon the produce of my profession.

AUCTOR.

EPIGRAM.

A few years ago a sign of one of the Durham inns was removed, and sent to Chester-le-Street, by way of a frolic. It was generally supposed that the feat was achieved by some of the legal students then in that city; and a respectable attorney there was so fully persuaded of it, that he immediately began to make inquiries corroborative of his suspicions. The circumstances drew forth the following epigram from our friend T. Q. M., which has never appeared in print.

From one of our inns was a sign taken down,
And sent by some wags to a neighbouring town.
To a limb of the law the freak caus'd much vexation,
And he went through the streets making wild lamentation;
And breathing revenge on the frolicsome sparks,
Who, he had not a doubt, were the "gentlemen clerks." *
From the *prophets* methinks we may inference draw
To prove how *perverse* was this man of the *law*.
For we find it inscrib'd in the pages divine—
"A *perverse* generation looks after *a sign!*"

* A favourite expression of the legal gentleman alluded to.

THE ROMANS.

The whole early part of the Roman history is very problematical. It is hardly possible to suppose the Romans could have made so conspicuous a figure in Italy, and not be noticed by Herodotus, who finished his history in Magna Græcia. Neither is Rome mentioned by Aristotle, though he particularly describes the government of Carthage. Livy, a writer by no means void of national prejudice, expressly says, they had never heard of Alexander; and here we surely may say in the words of the poet,

"Not to know him, argues themselves unknown."

Pliny, it is true, quotes a passage of Theophrastus, to show that a certain Greek writer, named Clitarchus, mentions an embassy from the Romans to Alexander; but this can never be set against the authority of Livy, especially as Quintilian gives no very favourable opinion of the veracity of the Greek historian in these words,—"Clitarchi, probatur ingenium, fides infamatur."*

A LITERARY BLUNDER.

When the Utopia of sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. As this was the age of discovery, (says Granger,) the learned Budæus, and others, took it for a genuine history; and considered it as highly expedient, that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity.

TREASURE DIGGING.

A patent passed the great seal in the fifteenth year of James I., which is to be found in Rymer, "to allow to Mary Middlemore, one of the maydes of honor to our dearest consort queen Anne, (of Denmark,) and her deputies, power and authority, to enter into the abbies of Saint Albans, Glassenbury, Saint Edmundsbury, and Ramsay, and into all lands, houses, and places, within a mile, belonging to said abbies;" there to dig, and search after treasure, supposed to be hidden in such places.

* H. J. Pye.

PERSONAL CHARMS DISCLAIMED

By a Lady.

If any human being was free from personal vanity it must have been the second duchess d'Orleans, Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria. In one of her letters, (dated 9th August, 1718,) she says, "I must certainly be monstrously ugly. I never had a good feature. My eyes are small, my nose short and thick, my lips broad and thin. These are not materials to form a beautiful face. Then I have flabby, lank cheeks, and long features, which suit ill with my low stature. My waist and my legs are equally clumsy. Undoubtedly I must appear to be an odious little wretch; and had I not a tolerably good character, no creature could enduer me. I am sure a person must be a conjuror to judge by my eyes that I have a grain of wit."

FORCIBLE ABDUCTION.

The following singular circumstance is related by Dr. Whitaker in his History of Craven:—

Gilbert Plumpton, in the 21 of Henry II., committed something like an Irish marriage with the heiress of Richard Warelwas, and thereby incurred the displeasure of Ranulph de Glanville, great justiciary, who meant to have married her to a dependant of his own. Plumpton was in consequence indicted and convicted of a rape at Worcester; but at the very moment when the rope was fixed, and the executioner was drawing the culprit up to the gallows, Baldwin, bishop of Worcester, running to the place, forbade the officer of justice, in the name of the Almighty, to proceed: and thus saved the criminal's life.

POLITENESS.

A polite behaviour can never be long maintained without a real wish to please; and such a wish is a proof of good-nature. No ill-natured man can be long well-bred. No good-natured man, however unpolished in his manners, can ever be essentially ill-bred. From an absurd prejudice with regard to good-nature, some people affect to substitute good temper for it; but no qualities can be more distinct: many good-tempered people, as well as many fools, are very ill-natured; and many men of first-rate genius—with which perhaps entire good temper is incompatible—are perfectly good-natured.

A FRENCH TRIBUTE TO ENGLISH INTEGRITY.

The Viscount de Chateaubriand gratefully memorializes his respect for the virtue of a distressed family in London by the following touching narrative prefixed to his Indian tale, entitled "The Natchez:"—

When I quitted England in 1800 to return to France, under a fictitious name, I durst not encumber myself with too much baggage. I left, therefore, most of my manuscripts in London. Among these manuscripts was that of *The Natchez*, no other part of which I brought to Paris but *René, Atala*, and some passages descriptive of America.

Fourteen years elapsed before the communication with Great Britain was renewed. At the first moment of the Restoration I scarcely thought of my papers; and if I had, how was I to find them again? They had been left locked up in a trunk with an Englishwoman, in whose house I had lodged in London. I had forgotten the name of this woman; the name of the street and the number of the house had likewise escaped my memory.

In consequence of some vague and even contradictory information which I transmitted to London, Messrs. de Thuisy took the trouble to make inquiries, which they prosecuted with a zeal and perseverance rarely equalled. With infinite pains they at length discovered the house where I resided at the west end of the town; but my landlady had been dead several years, and no one knew what had become of her children. Pursuing, however, the clue which they had obtained, Messrs. de Thuisy, after many fruitless excursions, at last found out her family in a village several miles from London.

Had they kept all this time the trunk of an emigrant, a trunk full of old papers, which could scarcely be deciphered? Might they not have consigned to the flames such a useless heap of French manuscripts? On the other hand, if my name, bursting from its obscurity, had attracted, in the London journals, the notice of the children of my former landlady, might they not have been disposed to make what profit they could of those papers, which would then acquire a certain value?

Nothing of the kind had happened. The manuscripts had been preserved, the trunk had not even been opened. A religious fidelity had been shown by an unfortunate family towards a child of misfortune. I had committed with simplicity the result of the labours of part of my life to the honesty of a foreign trustee, and my treasure was restored to me with the same simplicity. I know not that I ever met with any thing in my life which touched me more than the honesty and integrity of this poor English family.

DEVONSHIRE WRESTLING.

For the Table Book.

Abraham Cann, the Devonshire champion, and his brother wrestlers of that county, are objected to for their play with the foot, called "showing a toe" in Devonshire; or, to speak plainly, "kicking." Perhaps neither the objectors, nor Abraham and his fellow-countrymen, are aware, that the Devonshire custom was also the custom of the Greeks, in the same sport, three thousand years ago. The English reader may derive proof of this from Pope's translation of Homer's account of the wrestling match at the funeral of Patroclus, between Ulysses and Ajax, for prizes offered by Achilles:—

Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid, with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;
Their bones resound with blows; sides, shoulders, thighs
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife e'en tir'd the lookers on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me;
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree:
He said, and straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and, *where the nerves combine,*
His ancle struck the giant fell supine;
Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling through the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays;
He barely stirr'd him but he could not raise:
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd,
And grappling close, they tumble side by side.

Here we find not only "the lock," but that Ulysses, who is described as renowned for his art, attains to the power of throwing his antagonist by the device of Abraham Cann's favourite kick near the ancle.

I. V.

Penn and the Indians.

Yet thus could, in a savage-styled land,
A few—reviled, scorn'd, hated of the whole—
Stretch forth for Peace the unceremonious hand,
And stamp Truth, even on a sealed scroll.
They call'd not God, or men, in proof to stand:
They pray'd no vengeance on the perjured soul:
But Heaven look'd down, and, moved with wonder, saw
A compact fram'd, where Time might bring no flaw.

This stanza is in a delightful little volume, entitled "The Desolation of Eyam; the Emigrant, a tale of the American Woods; and other poems: By William and Mary Howitt, authors of the Forest Minstrel, &c." The feeling and beauty of one of the poems, "Penn and the Indians," suggested the present engraving, after a celebrated print from a picture by the late Benjamin West. The following particulars are chiefly related by Mr. Clarkson, respecting the scene it represents.

King Charles II., in consideration of a considerable sum due from the crown for the services of admiral sir William Penn, granted to his son, the ever-memorable William Penn, and his heirs, in perpetuity, a great tract of land on the river Delaware, in America; with full power to erect a new colony there, to sell lands, to make laws, to create magistrates, and to pardon crimes. In August, 1682, Penn, after having written to his wife and children a letter eminently remarkable for its simplicity and patriarchal spirit, took an affectionate leave of them; and, accompanied by several friends, embarked at Deal, on board the Welcome, a ship of three hundred tons burthen. The passengers, including himself, were not more than a hundred. They were chiefly quakers, and most of them from Sussex, in which county his house at

Warminghurst was seated. They sailed about the first of September, but had not proceeded far to sea, when the small-pox broke out so virulently, that thirty of their number died. In about six weeks from the time of their leaving the Downs they came in sight of the American coast, and shortly afterwards landed at Newcastle, in the Delaware river.

William Penn's first business was to explain to the settlers of Dutch and Swedish extraction the object of his coming, and the nature of the government he designed to establish. His next great movement was to Upland, where he called the first general assembly, consisting of an equal number, for the province and for the territories, of all such freemen as chose to attend. In this assembly the frame of government, and many important regulations, were settled; and subsequently he endeavoured to settle the boundaries of his territory with Charles lord Baltimore, a catholic nobleman, who was governor and proprietor of the adjoining province of Maryland, which had been settled with persons of his own persuasion.

Penn's religious principles, which led him to the practice of the most scrupulous morality, did not permit him to look upon the king's patent, or legal possession according to the laws of England, as sufficient to establish his right to the country, without purchasing it by fair and open bargain of the natives, to whom, only, it properly belonged. He had therefore instructed commissioners, who had arrived in America before him, to buy it of the latter, and to make with them at the same time a treaty of eternal friendship. This the commissioners had done; and this was the time when, by mutual agreement between him and the Indian chiefs, it was to be publicly ratified. He proceeded, therefore, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women, and young persons of both sexes, to Coaquannoc, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. On his arrival there he found the Sachems and their tribes assembling. They were seen in the woods as far as the eye could carry, and looked frightful both on account of their number and their arms. The quakers are reported to have been but a handful in comparison, and these without any weapon; so that dismay and terror had come upon them, had they not confided in the righteousness of their cause.

It is much to be regretted, when we have accounts of minor treaties between William Penn and the Indians, that there is not in any historian an account of this, though so many mention it, and though all concur in considering it as the most glorious of any in the annals of the world. There are, however, relations in Indian speeches, and traditions in quaker families, descended from those who were present on the occasion, from which we may learn something concerning it. It appears that, though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannoc, the treaty was made a little higher up, at Shackamaxon. Upon this Kensington now stands; the houses of which may be considered as the suburbs of Philadelphia. There was at Shackamaxon an elm-tree of a prodigious size. To this the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely-spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual clothes. He had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halberd, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash* round his waist, which was made of silk net-work, and which was of no larger apparent dimensions than an officer's military sash, and much like it except in colour. On his right hand was colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on his left his friend Pearson; after whom followed a train of quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise; which, when they came near the Sachems, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the Sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, and according to Scripture language, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief, who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chiefs in the form of a half-moon upon the ground. The chief Sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began. The Great Spirit, he said, who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship

* This sash is now in the possession of Thomas Kett, Esq. of Seething-hall, near Norwich.

with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood, and love. After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and providing sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians. He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground; observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did; that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ: neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain; for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations; that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it.

That William Penn must have done and said a great deal more on this interesting occasion than has now been represented, there can be no doubt. What has been related may be depended upon. It is to be regretted, that the speeches of the Indians on this memorable day have not come down to us. It is only known, that they solemnly pledged themselves, according to their country manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure.

Thus ended this famous treaty, of which more has been said in the way of praise than of any other ever transmitted to posterity. "This," said Voltaire, "was the only treaty between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken." "William Penn thought it right," says the abbé Raynal, "to obtain an additional right by a fair and open purchase from the aborigines; and thus he signalized his arrival by an act of equity, which made his person and principles equally beloved. Here it is the mind rests with pleasure upon modern history, and feels some kind of compensation for the disgust, melancholy, and horror, which the whole of it, but particularly that of the European settlements in America, inspires." Noble, in his Continuation of Granger, says, "He occupied his domains by actual bargain and sale with the Indians. This fact does him infinite honour, as no blood was shed, and the Christian and the barbarian met as brothers. Penn has thus taught us to respect the lives and properties of the most unenlightened nations."—"Being now returned," says Robert Proud, in his History of Pennsylvania, "from Maryland to Coaquannoc, he purchased lands of the Indians, whom he treated with great justice and sincere kindness. It was at this time when he first entered personally into that friendship with them, which ever afterwards continued between them, and which for the space of more than seventy years was never interrupted, or so long as the quakers retained power in the government. His conduct in general to these people was so engaging, his justice in particular so conspicuous, and the counsel and advice which he gave them were so evidently for their advantage, that he became thereby very much endeared to them; and the sense thereof made such deep impressions on their understandings, that his name and memory will scarcely ever be effaced while they continue a people."

The great elm-tree, under which this treaty was made, became celebrated from that day. When in the American war the British general Simcoe was quartered at Kensington, he so respected it, that when his soldiers were cutting down every tree for fire-wood, he placed a sentinel under it, that not a branch of it might be touched. In 1812 it was blown down, when its trunk was split into wood, and cups and other

articles were made of it, to be kept as memorials of it.

LINES

On receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the Tree under which William Penn made his Treaty with the Indians, and which was blown down in 1812, *converted to the purpose of an Inkstand.*

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war-fiend raised his hateful yell,
And midst the storm that realms deplore,
Penn's honour'd tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic, o'er th' Atlantic main,
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe!

But though no more its ample shade
Wave green beneath Columbia's sky,
Though every branch be now decay'd,
And all its scatter'd leaves be dry;

Yet, midst this relic's sainted space,
A health-restoring flood shall spring,
In which the angel-form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.

So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life through every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green.

The wither'd branch again shall grow,
Till o'er the earth its shade extend—
And this—the gift of foe to foe—
Become the gift of friend to friend.

In the "Conditions" between William Penn, as Proprietary and Governor of Pennsylvania, and the Adventurers and Purchasers in the same province, "in behalf of the Indians it was stipulated, that, as it had been usual with planters to overreach them in various ways, whatever was sold to them in consideration of their furs should be sold in the public market-place, and there suffer the test, whether good or bad: if good, to pass; if not good, not to be sold for good; that the said native Indians might neither be abused nor provoked. That no man should by any ways or means, in word or deed, affront or wrong any Indian, but he should incur the same penalty of the law as if he had committed it against his fellow-planter; and if any Indian should abuse, in word or deed, any planter of the province, that the said planter should not be his own judge upon the said Indian, but that he should make his complaint to the governor of the province, or his deputy, or some inferior magistrate near him, who should to the utmost of his power take care with the king of the said Indian, that all reasonable satisfaction should be made to the said injured planter. And that all differences between planters and Indians should be ended by twelve men, that is, by six planters and six Indians, that so they might live friendly together, as much as in them lay, preventing all occasions of heart-burnings and mischief. These stipulations in favour of the poor natives will for ever immortalize the name of William Penn; for, soaring above the prejudices and customs of his time, by which navigators and adventurers thought it right to consider the inhabitants of the lands they discovered as their lawful prey, or as mere animals of the brute-creation, whom they might treat, use, and take advantage of at their pleasure, he regarded them as creatures endued with reason, as men of the like feelings and passions with himself, as brethren both by nature and grace, and as persons, therefore, to whom the great duties of humanity and justice were to be extended, and who, in proportion to their ignorance, were the more entitled to his fatherly protection and care."*

The identical roll of parchment given by William Penn to the Indians was shown by their descendants to some English officers some years ago. This information, with the following passages, will be found in the "Notes" to "Penn and the Indians," the poem, by "William and Mary Howitt," from whence the motto is taken:—

"What shows the scrupulous adherence of the Indians to their engagements in the most surprising light is, that long after the descendants of Penn ceased to possess political influence in the state, in comparatively recent times, when the Indian character was confessedly lowered by their intercourse with the whites, and they were instigated both by their own injuries and the arts of the French to make incursions into Pennsylvania, the 'Friends' were still to them a sacred and inviolable people. While the tomahawk and the scalping-knife were nightly doing their dreadful work in every surrounding dwelling—theirs were untouched; while the rest of the inhabitants abandoned their houses and fled to forts for security,—they found

* Mr. Clarkson's Life of W. Penn.

more perfect security in that friendship which the wisdom and virtue of Penn had conciliated, and which their own disinterested principles made permanent."

In endeavouring to conclude with a specimen of the elegant poem of "William and Mary Howitt," an unexpected difficulty of selection occurs—it is a piece of continuous beauty that can scarcely be extracted from, without injury to the stanzas selected; and therefore, presuming on the kind indulgence of the amiable authors, it is here presented entire:—

PENN AND THE INDIANS.

"I will not compare our friendship to a chain; for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but I shall consider you as the same flesh and blood as the Christians; and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

W. PENN'S SPEECH TO THE INDIANS.

There was a stir in Pennsylvanian woods:
A gathering as the war-cry forth had gone;
And, like the sudden gush of Autumn floods,
Stream'd from all points the warrior-tribes to one.
Ev'n in the farthest forest solitudes,
The hunter stopped the battle-plume to don,
And turn'd with knife, with hatchet, and with bow.
Back, as to bear them on a sudden foe.

Swiftly, but silently, each dusky chief
Sped 'neath the shadow of continuous trees;
And files whose feet scarce stirr'd the trodden leaf;
And infant-laden mothers, scorning ease;
And childhood, whose small footsteps, light and brief,
Glanced through the forest, like a fluttering breeze,
Followed—a numerous, yet a silent band,—
As to some deed, high, fateful, and at hand.

But where the foe? By the broad Delaware,
Where flung a shadowy elm its branches wide,—
In peaceful garments, and with hands that bare
No sign of war,—a little band they spied.
Could *these* be whom they sought? And did they fare
Forth from their deserts, in their martial pride,
Thus at *their* call? They did. No trumpet's tongue
Had pierced their wild-woods with a voice so strong.

Who were they? Simple pilgrims:—it may be,
Scarce less than outcasts from their native isles,—
From Britain,—birth-place of the great and free,
Where heavenly lore threw round its brightest smiles,
Then why depart? Oh seeming mockery!
Were they not here, on this far shore, exiles,
Simply because, unawed by power or ban,
They worshipped God but would not bow to man?

Oh! Truth! Immortal Truth! on what wild ground
Still hast thou trod through this unspiritual sphere!
The strong, the brutish, and the vile surround
Thy presence, lest thy streaming glory cheer
The poor, the many, without price or bound.
Drowning thy voice, they fill the popular ear,
In thy high name, with canons, creeds, and laws,
Feigning to serve, that they may mar thy cause.

And the great multitude doth crouch, and bear
The burden of the selfish. That emprize,
That lofty spirit of virtue which can dare
To rend the bands of Error from all eyes;
And from the freed soul pluck each sensual care,
To them is but a fable. Therefore lies
Darkness upon the mental desert still;
And wolves devour, and robbers walk at will.

Yet, ever and anon, from thy bright quiver,
The flaming arrows of thy might are strown;
And, rushing forth, thy dauntless children shiver
The strength of foes who press too near thy throne.
Then, like the sun, or thy Almighty Giver,
Thy light is through the startled nations shown:
And generous indignation tramples down
The sophist's web, and the oppressor's crown.

Oh might it burn for ever! But in vain—
For vengeance rallies the alarmed host,
Who from men's souls draw their dishonest gain.
For thee they smite, audaciously they boast,
Even while thy sons are in thy bosom slain.
Yet this is thy sure solace,—that, not lost,
Each drop of blood, each tear,—Cadmean seed,
Shall send up armed champions in thy need.

And these were of that origin. Thy stamp
Was on their brows, calm, fearless, and sublime.
And they had held aloft thy heavenly lamp;
And borne its odium as a fearful crime.
And therefore, through their quiet homes the tramp
Of Ruin passed,—laying waste all that Time
Gives us of good; and, where Guilt fitly dwells,
Had made them homes in execrable cells.

We dwell in peace:—*they* purchased it with blood.
We dwell at large:—'twas *they* who wore the chain,
And broke it. Like the living rocks they stood,
Till their invincible patience did restrain
The billows of men's fury. Then the rude
Shock of the past diffused a mild disdain
Through their pure hearts, and an intense desire
For some calm land where freedom might respire.

Some land where they might render God his due,
Nor stir the gall of the blind zealot's hate.
Some land where came Thought's soul-refreshing dew
And Faith's sublimer visions. Where elate,
Their simple-hearted children they might view,
Springing in joy,—heirs of a blest estate:
And where each worn and weary mind might come
From every realm, and find a tranquil home.

And they sought this. Yet, as they now descried
From the near forest, pouring, horde on horde,
Armed, painted, plumed in all their martial pride,
The dwellers of the woods—the men abhorred

As fierce, perfidious, and with blood bedyed,
Felt they no dread? No;—for their breasts were stored
With confidence which pure designs impart,
And faith in Him who framed the human heart.

And they—the children of the wild—why came
They at this summons? Swiftly it had flown
Far through their woods, like wind, or wind-sent flame,
Followed by rumours of a stirring tone,
Which told that, all unlike, except in name,
To those who yet had on their shores been known,
These white men—wearers of the peaceful vest,—
Craved, in their vales, a brother's home and rest.

On the red children of the desert, fell
The tidings, like spring's first delicious breath;
For they had loved the strangers all too well;
And still—though reaping ruin, scorn, and death
For a frank welcome, and broad room to dwell,
Given to the faithless boasters of pure faith,—
Their wild, warm feelings kindled at the sight
Of Virtue arm'd but with her native might.

What term we savage? The untutored heart
Of Nature's child is but a slumbering fire;
Prompt at each breath, or passing touch, to start
Into quick flame, as quickly to retire:
Ready alike, its pleasance to impart,
Or scorch the hand which rudely wakes its ire:
Demon or child, as impulse may impel;
Warm in its love, but in its vengeance fell.

And these Columbian warriors to their strand
Had welcomed Europe's sons,—and rued it sore,
Men with smooth tongues, but rudely armed hand;
Fabling of peace when meditating gore;
Who, their foul deeds to veil, ceased not to brand
The Indian name on every Christian shore.
What wonder, on such heads, their fury's flame
Burst, till its terrors gloomed their fairer fame.

For they were not a brutish race, unknowing
Evil from good; their fervent souls embraced
With virtue's proudest homage to o'erflowing
The mind's inviolate majesty. The past
To them was not a darkness; but was glowing
With splendour which all time had not o'ercast;
Streaming unbroken from creation's birth,
When God communed and walked with men on earth.

Stupid idolatry had never dimmed
The Almighty image in their lucid thought.
To him alone their jealous praise was hymned;
And hoar Tradition, from her treasury, brought
Glimpses of far-off times, in which were limned
His awful glory: and their prophets taught
Precepts sublime,—a solemn ritual given,
In clouds and thunder, to their sires from heaven.

And, in the boundless solitude which fills,
Even as a mighty heart, their wild domains;
In caves, and glens of the unpeopled hills;
And the deep shadow that for ever reigns
Spirit like in their woods; where, roaring, spills
The giant cataract to the astounded plains,
Nature, in her sublimest moods, had given,
Not man's weak lore,—but a quick flash from heaven.

Roaming, in their free lives, by lake and stream;
Beneath the splendour of their gorgeous sky;
Encamping, while shot down night's starry gleam,
In piny glades, where their forefathers lie;
Voices would come, and breathing whispers seem
To rouse within the life which may not die;
Begetting valorous deeds, and thoughts intense,
And a wild gush of burning eloquence.

Such were the men who round the pilgrims came.
Oh! righteous heaven! and thou, heaven-dwelling sun!
How from my heart spring tears of grief and shame,
To think how runs—and quickly shall have run
O'er earth, for twice a thousand years, your flame,
Since, for man's weal, Christ's victories were won;
Since dying, to his sons, love's gift divine
He gave, the bond of brotherhood and the sign.—

Where shines the symbol? Europe's mighty states,
The brethren of the cross—from age to age,
Have striven to quench in blood their quenchless hates;
Or—cease their armed hosts awhile their rage,
'Tis but that Peace may half unclose her gates
In mockery; that each diplomatic sage
May treat and sign, while War recruits his power
And grinds the sword fresh millions to devour.

Yet thus could, in a savage-styled land,
A few,—reviled, scorn'd, hated of the whole,
Stretch forth for peace the unceremonious hand,
And stamp Truth, even upon a sealed scroll.
They called not God, or men, in proof to stand:
They prayed no vengeance on the perjured soul:
But heaven look'd down, and moved with wonder saw
A compact framed, where time might bring no flaw.

Yet, through the land no clamorous triumph spread.
Some bursts of natural eloquence were there:
Somewhat of his past wrongs the Indian said;
Of deeds design'd which now were given to air.
Some tears the mother o'er her infant shed,
As through her soul pass'd Hope's depictions fair;
And they were gone—the guileless scene was o'er;
And the wild woods absorb'd their tribes once more.

Ay, years have rolled on years, and long has Penn
Pass'd, with his justice, from the soil he bought;
And the world's spirit, and the world's true men
Its native sons with different views have sought.
Crushing them down till they have risen again
With bloodiest retribution; yet have taught,
Even while their hot revenge spread fire and scath,
Their ancient, firm, inviolable faith.

When burst the war-whoop at the dead of night,
And the blood curdled at the dreadful sound;
And morning brought not its accustomed light
To thousands slumbering in their gore around;

Then, like oases in the desert's blight,
The homes of Penn's peculiar tribe were found:
And still the scroll he gave, in love and pride,
Their hands preserve,—earth has not such beside.

Yes; prize it, waning race, for never more
Shall your wild glades another Penn behold:
Pure, dauntless legislator, who did soar
Higher than dared sublimest thought of old.
That antique lie which bent the great of yore,
And ruleth still—Expedience stern and cold,
He pluck'd with scorn from its usurped car
And showed Truth strong, and glorious as a star.

The vast, the ebbless, the engulphing tide
Of the white population still rolls on!
And quail'd has your romantic heart of pride,—
The kingly spirit of the woods is gone.
Farther, and farther do ye wend to hide
Your wasting strength; to mourn your glory flown,
And sigh to think how soon shall crowds pursue
Down the lone stream where glides the still canoe.

And ye, a beautiful nonentity, ere long,
Shall live but with past marvels, to adorn
Some fabling theme, some unavailing song.
But ye have piled a monument of scorn
For trite oppression's sophistry of wrong.
Proving, by all your tameless hearts have borne,
What now ye *might* have been, had ye but met
With love like yours, and faith unwavering yet.

The authors of "Penn and the Indians" justly observe in the last note upon their exalted poem, that "it is William Penn's peculiar honour to stand alone as a statesman, in opposing principle to expedience, in public as well as in private life. Even Aristides, the very beau-ideal of virtuous integrity, failed in this point. The success of the experiment has been as splendid as the most philosophic worshipper of abstract morals could have hoped for or imagined." These sentences exemplify an expression elsewhere—"Politics are Morals." *

QUAKERS.

Origin of the Term.

On the 30th of October, 1650, the celebrated George Fox being at a lecture delivered in Derby by a colonel of the parliament's army, after the service was over addressed the congregation, till there came an officer who took him by the hand, and said, that he, and the other two that were with him, must go before the magistrates. They were examined for a long time, and then George Fox, and one John Fretwell of Staniesby, a husbandman, were committed to the house of correction for six months upon pretence of blasphemous expressions. Gervas Bennet, one of the two justices who signed their mittimus, hearing that Fox bade him, and those about him, "*tremble* at the word of the Lord," regarded this admonition so lightmindedly, that from that time, he called Fox and his friends *Quakers*. This new and unusual denomination was taken up so eagerly, that it soon ran over all England, and from thence to foreign countries.* It has since remained their distinctive name, insomuch, that to the present time they are so termed in acts of parliament; and in their own declarations on certain public occasions, and in addresses to the king, they designate themselves "the people called *Quakers*." The community, in its rules and minutes, for government and discipline, denominates itself "The Society of *Friends*."

The Will

OF JOHN KEATS, THE POET.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Underneath I send you a copy of a document which "poor Keats" sent to Mr. ———, in August, 1820, just before his departure for Italy.

This paper was intended by him to operate as his last will and testament, but the sages of Doctors' Commons refused to receive it as such, for reasons which to a lawyer would be perfectly satisfactory, however the rest of the world might deem them deficient in cogency:—

Copy.

"My share of books divide amongst my friends. In case of my death this scrap of paper may be serviceable in your possession.

"All my estate, real and personal, consists in the hopes of the sale of books, published or unpublished. Now I wish ——— and you to be the first paid creditors—the rest is *in nubibus*—but, in case it should shower, pay —— the few pounds I owe him."

Although too late to afford him any satisfaction or comfort, it did "shower" at last; and that, too, from a source which, in its general aspect, bears all the gloominess of a cloud, without any of its refreshing or fertilizing anticipations—I mean the Court of Chancery. This unexpected "shower" was sufficiently copious to enable the fulfilment of all the wishes expressed in the above note. His friends have therefore the gratification of knowing that no pecuniary loss has been (or need have been) sustained, by any one of those with whom he was connected, either by friendship or otherwise. I am, Sir, &c. O. Z.

* Sewel.

Fine Writing Ink!

Buy an Iron Fork, or a Shovel?

Old London Cries.

These engravings pretty well describe the occupations of the figures they represent. The cry of "Fine writing-ink" has ceased long ago; and the demand for such a fork as the woman carries is discontinued. They are copied from a set of etchings formerly mentioned—the "Cries of London," by Lauron. The following of that series are worth describing, because they convey some notion of cries which we hear no longer in the streets of the metropolis.

Buy a new Almanack?

A woman bears book-almanacks before her, displayed in a round basket.

London's Gazette here.

A woman holds one in her hand, and seems to have others in her lapped-up apron.

Buy any Wax or Wafers?

A woman carries these requisites for correspondence in a small hand-basket, or frail, with papers open in the other hand.

My Name, and your Name, your Father's Name, and Mother's Name.

A man bears before him a square box, slung from his shoulders, containing type-founders' letters, in small cases, each on a stick; he holds one in his hand. I well remember to have heard this very cry when a boy. The type-seller composed my own name for me, which I was thereby enabled to imprint on paper with common writing ink. I think it has become wholly extinct within the last ten years.

Old Shoes for some Brooms.

A man with birch-brooms suspended behind him on a stick. His cry intimates, that he is willing to exchange them for old shoes; for which a wallet at his back, depending from his waist, seems a receptacle.

Remember the poor Prisoners!

A man, with a capacious covered basket suspended at his back by leather handles, through which his arms pass; he holds in his right hand a small, round, deep box with a slit in the top, through which money may be put: in his left hand is a short walking-staff for his support. In former times the prisoners in different gaols, without allowance, deputed persons to walk the streets and solicit alms for their support, of passengers and at dwelling-houses. The basket was for broken-victuals.

Fritters, piping hot Fritters.

A woman seated, frying the fritters on an iron with four legs, over an open fire lighted on bricks; a pan of batter by her side: two urchins, with a small piece of money between them, evidently desire to fritter it.

Buy my Dutch Biskets?

A woman carries them open in a large, round, shallow arm-basket on her right arm; a smaller and deeper one, covered with a cloth, is on her left.

Who's for a Mutton Pie, or a Christmas Pie?

A woman carries them in a basket hanging on her left arm, under her cloak; she rings a bell with her right hand.

Lilly white Vinegar, Threepence a Quart.

The vinegar is in two barrels, slung across the back of a donkey; pewter measures are on the saddle in the space between them. The proprietor walks behind—he is a jaunty youth, and wears flowers on the left side of his hat, and a lilly white apron; he cracks a whip with his left hand; and his right fingers play with his apron strings.

Old Satin, old Taffety, or Velvet.

A smart, pretty-looking lass, in a high-peaked crowned-hat, a black hood carelessly tied under her chin, handsomely stomachered and ruffled, trips along in high-heeled shoes, with bows of ribbons on the insteps; a light basket is on her right arm, and her hands are crossed with a quality air.

Scotch or Russia Cloth.

A comfortably clothed, stout, substantial-looking, middle-aged man, in a cocked hat, (the fashion of those days,) supporting with his left hand a pack as large as his body, slung at his back; his right hand holds his yard measure, and is tucked into the open bosom of his buttoned coat; a specimen of his cloth hangs across his arm. Irish and Holland linen have superseded Scotch and Russia.

Four pair for a Shilling, Holland Socks.

A woman cries them, with a shilling's-worth in her hand; the bulk of her ware is in an open box before her. Our ancestors took great precautions against wet from without—they took much within. They were soakers and sockers.

Long Thread Laces, long and strong.

A miserably tattered-clothed girl and boy carry long sticks with laces depending from the ends, like cats-o'-nine tails. This cry was extinct in London for a few years, while the females dressed naturally—now, when some are resuming the old fashion of stiff stays and tight-lacing, and pinching their bowels to inversion, looking unmotherly and bodiless, the cry has been partially revived.

Pretty Maids, pretty Pins, pretty Women.

A man, with a square box sideways under his left arm, holds in his right hand a paper of pins opened. He retails ha'p'orths and penn'orths, which he cuts off from his paper. I remember when pins were disposed of in this manner in the streets by women—their cry was a musical distich—

Three-rows-a-penny, pins,
Short whites, and mid—dl—ings!

Fine Tie, or a fine Bob, sir!

A wig-seller stands with one on his hand, combing it, and talks to a customer at his door, which is denoted by an inscription to be in "Middle-row, Holbourn." Wigs on blocks stand on a bracketed board outside his window. This was when every body, old and young, wore wigs—when the price for a common one was a guinea, and a journeyman had a new one every year—when it was an article in every apprentice's indenture that his master should find him in "one good and sufficient wig, yearly, and every year, for, and during, and unto the expiration, of the full end, and term, of his apprenticeship."

Buy my fine Singing Glasses!

They were trumpet-formed glass tubes, of various lengths. The crier blows one

of half his own height. He holds others in his left hand, and has a little box, and two or three baskets, slung about his waist.

Japan your Shoes, your honour!

A shoeblack. A boy, with a small basket beside him, brushes a shoe on a stone, and addresses himself to a wigged beau, who carries his cocked-hat under his left arm, with a crooked-headed walking-stick in his left hand, as was the fashion among the dandies of old times. I recollect shoeblacks formerly at the corner of almost every street, especially in great thoroughfares. There were several every morning on the steps of St. Andrew's church Holborn, till late in the forenoon. But the greatest exhibition of these artists was on the site of Finsbury-square, when it was an open field, and a depository for the stones used in paving and street-masonry. There, a whole army of shoeblacks intercepted the citizens and their clerks, on their way from Islington and Hoxton to the counting-houses and shops in the city, with "Shoeblack, your honour!" "Black your shoes, sir!"

Each of them had a large, old tin-kettle, containing his apparatus, viz. a capacious pipkin, or other large earthen-pot, containing the blacking, which was made of ivory black, the coarsest moist sugar, and pure water with a little vinegar—a knife—two or three brushes—and an old wig. The old wig was an indispensable requisite to a shoeblack; it whisked away the dust, or thoroughly wiped off the wet dirt, which his knife and brushes could not entirely detach; a rag tied to the end of a stick smeared his viscid blacking on the shoe, and if the blacking was "real japan," it shone. The old experienced shoe-wearers preferred an oleaginous, lustreless blacking. A more liquid blacking, which took a polish from the brush, was of later use and invention. Nobody, at that time, wore boots, except on horseback; and every body wore breeches and stockings: pantaloons or trousers were unheard of. The old shoeblacks operated on the shoes while they were on the feet, and so dexterously as not to soil the fine white cotton stocking, which was at one time the extreme of fashion, or to smear the buckles, which were universally worn. Latterly, you were accommodated with an old pair of shoes to stand in, and the yesterday's paper to read, while your shoes were cleaning and polishing, and your buckles were whitened and brushed. When shoestrings first came into vogue, the prince of Wales (now the king) appeared with them in his shoes, and a deputed body of the buckle-makers of Birmingham presented a petition to his royal highness to resume the wearing of buckles, which was good-naturedly complied with. Yet in a short time shoestrings entirely superseded buckles. The first incursion on the shoeblacks was by the makers of "patent cake-blacking," on sticks formed with a handle, like a small battledoor; they suffered a more fearful invasion from the makers of liquid blacking in bottles. Soon afterwards, when "Day and Martin" manufactured the *ne plus ultra* of blacking, private shoeblacking became general, public shoeblacks rapidly disappeared, and now they are extinct. The last shoeblack that I remember in London, sat under the covered entrance of Red Lion-court, Fleet-street, within the last six years.

ANTIQUARIAN MEMORANDUM.

For the Table Book.

Chair at Page's Lock.

At a little alehouse on the Lea, near Hoddesdon, called "Page's Lock," there is a curious antique chair of oak, richly carved. It has a high, narrow back inlaid with cane, and had a seat of the same, which last is replaced by the more durable substitute of oak. The framework is beautifully carved in foliage, and the top rail of the back, as also the front rail between the legs, have the imperial crown in the centre. The supports of the back are twisted pillars, surmounted with crowns, by way of knobs, and the fore-legs are shaped like beasts' paws.

The date is generally supposed to be that of Elizabeth; and this is confirmed by the circumstance of the chairs in the long gallery of Hatfield-house, in Hertfordshire, being of similar construction, but *without* the crowns. The date of these latter chairs is unquestionably that of Elizabeth, who visited her treasurer, Burleigh, whose seat it was. The circumstance of the crowns being carved on the chair above-named, and their omission in those at Hatfield, would seem to imply a regal distinction; and we may fairly infer, that it once formed part of the furniture of queen Elizabeth's hunting-lodge situate on Epping forest, not many miles from Hoddesdon.

Gaston.

MINISTER OF KIRKBY LONSDALE, KIRKBY KENDAL.—LUNE BRIDGE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The Tenth Part of your interesting publication, the *Table Book*, has been lent to me by one of your constant readers; who, aware of the interest which I take in every thing connected with Westmoreland, pointed out the Notes of T. Q. M. on a Pedestrian Tour from Skipton to Keswick.*

It is not my intention to review those notes, or to point out the whole of his inaccuracies; but I shall select one, which, in my humble judgment, is quite inexcusable. After stating that the Rev. Mr. Hunt was once the curate of Kirkby (not Kirby, as your correspondent spells it) Lonsdale, he adds, "I believe the well-known Carus Wilson is the officiating minister at present." What your narrator means by the appellation "well known," he alone can determine—and to which of the family he would affix the term, I cannot possibly imagine. The eldest son is rector of Whittington, an adjoining parish; the second son of the same family is vicar of Preston, in Lancashire; the third is the curate of Tunstal, in the same county. These are all the gentlemen of that family who are, or ever were, "officiating ministers:" and I can safely assure your correspondent, that not one of them *ever was* the officiating minister of Kirkby Lonsdale. The vicar is the Rev. Mr. Sharp; who the curate is I forget, but an inquirer could have easily ascertained it; and an inquiry would have furnished him with some very curious details respecting the actual incumbent.

By the way, let me mention the curious fact of this town retaining its ancient name, while Kendal, a neighbouring town, has lost, in common parlance, a moiety of its name. In all legal documents Kendal is described as *Kirkby* Kendal, as the former is *Kirkby* Lons-dale; and the orthography is important, as it shows at once the derivation of these names. *Kirk-by-Lon's-dale*, and *Kirk-by-Ken* or *Kent-dale*, evidently show, that the prominent object, the churches of those towns on the banks of their respective river, the *Lune*, *Loyne*, or *Lon*, as it is variously written, and the *Kent* or *Ken*, and their *dales*, or vallies, furnished the cognomen.

* Col. 271, &c.

I should be much obliged to T. Q. M. if he would point out the house where my friend Barnabee

——————— viewed
An hall, which like a taverne shewed
Neate gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brimful, no thought of caring.

If a very curious tradition respecting the very fine and remarkable bridge over the river Lune, together with a painting of it done for me by a cobbler at Lancaster, would be at all interesting to you, I shall be happy to send them to your publishers. The picture is very creditable to the artist; and after seeing it, I am sure you will say, that however (if ever) just, in former days, the moderns furnish exceptions to the well-known maxim—

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

I am, sir,
your obedient servant,
London, Sept. 25, 1827. BOB SHORT.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. X.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM THAT OF THE ANCIENTS.

Copernicus places the sun in the centre of our system, the fixed stars at the circumference, and the earth and other planets in the intervening space; and he ascribes to the earth not only a diurnal motion around its axis, but an annual motion round the sun. This simple system, which explains all the appearances of the planets and their situations, whether processional, stationary, or retrograde, was so fully and distinctly inculcated by the ancients, that it is matter of surprise it should derive its name from a modern philosopher.

Pythagoras thought that the earth was a movable body, and, so far from being the centre of the world, performed its revolutions around the region of fire, that is the sun, and thereby formed day and night. He is said to have obtained this knowledge among the Egyptians, who represented the sun emblematically by a beetle, because that insect keeps itself six months under

ground, and six above; or, rather, because having formed its dung into a ball, it afterwards lays itself on its back, and by means of its feet whirls that ball round in a circle.

Philolaüs, the disciple of Pythagoras, was the first publisher of that and several other opinions belonging to the Pythagorean school. He added, that the earth moved in an oblique circle, by which, no doubt, he meant the zodiac.

Plutarch intimates, that Timæus Locrensis, another disciple of Pythagoras, held the same opinion; and that when he said the planets were animated, and called them the different measures of time, he meant no other than that they served by their revolutions to render time commensurable; and that the earth was not fixed to a spot, but was carried about by a circular motion, as Aristarchus of Samos, and Seleucus afterwards taught.

This Aristarchus of Samos, who lived about three centuries before Jesus Christ, was one of the principal defenders of the doctrine of the earth's motion. Archimedes informs us, "That Aristarchus, writing on this subject against some of the philosophers of his own age, placed the sun immovable in the centre of an orbit, described by the earth in its circuit." Sextus Empiricus cites him, as one of the principal supporters of this opinion.

From a passage in Plutarch it appears, that Cleanthes accused Aristarchus of impiety and irreligion, by troubling the repose of Vesta and the Larian gods; when, in giving an account of the phenomena of the planets in their courses, he taught that heaven, or the firmament of the fixed stars, was immovable, and that the earth moved in an oblique circle, revolving at the same time around its own axis.

Theophrastus, as quoted by Plutarch, says in his History of Astronomy, which has not reached our times, that Plato, when advanced in years, gave up the error he had been in, of making the sun turn round the earth; and lamented that he had not placed it in the centre, as it deserved, instead of the earth, which he had put there contrary to the order of nature. Nor is it at all strange that Plato should reassume an opinion which he had early imbibed in the chools of the two celebrated Pythagoreans, Archytas of Tarentum, and Timæus the Locrian, as we see in St. Jerome's Christian apology against Rufinus. In Cicero we find, that Heraclides of Pontus, who was a Pythagorean, taught the same doctrine. It may be added, that Tycho Brache's system was known to Vitruvius, as well as were the motions of Venus and Mercury about the sun.

That the earth is round, and inhabited on all sides, and of course that there are Antipodes, or those whose feet are directly opposite to ours, is one of the most ancient doctrines inculcated by philosophy. Diogenes Laertius, in one part of his history, says, that Plato was the first who called the inhabitants of the earth opposite to us "Antipodes." He does not mean that Plato was the first who taught this opinion, but only the first who made use of the term "Antipodes;" for, in another place, he mentions Pythagoras as the first who taught of When Plutarch wrote, it was a point in. controversy; and Lucretius and Pliny, were oppose this notion, as well as St. Augustine, serve as witnesses that it must have prevailed in their time.

The proofs which the ancients brought of the sphericalness of the earth, were the same that the moderns use. Pliny on this subject observes, that the land which retires out of sight to persons on the deck of a ship, appears still in view to those who are upon the mast. He thence concludes, that the earth is round. Aristotle drew this consequence not only from the circular shadow of the earth on the disk of the moon in eclipse, but also from this, that, in travelling south, we discover other stars, and that those which we saw before, whether in the zenith or elsewhere, change their situation with respect to us.

On whatever arguments the ancients founded their theory, it is certain they clearly apprehended that the planets revolved upon their own axis. Heraclides of Pontus, and Ecphantus, two celebrated Pythagoreans, said, that the earth turned from west to east, just as a wheel does upon its axis or centre. According to Atticus, the platonist, Plato extended this observation from the earth to the sun and other planets. "To that general motion which makes the planets describe a circular course, he added another, resulting from their spherical shape, which made each of them move about its own centre, whilst they performed the general revolution of their course." Plotinus also ascribes this sentiment to Plato; for speaking of him he says, that besides the grand circular course observed by all the stars in general, Plato thought "they each performed another about their own centre."

The same notion is ascribed to Nicetas of Syracuse by Cicero, who quotes Theophrastus to warrant what he advances. This Nicetas is he whom Diogenes Laertius

names Hycetas, whose opinion, he says, was, that "the celerity of the earth's motion about its own axis, and otherwise, was the only cause and reason of the apparent revolutions of the heavenly bodies."

How useful the invention of telescopes has been to the astronomical observations of the moderns is particularly evident from their discovery, that the planets revolve on their axis, a discovery founded on the periodical revolution of the spots observed on their disks; so that every planet performs two revolutions, by one of which it is carried with others about a common centre; and, by the other, moves upon its axis round its own. Yet all that the moderns have advanced in this respect, serves only to confirm to the ancients the glory of being the first discoverers, by the aid of reason alone. The moderns in this are to the ancients, as the French philosophers to sir Isaac Newton; all whose labours and travail, in visiting the poles and equator to determine the figure of the earth, served only to confirm what sir Isaac had thought of it, without so much as stirring from his closet.

GRAVESEND.

A Mother and her Children.

To the Editor.

Rochester, Sept. 29, 1827.

Sir,—On the beach at Gravesend yesterday morning, I saw a gaily dressed young female walking and fondling an infant in her arms, whom she called Henry; with a fine, lively, bluff boy of about three years old running before, who suddenly venturing to interrupt the gravity of a goat, by tickling his beard with a switch, became in immediate danger of over-punishment from the provoked animal. I ran to "the rescue," and received warm thanks for its achievement. After the manner of mothers she kissed and scolded her "dear Lobski," as she called the little rogue; and I involuntarily and inquisitively repeated the appellation. "Sir," said she,—and she smiled—"it is perfectly ridiculous; but his father and I so frequently give him that name in joke, that we sometimes let it fall when in earnest—his *real Christian* name is Robert." I laughed at the whim, shook hands with young "Lobski," wished his mother good morning, set off by the first conveyance to London, and wholly forgot my little adventure.

——It was brought to my recollection this afternoon through an incident on the roof of a stage-coach, by which I was travelling to Rochester with several passengers; all of whom, except myself, alighted at Gravesend. One of them, a Londoner, a young man of facetious remark, let an expression or two fall, from whence I strongly suspected he was the husband of Lobski's mother. He had sat next to me at the back of the coach, and had been particularly anxious respecting the safety of a goose—whereon, as I learned, he anticipated to regale with his wife in honour of Michaelmas. Being left to pursue the short remainder of my journey alone, I was proceeding to change my place in the rear, for the box-seat, when I perceived a letter, with the direction so obliterated by friction, as to be undecipherable. There could not be a doubt that it had escaped from my late fellow-traveller's pocket; and as it seemed to have been left to me as an *air*-loom, I took the liberty to examine the contents. It was from his wife; and in connection with my surmise, and with my beach-story, it furnished the strongest presumptive evidence that I had rightly conjectured his identity. He was an entire stranger to the driver; and I am scarcely sorry that the absence of all clue to his address at Gravesend, or in London, allows me a fair opportunity of laying before the readers of the *Table Book* a sprightly epistle, from a mother who leaves her home in the metropolis to visit Gravesend, as a watering place, with a couple of young children whom she loves, and with the pleasure of expecting and receiving an occasional pop-visit from her good man.

Copy of the Letter.

Gravesend, Thursday aft.

Dear Henry,—We arrived here after a very pleasant voyage in one of the Calais steamers. Lobski, as usual, was, and is, quite at home. He really appears to be the flower of Gravesend. He spars with all the sailors who notice him, which are not a few—nods to the old women—halloes at the boys, and runs off with their hoops—knocks at the windows with his stick—hunts the fowls and pigs, because they run away from him—and admires the goats, because they are something new. As we walk on the beach he looks out for "*anoner* great ship"—kisses the little girls—thumps Mary—and torments me. The young ones in the road call him "Cock Robin." He is, *indeed*, what E. D. calls "a *tainted* one."

Upon first coming down I immediately commenced inquiries about the bathing, and found some who talked of *mud-rubbing*. No one gave it such a character as Mrs. E. —I met with a lady on the beach, who told me she had brought a little boy of hers down last year to be *mud-rubbed;* but after a month's stay his legs were no way improved—she then *bathed* him for a month, and the boy is a fine little fellow. I considered, as *Lobski's* legs really brought us here, it was best to bathe him at once; and accordingly paid *5s. 3d.* for a month, otherwise it is *1s.* each time. Since going in, which he took pretty well, considering the instantaneous plunge, he calls to me when he looks at the sea, "There is my *tub*, Ma." He was rather frightened, and thought he fell into the water, but not near so much, the guide says, as most children are. Harry is getting fatter every day, and very jealous of Bob when with me—but, out of doors, the little fellow glories in seeing Lobski run on before. They grow very fond of each other.

Monday will be a grand day here in choosing the mayor, and at night a mock election takes place, with fireworks, &c.—and this day month Greenwich-fair is held in the fields. The people here are any thing but sociable, and "keep themselves to themselves." The sailors are the most obliging, and very communicative—they usually carry Bob over any dirty place or so for me—and, to tell the truth, I have almost changed my mind from a parson to a sailor.

If you *can*, do come down on Sunday; but, by no means, empty-handed, or rather, empty-pocketed—my cash is now very low, though I have been as saving as possible. I find no alteration in the price of provisions except potatoes and milk—every thing lse I think is as in London. I should like ome pens, paper, and a book or two—for one, the Duchess D'Orleans' Court of Louis the XIV., I think it is—and any thing, as poor Mrs. —— says, *very* amusing; for the evenings are "cursedly" dull—stop—it's your own word—and as I have said it, it may relieve a little of *this* evening's *ennui*. Whatever you bring you can put into the little portmanteau, which I shall find very useful when we return. Bob and Harry send you a kiss apiece, and mine "I will twist up in a piece of paper, and bring with me when I come to town."

This is a scribble—but Bob is asleep on my lap.

I am, my dear Harry,
Yours, very affectionately,
* * * * * * * * *

N.B. Please to send me word the day of the month, and what's o'clock.

Can you, Mr. Editor, imagine any thing more expressive of loneliness, and desire for intelligence, than this young wife's capital N.B., with the execratory citation from her husband's vocabulary—or more sportively affectionate than the "twist up" of her kiss, with "Bob" Lobski asleep on her lap. I like a letter, and a letter writer of this sort mightily: one with a fearless and strong expression of feeling—as in the epithet about the dull evenings, which a female can scarcely extenuate, except by such a confession and assignment to its right owner, implying its impropriety, as this female makes. How oddly, and yet how well, her fondness for reading and her domestic management collocate—the Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and the price of provisions. How natural is her momentary hesitation between mud-rubbing and bathing. Then the instant determination, so essential when there is no time to spare, marks such "decision of character!"—even the author of the excellent essay on that noble quality would admire it. I presume that "Lobski" may be rickety; and I take this opportunity of observing, on the authority of a medical friend, that town-bred children, who eat profusely of sugar, and are pampered with sweets, usually are. Sugar has the effect of softening the bones, and causes the rickets: it should form no part of the food of rickety children, or only in a small degree; and such children should be allowed and encouraged to eat common salt freely.

To return however to the letter.—I should really like to know the secret of the allusion respecting the "parson" and the "sailor," so naturally called forth by the playful services of the tars; which, I have observed, are ever exerted on such occasions, and remind one of the labours of Hercules with the distaff. Her account of Lobski's "animated nature" is so pretty and true a sketch of boyish infancy, that you may perceive the hand of the *mother* in every line. In the anticipation of the mayoralty show and the fair, and the unsociableness of Gravesend society, I think I can trace something of the *woman*. I hope she may live to see her boys "good men and true," gladdening her heart by fearless well-doing. She must look well to Lobski:—he's a "Pickle." It is in the power of a mother to effect more in the formation of a child's early disposition than the father.

Lastly, that you may be assured of the genuineness of the letter I found, and have copied, the *original* accompanies this communication to your publishers; with authority, if its ownership he claimed, to deliver it to the claimant, on the production of a line in the handwriting of the epistle itself.

I am, Sir, &c.
CURIO SO.

"POOR BILLY W——."

For the Table Book.

Some years ago my pen was employed to attempt the sketch of a Character, but apprehending that the identity might be too strong and catch his eye,—he was my friend, and a great reader of "periodicals"—I desisted. I meant to say nothing ill-natured, yet I feared to offend a harmless and inoffensive man, and I destroyed what had given me an hour's amusement. The reason no longer exists—death has removed him. Disease and a broken spirit, occasioned by commercial misfortunes and imprudences, weighed him down, and the little sphere in which he used to shine has lost its chief attraction.

—— What a man he was!—of the pure, real London cut. Saint Paul's was stamped on his forehead. He was the great oracle of a certain coffee-house, not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn; where he never dined but in one box, nor placed himself but in one situation. His tavern dignities were astounding—the waiters trembled at his approach—his orders were obeyed with the nicest precision. For some years he was the king of the room—he was never deposed, nor did he ever abdicate. His mode of calling for his pint of wine, and the bankrupt part of the Gazette, had a peculiar character past describing. I have now and then seen a "rural," in the same coffee-room, attempt the *thing*—but my friend was "Hyperion to a satyr."——

—— I have him in my eye now—traversing to the city and back—regulating his watch by the Royal Exchange clock daily; and daily boasting he had the best "goer" in England. Like his watch, he was a curious piece of mechanism. He seldom quitted London, for he was persuaded every thing would "stand still" in his absence. It seemed, as though he imagined that St. Paul's clock would not strike—that the letters by the general post would not be delivered. — Was he not right? To me, the city was a "void" without him.——

—— What a referee he was! He would tell you the price of stocks on any past day; and dilate for hours on the interesting details in the charters of the twelve city companies. He had a peculiar mode of silencing an antagonist who ventured to obtrude an opinion—by adducing a scriptural maxim, "Study to be quiet," and "mind your own business;" and now and then a few Latin mottos, obtained from the Tablet of Memory, would be used with great felicity. His observations were made in an elevated tone, they commanded attention—he used to declare that "money was money;" that "many people were great fools;" and that "bankrupts could not be expected to pay much." After a remark of this kind he would take a pinch of snuff, with grave self-complacency, and throw his snuff-box on the table with inimitable importance—a species of dignified ingenuity that lived and died with him. His medical panacea was a certain "vegetable sirup," whereon he would descant, by the hour together, as a specific for all human maladies, and affirm "your physicians and apothecaries—mere humbugs!"——

Then, he would astound the coffee-room by declaring he once bid the king of Spain £700,000 for the island of Porto Rico—this was his grandest effort, and if his ear ever caught the question "Who is he?" uttered by a country listener, his thrown-back shoulders and expansion of chest betrayed the delight he felt, that his bounce had been overheard.

Now and then, on a Saturday, he would break his city chains, and travel to "The Spaniard" at Hampstead for a dinner; but no argument or persuasion could get him to Richmond. His reply was always the same—"the hotels at Richmond employ too much capital." He was an economist.

In his pleasantest humours, and he had few unpleasant ones, after dining with him I have sometimes importuned him to pay the *whole* bill; his answer was peculiar and conclusive; "My good friend," said he, "if I had adopted the plan of paying for others, I might have kept company with all the princes and nobles in the land, instead of plebeians like you."

His Sunday, till one o'clock, was passed in "spelling the newspapers;" after that he walked on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his hands behind him, till three—he then entered Lincoln's Inn chapel, and returned to boiled beef and suet pudding at five, which were always brought

to him first.—If an old friend or two dropped in, his happiness was complete.

He was a philosopher too, at least he indulged in a *sort* of philosophy, and I am not sure that it was not a good sort, although not a very elevated or poetical one. He evinced a disregard for life. The sooner "we are all dead the better" was one of his favourite phrases. And now *he is dead.* —Peace to his ashes!

This is the only tablet raised to his memory; the inscription is feeble, but it has the novelty of truth, and may occasion some of his many acquaintances to remember the quaintness and eccentricities of "Poor Billy W——."

W. H.

ABORIGENES.

This word is explained in every dictionary, English, Latin, or French, as a general name for the indigenous inhabitants of a country; when in reality it is the proper name of a peculiar people of Italy, who were not indigenous, but supposed to have been a colony of Arcadians. The error has been founded chiefly on the supposed derivation of the word from *ab origine.* Never (except in Swift's ludicrous work) was a more eccentric etymology—a preposition, with its governed case, made plural by the modern final s! The university of Oxford, some years ago, added to this solecism by a public prize poem on the Aboriginal Britons.

The most rational etymology of the word seems to be a compound of the Greek words ἀπὸ, ἔθος, and γένος, a race of mountaineers. So Virgil calls them,

"— Genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis."

It seems more probable, that the name of the oldest settlers in Italy should have a Greek than a Latin derivation.

The preceding remarks are by a late poet-laureate, Mr. Pye, who concludes by inquiring, what should we say of the etymologist who were to deduce the name of an ancient British tribe from the modern English?

TASTING DAYS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Few men enjoy, or deserve better living than the citizens of London. When they are far on the journey of life, and have acquired a useful fame in their respective companies, their elevation is delightful and complacent. Not a subject is proposed, nor a matter of reference considered, but, as a living author has observed, "it must begin or finish with a dinner." Thus originated a most exquisite anticipation to the *select* few, the "Tasting Day,"—a day which precedes all good *general* eating and drinking days. Mr. Abernethy (who, by the by, is not afraid of dish or glass) may lecture profitably on abstinence, and the "Lancet" may breathe a satirical vein, yet, in compliance with social fellowship and humane *gourmanderie,* London citizens proudly patronise the preceding and succeeding engagements of "Tasting Days."

I am, sir,
Your brother cit,
An Old Taster.

CURIOUS SIGN.

For the Table Book.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

So said Pope, and so say I. At Halton East, near Skipton-in Craven, the following inscription arrests the attention of every passer-by:—

Watkinson's
Acadamy
Whatever man has done man may do.
Also
Dealer in Groceries,
&c.

Tim. T——.

ORDERS TO MARCH.

The following parody, on a stanza of the "Blue Bonnets over the Border," is put forth, as an advertisement, by a hatter, at Brighton, named March.

March! March! has the best hats to sell,
Try him, you'll find him no wily deceiver;
March!—march! go and he'll use you well,
His is the warehouse for buying a beaver.
Come then, my masters,
Doff your old castors,
Ragged and torn, or howe'er in disorder:
For a new topper, a
Round hat or opera,
March is the man, so give him an order.
March! March! has the best hats to sell, &c.

The Broom-maker's at Shirley Common, Surrey.

A homely picture of a homely place,
Where rustic labour plies its honest toil,
And gains a competence.

On a fine summer's day I alighted, with my friend W——, from the roof of a stage-coach at Croydon, for a by-way walk, in a part unknown to both. We struck to the eastward through Addiscombe — it is scarcely a village, and only remarkable for the East India Company having seated it with a military establishment; which, as peaceable persons, we had no desire to see, though we could not help observing some cannon in a meadow, as smooth-shaven, and with as little of nature-like aspect, as a drill-sergeant's face. Further onward we met a well-mounted horseman, whom some of my old readers may easily imagine I could not fail to remember—

"mine host" of the "Swan" at West Wickham—the recognition was mutual and being in search of an adventure, I asked him for a direction to any little public-house within a mile or two, that was worth looking at on account of its antiquity and rustic appearance. He despaired of any thing "absolutely" of the kind in the neighbourhood; but, from his description of what he thought might be "something" near it, we took a lane to the left, and soon came to the house. Like too many of our ancient churches it had been "repaired and beautified"—deprived of every thing venerable—and was as unpicturesque as the overseers of the reparations could make

it. We found better entertainment within than without—a cheerful invitation to the bar, where we had a cool glass of good ale with a biscuit, and the sight of a fine healthy family as they successively entered for something or other that was wanted. Having refreshed and exchanged "good-morning" with the good-natured proveditors of "good entertainment for man and horse," we turned to the left, and at a stone's throw crossed into a lane, having a few labourers' cottages a little way along on the right, and soon came to the Broom-maker's, represented in the engraving.

We had a constant view all the way up the lane, from beyond the man climbing the ladder, of the flickering linen at the point of the rod waving on the broom-stack. The flag was erected by the labourers on the carrying of the last shoulder-load of the rustic pile—an achievement quite as important to the interests of the Broom-maker, as the carrying of Seringapatam to the interests of the "Honourable Company."

Having passed the Broom-maker's, which stands at the corner of the lane we had come up, and being then in the road across Shirley Common towards Addington, we interchanged expressions of regret that we had not fallen in with any thing worth notice. A look-back induced a halt; we returned a few steps, and taking seats at the angle on the bank, I thought I perceived "capabilities," in the home-view before our eyes, for a *Table Book* notice. The loaded man, near the pile of poling, is represented proceeding towards a spot at some thirty yards distance, where a teamed waggon-frame was standing. It belonged to the master of the place—a tall, square-shouldered, middle-aged, active man, who looked as one having authority—who laboured, and was a master of labourers. He, and another man, and a lad, were employed, "all without hurry or care," in loading the wain with poling. As I stood observing their progress he gave me a frank "Good-day, sir!" and I obtained some information from him respecting his business. His name is on his carts "John Bennett, Shirley Common." He calls himself a "Broom-maker and Wood-dealer," and he has more the character of a Wood-cutter than the figure of the Wood-man in the popular print. He and his men cut the materials for broom-making chiefly from the neighbouring common, and the wood he deals in from adjacent woods and copses. He sells the greater part of his brooms to shopkeepers and other consumers in Streatham and Camberwell. Much of his poling is sent farther off. A good deal, he told me, had gone to the duke of Devonshire for fencing; the load then preparing was for like use on a farm at Streatham, belonging to Mr. Hoare, of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. He eyed W—— seated on the bank, sketching the spot, and said, that as soon as he had finished loading the wain, he would show us what was "going on in-doors." Accordingly when he had concluded he walked with me to W——, who, by that time, had nearly finished. Seeing what had been effected in that way, he had "a sort of notion that the gentleman might like, perhaps, to *take off* an old broom-maker, then at work, inside — as *curious* an old chap as a man might walk a summer's day without seeing—one that nobody could make either head or tail of—what you call an *original*."

W—— and I were as desirous of something new as were the ancient inhabitants of Athens; and in search of it we entered the broom-manufactory — a small, warm, comfortable barn, with a grateful odour in it from the heath and birch-wood. Four or five persons were busy at work. Foremost within the door was the unmistakeable old "original." Like his fellow-workmen he wore a leathern apron, and a heavy leathern sleeve on the left arm; and with that hand and arm he firmly held and compressed the heath into round bundles, of proper consistency and size, and strongly bound them with the other. He was apparently between sixty and seventy years of age, and his labour, which to a young man seemed light, was to him heavy, for it required muscular strength. There was some difficulty in getting him to converse. He was evidently suspicious; and, as he worked, his apprehensions quickened him to restlessness and over-exertion. To "take him off" while thus excited, and almost constantly in a bending posture, was out of the question. I therefore handed him a jug of his master's home-brewed, and told him our wish. His countenance lighted up, and I begged him to converse with me for a few minutes, and to look me full in the face; I also assured him of the "wherewithal" for a jug of ale at night. He willingly entered into the compact, but the inquietude natural to his features was baffling to the hand that held the pencil. By this time the rumour that "Old Davy" was having his head "taken off" brought his master's wife, and her daughters and sons, from the cottage, and several workmen from another out-house, to witness the execution. Oppo-

site to him was W—— with his sketch-book; his desire for a "three-quarter" view of the "original" occasioned me to seat myself on a heap of birch sideways, that the old man's face might be directed to me in the required position. The group around us was numerous and differently interested: some kept their eyes upon "Old Davy;" others upon me, while I talked to him; as many as could command a view of the sketch-book were intent upon the progress of the portrait; and a few, who were excluded, endeavoured on tiptoe, and with outstretched necks, to obtain peeps at what was going on. W. steadily employed on the likeness—the old man "sitting," cunningly smiling, looking unutterably wise at me, while W—— was steadily endeavouring for the likeness—the surrounding spectators, and the varied expressions of their various faces—the gleams of broken light from the only opening that admitted it, the door-way—the broad masses of shadow, and the rich browns of the shining birch and spreading heath, rudely and unequally piled, formed a picture which I regretted that W—— was a prominent figure in, because, engaged as he was, he could neither see nor sketch it.

This old labourer's eccentricity was exceedingly amusing. He said his name was David Boxall; he knew not, or would not know, either where he was born, or where he had worked, or any thing more of himself, than that there he was; "and now," said he, "make of me what you can." "Ah!" said his master, in a whisper, "if you can make anything of him, sir, it's more than we have been able to do." The old fellow had a dissenting "humph" for every thing advanced towards him—except the ale-jug. The burthen of his talk was—he thought about nothing, cared about nothing—not he—why should he? Yet he was a perpetual inquirer. Craftily leering his quick-glancing eye while he asked a question, he waited, with a sarcastic smile, for an answer; and when given, out came his usual gruff "humph," and "how do you *know?*" He affected to listen to explanations, while he assumed a knowing grin, to persuade his hearers that *he* knew better. His knowledge, however, was incommunicable, and past all finding out. He continually indulged in "hum!" and "ha!" and a sly look; and these, to his rustic auditors, were signs of wisdom. He was what they called a "knowing old chap." He had been the best broom-maker in the manufactory, and had earned excellent wages. When I saw him he was infirm, and did not get more than fourteen or sixteen shillings a week. Mr. Bennett's men are paid piece-work, and can easily earn a guinea week. After the sketching was over, and his people had retired to their labour, we walked with him through his little garden of fruit-trees and vegetables to another shed, where they fashioned broom-handles, and some common husbandry implements of wood. On recrossing the garden he gathered us cherries from the trees, and discoursed on his hives of bees by the hedge-side. Having given something to his men to spend in drink, and to "Old Davy" something especially, we brought off his head, which would cost more to exhibit than a better subject, and therefore it has since rested without disturbance.

From the Broom-maker's at Shirley Common, we had a pleasant walk into Addington, where there is a modern-built palace of the archbishop of Canterbury, with extensive old gardens and large hot-houses, and several good houses. We had passed Mr. Maberly's seat and grounds on our way. A turn in the road gave us a view of Addington church in a retired spot, beyond a row of town-built dwellings, with little gardens in front, and a shop or two. The parish clerk lives in one of them. Upon request he accompanied us, with the keys, to the church, of ancient structure, lately trimmed up, and enclosed by a high wall and gates. There was nothing within worth seeing, except a tomb with disfigured effigies, and a mutilated ill-kept register-book, which, as it belonged to the immediate parish of the archbishop, seemed very discreditable. The "Cricketers," nearly opposite to the church, accommodated us with as good refreshment as the village afforded, in a capacious parlour. The house is old, with a thatched roof. We found it an excellent resting-place; every way better, as an inn, than we could have expected in a spot so secluded. We had rambled and loitered towards it, and felt ourselves more wearied when about to depart than we wished; and, as a farmer's family cart stood at the door, with the farmer himself in it, I proposed to W. to attempt gaining a lift. The farmer's son, who drove it, said, that it was going our way, and that a ride was at our service. The driver got up in front, W. followed, and when I had achieved the climbing, I found him in conflict with a young calf, which persisted in licking his clothes. He was soon relieved from the inconvenience, by its attentions, in like manner, being shifted to me. The old farmer was a little more than "fresh," and

his son a little less. We had a laughable jolt upstanding, along a little frequented road; and during our progress I managed to bind the calf to good behaviour. Leaving West Wickham on our left, and its pleasant church and manor-house on the right, we ascended Keston Common, and passed over it, as we had nearly all the way, in merry conversation with the old farmer, who dwelt with great glee on his youthful fame, as one of the best cricket-players in Kent. We alighted before we came to the "Fox" public-house, where our companions accepted of a magnum of stiff grog in recompense for their civility. From thence we skirted Holwood, till we arrived at my old "head-quarters, the "Cross" at Keston; and there we were welcomed by "mine host," Mr. Young, and took tea. A walk to Bromley, and a stage from thence, brought us to "the Elephant"—and so home.

THE WOOD FEAST.

To the Editor.

Sir,—In the autumn it is customary at Templecoomb, a small village in Somersetshire, and its neighbourhood, for the steward of the manor to give a feast, called the "Wood feast," to farmers and other consumers that buy their wood for hurdles, rick-fasts in thatching, poles, spikes, and sundry other uses.

When the lots are drawn in the copses, and each person has paid down his money, the feast is provided "of the best," and few attend it but go home with the hilarity which good cheer inspires. This annual treat has its uses; for the very recollection of the meeting of old friends and keeping of old customs gives an impetus to industry which generally secures for his lordship his tenants' *Wood money*—most excellent fuel for the consumption of the nobility.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
Sept. 1827. *, *, *.

CHOOSING *COMMON* CONSTABLES.

For the Table Book.

It is annually the custom to hold a meeting, duly summoned, on Hartley Common, Wilts, for the choice of new constables for the hundreds of the county. Lots are cast for those who are to serve for the ensuing year; and afterwards the parties present adjourn to a house for refreshment, which costs each individual about seventeen shillings. This may almost be regarded as an equivalent for serving the office—the lots mostly fall on the absentees.

P.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXVI.

[From "Love's Dominion," a Dramatic Pastoral," by Richard Flecknoe, 1634.]

Invocation to Silence.

Still-born Silence, thou that art
Floodgate of the deeper heart;
Offspring of a heavenly kind;
Frost o' th' mouth and thaw o' th' mind;
Secresy's Confident, and he
That makes religion Mystery;
Admiration's speaking'st tongue,—
Leave thy desart shades, among
Reverend Hermits' hallow'd cells,
Where retir'd'st Devotion dwells:
With thy Enthusiasms come;
Seize this Maid, and strike her dumb.

Fable.

Love and Death o' th' way once meeting,
Having past a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
Lay them down, themselves reposing;
When this fortune did befall 'em,
Which after did so much appal 'em;
Love, whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep; but, whilst Death rested,
All away in haste he posts him,
But his haste full dearly costs him;
For it chanced, that, going to sleeping,
Both had giv'n their darts in keeping
Unto Night; who (Error's Mother)
Blindly knowing not th' one from th' other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceiv'd it,
Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it:
Since which time, their darts confounding,
Love now kills, instead of wounding;
Death, our hearts with sweetness filling,
Gently wounds, instead of killing.

[From "Andronicus," a Tragedy, by Philonax Lovekin, 1661.]

Effect of Religious Structures on different minds.

Crato. I grieve the Chapel was defaced; 'twas stately.

Cleobulus. I love no such triumphant Churches—
They scatter my devotion; whilst my sight
Is courted to observe their sumptuous cost,
I find my heart lost in my eyes;
Whilst that a holy horror seems to dwell
Within a dark obscure and humble cell.

Crato. But I love Churches, mount up to the skies
For my devotion rises with their roof:
Therein my soul doth heav'n anticipate.

Song for Sleep.

Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms,
And seize this Captive in thy arms;
And sweetly drop on every sense
Thy soul-refreshing influence.
His sight, smell, hearing, touch, and taste,
Unto the peace do thou bind fast.—
On working brains, at school all day,
At night thou dost bestow a play,
And troubled minds thou dost set free;
Thou mak'st both friends and foes agree:
All are alike, who live by breath,
In thee, and in thy brother Death.

From "Don Quixote," a Comedy, in three parts, by Thomas D'Urfey, 1694.]

Dirge, at the hearse of Chrysostom.

Sleep, poor Youth, sleep in peace,
Relieved from love and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain-bless'd, less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now can'st fear;
In vain would tyrant Power enslave,
Or scornful Beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep;
Earthquakes, that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possest,
Secure from life's torment or pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest;
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.*

C. L.

ÆSOP IN RUSSIA.

Peter the Great's Summer Garden.

Schræder, a celebrated Swedish gardener, was employed by the czar to execute a plan he had approved of, for the gardens of his summer palace. The work was already far advanced, and among the different parts that were finished, were two large divisions adjoining to the principal avenue, opposite to each other, enclosed with a hedge, and covered with turf. The czar, who came often to see the progress of his undertaking, on observing the two grass-plots, conceived a design of converting this place of mere amusement into a kind of school. "I am very well satisfied," said the czar to the gardener, "with your performance, as well as with the variety and beauty of the several divisions that are finished: however, you must not be angry if I change the form of these two spots of ground. I should wish that the persons who walk in the garden might find the means of cultivating their minds; but in what way can we contrive this?"

"Sire," said the gardener, "I know no other than to put books on the seats, protected from the rain, that those who walk in the garden may read when they sit down."

"This is not far from my meaning," said the czar, laughing, "but, books in a public garden! that will never do. Another idea has struck me. I should like to erect statues here, representing the different subjects of Æsop's fables. For this purpose the ground must be differently laid out, that the division of the several parts may correspond with the fables I am speaking of."

Schræder executed his orders with all possible intelligence and despatch, and much to the satisfaction of the emperor.

The garden consisted of four squares, with walks in the form of labyrinths leading to them. The angles were ornamented with figures, representing different subjects from Æsop's fables, with a *jet d'eau* concealed in a little basin, under moss or ruins, and surrounded with shells brought from lake Ilmen, or that of Novogorod. Most of the animals were as large as life, and of lead, gilt. They ejected water from their mouths, according to their various attitudes. In this way the walks were ornamented with sixty fables, forming as many *jets d'eau*. At the entrance was a statue of Æsop, likewise of lead, and gilt.

The czar very naturally supposed that few people would be able to discover the meaning of these figures, and that fewer would comprehend the instruction they were designed to convey. His majesty therefore ordered a post to be placed near each of them, and to these posts sheets of tin were fastened, on which the fables and their morals were written in the Russian language.

This place was the czar's favourite walk; in its shades he often passed whole hours, recreating himself among these creatures of his creation.

This garden was afterwards nearly destroyed by a terrible tempest and inundation. The trees it contained were torn up by the roots, and the green hedges and

* *i. e.* "may thy sleep be so profound, as not even by dreams of a resurrection to be disturbed:" the language of passion, not of sincere profaneness.

figures of animals damaged, either by the fall of the timber or by the elements. The trees were raised, put into their places again, and propped up; but as it was not possible to repair the injuries done to the figures, the czar's "summer garden" ceased to be a "garden of instruction."

LOVE OF GARDENS

In distinguished Men.

Juvenal represents Lucan reposing in a garden.* Tasso pictures Rinaldo sitting beneath the shade in a fragrant meadow: Virgil describes Anchises seated beneath sweet-scented bay-trees; and Eneas, as reclining, remote from all society, in a deep and winding valley.† Gassendi, who ingrafted the doctrine of Galileo on the theory of Epicurus, took not greater pleasure in feasting his youthful imagination by gazing on the moon, than Cyrus, in the cultivation of flowers.—"I have measured, dug, and planted the large garden, which I have at the gate of Babylon," said that prince; "and never, when my health permit, do I dine until I have laboured two hours in my garden: if there is nothing to be done, I labour in my orchard."‡ Cyrus is also said to have planted all the Lesser Asia. Ahasuerus was accustomed to quit the charms of the banquet to indulge the luxury of his bower:‡ and the conqueror of Mithridates enjoyed the society of his friends, and the wine of Falernium, in the splendid gardens, which were an honour to his name. Dion gave a pleasure-garden to Speucippus as a mark of peculiar regard.§ Linnæus studied in a bower: Buffon in his summer-house; and when Demetrius Poliorcetes took the island of Rhodes, he found Protogenes at his palette, painting in his arbour. Petrarch was never happier than when indulging the innocent pleasures of his garden.—"I have made myself two," says he, in one of his epistles; "I do not imagine they are to be equalled in all the world: I should feel myself inclined to be angry with fortune, if there were any so beautiful out of Italy."

Many of the wisest and the best of men have signalized their love of gardens and shrubberies, by causing themselves to be buried in them; a custom once in frequent practice among the ancient Jews.* Plato was buried in the groves of Academus; and sir William Temple, though he expected to be interred in Westminster abbey, gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and placed under a sundial, in that part of his garden immediately opposite the window of his library, from which he was accustomed to contemplate the beauties and wonders of the creation, in the society of a beloved sister.†

* The epithet he applies to *hortis* is sufficiently curious. The scholiast cites Pliny, l. xxxvi. c. 1. 2. The style of the Roman gardens in Trajan's time is expressively marked;

> Contentus fama jaceat Lucanus in hortis
> *Marmoreis.* Juv. Sat. vii. l. 79.

It was very well said by one of the first women of the present age, (Mrs. Grant,) that Darwin's Botanic Garden is an Hesperian garden, glittering all over; the fruit gold, the leaves silver, and the stems brass.

† Eneid, lib. vi. l. 679. lib. viii. 609.

‡ Esther, vii. 7. Tissaphernes had a garden, much resembling an English park, which he called *Alcibiades*.

§ Plutarch in Vit. Dion.

DUTCH ROYAL GARDEN AND SCHEVELING SCENERY.

Described by the Deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society.

August 26, 1817. Late in the afternoon, we took a walk to the northward of the Hague, on the Amsterdam road, and entered a forest of large and ancient trees, by much the finest which we have seen on the continent, and evidently several centuries old. Many oaks, elms, and beeches were magnificent. Some of the oaks, at two feet from the ground, measured twelve feet in circumference, and had free and clean boles to the height of about forty feet. This wood, in all probability, gave rise to the name of the city; for *haag* (the Dutch for Hague) signifies thicket or wood. It was originally a seat of the counts of Holland, and is often to this day called Graaf's Haag, or Earl's Wood.‡

Although we had no guide, we easily found the palace called the "House in the Wood," about two miles distant from the Hague; and having inquired for the gardener, Mr. Jacobus Munts, we readily procured access to the royal garden. It is kept in good order, and is now arranged in what is here reckoned the English style, the old formal hedges, and fantastically shaped trees, having been in a great mea-

* In the middle of the Campo Santo, which is the most ancient burying-place at Pisa, is a garden formed of earth, brought from the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

† Philosophy of Nature.

‡ *Haag, hay, haigh, &c.* are explained in the *Every Day Book*. Art. Hagbush-lane.—Ed.

sure removed. The grounds are now traversed by serpentine walks, laid with sand: these wind among groves of forest-trees, which have never been subjected to the shears; but the flexures are much too regular. Water, as usual, is the only defence, or line of separation, from the conterminous* fields, or from the high road. These ditches, though broad, brimful, and kept tolerably clean, have a dull aspect. Shrubs and flowers are planted in small compartments, cut out in the grassy covering of the lawn. The figures of these compartments are different, circles, ovals, and crescents. A bed of dahlias was now in flower, but presented nothing uncommon. Indeed, we learned that the collection had been procured from Antwerp only the year before. The plants in the borders and shrubberies were in general of the more common kinds; but some rarities also appeared. Among these the *passiflora cærulea* was here displaying its gorgeous flowers in the shrubbery; but we observed that it was contained in a pot sunk in the earth, and not well concealed. *Rosa Pennsylvanica* was very abundant, and seemed not only to be healthy, but to produce its flowers freely.

Close by the palace is a small greenhouse, erected in 1815 for the princess of Orange. It contains a few pretty good plants; but there is nothing becoming royalty either in the size of the house or the choice nature of the collection. *Datura arborea* was now in flower, and filled the place with its odour; and the white variety of *vinca rosea* was in bloom. There are here no hot-houses for the forcing of fruit; nor did there appear to be any thing remarkable among the hardy fruits cultivated in the garden.

This garden at the House in the Wood, is the only one worth visiting at the Hague, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Fagel's. The Portland gardens, belonging to the Bentincks, though celebrated in former times, are now in a neglected and even ruinous condition.

SCHEVELING.

Avenues of Trees.

August 27, 1817. Early this morning we walked towards the fishing village of Scheveling, by a grand avenue lined with trees, of which all Dutchmen are justly proud. The length of this avenue is nearly a mile and a half; and it is so straight and so level, that the village church very soon appeared at the termination of the vista next the sea. The tallest and finest trees are Dutch elm, abele, oak, and beech. Many of these are of great size, and have probably seen more than two centuries.* Sycamore, hornbeam, birch, and different species of willow, are occasionally interspersed. There are properly three roads in this noble avenue: a central one for carriages, one for horsemen, and another for foot-passengers. The breadth of the plantation, on each side, is on an average about seventy feet. In some places, the old trees appear to have been cut down; but their places are now supplied by others. Almost all the new-planted trees are white poplars, which are of rapid growth.

Fishery—Fishing Vessels, &c.

We breakfasted in the *Hoff van Holland* inn, the windows of which look out upon the ocean. In addition to the usual repast of coffee and rolls, a countryman of our own, whom we chanced here to meet, had shrimps served to breakfast, which had been shown to him all alive a few minutes before: by our desire, we had *tong-vischen*, or soles, fresh from the sea. While at breakfast, we observed, that more than two dozen of small sloops, which we easily recognised to be fishing-busses, were making directly for the low sandy beach, although it was at present a lee-shore, with a considerable surf. The sails were of various hues; Isabella yellow, chocolate brown, and milk white; and this intermixture of colours, set off by the brilliancy of a clear morning sun, increased the picturesque effect. Not a little to our surprise, the crews did not shorten sail, till their barks were just involved among the waves and breakers; and in this odd situation, generally after taking the ground, we saw them deliberately cast anchor. The propriety of the shape given to the hulls of these busses, was now manifest to us; a small British-built sloop would have been in danger of breaking up, while they shoved along among the breakers in perfect security. Indeed, that Dutch vessels in general should, of design, be built strong or clumsy, and have their hulks well rounded below, can only appear surprising to those who have not witnessed the nature of the

* *Conterminous*; bordering.—*Johnson.* Ed.

* Le Long, indeed, puts this beyond doubt; for, writing in 1630, he describes this avenue as being then "adorned with fine trees." *Kabinet van Outhaden*, &c. published in 1732.

seas which they have to navigate at home, where they must often take the ground, and where they not unfrequently sail right against the shore. As soon as the anchors were cast, the boatmen, wading up to the middle in the waves, brought out the fish on their shoulders; the sands were covered with persons of both sexes and of all ages, who began to carry off the cargoes, in broad baskets, on their heads. The principal kinds of fish were plaice, turbot, sole, skate, and thornback; a very few cod and smelts made up the list. The Dutch gave the name *schol* to our plaice: and our sole they call *tong*. Their name for the smelt is *spiering*; which nearly approaches that by which this little fish is distinguished in the Edinburgh market, viz. *spirling*.

Coast—Fishwomen—Cart Dogs.

A continuous broad and high bank of sand lines the coast as far as we could see, and forms the powerful protection of this part of Holland against the inroads of the ocean. Without this provision of nature, the country would be inundated by every extraordinary tide and gale; for it may be truly said, "the broad ocean leans against the land." On the sand-hills, the same kind of plants prevail as in similar situations in England; sea-holly and buckthorn, *asparago* and *Galium verum*, with sea-marran, *arundo arenaria*, which last is encouraged here, being found very useful in binding the sand. In some places wheat-straw had been dibbled in, as at Ostend, in order to promote the same object. Considering Scheveling as a fishing-village, we were greatly pleased with it: it was extremely neat and clean, and formed a perfect contrast with our Newhaven and Fisherrow,* the lanes of which are generally encumbered with all sorts of filth. We must confess, too, that in tidiness of dress and urbanity of manners, the fishwomen of Scheveling are equally superior to those of the Scottish villages just mentioned.

As we returned to the Hague, numbers of the inhabitants were also on their way to the fish-market, some carrying baskets of fish on their heads, and others employing three or four dogs to convey the fish in small light carts. We had read in books, of these draught dogs being well used, and fat and sleek; but we regret to say, that those which we saw were generally poor half-starved looking animals, bearing no equivocal marks of ill usage. The diligence with which they sped their way to town, with their cargoes, in a sultry day, with tongues lolling to the ground, seemed to entitle them to better treatment.

Fish-market—Storks

We traced the steps of some of our Scheveling companions to the fish-market. As might be expected, the market proved commodious and clean, and well supplied with water. Salmon was pretty common; carp was plentiful; and a single John Dory and a single sturgeon appeared on a stall. At some seasons, we believe, sturgeons are abundant, being taken in numbers at the mouths of the Rhine, when about to ascend that river. Four tame storks were stalking up and down in the market. They were in full plumage; and did not appear to have been pinioned, so as to disable them from flying. Their food consists wholly of the garbage which they pick up about the fish-stalls. A small house, like a dog's kennel, is appropriated to their use; for the stork seems to be held as sacred by the Dutch as by the Mahomedans.*

* Two small towns on the shore of the Frith of Forth, near Edinburgh, chiefly inhabited by fishermen and their families.

* Caledonian Horticultural Tour.

Michaelmas.

CRABBING FOR HUSBANDS

To the Editor.

Sir,—At this season "village maidens" in the west of England go up and down the hedges gathering *Crab-apples*, which they carry home, putting them into a loft, and form with them the initials of their supposed suitors' names. The *initials*, which are found on examination to be most perfect on *old* "Michaelmas Day," are considered to represent the strongest attachments, and the best for the choice of husbands. This custom is very old, and much reliance is placed on the appearances and decomposition of the Crabs. Should this trifle be worthy of being added to your extensive notices of manners and localities, I shall be encouraged to forward you other little remembrances of like tendency. In the interim, give me leave to assure you, Sir, that I am your gratified reader,

Puceron.

A Young Ash Tree,

SHIRLEY HEATH, WARWICKSHIRE,

Used for Charms.

Mr. Brand mentions, as a popular superstition, that if a tree of any kind is split—and weak, rickety, or ruptured children drawn through it, and afterwards the tree is bound, so as to make it unite, as the tree heals and grows together, so will the child acquire strength.

Sir John Cullum, who saw this operation twice performed, thus describes it:—"For this purpose a young *ash* was each time selected, and split longitudinally, about five feet: the fissure was kept wide open by my gardener; whilst the friend of the child, having first stripped him naked, passed him thrice through it, almost head foremost. As soon as the operation was performed, the wounded tree was bound up with a packthread; and, as the bark healed, the child was to recover. The first of the young patients was to be cured of the rickets, the second of a rupture." This is a very ancient and extensive piece of superstition.

In the Gentleman's Magazine, for October, 1804, is an engraving of an ash tree, then growing by the side of Shirley-street, (the road leading from Hockley House to Birmingham,) at the edge of Shirley-heath, in the parish of Solihull, Warwickshire. It is stated that this tree is "close to the cottage of Henry Rowe, whose infant son, Thomas Rowe, was drawn through the trunk or body of it in the year 1791, to cure him of a rupture, the tree being then split open for the purpose of passing the child through it." The writer proceeds to say, "The boy is now thirteen years and six months old: I have this day, June 10, 1804, seen the ash tree and Thomas Rowe, as well as his father, Henry Rowe, from whom I have received the above account; and he superstitiously believes that his son Thomas was cured of the rupture, by being drawn through the cleft in the said ash tree, and by nothing else."

Another writer concerning the same tree says, "The upper part of a gap formed by the chisel has closed, but the lower remains open. [As represented in the plate, from whence the engraving at the head of this article is taken.] The tree is healthy and flourishing. Thomas Chillingworth, son of the owner of an adjoining farm, now about 34, was, when an infant of a year old, passed through a similar tree, now perfectly sound, which he preserves with so much care that he will not suffer a single branch to be touched, for it is believed the life of the patient depends on the life of the tree; and that the moment it is cut down, be the patient ever so distant, the rupture returns, and a mortification ensues, and terminates in death. Rowe's son was passed through the present tree in 1792, at the age of one or two. It is not, however, uncommon for persons to survive for a time the felling of the tree. In one case the rupture returned suddenly, and mortification followed. These trees are left to close of themselves, or are closed with nails. The wood-cutters very frequently meet with

the latter. One felled on Bunnan's farm was found full of nails. This belief is so prevalent in this part of the country, that instances of trees that have been employed in the cure are very common. The like notions obtain credit in some parts of Essex."

The same writer proceeds to observe a superstition "concerning the power of ash trees to repel other maladies or evils, such as *Shrew-mice;* the stopping one of which animals alive into a hole bored in an ash is imagined an infallible preventive of their ravages in lands."

On this there are some particulars in point related by the Rev. Gilbert White, in his "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," a parish near Alton, in Hampshire. "In a farm-yard near the middle of this village stands, at this day, a row of pollard-*ashes*, which, by the seams and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that in former times they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree, in the suffering part, was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out, where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured; but where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual. Having occasion to enlarge my garden not long since, I cut down two or three such trees, one of which did not grow together. We have several persons now living in the village, who, in their childhood, were supposed to be healed by this superstitious ceremony, derived down perhaps from our Saxon ancestors, who practised it before their conversion to Christianity."

Again, as respects *shrew-mice*, Mr. White says, "At the south corner of the plestor, or area, near the church, there stood, about twenty years ago, a very old grotesque hollow pollard-*ash*, which for ages had been looked on with no small veneration as a *shrew*-ash. Now a *shrew*-ash is an ash, whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, are immediately to relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a *shrew-mouse* over the part affected: for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature, that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this accident, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a *shrew*-ash at hand; which, when once medicated, would maintain its virtue for ever. A shrew-ash was made thus:—Into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at an end, and no such tree is known to subsist in the manor or hundred. As to that on the plestor, the late vicar stubbed and burnt it, when he was waywarden, regardless of the remonstrances of the by-standers, who interceded in vain for its preservation, urging its power and efficacy, and alleging that it had been

'Religione patrum multos servata per annos.'"

Mr. Ellis, in a note on this practice of enclosing field-mice, cites a letter to Mr. Brand, dated May 9, 1806, from Robert Studley Vidal, Esq. of Cornborough, near Biddeford, a gentleman to whom Mr. Brand was much indebted for information on the local customs of Devonshire. Mr. Vidal says:—"An usage of the superstitious kind has just come under my notice, and which, as the pen is in my hand, I will shortly describe, though I rather think it is not peculiar to these parts. A neighbour of mine, on examining his sheep the other day, found that one of them had entirely lost the use of its hinder parts. On seeing it, I expressed an opinion that the animal must have received a blow across the back, or some other sort of violence which had injured the spinal marrow, and thus rendered it paralytic: but I was soon given to understand, that my remarks only served to prove how little I knew of country affairs, for that the affection of the sheep was nothing uncommon, and that the cause of it was well known; namely, a mouse having crept over its back. I could not but smile at the idea; which my instructor considering as a mark of incredulity, he proceeded very gravely to inform me, that I should be convinced of the truth of what he said by the means which he would use to restore the animal; and which were never known to fail. He accordingly despatched his people here and there in quest of a field-mouse; and having procured one, he told me that he should carry it to a particular

tree at some distance, and, enclosing it within a hollow in the trunk, leave it there to perish. He further informed me, that he should bring back some of the branches of the tree with him, for the purpose of their being drawn now and then across the sheep's back; and concluded by assuring me, with a very scientific look, that I should soon be convinced of the efficacy of this process; for that, as soon as the poor devoted mouse had yielded up his life a prey to famine, the sheep would be restored to its former strength and vigour. I can, however, state, with certainty, that the sheep was not at all benefited by this mysterious sacrifice of the mouse. The tree, I find, is of the sort called witch-elm, or witch-hazel."

TREES

Poetically and Nationally regarded.

A gentleman, who, on a tour in 1790, visited the burial-place of Edmond Waller, in the church-yard of Beaconsfield, describes the poet's splendid tomb as enclosed, or cradled, with spiked iron palisadoes, inserted into a great old ash tree, under which his head reposes. "This umbrageous tree overshadows the whole mausoleum. As the pagan deities had each their favourite tree—Jupiter, the oak; Apollo, the laurel; Venus, the myrtle; Minerva, the olive; &c.—so poets and literary men have imitated them herein; and all lovers of solitude are, like the Lady Grace of Sir John Vanbrugh, fond of a cool retreat from the noon-day's sultry heat *under a great tree.*"*

A modern author, whose works are expressive of beauty and feeling, and from whom an elegant extract on "Gardens" in a former page has been derived, adverts to the important use which the poets have made of trees by way of illustration. He says—

Homer frequently embellishes his subjects with references to them; and no passage in the Iliad is more beautiful, than the one where, in imitation of Musæus, he compares the falling of leaves and shrubs to the fall and renovation of great and ancient families.—Illustrations of this sort are frequent in the sacred writings.—"I am exalted like a cedar in Libanus," says the author of Ecclesiastes, "and as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm tree in Engeddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho; as a fair olive in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water; as a turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace; as a vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruits of honour and victory."—In the Psalms, in a fine vein of allegory, the vine tree is made to represent the people of Israel: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt; thou hast cut out the heathen, and planted it. Thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with its shadow, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars."

In Ossian, how beautiful is the following passage of Malvina's lamentation for Oscar:—"I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low; the spring returned with its showers, but no green leaf of mine arose." Again, where old and weary, blind and almost destitute of friends, he compares himself to a tree that is withered and decayed:—"But Ossian is a tree that is withered; its branches are blasted and bare; no green leaf covers its boughs:—from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring; the breeze whistles in its grey moss; the blast shakes its head of age; the storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its dry branches with thee, Oh Dermid, and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding vale of Cona."

That traveller esteemed himself happy, who first carried into Palestine the rose of Jericho from the plains of Arabia; and many of the Roman nobility were gratified, in a high degree, with having transplanted exotic plants and trees into the orchards of Italy. Pompey introduced the ebony on the day of his triumph over Mithridates; Vespasian transplanted the balm of Syria, and Lucullus the Pontian cherry. Auger de Busbeck brought the lilac from Constantinople; Hercules introduced the orange into Spain; Verton the mulberry into England:—and so great is the love of nations for particular trees, that a traveller never fails to celebrate those by which his native province is distinguished. Thus, the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks; the Burgundian boasts of his vines, and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples. Normandy is proud of her pears; Provence of her olives; and Dauphiné of her mulberries; while the Maltese are in

* Mr. T. Gosling, in the Gent. Mag. Sept. 1790.

love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines; Syria her palms; and since they have few other trees of which they can boast, Lincoln celebrates her alders, and Cambridge her willows! The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines; Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rose trees; Idumea of her balsams; Media of her citrons, and India of her ebony. The Druses boast of their mulberries; Gaza of her dates and pomegranates; Switzerland of her lime trees; Bairout of her figs and bananas; Damascus of her plums; Inchonnaugan of its birch, and Inchnolaig of its yews. The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their manchenillas; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas.—The natives of Madeira, whose spring and autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons; those of Antigua of their tamarinds, while they esteem their mammee sappota to be equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangos to be superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the Plains of Tahta to their peculiar species of fan palm; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolans, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any one of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees—towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet:—Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their logwood to be superior to any trees in the world; while the Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees. *

THE PEARL.

A Persian Fable.

Imitated from the Latin of Sir W. Jones.

Whoe'er his merit underrates,
The worth which he disclaims creates.

It chanc'd a single drop of rain
Fell from a cloud into the main:
Abash'd, dispirited, amaz'd,
At last her modest voice she rais'd:
"Where, and what am I? Woe is me!
What a mere drop in such a sea!"—
An oyster yawning, where she fell,
Entrapp'd the vagrant in his shell;
In that alembic wrought—for he
Was deeply vers'd in alchemy—
This drop became a pearl; and now
Adorns the crown on George's brow.

* The Philosophy of Nature.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS

No. XI.

Comets.

Cassini, and after him sir Isaac Newton, by their close observations and accurate calculations respecting the nature and courses of comets, have given certainty to the opinions of the old philosophers; or, to speak with more propriety, they have recalled and fixed our attention upon what had before been advanced by the ancients on these subjects. For, in treating of the nature of these stars, their definitions of them, the reasons they assign for the rarity of their appearance, and the apologies they make for not having yet formed a more exact theory, are all in the very terms that Seneca had already used. In the time of that philosopher, the observations previously made of the returns of comets, were not sufficiently collected to establish the theory of these phenomena. Their appearances were so very rare, that they had not afforded an opportunity to determine, whether their course was regular or not. The Greeks, however, before Seneca's time, had remarked to the same effect, and were applying themselves to researches of this kind.

Seneca says, that the Chaldeans looked upon comets as planetary bodies; and Diodorus Siculus, in giving an account of the extent of knowledge among the Egyptians, praises them for the application with which they studied the stars and their courses; and remarks, that they had collected observations very ancient and very exact, fully informing them of the several motions, orbits, stations, &c. of the planets. He adds, that they could foretell earthquakes, inundations, and "the return of comets."

Aristotle says, that Anaxagoras apprehended comets to be an assemblage of many wandering stars; which, by their approximation, and the mutual blending of their rays, rendered themselves visible to us. This notion, though far from being philosophical, was yet far preferable to that of some great moderns, such as Kepler and Hevelius, who supposed that comets were formed out of air, as fishes are out of water.

Pythagoras, however, who approached very near to the times of Anaxagoras, held

an opinion worthy of the most enlightened age. He looked upon "comets as stars, which circulated regularly, though elliptically, about the sun, and which appeared to us only in particular parts of their orbit, and at considerable distances of time."

Seneca, more than any other, has discussed this subject like a true philosopher. He relates all the different opinions respecting comets, and seems to prefer that of Artemidorus, who imagined, "that there was an immense number of them, but that their orbits were so situated, that, so far from being always within view, they could only be seen at one of the extremities." He reasons upon this with equal elegance and solidity. "Why should we be astonished," says he, "that comets, which are so rare a spectacle in the world, have not yet come under certain rules; or that we have not hitherto been able to determine, where begins or ends the course of *planets, as ancient as the universe, and whose returns are at such distant intervals?* The time will come," he exclaims, with enthusiasm, "when posterity will be amazed at our ignorance in things so very evident; for what now appears to us obscure, will one day or other, in the course of ages, and through the industry of our descendants, become manifestly clear; but, a small number of years, passed between study and the indulgence of passion, are not of avail for researches so important, as those which propose to themselves the comprehension of natures so remote."

The moderns have said nothing satisfactory respecting comets, but what is to be found in the writings of the ancients; except what later observations have furnished them with, which Seneca judged to be so necessary, and which only could be collected through a long succession of ages.

The Moon.

The ancients discovered very early, that "the moon had no light of its own, but shone with that which it reflected from the sun." This, after Thales, was the sentiment of Anaxagoras, and that of Empedocles, who thence accounted not only for the mildness of its splendour, but the imperceptibility of its heat, which our modern experiments confirm: for with all the aid of burning glasses, we have never yet found it practicable to obtain the least warmth from any combination of its rays.

With a telescope, we easily discern in the moon parts more elevated and more bright than others, which are judged to be mountains; and means have been found to measure their elevation. We discern also other parts, lower and less bright, which must be vallies, lying between those mountains. There are other parts, which reflecting less light, and presenting one uniform smooth surface, may therefore be supposed large pieces of water. As the moon, then, has its collections of water, its atmosphere, its mountains, and its vallies; it is thence inferred, that there may also be rain there, and snow, and all the other aerial commotions which are natural to such a situation; and our idea of the wisdom and power of God suggests to us, that he may have placed creatures there to inhabit it.

The ancients, who had not the aid of the telescope, supplied the defect of that instrument by extraordinary penetration. They deduced all those consequences that are admitted by the moderns; for they discovered long before, by the mental eye, whatever has since been presented to bodily sight through the medium of telescopes. We have seen in how sublime a manner they entered into the views of the Supreme Being in his destination of the planets, and the multitude of stars placed by him in the firmament. We have already seen, that they looked upon them as so many suns, about which rolled planets of their own, such as those of our solar system; maintaining that those planets contained inhabitants, whose natures they presume not to describe, though they suppose them not to yield to those of ours, either in beauty or dignity.

Orpheus is the earliest author whose opinion on this subject hath come down to us. Proclus presents us with three verses of that eminent ancient, wherein he positively asserts, that "the moon was another earth, having in it mountains, vallies," &c.

Pythagoras, who followed Orpheus in many of his opinions, taught likewise, that "the moon was an earth like ours, replete with animals, whose nature he presumed not to describe," though he was persuaded they were of a more noble and elegant kind than ours, and not liable to the same infirmities.

Cicero ascribes a similar sentiment to Democritus, when, in explaining his theory, he says, that, according to it, Quintus Luctatius Catulus, for instance, might without end be multiplied into an infinity of worlds. It were easy to multiply quotations, in proof that this opinion was common among the ancient philosophers. There is a very remarkable passage of Sto-

bæus, wherein he gives us Democritus's opinion about the nature of the moon, and the cause of those spots which we see upon its disk. That great philosopher imagined, that "those spots were no other than shades, formed by the excessive height of the lunar mountains," which intercepted the light from the lower parts of that planet, where the vallies formed themselves into what appeared to us as shades or spots.

Plutarch went still farther, alleging, that there were embosomed in the moon, vast seas and profound caverns. These, his conjectures, are built upon the same foundation with those of the moderns. He says, that those deep and extensive shades which appear upon the disk of that planet, must be occasioned by the "vast seas" it contains, which are incapable of reflecting so vivid a light, as the more solid and opaque parts; or "by caverns extremely wide and deep, wherein the rays of the sun are absorbed," whence those shades and that obscurity which we call the spots of the moon. Xenophanes said, that those immense cavities were inhabited by another race of men, who lived there, as we do upon this earth.

MEDICAL AND LEGAL DUALITY.

Two Physicians.

A gentleman calling on a friend, found two physicians with him: he wrote the following lines on the back of his card:—

"By *one* physician might your work be done,
But *two* are like a *double-barrell'd gun*;
From one discharge sometimes a bird has flown,
A second barrel always brings it down."

Two Lawyers.

An opulent farmer applied about a lawsuit to an attorney, who told him he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side; at the same time he said, that he would give him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend, which he did. The farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:

"Here are two fat wethers fallen out together,
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,
And make 'em agree like brother and brother."

The farmer carried this epistle to the person with whom he was at variance. Its perusal cured both parties, and terminated the dispute.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

For the Table Book.

——— Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

At the basis of the Wolds, in the north riding of Yorkshire, creeps a sluggish stream, on whose bank may be seen the ruins of a mill, which our good forefathers supposed to be haunted. I often gaze upon those ruins with great interest; not so much for its picturesque beauty, which, like a flower in the wilderness, makes solitude less lonely, as for the many endearing claims it has upon my memory, by way of association. It stands near the home of my childhood, it reminds me of the companions of my youth, and tells of pleasures long departed.

It is now nearly ten years since I listened to a story, which haunts me like the recollection of a fearful dream; perhaps, because of its locality, or rather, of its having been told me as a *fact*. Be it as it may, I have thought it worth the relating; and trust that the readers of the *Table Book* will at least be *interested*.

The mill, at the time referred to, had been uninhabited for some ten or twelve years. It had found an occupier in the person of Joe Davis. The inhabitants of the distant, though nearest village, endeavoured to frighten Joe, the miller, by telling him of its being haunted. He laughed at what he called their idle fears, bade them keep their superstitious nonsense for their children's ears; and laughingly added, that if nought but ghosts visited the mill, he stood a good chance of getting what he most required after a hard day's work—a quiet rest.

When Joe took possession of the mill, he was as jolly a fellow as ever lived, and a fine buxom wife had he, and three rosy children. His cup of happiness was filled to the brim; his song, merry as the lark's, and his loud, hearty laugh, were alternately to be heard above the rush of the dam, and the click-clacking of the wheel. When his work was done, it was a treat to see him playing with his children at blindman's-buff, or hide and seek, or dandling them upon his knee.

All went on well for some time; but in a few months Joe became an altered man. There was a visible difference in his face and manner. At first, a shade was seen to overcast his hitherto unclouded brow—then

his cheek became robbed of its bloom, and his step lost its buoyancy. His laughter (when he *did* laugh, which was seldom) seemed laboured, and was followed by a sigh; and the song—*that* favourite song, which he had so often sung to Mary in his courtship—faltered on his lips. Instead of clinging to his home and family as usual, he deserted them; and when the straying villager kindly questioned him as to the change, he would not answer, but shake his head, and hurry onwards.

One day Mary found her husband unusually depressed. "Come, come," said she, "I'm sure all is not right within." She hung fondly upon his neck—kissed him, and besought him to make her the partner of his sorrow; he raised his head, gazed at her affectionately, and endeavoured to smile away her apprehensions—but it would not do. He dashed the tear from his eye, and rushed out of the room.

Joe Davis had dreamed a dream; or, as my narrator informed me, had seen a vision. Sitting one evening in his little parlour, with his wife and children before him, he, on a sudden, leaned back in his chair—his eyes became glazed, and were rivetted on the picture of his wife holding three roses in her hand, which hung over the mantelpiece—he thought that he beheld a shadow of himself bend over the picture, that the roses began to fade, and, in fading, he distinctly saw the faces of his children, while the portrait of his wife by degrees became colourless. Such was the dream which gave him so much concern—such was the prophecy which ere long was to be fulfilled.

Joe left his house, telling Mary he would return before night. The darkness set in, but he did not make his appearance. Poor Mary, as the night advanced, became mistrustful—she looked at the clock, and listened for his approaching step. It was nearly midnight; and, save the melancholy monotonous ticking of the clock, and the low breathing of her sweet children, who were sleeping near, all was silent as the grave—when, on a sudden, the eldest child cried out, "Father, how cold you are!"—Mary started, and beheld the death-pale face of her husband kissing her children—she shrieked wildly, and fell senseless on the floor.

When Mary came to herself the fire was out, and the clock had stopped. She endeavoured to calm her agitated mind, and thought she heard the noise of the dam, and her husband singing the chorus—

> We'll always be merry together, together,
> We'll always be merry together.

She listened, and thought of her children, whom (by the revealment of one of the secrets of her prison-house) she knew were dead. The rest of that horrible night was a (————)

The morning came with its beautiful purple light—the lark hailed it with his matin-song—the flower bloomed at the very door-stone of the mill—the schoolboy whistled as he passed, as if in mockery of her woe. The light of reason had passed from Mary Davis. In the course of the day the body of her husband was found in the dam, but Mary knew it not.—

Say, gentle reader, did not Heaven deal kindly to her in bidding her taste the waters of oblivion?

———— I shall never forget the story.

Q. T. M.

COUNSELS AND SAYINGS,

By Dr. A. Hunter.

Accustom yourself to reflect.

Seek wisdom, and you will be sure to find her; but if you do not look for *her*, she will not look for *you*.

Do, as you would be done by.

Use yourself to kindness and compassion, and you may expect kindness and compassion in return.

Have you a Friend?

If you have a grievance on your mind you may tell it to your friend, but first be sure that he is your friend.

Educate your Children properly.

An university implies a seminary, where all the young men go the same way. What that way is, fathers and grandfathers best know.

Obstinacy is Weakness.

Obstinacy of temper proceeds from pride, and, in general, from ignorant pride, that refuses to be taught.

Regulate your Temper.

We can bear with a man who is only peevish when the wind is in the east; but it is intolerable to live with one who is peevish in every point of the compass.

True Generosity is delicately minded.

Blame no man for what he cannot help. We must not expect of the dial to tell us the hour after the sun is set.

GERMAN EPIGRAMS

Honourable Service.

If one have serv'd thee, tell the deed to many:
Hast thou serv'd many—tell it not to any.—*Opitz.*

A Mother's Love.

E'er yet her child has drawn its earliest breath
A mother's love begins—it glows till death—
Lives before life—with death not dies—but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.—*Wernicke.*

Epitaph.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now of me.—*Fleming.*

Adam's Sleep.

He laid him down and slept;—and from his side,
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he call'd that woman "*Bride*,'
And his first sleep became his last repose.—*Besser.*

Epitaph.

Here lies, thank God, a woman, who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through:
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.—*Weckherlin.*

PRUSSIAN COURT MOURNING.

Frederick the *first* king of Prussia was an extremely vain man, and continually engaged in frivolous pursuits. His queen, Sophia Charlotte, the sister of our George I. was a woman of a very superior mind. In her last illness she viewed the approach of death with much calmness and serenity; and when one of her attendants observed how severely it would afflict the king, and that the misfortune of losing her would plunge his majesty into the deepest despair, the queen said, with a smile, "With respect to *him*, I am perfectly at ease. *His* mind will be completely occupied in arranging the ceremonial of my funeral, and if nothing goes wrong in the *procession*, he will be quite consoled for his loss."

MI-EAU IN AMERICA.

A New York paper says, that a lad in that city, on delivering his milk, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put in *warm* water instead of *cold*

A CAPITAL EXTEMPORE

To the Author of some Bad Lines, on the River Dee.

Had I been U,
And in the Q,
As easy I might B.
I'd let U C,
Whilst sipping T,
Far better lines on D.

PETITION OF THE LETTER *H* TO ITS DECIDED ENEMIES.

Whereas, by you I have been driven
From House, from Home, from Hope, and Heaven,
And placed, by your most learn'd society,
In Evil, Anguish, and Anxiety;
And used, without the least pretence,
With Arrogance and Insolence.
I hereby ask full restitution,
And beg you'll change your elocution.

ANSWER.

Whereas we've rescued you, ingrate,
From Hell, from Horror, and from Hate—
From Horseponds—Hanging in a *halter*,
And consecrated you in—*altar*.
We think you need no restitution,
And shall not change our elocution.

Hezekiah Hulk, *Huntsman.*
Milford, June, 1827.

THE GLORIOUS MEMORY.

Sir Jonah Barrington lately met rather a noted corporator of Dublin in Paris, and in the course of conversation inquired why, after the king's visit to the metropolis of Ireland, and his conciliatory admonitions, the corporation still appeared to prefer the "Boyne Water" and "King William." The answer was characteristic. "Lord bless you, sir Jonah," replied the corporator, "as for the *Wather* we don't care a farthing about that; but if we once gave up ould *King William*, we'd give up all our enjoyments! Only for the *Glorious Memory* we would not have a toast to get drunk with—eh! sir Jonah?"

ERRATA.

Col. 397, line 18, for "*modern* Europe," read "*northern* Europe."

Col. 430. In the Will of John Keats, for "*losses* on the sale of books," read "*hopes* of the sale of books."

Catherine Mompesson's Tomb at Eyam.

Among the verdant mountains of the Peak
There lies a quiet hamlet, where the slope
Of pleasant uplands wards the north-winds bleak;
Below, wild dells romantic pathways ope;
Around, above it, spreads a shadowy cope
Of forest trees: flower, foliage, and clear rill
Wave from the cliffs, or down ravines elope;
It seems a place charmed from the power of ill
By sainted words of old:—so lovely, lone, and still.

And many are the pilgrim feet which tread
Its rocky steeps, which thither yearly go;
Yet, less by love of Nature's wonders led,
Than by the memory of a mighty woe,
Which smote, like blasting thunder, long ago,
The peopled hills. There stands a sacred tomb,
Where tears have rained, nor yet shall cease to flow;
Recording days of death's sublimest gloom;
Mompesson's power and pain,—his beauteous Catherine's doom.

The Desolation of Eyam.

Through the seventeenth and half of the eighteenth century the village of Eyam, three miles east from Tideswell, in Derbyshire, was populous and flourishing; and all that part of the country thickly sown with little towns and hamlets, was swarming with inhabitants. Owing to the exhausted state of the lead mines the scene is altered, and Eyam is now thinly peopled. It had before endured a dreadful affliction

The year after "that awful and terrible period, when the destroying angel passed over this island, and in the cities of London and Westminster swept away three thousand victims in one night," the visitation was revived in this distant village, and four-fifths of the inhabitants perished in the course of the summer. This calamity is the subject of the title-page to a poetical volume of eminent merit and beauty, "*The Desolation of Eyam*, &c. by William and Mary Howitt, Authors of the Forest Minstrel and other Poems."

Eyam was the birthplace of the late Anna Seward, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" * there is a letter written in her youthful days, which naturally relates the devoted attachment of the village rector, during the plague, to his stricken flock; and the affectionate adherence of his noble wife. Extracts from this letter, with others from the notes to "The Desolation of Eyam," and a few stanzas from the poem itself, as specimens of its worth, may here suffice to convey some notion of the story. The poets' "Introduction" is briefly descriptive of "The Peak"—its romantic rocks and glens—the roar of its flying streams—the welling-up of its still waters — the silence of its beautiful dells—

Such brightness fills the arched sky;
So quietly the hill-tops lie
In sunshine, and the wild-bird's glee
Rings from the rock-nursed service tree;
Such a delicious air is thrown,
Such a reposing calm is known
On these delightful hills,
That, as the dreaming poet lies
Drinking the splendour of the skies,
The sweetness which distils
From herbs and flowers—a thrilling sense
Steals o'er his musing heart, intense,
Passive, yet deep; the joy which dwells
Where nature frames her loneliest spells.
And Fancy's whispers would persuade
That peace had here her sojourn made,
And love and gladness pitched their tent,
When from the world, in woe, they went.
That each grey hill had reared its brow
In peaceful majesty, as now.
That thus these streams had traced their way
Through scenes as bright and pure as they;
That here no sadder strain was heard
Than the free note of wandering bird;
And man had here, in nature's eye,
Known not a pain, except, to die.

Poets may dream—alas! that they
Should dream so wildly, even by day—
Poets may dream of love and truth,
Islands of bliss, and founts of youth:
But, from creation's earliest birth,
The curse of blood has raged on earth.
Since the first arm was raised to smite
The sword has travelled like a blight,
From age to age, from realm to realm,
Guiding the seaman's ready helm.
Go! question well—search far and near,
Bring me of earth a portion here.
Look! is not that exuberant soil
Fraught with the battle's bloody spoil?
Turn where thou may'st, go where thou wilt,
Thy foot is on a spot of guilt.

The curse, the blight have not passed by
These dales now smiling in thine eye.
Of human ills an ample share,
Ravage, and dearth, domestic care,
They have not 'scaped. This region blest
Knew not of old its pleasant rest.
Grandeur there was, but all that cheers,
Is the fair work of recent years.
The Druid-stones are standing still
On the green top of many a hill;
The fruitful plough, with mining share,
At times lays some old relic bare;
The Danish mell; the bolt of stone,
To a yet ruder people known:
And oft, as on some point which lies
In the deep hush of earth and skies,
In twilight, silence, and alone,
I've sate upon the Druid-stone,
The visions of those distant times,
Their barbarous manners, creeds and crimes,
Have come, joy's brightest thrill to raise,
For life's blest boon in happier days.
But not of them—rude race—I sing;
Nor yet of war, whose fiery wing,
From age to age, with waste and wail,
Drove from wide champaign, and low vale,
Warrior and woman: child and flock,
Here, to the fastness of the rock.
The husbandman has ceased to hear
Amidst his fields the cry of fear.
Waves the green corn—green pastures rise
Around,—the lark is in the skies.
The song a later time must trace
When faith here found a dwelling-place.
The tale is tinged with grief and scath,
But not in which man's cruel wrath,
Like fire of fiendish spirit shows,
But where, through terrors, tears, and woes,
He rises dauntless, pure, refined;
Not chill'd by self, nor fired by hate,
Love in his life,—and even his fate
A blessing on his kind.

These latter lines allude to the poem, and it immediately commences.

"Eyam," says Miss Seward, "is near a mile in length; it sweeps in a waving line amongst the mountains, on a kind of natural terrace about 303 yards broad;

* Vol. lxxi. p. 300.

above which, yet higher mountains arise. From that dale of savage sublimity, which on the Buxton road from Matlock commences at the end of Middleton, we ascend a quarter of a mile up a narrow and steep lane on the right hand, which conducts us into Eyam. About the centre of the village the continuance of the houses is broken by a small field on the left. From its edge a deep and grassy dingle descends, not less picturesque, and much more beautiful from its softer features, than the craggy dale and its walls of barren rocks from which we had ascended to Eyam, and in which, by a winding course, this dingle terminates. Its ascent from the middle of Eyam is a steep, smooth, and verdant turf, with scattered nut-trees, alders, and the mountain ash. The bottom is scarcely five yards wide, so immediately ascend the noble rocks on the opposite side, curtained with shrubs, and crowned with pines that wave over their brows; only that a few bare parts appear in fantastic points and perforated arches. Always in winter and summer, after recent showers, a small clear rill ripples along the bottom of this dell, but after long drought the channel is dry, and its pebbles are left to bleach in the sun. Cliffs and fields stretch along the tops of the rocks, and from their heights we descend gradually to the upper part of Eyam, which, though high, is less elevated

> "Than are the summits of those hilly crofts,
> That brow the bottom glade."

At the time of the plague, the rector of Eyam, the Rev. William Mompesson, was in the vigour of youth; he had two children, a boy and girl of three and four years old, and his wife Catherine, a young and beautiful lady:—

There dwelt they in the summer of their love.
He, the young pastor of that mountain fold,
For whom, not Fancy could foretell above,
Bliss more than earth had at his feet unrolled.
Yet, ceased he not on that high track to hold,
Upon whose bright, eternal steep is shown
Faith's starry coronal. The sad, the cold
Caught from his fervent spirit its warm tone,
And woke to loftier aims, and feelings long unknown.

And she,—his pride and passion,—she, all sun,
All love, and mirth and beauty;—a rich form
Of finished grace, where Nature had outdone
Her wonted skill. Oh! well might Fancy's swarm
Of more than earthly hopes and visions, warm
His ardent mind; for, joyous was her mood;
There seemed a spirit of gladness to inform
Her happy frame, by no light shock subdued,
Which filled her home with light, and all she touched imbued.

So lived, so loved they. Their life lay enshrined
Within themselves and people. They reck'd not
How the world sped around them, nor divined;
Heaven, and their home endearments fill'd their lot.
Within the charmed boundary of their cot,
Was treasured high and multifarious lore
Of sage, divine, and minstrel ne'er forgot
In wintry hours; and, carolled on their floor,
Were childhood's happy lays. Could Heaven award them more?

Eyam, as before mentioned, had escaped the contagion in the "Great Year of the Plague." It was conveyed thither, however, in the ensuing spring by infected cloths. Its appearance is vigorously sketched:—

——— But, as in the calm
Of a hot noon, a sudden gust will wake;
Anon clouds throng; then fiercer squalls alarm;
Then thunder, flashing gleams, and the wild break
Of wind and deluge:—till the living quake,
Towers rock, woods crash amid the tempest,—so
In their reposing calm of gladness, spake
A word of fear; first whispering—dubious—low,
Then lost;—then firm and clear, a menacing of woe:

'Till out it burst, a dreadful cry of death;
"The Plague! the Plague!" The withering language flew,
And faintness followed on its rapid breath;
And all hearts sunk, as pierced with lightning through.
"The Plague! the Plague!" No groundless panic grew;
But there, sublime in awful darkness, trod
The Pest; and lamentation, as he slew,
Proclaimed his ravage in each sad abode,
Mid frenzied shrieks for aid—and vain appeals to God.

On the commencement of the contagion, Mrs. Mompesson threw herself with her babes at the feet of her husband, to supplicate his flight from that devoted place; but not even the entreaties and tears of a beloved wife could induce him to desert his flock, in those hours of danger and dismay. Equally fruitless were his solicitations that she would retire with her infants. The result of this pathetic contest was a resolve to abide together the fury of the pestilence, and to send their children away.

They went—those lovely ones, to their retreat.
They went—those glorious ones, to their employ;
To check the ominous speed of flying feet;
To quell despair; to soothe the fierce annoy,
Which, as a stormy ocean without buoy
Tossing a ship distressed, twixt reef and rock,
Hurried the crowd, from years of quiet joy
Thus roused to fear by this terrific shock;
And wild, distracted, mazed, the pastor met his flock.

It was the immediate purpose of this wise and excellent man, to stay his parishioners from flight, lest they should bear the contagion beyond their own district, and desolate the country.

They heard, and they obeyed,—for, simple-hearted,
He was to them their wisdom and their tower;
To theirs, his brilliant spirit had imparted
All that they knew of virtue's loftier power;
Their friend, their guide, their idolized endower
With daily blessings, health of mind and frame;
They heard, and they obeyed;—but not the more
Obeyed the plague; no skill its wrath could tame;
It grew, it raged, it spread; like a devouring flame.

Oh! piteous was it then that place to tread;
Where children played and mothers had looked on,
They lay, like flowers plucked to adorn the dead;
The bright-eyed maid no adoration won;
Youth in its greenness, trembling age was gone;
O'er each bright cottage hearth death's darkness stole;
Tears fell, pangs racked, where happiness had shone.

From a rational belief, that assembling in the crowded church for public worship during the summer heats, must spread and increase the contagion, he agreed with his afflicted parishioners, that he should read prayers twice a week, and deliver his two customary sermons on the sabbath, from one of the perforated arches in the rocks of the dingle. By his advice they ranged themselves on the grassy steep in a level direction to the rocky pulpit; and the dell being narrow, he was distinctly heard from that arch.

The poem describes the spot, and the manner of the worship:—

There is a dell, the merry schoolboy's sling
Whirled in the village, might discharge a stone
Into its centre; yet, the shouts which ring
Forth from the hamlet travel, over blown,
Nor to its sheltered quietude are known.
So hushed, so shrouded its deep bosom lies,
It brooks no sound, but the congenial tone
Of stirring leaves, loud rill, the melodies
Of summer's breezy breath, or autumn's stormier skies.

Northward, from shadowy rocks, a wild stream pours;
Then wider spreads the hollow—lofty trees
Cast summer shades; it is a place of flowers,
Of sun and fragrance, birds and chiming bees.
Then higher shoot the hills. Acclivities
Splintered and stern, each like a castle grey,
Where ivy climbs, and roses woo the breeze,
Narrow the pass; there, trees in close array
Shut, from this woodland cove, all distant, rude survey.

But its chief ornament, a miracle
Of Nature's mirth, a wondrous temple stands,
Right in the centre of this charmed dell,
Which every height and bosky slope commands.
Arch meeting arch, unwrought of human hands,
Form dome and portals.

When hark!—a sound!—it issued from the dell;
A solemn voice, as though one did declaim
On some high theme; it ceased—and then the swell
Of a slow, psalm-like chant on his amazement fell.

* * *

In that fantastic temple's porch was seen
The youthful pastor; lofty was his mien,
But stamped with thoughts of such appalling scope,
As rarely gather on a brow serene;
And who are they, on the opposing slope,
To whom his solemn tones told but one awful hope?

A pallid, ghost-like, melancholy crew,
Seated on scattered crags, and far-off knolls,
As fearing each the other. They were few.
As men whom one brief hour will from the rolls
Of life cut off, and toiling for their souls'
Welcome into eternity—they seemed
Lost in the heart's last conflict, which controls
All outward life—they sate as men who dreamed;
No motion in their frames—no eye perception beamed.

The two following stanzas are fearfully descriptive of the awful interruptions to the solemn service in this sequestered spot.

But suddenly, a wild and piercing cry
Arose amongst them; and an ancient man,
Furious in mood—red frenzy in his eye,
Sprang forth, and shouting, towards the hollow ran.
His white locks floated round his features wan;
He rushed impatient to the valley rill;
To drink, to revel in the wave began,
As one on fire with thirst; then, with a shrill
Laugh, as of joy, he sank—he lay—and all was still.

Then from their places solemnly two more
Went forth, as if to lend the sufferer aid;
But in their hands, in readiness, they bore
The charnel tools, the mattock and the spade.
They broke the turf—they dug—they calmly laid
The old man in his grave; and o'er him threw
The earth, by prayer, nor requiem delayed;
Then turned, and with no lingering adieu,
Swifter than they approached, from the strange scene withdrew.

The church-yard soon ceased to afford room for the dead. They were afterwards buried in an heathy hill above the village.* Curious travellers take pleasure in visiting, to this day, the mountain tumulus, and in examining its yet distinct remains; also, in ascending, from the upper part of Eyam, those cliffs and fields which brow the dingle, and from whence the descent into the consecrated rock is easy. It is called Cucklet church by the villagers.

* The great and good Howard visited Eyam the year before he last left England, to examine in that village the records of the pestilential calamity which it had endured, and of those virtues which resembled his own.

And now hope gleamed abroad. The plague seemed staid;
And the loud winds of autumn glad uproar
Made in the welkin. Health their call obeyed,
And Confidence her throne resumed once more.
Nay, joy itself was in the pastor's bower;
For him the plague had sought, its final prey;
And Catherine pale, and shuddering at its power,
Had watched, had wept, had seen it pass away,—
And joy shone through their home like a bright summer's day.

The sudden fear woke memory in her cell;
And tracing back the brightness of their being;
Their love, their bliss, the fatal shafts which fell
Around them—smote them—yet, even now were fleeing;
Death unto numbers, but to them decreeing
Safety;—rich omens for succeeding years,
In that sweet gaiety of spirit seeing,
Theirs was that triumph which distress endears;
And gladness which breaks forth in mingling smiles and tears.

So passed that evening: but, still midnight falls,
And why gleams thence that lamp's unwonted glare?
Oh! there is speechless woe within those walls:
Death's stern farewell is given in thunder there.
Mompesson wrapt in dreams and fancies fair,
Which took their fashion from that evening's tone,
At once sprang up in terror and despair,
Roused by that voice which never yet had known
To wake aught in his heart, but pure delight alone.

"My William!" faint and plaintive was the cry,
And chill the hand which fell upon his breast,
"My dearest William, wake thee! Oh! that I
With such sad tidings should dispel thy rest.
But death is here!" With agony possessed,
He snatched a light—he saw—he reeled—he fell.
There, in its deadliest form prevailed the pest.
Too well he knew the fatal signs—too well:
A moment—and to life—to happiness farewell!

The good and beautiful woman, Catherine Mompesson, expired in her husband's arms, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. Her tomb is near an ancient cross in the church-yard of Eyam. It is represented in the vignette to the "Desolation of Eyam;" and by means of that print the present engraving is laid before the reader of this article.

Mr. Mompesson was presented to the rectory of Eakring, near Ollerton, in Nottinghamshire, and he quitted the fatal scene. On his going, however, to take possession of his living, the people, naturally impressed with the terrors of the plague, in the very cloud and whirlwind of which he had so lately walked, declined admitting him into the village. A hut therefore was erected for him in Rufford Park, where he abode till the fear subsided.

To this gift were added prebends in York and Southwell, and the offer of the deanery of Lincoln. But the good man, with an admirable disinterestedness, declined this last substantial honour, and transferred his influence to his friend, the witty and learned Dr. Fuller, author of "the Worthies of England," &c. who accordingly obtained it. The wish, which he expressed in one of his letters, that "his children might be good rather than great," sprang from a living sentiment of his heart. He had tasted the felicity and the bitterness of this world; he had seen its sunshine swallowed up in the shadow of death; and earth had nothing to offer him like the blessedness of a retirement, in which he might prepare himself for a more permanent state of existence.

A brass plate, with a Latin inscription, records his death in this pleasant seclusion, March 7, 1708, in the seventieth year of his age.

Bright shines the sun upon the white walls wreathed*
With flowers and leafy branches, in that lone
And sheltered quiet, where the mourner breathed
His future anguish; pleasant there the tone
Of bees; the shadows, o'er still waters thrown,
From the broad plane-tree; in the grey church nigh,
And near that altar where his faith was known,
Humble as his own spirit we descry
The record which denotes where sacred ashes lie.

And be it so for ever;—it is glory.
Tombs, mausoleums, scrolls, whose weak intent
Time laughs to scorn, as he blots out their story,
Are not the mighty spirit's monument.
He builds with the world's wonder—his cement
Is the world's love;—he lamps his beamy shrine,
With fires of the soul's essence, which, unspent,
Burn on for ever;—such bright tomb is thine,
Great patriot, and so rests thy peerless Catherine.

So ends the poem of "The Desolation of Eyam." Its authors, in one of the notes, relate as follows:—

There are extant three letters written by W. Mompesson, from the nearly depopulated place, at a time when his wife had been snatched from him by the plague, and he considered his own fate inevitable. In the whole range of literature, we know of nothing more pathetic than these letters. Our limits do not allow us to give them entire, but we cannot forbear making a few extracts. In one, he says,

"The condition of this place has been so sad, that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example. I may truly say that our town has become a Golgotha—the place of a skull; and, had there not been a

* Eakring rectory.

small remnant of us left, we had been as Sodom and Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Here have been seventy-six families visited in my parish, out of which two hundred and fifty-nine persons died! Now, blessed be God—all our fears are over: for none have died of the infection since the eleventh of October; and all the pest-houses have been long empty. I intend (God willing) to spend most of this week in seeing all the woollen clothes fumed and purified, as well for the satisfaction, as for the safety of the country."

Thus it is he announces to his children, the death of their mother.

"*To my dear children,* GEORGE *and* ELIZABETH MOMPESSON, *these present with my blessing.*

"*Eyam, August,* 1666.

"Dear Hearts,—This brings you the doleful news of your dear mother's death—the greatest loss which ever yet befell you! I am not only deprived of a kind and loving consort, but you also are bereaved of the most indulgent mother that ever dear children had. We must comfort ourselves in God with this consideration, that the loss is only ours, and that what is our sorrow is her gain. The consideration of her joys, which I do assure myself are unutterable, should refresh our drooping spirits.

"I do believe, my dear hearts, upon sufficient ground, that she was the kindest wife in the world; and I do think from my soul that she loved me ten times more than herself. Further, I can assure you, my sweet babes, that her love to you was little inferior to hers for me. For why should she be so desirous of my living in this world of sorrows, but that you might have the comfort of my life. You little imagine with what delight she was wont to talk of you both; and the pains that she took when you sucked on her breasts is almost incredible. She gave a large testimony of her love to you on her death-bed. For, some hours before she died, I brought her some cordials, which she plainly told me she was not able to take. I desired her to take them for your dear sakes. Upon the mention of your dear names, she lifted up herself and took them; which was to let me understand, that whilst she had strength left, she would embrace any opportunity she had of testifying her affection to you."

So wrote this most affectionate spirit to comfort his children: but, in a letter to a relative, the bitterness of his grief burst forth in an inconsolable agony. "I find this maxim verified by too sad experience; *Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo cernitur.* Had I been so thankful as my condition did deserve, I might yet have had my dearest dear in my bosom. But now, farewell all happy days, and God grant I may repent my sad ingratitude."

The following letter was written to sir George Saville, afterwards lord Hallifax, his friend and patron, soon after this melancholy event, and while the plague was in his house, and he looked upon his own death as certain, and speedily approaching.

"*To* SIR GEORGE SAVILLE, *Baronet.*

"*Eyam, Sept.* 1, 1666.

"Honoured and dear sir,—This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write! The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest dear is gone to her eternal rest; and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end.

"Indeed had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with her sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days, but that she was resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which I think are unutterable.

"Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever—and to bring my humble thanks for all your noble favours; and I hope that you will believe a dying man. I have as much love as honour for you; and I will bend my feeble knees to the God of Heaven that you, my dear lady and your children, and their children, may be blest with external and eternal happiness; and that the same blessing may fall upon my lady Sunderland and her relations.

"Dear sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and your family—that no happiness nor solid comfort may be found in this vale of tears like living a pious life;—and pray remember ever to retain this rule—never to do any thing upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God for the success thereof.

"Sir, I have made bold in my will with your name as an executor, and I hope that you will not take it ill. I have joined two others with you that will take from you the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they may be great, but good; and my next request is that they may be brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

"I desire, sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of an humble, pious man to succeed me in my parsonage; and, could I see your face before my departure from hence, I would inform you which way I think he may live comfortably amongst his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die. And with tears I beg, that, when you are praying for fatherless infants, you would then remember my two pretty babes. Sir, pardon the rude style of this paper, and if my head be discomposed, you cannot wonder at me. However, be pleased to believe that I am

Dear sir,
Your most obliged, most affectionate,
and grateful servant,
"WILLIAM MOMPESSON."

When first the plague broke out in Eyam, Mr. Mompesson wrote to the then earl of Devonshire, residing at Chatworth, some five miles from Eyam; stating, that he thought he could prevail upon his parishioners to confine themselves within the limits of the village, if the surrounding country would supply them with necessaries, leaving such provisions as should be requested in appointed places, and at appointed hours, upon the encircling hills. The proposal was punctually complied with; and it is most remarkable, that when the pestilence became, beyond all conception, terrible, not a single inhabitant attempted to pass the deathful boundaries of the village, though a regiment of soldiers could not, in that rocky and open country, have detained them against their will: much less could any watch, which might have been set by the neighbourhood, have effected that infinitely important purpose.

By the influence of this exemplary man, obtained by his pious and affectionate virtues, the rest of the county of Derby escaped the plague; not one of the very nearly neighbouring hamlets, or even a single house, being infected beyond the limits of Eyam village, though the distemper raged there near seven months.

Further details will hardly be required respecting a story, which is as true as it is sad. The manner wherein it is poetically related is sufficiently exemplified, and therefore, without comment; and for beauties, various as the scenery of nature, expressed in charmed lines, the reader of feeling is referred to the exquisite little volume mentioned before, under the title of "*The Desolation of Eyam*, and other Poems; by William and Mary Howitt, authors of the Forest Minstrel, &c."

A little piece, however, is ventured from the volume, as a *seasonable* conclusion at parting.

SUMMER AND THE POET.

POET.

Oh! golden, golden summer,
What is it thou hast done?
Thou hast chased each vernal roamer
With thy fiercely burning sun.

Glad was the cuckoo's hail;
Where may we hear it now?
Thou hast driven the nightingale
From the waving hawthorn bough.

Thou hast shrunk the mighty river;
Thou hast made the small brook flee:
And the light gales faintly quiver
In the dark and shadowy tree.

Spring waked her tribes to bloom,
And on the green sward dance.
Thou hast smitten them to the tomb
With thy consuming glance.

And now Autumn cometh on,
Singing 'midst shocks of corn,
Thou hastenest to be gone,
As if joy might not be borne.

SUMMER.

And dost thou of me complain,
Thou, who, with dreamy eyes,
In the forest's moss hast lain,
Praising my silvery skies?

Thou, who didst deem divine
The shrill cicada's tune,
When the odours of the pine
Gushed through the woods at noon?

I have run my fervid race;
I have wrought my task once more;
I have filled each fruitful place
With a plenty that runs o'er.

There is treasure for the garner;
There is honey with the bee;
And, oh! thou thankless scorner,
There's a parting boon for thee.

Soon as, in misty sadness,
Sere Autumn yields his reign,
Winter, with stormy madness,
Shall chase thee from the plain.

Then shall these scenes Elysian
Bright in thy spirit burn;
And each summer-thought and vision
Be thine till I return.

It may be remembered that from this volume the poem of "Penn and the Indians," in a former sheet, was extracted.

Mompesson's Pulpit in the Rock.

——Bursting through that woody screen
What vision of strange aspect met his eyes!
In that fantastic temple's porch was seen
The youthful pastor ——————
—————— No sabbath sound
Came from the village;—no rejoicing bells
Were heard; no groups of strolling youth were found,
Nor lovers loitering on the distant fells,
No laugh, no shout of infancy, which tells
Where radiant health and happiness repair;
But silence, such as with the lifeless dwells.

The Desolation of Eyam.

A plate in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of September, 1801, presents the above view, taken about three years before, accompanied by a remark from Mr. Urban's correspondent, that it was "at that time an exact resemblance of the perforated rock near the village of Eyam, in which the pious and worthy Mr. Mompesson, the rector, punctually performed the duties of his office to the distressed inhabitants during the time of the plague in that village."

Here it may be well to observe, in the expressive language of "William and Mary Howitt," that "what a cordon of soldiers could not have accomplished was effected by the wisdom and love of one man. This measure was the salvation of the country. The plague, which would most probably have spread from place to place, may be said to have been hemmed in, and, in a dreadful and desolating struggle, destroyed and buried with its victims."

William Mompesson exercised a power greater than legislators have yet attained. He had found the great secret of government. He ruled his flock by the *Law of Kindness.*

In the summer, 1757, five cottagers were digging on the heathy mountain above Eyam, which was the place of graves after the church-yard became a too narrow repository. Those men came to something which had the appearance of having once been linen. Conscious of their situation, they instantly buried it again. In a few days they all sickened of a putrid fever, and three of the five died. The disorder was contagious, and proved mortal to numbers of the inhabitants.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXVII.

[From "Ram Alley," a Comedy, by Lodowick Barry, 1611.]

In the Prologue the Poet protests the innocence of his Play, and gives a promise of better things.

Home bred mirth our Muse doth sing;
The Satyr's tooth, and waspish sting,
Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this Play are not affected.
But if conceit, with quick-turn'd scenes,
Observing all those ancient streams
Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow—
As time, place, person—and to show
Things never done, with that true life,
That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
Whether the things now shewn be true;
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present: if these,
Free from the loathsome Stage-disease,
So over-worn, so tired and stale;
Not satyrising, but to rail;—
May win your favors, and inherit
But calm acceptance of his merit,—
He vows by paper, pen, and ink,
And by the Learned Sisters' drink,
To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
And never cease his brain to toil,
Till from the silent hours of night
He doth produce, for your delight,
Conceits so new, so harmless free,
That Puritans themselves may see
A Play; yet not in public preach,
That Players such lewd doctrine teach,
That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
When they do see a man resemble
The picture of a villain.—This,
As he a friend to Muses is,
To you by me he gives his word,
Is all his Play does now afford.

[From the "Royal King and Loyal Subject," a Tragi-comedy, by T. Heywood, 1627.]

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood descants upon the variety of topics, which had been introduced upon the English stage in that age,—the rich Shakspearian epoch.

To give content to this most curious age,
The Gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
And figured them in Planets; made ev'n Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muses' raptures: further we
Have trafficked by their help; no History
We've left unrifled; our pens have been dipt
As well in opening each hid manuscript,
As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung,
In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
Of Fairy elves, Nymphs of the Sea and Land,
The Lawns and Groves, no number can be scann'd,
Which we've not given feet to. Nay, 'tis known,
That when our Chronicles have barren grown
Of story, we have all Invention stretcht;
Dived low as to the center, and then reacht
Unto the Primum Mobile above,
(Nor 'scaped Things Intermediate), for your love
These have been acted often; all have past
Censure: of which some live, and some are cast.
For this* in agitation, stay the end;
Tho' nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

[From the "Challenge to Beauty," a Tragi-comedy, by T. Heywood, 1636.]

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood commends the English Plays; not without a censure of some writers, who in his time had begun to degenerate.

The Roman and Athenian Dramas far
Differ from us: and those that frequent are
In Italy and France, ev'n in these days,
Compared with ours, are rather Jiggs than Plays.
Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch;
None, versed in language, but confess them such.
They do not build their projects on that *ground*;
Nor have their phrases half the weight and sound,
Our labour'd Scenes have had. And yet our nation
(Already too much tax'd for imitation,
In seeking to ape others) cannot 'quit
Some of our Poets, who have sinn'd in it.
For where, before, great Patriots, Dukes, and Kings,
Presented for some high facinorous things†
Were the stage subject; now we strive to fly
In their low pitch, who never could soar high:
For now the common argument entreats
Of puling Lovers, crafty Bawds, or Cheats.
Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
These queasy times with humours flash'd in wit,
Whose art I both encourage and commend;
I only wish that they would sometimes bend
To memorise the valours of such men,
Whose very names might dignify the pen;
And that our once-applauded Rosscian strain
In acting such might be revived again;
Which you to count'nance might the Stage make proud,
And poets strive to key their strings more loud.

C. L.

---

* His own Play.

† The foundations of the English Drama were laid deep in *tragedy* by Marlow, and others — Marlow especially—while our *comedy* was yet in its lisping state. To this tragic preponderance (forgetting his own sweet Comedies,—and Shakspeare's), Heywood seems to refer with regret; as in the "Rosscian Strain" he evidently alludes to Alleyn, who was great in the "Jew of Malta," as Heywood elsewhere testifies, and in the principal tragic parts both of Marlow and Shakspeare.

Wrestling

IN CORNWALL AND DEVONSHIRE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The ready insertion given to my letter on the above subject, in the second volume of the *Every-Day Book*, (p. 1009,) encourages me to hope that you will as readily insert the present, which enters more fully into the merits of this ancient sport, as practised in both counties, than any other communication you have as yet lain before your numerous readers.

Having been the first person to call your attention to the merits of Polkinhorne, Parkins, and Warren, of Cornwall, (to which I could easily have added the names of some dozen or two more, equally deserving of notice,) I was much amused at the article you extracted from the London Magazine, (into the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 1337,) because I was present at the sport there spoken of; and being well acquainted with the play, and an eye-witness, I found the picture much too highly coloured.

I am neither a Cornwall nor a Devon man myself, but have resided in both counties for the last ten years, and am really an admirer of Abraham Cann, of Devon, whose behaviour in the ring no one can at all complain of: he *is* a fine fellow, but so is Polkinhorne, and, beyond doubt, the latter is "much the better man;" he threw Cann an *acknowledged* fair fall, and I regret he left the ring on the *bad* advice of those whom he thought then his friends. Had he not, I am certain he would have thrown Cann "over and over again."

In a late number of the *Table Book* (p. 416) is given an extract from Homer, to show that Ulysses' mode of wrestling was similar to that of Abraham Cann; it may be so; but what does Achilles say upon the subject:—

> "Your nobler vigour, oh, my friends, restrain:
> Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.
> Ye *both* have won: let others who excel
> Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well."

Now Abraham Cann, with his monstrous shoe, and most horrible mode of kicking, has never yet been able to throw Polkinhorne, nor do I think he has the power or skill to enable him to do so. His defeat of Gaffney has added no laurel to his brow, for the Irishman had not a shadow of chance; nor is there an Irishman or a Cornishman, now in London, that would stand any chance with Cann; but he would find several awkward opponents if he would meet those from Westmoreland, Carlisle, and Cumberland, and play in their mode. In the match, however, between Polkinhorne and Cann the latter very properly received the stakes, on account of the former having quitted the ring on conceiving he had won the day, by throwing two falls. The second throw, on reference to the umpires, was after some time deemed not a fair back fall.—This, however, is foreign to my purpose; which is to systematically explain the methods of wrestling in Cornwall and Devon.

I have seen in Cornwall more persons present at these games, when the prize has only been a gold-laced hat, a waistcoat, or a pair of gloves, than ever attend the sports of Devon, (where the prizes are very liberal —for they don't like to be kicked severely for a trifle,) or even at the famed meetings of later days in London, at the Eagle in the City Road, or the Golden Eagle in Mile End. How is this? Why, in the latter places, six, eight, and, at farthest, twelve standards are as much as a day's play will admit of; while in Cornwall I have seen forty made in one day. At Penzance, on Monday, 24th ult.,* thirty standards were made, and the match concluded the day following. In Devon, what with the heavy shoes and thick padding, and time lost in equipment and kicking, half that number *cannot* be made in a day: I have frequently seen men obliged to leave the ring, and abandon the chance of a prize, owing solely to the hurt they have received by kicks from the knee downwards; and let me here add, that I have been present when even Cann's brothers, or relations, have been obliged to do so. So much for kicking.—To the eye of a beholder unacquainted with wrestling, the Cornish mode must appear as *play*, and that of Devon *barbarous*.—It is an indisputable fact, that no Cornish wrestler of any note ever frequents the games in Devon; and that whenever those from Devon have played in Cornwall, they have been thrown: Jordan by Parkins, and so on.

At a *Cornish* wrestling, a man's favourite play can be seen by the *hitch* or holdfast he takes; as right or left, which is sure to be crossed by left and right, and the struggle immediately commences. The *off-hand* play is that in which the men have each a gripe on his adversary's collar, or on the collar and opposite elbow, or wrist; when

* See the West Briton paper of the 5th October.

by a sudden blow against the outside of the foot, by the striker's inside, (if strong enough,) or by a corresponding twist of the collar, one lays the other flat on his back. This is called *playing with the toe;* but they never wear any shoes, and are generally bare-legged from the knee downwards.

When the hitch is collar and elbow, one mode of play is to lift with the heel placed in the fork, with the back twisted round towards the other's front, and pulling him strongly by the elbow and collar, carry him forward; but a back fall is then uncertain. Another way is to *heave* forward or backward with the *crook*, or *inlock*, or with the hip.

But the *struggle* is on what is termed the *closing* play, which is by hitching over and under. If righthanded, the over player has his right hand on the loins, or over the right shoulder of his adversary, with his right side towards him, and his left hand on the right arm, at the wrist or elbow; he then throws forward with the hip, or backward and forward with the *crook*, as before.

The *under* player has his right hand on the left side of the collar, his left crossing the loins on the back, or crossing the belly in front, and facing his opponent's left side. His defensive play is to stop the hip by the *clamp* and the crook; by pushing forward with his left hand on the nape of the neck, and then *heaving;* which in the ring is considered the best play. A good and sure heaver is a perfect player. It must be done backward, if the arm crosses the back; but if it crosses the belly, either backward or forward will do. Cann was thrown by Polkinhorne backwards, which is dangerous to the heaver to attempt; for, if he does not lift with sufficient strength, and keep himself clear of his antagonist's legs, he will not go far enough round, and instead of throwing his adversary a fair fall, he may fall on his own back, which is termed *throwing himself;* or his adversary may crook his leg within, and overbalance the heaver and by a quick movement throw him. Thus was Warren thrown by Cann. (See the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 1337.)

The *forward heave*, if done quickly, is certain. Both arms must cross the belly, and your adversary be lifted across your chest; then, plunging forward, you fall on him crosswise; he has thus no chance, and the fall is complete; but the *in-turn*, if adopted before the lift from the ground takes place, baffles the heaver.

The *Cornish hug* is a tremendous struggle for victory. Both grasp alike, and not much science is required. It only takes place where each conceives himself to be the stronger of the two. It is either right or left. If right, each man has his right hand on the other's loins on the left side, and his left hand on the right shoulder; they stand face to face, and each strives to draw his adversary towards him, and grasps him round the waist, till the hug becomes close, and the weakest man is forced backward—the other falling heavily upon him. This is a very sure and hard fall. So much for Cornish play. Now for that of Devonshire; which resembles in every respect (the toe and heel excepted) the off-hand play of Cornwall, but goes no farther.

The *Devonshire* men have no under-play, nor have they one heaver; and they do not understand or practise the *hug*. Visit a Devon ring, and you'll wait a tedious time after a man is thrown ere another appears. After undergoing the necessary preparations for a good kicking, &c. he enters, and shakes his adversary by the hand, and kicks and lays hold when he can get a fit opportunity. If he is conscious of superior strength he "goes to work," and by strength of arms wrests him off his legs, and lays him flat; or, if too heavy for this, he carries him round by the hip. But when the men find they are "much of a muchness" it is really tiresome: "caution" is the word; the *shoe*, only, goes to work; and after dreadful hacking, cutting, and kicking, one is at last thrown. The hardest shoe and the best kicker carries the day. Cann is a very hard kicker and a cautious wrestler. The Irishman's legs bore ample testimony of the effects of Cann's shoe. He left him knee-deep in a stream of gore.

The Devon men never close with a Cornish adversary, if they find he possesses any science; because they have no underplay, and cannot prevent the risk of being heaved: they therefore stand off, with only one hand in the collar, and kick; the Cornishman then attempts to get in, and the Devonman tries to confine one of his opponent's arms by holding him at the wrist, and keeping him from coming in either over or under, and at every move of his leg kicking it. Here ends the description; by which it will be plainly seen that a Cornishman cannot enter a Devon ring on any thing like an equality.

Wishing well to both counties, and disclaiming undue partiality to either, I remain a true lover of wrestling as a rustic sport, and your obedient servant,

SAM SAM'S SON

October 8, 1827.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. XII.

ETHER—WEIGHT AND ELASTICITY OF THE AIR—AIR-GUNS.

By *ether* the moderns understand a rare fluid, or species of matter, beyond the atmosphere, and penetrating it, infinitely more subtile than the air we respire, of an immense extent, filling all the spaces where the celestial bodies roll, yet making no sensible resistance to their motions. Some suppose it to be a sort of air, much purer than that which invests our globe; others, that its nature approaches to that of the celestial fire, which emanates from the sun and other stars; others, again, suppose it to be generically different from all other matter, *sui generis*, and its parts finer than those of light; alleging that the exceeding tenuity of its parts renders it capable of that vast expansive force, which is the source of all that pressure and dilatation whence most of the phenomena in nature arise; for that by the extreme subtilty of its parts it intimately penetrates all bodies, and exerts its energy everywhere. This last is the opinion of Newton and Locke. But whatever be the sentiments now entertained on the subject, we find the origin of all of them in the ancients.

The stoics taught, that there was a subtile and active fire which pervaded the whole universe, that by the energy of this ethereal substance, to which they gave the name of ether, all the parts of nature were produced, preserved, and linked together; that it embraced every thing; and that in it the celestial bodies performed their revolutions.

According to Diogenes Laertius and Hierocles, Pythagoras affirmed, that the air which invests our earth is impure and mixed; but that the air above it is essentially pure and healthful. He calls it "free ether, emancipated from all gross matter, a celestial substance that fills all space, and penetrates at will the pores of all bodies."

Aristotle, explaining Pythagoras's opinion of ether, ascribes the same also to Anaxagoras. Aristotle himself, in another place, understands by ether, *a fifth element pure and unalterable, of an active and vital nature, but entirely different from air and fire.*

Empedocles, one of the most celebrated disciples of Pythagoras, is quoted by Plutarch, and St. Clemens Alexandrinus, as admitting an ethereal substance, which filled all space, and contained in it all the bodies of the universe, and which he calls by the names of Titan and Jupiter.

Plato distinguishes air into two kinds, the one gross and filled with vapours, which is what we breathe; the other "more refined, called ether, in which the celestial bodies are immerged, and where they roll."

The nature of *air* was not less known to the ancients than that of ether. They regarded it as a general "*menstruum*," containing all the volatile parts of every thing in nature, which being variously agitated, and differently combined, produced meteors, tempests, and all the other changes we experience. They also were acquainted with its weight, though the experiments transmitted to us, relative to this, are but few. Aristotle speaks of "a vessel filled with air as weighing more than one quite empty." Treating of respiration, he reports the opinion of Empedocles, who ascribes the cause of it "to the weight of the air, which by its pressure insinuates itself with force" into the lungs. Plutarch, in the same terms, expresses the sentiments of Asclepiades. He represents him, among other things, as saying, that "the external air by its weight opens its way with force into the breast." Heron of Alexandria ascribes effects to the elasticity of the air, which show that he perfectly understood that property of it.

Seneca also knew its weight, spring, and elasticity. He describes "the constant effort it makes to expand itself when it is compressed;" and he affirms, that "it has the property of condensing itself, and forcing its way through all obstacles that oppose its passage."

It is still more surprising, however, that Ctesibius, "upon the principle of the air's elasticity," invented *Wind-guns*, which we look upon as a modern contrivance. Philo of Byzantium gives a very full and exact description of that curious machine, planned upon the property of the air's being capable of condensation, and so constructed as to manage and direct the force of that element, in such a manner as to carry stones with rapidity to the greatest distance.

INSCRIBED ON A SIGN

AT CASTLE CARY, SOMERSET.

FOOT,

Maker of pattens, clogs, rakes, and mouse-traps too,
Grinds razors, makes old umbrellas good as new;
Knives bladed, spurs and lanterns mended; other job done;
Teakettles clean'd, repaired, and carried home.

J. T. H.

Manners and Customs.

For the Table Book.

Provincial Sayings, &c.

1. As the days grow longer,
   The storms grow stronger.
2. As the days lengthen,
   So the storms strengthen.
3. Blessed is the corpse, that the rain falls on.
4. Blessed is the bride, that the sun shines on.
5. He that goes to see his wheat in May,
   Comes weeping away.

Harvest-home Call, in the County of Durham.

Blest be the day that Christ was born,
We've getten mell of Mr. ——'s corn,
Well won, and better shorn.
Hip, hip, hip!—Huzza! huzza! huzza!

An old Yorkshire May-Game.

"*An account of a May-Game, performed at Richmond, Yorkshire, on the 29th of May*, 1660, *by the inhabitants of that town; whereby they demonstrated their universal joy for the happy return of Charles II., whom God was pleased to make the instrument of freeing this nation from tyranny, usurpation, and the dismal effects of a civil war.*

"They came into the town, in solemn equipage, as follows:—

"1. Three *antics* before them with bagpipes.

"2. The representative of a *lord*, attended by trumpets, falconers, four pages, as many footmen, and fifty attendants, all suited as became persons of their quality.

"3. The representative of a *sheriff*, with forty attendants, in their liveries.

"4. The *bishop* of *Hereford*, with four pages and footmen, his chaplain, and twenty other household officers, besides their attendants.

"5. Two companies of *morris-dancers*, who acted their parts to the satisfaction of the spectators.

"6. *Sixty nymphs*, with music before them, following Diana, all richly adorned in white and gorgeous apparel, with pages and footmen attending them.

"7. Three companies of *foot soldiers*, with a captain and other officers, in great magnificence.

"8. *Robin Hood*, in scarlet, with forty bowmen, all clad in Lincoln green.

"Thus they marched into the town. Now follows their performance.

"They marched decently, in good order, round the market-cross, and came to the church, where they offered their cordial prayers for our most gracious sovereign; a sermon preached at that time.

"From thence my lord invited all his attendants to his house to dinner.

"The reverend bishop did the same to all his attendants, inviting the minister and other persons to his own house, where they were sumptuously entertained.

"The soldiers marched up to the cross, where they gave many vollies of shot, with push of pike, and other martial feats.

"There was erected a scaffold and arbours, where the morris-dancers and nymphs acted their parts; many thousands of spectators having come out of the country and villages adjacent.

"Two days were spent in acting 'Robin Hood.' The sheriff and reverend bishop sent bottles of sack to several officers acting in the play, who all performed their parts to the general satisfaction of the spectators, with acclamations of joy for the safe arrival of his sacred majesty.

"Something more might have been expected from the civil magistrate of the town, who permitted the conduit to run water all the time.

"The preceding rejoicings were performed by the commonalty of the borough of Richmond."

Christmas Pie.

The following appeared in the Newcastle Chronicle, 6th Jan. 1770:—"Monday last was brought from Howick to Berwick, to be shipp'd for London, for sir Hen. Grey, bart., a pie, the contents whereof are as follows: viz. 2 bushels of flour, 20 lbs. of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkies, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, and 4 partridges; 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, and 6 pigeons: it is supposed a very great curiosity, was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It was near nine feet in circumference at bottom, weighs about twelve stones, will take two men to present it to table; it is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."

Oliver Cromwell's Weddings.

The singular mode of solemnizing marriages that took place during Cromwell's

usurpation, was pretty strictly observed for the space of four years; during which time sixty-six couple were joined together before the civil magistrate (at Knaresbrough.) The gentlemen who were applied to in this case, for the most part, appear to be Thomas Stockdale, of Bilton Park, Esq.; sir Thomas Mouleverer, bart. of Allerton Park; or the mayor of Ripon. The bans were published on three separate days before marriage, sometimes at the market-cross, and sometimes in the church. The following is a copy of one of the certificates:—

"30 *Mar.* 1651. Marmaduke Inman and Prudence Lowcock, both of the parish of Knaresbrough, were this day married together at Ripon, having first been published three several market-days in the market-place at Knaresbrough, according to the act of parliament, and no exceptions made.

"In the presence of

"*Thomas Davie,*
"*Anthony Simpson.*"

ELECTIONEERING.

In sir Henry Slingsby's Diary is the following note, respecting the election at Knaresbrough in the year 1640. "There is an evil custom at such elections, to bestow wine on all the town, which cost me sixteen pounds at least."

D. A. M.

A RARE BROAD FARTHING!

To the Editor.

Sir,—In your last very pleasing number, p. 242, you give an account of a "Farthing Lord." As addenda to that article I state, that in the west of England I knew a penurious old gentleman, who, by way of generous reward, used to give the person who performed little services for him a *farthing!*, with this grateful apostrophe, "Here, my friend; here is a rare *broad farthing* for thee!—go thy way—call to-morrow; and, if thou earn it, thou shalt have another *rare broad farthing!*" By the exercise of this liberality, he gained the appellation of "Broad Farthing!" and retained it to the day of his death, when he left immense wealth.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

***.

Islington, August 25, 1827.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following good-tempered and agreeable letter has been published in illustration of an excellent engraving of Wilkie's interesting picture of Sir Walter Scott and his family:—

LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT TO SIR ADAM FERGUSON, DESCRIPTIVE OF A PICTURE PAINTED BY DAVID WILKIE, ESQ., R.A., EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1818.

My dear Adam,—I have duly received your letter, with that enclosed from the gentleman whom you have patronised, by suffering the sketch from the pencil of our friend Wilkie to be engraved for his work.

The picture has something in it rather of a domestic character, as the personages are represented in a sort of masquerade, such being the pleasure of the accomplished painter. Nevertheless, if it is to be engraved, I do not see that I can offer any objection, since it is the wish of the distinguished artist, and the friendly proprietor of the sketch in question.

But Mr. Balmanno [Secretary to the Incorporated Artists' Fund] mentions, besides, a desire to have anecdotes of my private and domestic life, or, as he expresses himself, a portrait of the author in his night-gown and slippers; and this from you, who, I dare say, could furnish some anecdotes of our younger days, which might now seem ludicrous enough.

Even as to my night-gown and slippers, I believe the time has been, when the articles of my wardrobe were as familiar to your memory as *Poins's* to *Prince Henry*; but that time has been for some years past, and I cannot think it would be interesting to the public to learn that I had changed my old *robe-de-chambre* for a handsome *douillette* when I was last at Paris. The truth is, that a man of ordinary sense cannot be supposed delighted with the species of gossip which, in the dearth of other news, recurs to such a quiet individual as myself; and though, like a well-behaved lion of twenty years' standing, I am not inclined to vex myself about what I cannot help, I will not in any case, in which I can prevent it, be accessory to these follies. There is no man known at all in literature, who may not have more to tell of his private life than I have: I have surmounted no difficulties either of birth or education, nor have I been favoured by any particular advantages, and my life has been as void of

incidents of importance, as that of the "weary knife-grinder,"—

"Story! God bless you. I have none to tell, sir."

The follies of youth ought long since to have passed away; and if the prejudices and absurdities of age have come in their place, I will keep them, as Beau Tibbs did his prospect, for the amusement of my domestic friends. A mere enumeration of the persons in the sketch is all I can possibly permit to be published respecting myself and my family; and as must be the lot of humanity, when we look back seven or eight years, even what follows cannot be drawn up without some very painful recollections.

The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Eildon hills. 1. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few scores of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh. 2. In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag somewhat addicted to poaching, stands sir Adam Ferguson, Knight-Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland. 3. In the background is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at the time, painted in his own character of a shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. He used to claim credit for three things unusual among the Southland shepherds: first, that he had never been *fou* in the course of his life; secondly, he never had struck a man in anger; thirdly, that though intrusted with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. He died soon afterwards at Abbotsford. 4, 5, 6. Of the three female figures, the elder is the late regretted mother of the family represented. 5. The young person most forward in the group is Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. J. G. Lockhart; and 6, her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as ewe-milkers, with their *leglins*, or milk-pails. 7. On the left hand of the shepherd, the young man holding a fowling-piece is the eldest son of sir Walter, now captain in the king's hussars. 8. The boy is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott, now of Brazenose College, Oxford The two dogs were distinguished favourites of the family; the large one was a stag-hound of the old Highland breed, called Maida, and one of the handsomest dogs that could be found; it was a present from the chief of Glengary to sir Walter, and was highly valued, both on account of his beauty, his fidelity, and the great rarity of the breed. The other is a little Highland terrier, called *Ourisk*, (goblin,) of a particular kind, bred in Kintail. It was a present from the honourable Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, and is a valuable specimen of a race which is now also scarce.

Maida, like Bran, Luath, and other dogs of distinction, slumbers "beneath his stone," distinguished by an epitaph, which, to the honour of Scottish scholarship be it spoken, has only *one* false quality in *two* lines.

"Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida,
"Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis."

Ourisk still survives, but, like some other personages in the picture, with talents and temper rather the worse for wear. She has become what Dr. Rutty, the quaker, records himself in his journal as having sometimes been—sinfully dogged and snappish.

If it should suit Mr. Balmanno's purpose to adopt the above illustrations, he is heartily welcome to them; but I make it my especial bargain, that nothing more is said upon such a meagre subject.

It strikes me, however, that there is a story about old Thomas Scott, the shepherd, which is characteristic, and which I will make your friend welcome to. Tom was, both as a trusted servant and as a rich fellow in his line, a person of considerable importance among the class in the neighbourhood, and used to stickle a good deal to keep his place in public opinion. Now, he suffered, in his own idea at least, from the consequence assumed by a country neighbour, who, though neither so well reputed for wealth or sagacity as Thomas Scott, had yet an advantage over him, from having seen the late king, and used to take precedence upon all occasions when they chanced to meet. Thomas suffered under this superiority. But after this sketch was finished and exhibited in London, the newspapers made it known that his present majesty had condescended to take some notice of it. Delighted with the circumstance, Thomas Scott set out, on a most oppressively hot day, to walk five miles to Bowden, where his rival resided. He had no sooner entered the cottage, than he called out in his broad forest dialect—"Andro', man, de ye anes sey (see) the king?" "In troth did I, Tam," answered Andro', "sit down, and I'll tell ye a' about

it: ye sey, I was at Lonon, in a place they ca' the park, that is no like a hained hog-fence, or like the four-nooked parks in this country——." "Hout awa," said Thomas, "I have heard a' that before: I only came ower the Know to tell you, that, if you have seen the king, the king has seen mey," (me.) And so he returned with a jocund heart, assuring his friends "it had done him much muckle gude to settle accounts wi' Andro'."

Another favour I must request is, that Mr. Balmanno will be so good as to send me a proof of these illustrations, as my hand is very bad, and there be errors both of the pen and of the press.

Jocose hæc, as the old Laird of Restalrig writes to the Earl of Gowrie.—Farewell, my old tried and dear friend of forty long years. Our enjoyments must now be of a character less vivid than we have shared together.

"But still at our lot it were vain to repine.
"Youth cannot return, or the days of Lang Syne."

Yours affectionately,
WALTER SCOTT.*

Abbotsford, August 2.

ADVICE

To "LOOK AT HOME!"

The advice given by a girl to Thales, the Milesian philosopher, was strong and practical. Seeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued by his not casting an eye on her attractions, she put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins. The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him, before he indulged himself in star-gazing, to "look at home."

ADVICE FOR A BROKEN LIMB.

In a late translation of Hippocrates, we read the following piece of grave advice, which, notwithstanding the great name of the counsellor, will hardly have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh, "the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length."

The founder of the Jesuits, St. Ignatius Loyola, who, to preserve the shape of his boot, had a considerable part of his leg-bone cut off, would have been a docile patient to the sage Hippocrates. The story is in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 1050.

SINCERE ADVICE.

While Louis XIV. was besieging Lisle, the Spanish governor very handsomely sent him, from the town, every day, fresh ice for the use of his table. M. de Charost, a favourite of the king, happening to be near him when one of these presents arrived, said to the messenger, with a loud voice, "Do you be sure to tell M. de Brouai, your governor, that I advise him not to give up his town like a coward, as the commandant of Douai has done." "Are you mad, Charost?" said the king, turning to him angrily. "No, sir," said Charost, "but you must excuse me. The comte de Brouai is my near relation."

ADVICE FOR JUDGING OF POETRY.

Cardinal de Retz desired Menage to favour him with a few lectures on poetry; "for," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought to me every day, that I ought to seem, at least, to be somewhat of a judge."—"It would," replied Menage, "be difficult to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism, without taking up too much of your time. But I would advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then to exclaim, *Sad stuff! wretched poetaster! miserable verses!* Ninety-nine times in a hundred you will be sure you are right."

A NOMINAL ACCIDENT.

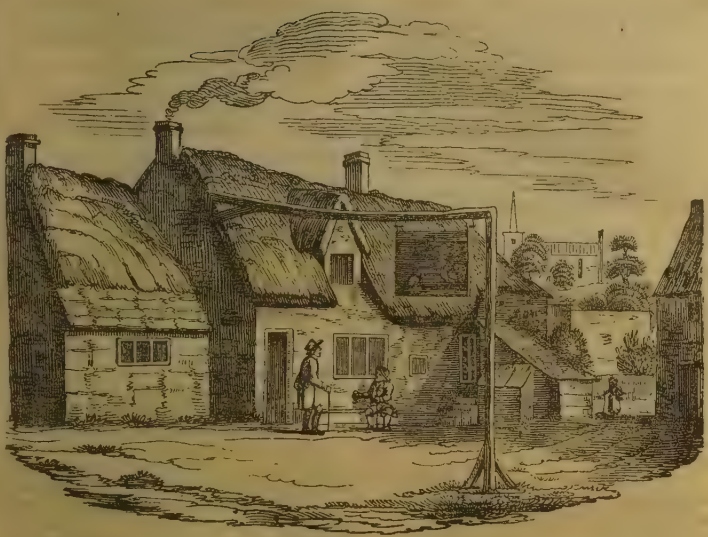
To the Editor.

It is rather extraordinary that of the two pork-butchers in Clare-market, one of their names should be "HUM," the other's "SHUM."—Fact! upon honour!—See for yourself; one is at the corner of Blackmore-street, the other in the street adjoining Clement's Inn.

F. C N.

August 9, 1827

* From *The Times*, October 16, 1827.



The Revolution-house at Whittington, Derbyshire.

To eternize the delegated band,
That seal'd their great forefathers' fields their own;
Rais'd ev'ry art that decks a smiling land,
And laws that guard the cottage as the throne.

Rev. P. Cunningham.

This edifice obtained its name from the meeting of Thomas Osborne earl of Danby, and William Cavendish earl of Devonshire, with Mr. John D'Arcy, privately one morning, in 1688, upon Whittington Moor, as a middle place between Chatsworth, Kniveton, and Aston, their respective residences, to consult about the revolution, then in agitation.* A shower of rain happening to fall, they removed to the village for shelter, and finished their conversation at a public-house there, the sign of "The Cock and Pynot."†

The part assigned to the earl of Danby was, to surprise York; in which he succeeded. After which, the earl of Devonshire was to take measures at Nottingham, where the declaration for a free parliament, which he, at the head of a number of gentlemen of Derbyshire, had signed Nov. 28, 1688,‡ was adopted by the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of the northern counties, there assembled.* To the concurrence of these patriots with the proceedings in favour of the prince of Orange in the west, the nation is indebted for the establishment of its rights and liberties.

The cottage here represented stands at the point where the road from Chesterfield divides into two branches, to Sheffield and Rotherham. The room where the noblemen sat is fifteen feet by twelve feet ten, and is to this day called "The Plotting Parlour." The old armed-chair, still remaining in it, is shown by the landlord with particular satisfaction, as that in which it is said the earl of Devonshire sat; and he tells with equal pleasure, how it was visited by his descendants, and the descendants of his associates, in the year 1788. Some new rooms, for the better accommodation of customers, were added several years ago.

* Kennett. † A provincial name for a *Magpie*. ‡ Rapin, xv. 199.

* Deering's Nottingham, p. 258.

The duke of Leeds' own account of his meeting the earl of Devonshire and Mr. John D'Arcy at Whittington, in the county of Derby,* A. D. 1688.

The earl of Danby, afterwards duke of Leeds, was impeached, A. D. 1678, of high treason by the house of commons, on a charge of being in the French interest, and, in particular, of being popishly affected: many, both peers and commoners, were misled, and had conceived an erroneous opinion concerning him and his political conduct. This he has stated himself, in the introduction to his letters, printed in 1710, where he says, "The malice of my accusation did so manifestly appear in that article wherein I was charged to be popishly affected, that I dare swear there was not one of my accusers that did then believe that article against me."

The duke then proceeds, for the further clearing of himself, in these memorable words, relative to the meeting at Whittington:—

"The duke of Devonshire also, when we were partners in the secret trust about the revolution, and who did meet me and Mr. John D'Arcy, for that purpose, at a town called Whittington, in Derbyshire, did, in the presence of the said Mr. D'Arcy, make a voluntary acknowledgment of the great mistakes he had been led into about me; and said, that both he, and most others, were entirely convinced of their error. And he came to sir Henry Goodrick's house in Yorkshire purposely to meet me there again, in order to concert the times and methods by which he should act at Nottingham, (which was to be his post,) and one at York, (which was to be mine;) and we agreed, that I should first attempt to surprise York, because there was a small garrison with a governor there; whereas Nottingham was but an open town, and might give an alarm to York, if he should appear in arms before I had made my attempt upon York; which was done accordingly;† but is mistaken in divers relations of it. And I am confident that the duke (had he been now alive) would have thanked nobody for putting his prosecution of me amongst the glorious actions of his life."

On the 4th and 5th of November 1788, the centenary of the landing of king William, the Revolution Jubilee was celebrated at Whittington and Chesterfield, as appears by the following letter from the venerable rector of the parish:—

To Mr. Gough.

Whittington, Oct. 11, 1788.

Dear sir,—We are to have most grand doings at this place, 5th of November next, at the *Revolution-house*, which I believe you saw when you was here. The resolutions of the committee were ordered to be inserted in the London prints, so I presume you may have seen them. I am desired to preach the sermon.

I remain, your much obliged, &c.

S. Pegge.

Resolutions.

The committee appointed by the lords and gentlemen at the last Chesterfield races, to conduct and manage the celebration of the intended jubilee, on the hundredth anniversary of the glorious revolution, at the Revolution-house in Whittington, in the county of Derby, where measures were first concerted for the promotion of that grand constitutional event, in these midland parts, have this day met, and upon consideration come to the following resolutions:—

That general Gladwin do take the chair at this meeting. That the Rev. Samuel Pegge be requested to preach a sermon on the occasion at Whittington church, on the 5th day of November next. That the gentlemen who intend to honour the meeting with their company do assemble at Whittington church, exactly at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to attend divine service. That immediately after service they meet at the Revolution-house, where a cold collation will be provided. That they go in procession from thence to Chesterfield, where ordinaries will be provided at the Angel, Castle, and Falcon inns. That the meeting be open to all friends of the revolution. That letters be written to the dukes of Devonshire and Leeds, and the earl of Stamford, to request the honour of their attendance at that meeting. That there be a ball for the ladies in the evening at the assembly-room in Chesterfield. That a subscription of one guinea each be entered into for defraying the extraordinary expenses on the occasion, and that the same be paid into the hands of Messrs. Wilkinson's, in Chesterfield. That the committee do meet again on Wednesday, the 8th of October next, at the Angel inn, in Chesterfield, at one o'clock. That these

* Son and heir of Conyers earl of Holderness.

† For the earl of Devonshire's proceedings at Derby and Whittington, see Mr. Deering's History of Nottingham, p. 260. Mr. Drake, p. 177 of his Eboracum, just mention the earl of Danby's appearance at York.

resolutions be published in the Derby and Nottingham newspapers, and in the St. James's, Whitehall, and Lloyd's Evening Posts, and the London and English Chronicles.

HENRY GLADWIN, Chairman.

Chesterfield, Sept. 27, 1788.

According to these resolutions, on Tuesday the 4th of November, the committee appointed to conduct the jubilee had a previous meeting, and dined together at the "Revolution-house" in Whittington. The duke of Devonshire, lord Stamford, lord George and lord John Cavendish, with several neighbouring gentlemen, were present. After dinner a subscription was opened for the erecting of a monumental column, in commemoration of the glorious revolution, on that spot where the earls of Devonshire and Danby, lord Delamere, and Mr. John D'Arcy, met to concert measures which were eminently instrumental in rescuing the liberties of their country from perdition. As this monument was intended to be not less a mark of public gratitude, than the memorial of an important event, it was requested, that the representatives of the above-mentioned families would excuse their not being permitted to join in the expense.

On the 5th, at eleven in the morning, the commemoration commenced with divine service at Whittington church. The Rev. Mr. Pegge, the rector of the parish, delivered an excellent sermon from the words "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." Though of a great age, having that very morning entered his eighty-fifth year, he spoke with a spirit which seemed to have been derived from the occasion; his sentiments were pertinent, well arranged, and his expression animated.

The descendants of the illustrious houses of Cavendish, Osborne, Boothe, and D'Arcy, (for the venerable duke of Leeds, whose age would not allow him to attend, had sent his two grandsons, in whom the blood of Osborne and D'Arcy united;) a numerous and powerful gentry; a wealthy and respectable yeomanry; a hardy, yet decent and attentive peasantry; whose intelligent countenances showed that they understood, and would be firm to preserve, that blessing, for which they were assembled to return thanks to Almighty God, presented a truly solemn spectacle, and, to the eye of a philosopher, the most interesting that can be imagined.

After service the company went in succession to view the "Revolution-house," and the room called "The Plotting Parlour," with the old armed-chair in which the earl of Devonshire is said to have sitten; and every one partook of an elegant cold collation, which was prepared in the new rooms annexed to the cottage. Some time being spent in this, then began

The Procession.

Constables with long staves, two and two.

The eight clubs, four and four, with flags inscribed "The Protestant Religion, and the Liberties of England, we will maintain,"—"Libertas; quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem." "Liberty secured."—"The Glorious Revolution 1688."—"Liberty, Property, Trade, Manufactures."—"In Memory of the Glorious Assertors of British Freedom 1688."—"Revolted from Tyranny at WHITTINGTON 1688."—"Bill of Rights." "Willielmus Dux Devon. Bonorum Principum Fidelis Subditus; Inimicus et Invisus Tyrannis."

[The members of the eight clubs were estimated at two thousand persons, each having a white wand in his hand, with blue and orange tops and favours, with the word "Revolution" stamped upon them.]

The Derbyshire militia's band of music.
The corporation of Chesterfield in their formalities, who joined the procession on entering the town.
The duke of Devonshire in his coach and six.
Attendants on horseback with four led horses.
The earl of Stamford in his post-chaise and four.
Attendants on horseback.
The earl of Danby and lord Francis Osborne in their post-chaise and four.
Attendants on horseback.
Lord George Cavendish in his post-chaise and four.
Attendants on horseback.
Lord John Cavendish in his post-chaise and four.
Attendants on horseback.
Sir Francis Molyneux and sir Henry Hunloke, barts. in sir Henry's coach and six.
Attendants on horseback.
And upwards of forty other carriages of the neighbouring gentry, with their attendants.
Gentlemen on horseback, three and three.
Servants on horseback, ditto.

The procession paraded different parts of the town of Chesterfield to the Castle,

where the Derbyshire band of music formed in the centre, and played "Rule Britannia," "God save the King," &c. The clubs and corporation still proceeded in the same order to the mayor's, and then dispersed.

The whole was conducted with order and regularity. Notwithstanding there were fifty carriages, four hundred gentlemen on horseback, two thousand on foot, and an astonishing throng of spectators, not an accident happened. All was joy and gladness, without a single burst of unruly tumult and uproar. The sun shed auspicious beams, and blessed the happy day with unusual splendour.

The company was so numerous as scarcely to be accommodated at the three principal inns. The dinner at the Castle was served in a style of unusual elegance. The first five toasts after the repast were :—

1. The king.
2. The glorious and immortal memory of king William III.
3. The memory of the Glorious Revolution.
4. The memory of those Friends to their Country, who, at the risk of their lives and fortunes, were instrumental in effecting the Glorious Revolution in 1688.
5. The Law of the Land.

In the evening a brilliant exhibition of fireworks was played off, under the direction of signior Pietro; during which the populace were regaled with a proper distribution of liquor. The day concluded with a ball, at which were present near three hundred gentlemen and ladies. The late duchess of Devonshire, surrounded by the bloom of the Derbyshire hills, presented a picture scarcely to be portrayed. Nearly two hundred and fifty ball-tickets were received at the door.

The warm expression of gratitude and affection sparkling in every eye must have excited in the breasts of those noble personages, whose ancestors were the source of this felicity, a sensation which monarchs in all their glory might envy. The utmost harmony and felicity prevailed throughout the whole meeting. A hogshead of ale was distributed to the populace at Whittington, and three hogsheads at Chesterfield; where the duke of Devonshire gave also three guineas to each of the eight clubs.

At this meeting party distinctions were forgotten. Persons of all ranks and denominations wore orange and blue in memory of the great event; and the most respectable Roman Catholic families vied in their endeavours to show how just a sense they had of the value of civil liberty.*

The Rev. P. Cunningham, of Eyam, a place which readers of the last sheet can scarcely have forgotten, addressed some stanzas to the Rev. Samuel Pegge, the rector of Whittington, on occasion of the festivity, together with the following

Ode

For the Revolution Jubilee, 1788.

When lawless power his iron hand,
When blinded zeal her flaming brand
O'er Albion's island wav'd :
Indignant freedom veil'd the sight ;
Eclips'd her son of glory's light ;
Her fav'rite realm enslav'd.

Distrest she wander'd :—when afar
She saw her Nassau's friendly star
Stream through the stormy air :
She call'd around a patriot band ;
She bade them save a sinking land ;
And deathless glory share.

Her cause their dauntless hearts inspir'd,
With ancient Roman virtue fir'd,
They plough'd the surging main ;
With fav'ring gales from Belgia's shore
Her heaven-directed hero bore,
And freedom crown'd his reign.

With equal warmth her spirit glows,
Though hoary Time's centennial snows
New silver o'er her fame.
For hark, what songs of triumph tell,
Still grateful Britons love to dwell
On William's glorious name.

VIRTUOUS DESPOTISM.

Character of Alia Bhye,

One of the purest and most exemplary monarchs that ever existed, a female without vanity, a bigot without intolerance, possessed of a mind imbued with the deepest superstition, yet receiving no impressions except what promoted the happiness of those under its influence; a being exercising in the most active and able manner despotic power, not merely with sincere humility, but under the severest moral restraint that a strict conscience can impose upon human action. And all this combined with the greatest indulgence for the weakness and faults of others.†

* Pegge's Anecdotes of Old Times, p. lxiii, &c.
† Sir John Malcolm's Central India.

UXBRIDGE

AND

THE TREATY HOUSE.

Remarkable Cooking Fountain, &c.

For the Table Book.

Uxbridge, the most considerable market town in the county of Middlesex, is distant from London about fifteen miles on the north-west. It consists of one long street, which is neatly paved, and its situation on the road to Oxford, Gloucester, and Milford Haven, is productive of much benefit to the inhabitants, while it imparts a constant air of bustle and vivacity to the main thoroughfare.* The name of this place was anciently spelt Oxebruge; and in more modern records Woxebrugge, or Woxebruge.† The derivation seems easily discovered:—the place was noted in distant ages for the passage of oxen from the adjacent fields in Buckinghamshire, and a bridge was constructed over the river Colne, which flows near the town.

Speed asserts that a monastery was founded here, dedicated to St. Mary; but it is neither mentioned by any other writer, nor is any trace of it now to be met with.

Uxbridge has been celebrated in history, for the treaty which took place there between commissioners appointed respectively by the king and the parliament, during the disturbances of the seventeenth century.

The commissioners met in January 1645; the numbers were sixteen on the part of the king, and twelve on behalf of the parliament, together with the Scottish commissioners. It was agreed, that the Scottish and parliamentary commissioners should give in their demands with regard to three important articles, viz. religion, the militia, and Ireland; and that these should be successively discussed in conference with the king's commissioners.‡

It was soon discovered that no rational discussion could be expected. The demands made by the parliament were so great, that, had they been granted, the crown would have been divested of its due weight and dignity in the state; and been rendered unable to protect those who had so faithfully adhered to the royal cause during its troubles.

The mansion in which the commissioners met is thus described by lord Clarendon:—"There was a good house at the end of the town, which was provided for the treaty, where was a fair room in the middle of the house, handsomely dressed up for the commissioners to sit in; a large square table being placed in the middle with seats for the commissioners, one side being sufficient for those of either party; and a rail for others who should be thought necessary to be present, which went round. There were many other rooms on either side of this great room, for the commissioners on either side to retire to, when they thought fit to consult by themselves, and to return again to the public debate; and there being good stairs at either end of the house, they never went through each other's quarters, nor met but in the great room."

This mansion, which is situated at the western extremity of the town of Uxbridge, (was formerly a seat of the Bennet family, and at the time of the treaty, the residence of Mr. Carr,) is still standing, and was a few years since converted into an inn, bearing the sign of the Crown, and has since undergone considerable repairs. The part towards the high road has been newly fronted, but one entire end, and some inferior portions of the outside, still retain their original appearance. Two principal rooms likewise remain untouched by modern innovations; one of these is the room in which Charles I. slept; the other in which he signed the treaty with the parliament, and in which the commissioners afterwards met. The treaty room, as it is called, is a spacious apartment, and is lined with panelled oak wainscotting: it contains an original portrait of Mary queen of Scots, taken a short time previous to her execution, which is greatly admired; a copy from Vandyke of Charles I.; and some excellent portraits engraved by Bartolozzi from paintings in Windsor castle, among whom are sir Thomas More, his father, (judge More,) and his son; and two females who I believe were governesses to part of the family of Charles I. The room in which the king slept is more handsomely wainscotted than the former, being in many parts curiously and laboriously carved, and has a circular oak pillar on each side of the fire-place, which is ornamented with tasteful and elaborate workmanship.

Another curiosity at this house, though not of so ancient a date, or possessing equal charms for the antiquarian, deserves a slight notice. In the garden is a fountain supplied with water, which has been

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* Beauties of England and Wales.

† I believe I am right in stating (I do it from memory) that on the town measures it is spelt "Wexbrige."
J. R. J.

‡ Whitelock, p. 121. Dugdale, p. 758.

obtained by boring, and which falls into a reservoir containing perch, tench, and a considerable quantity of eels;* at the top of the fountain is an appropriate weather-cock—an angler, with his landing-net resting against his shoulder, his rod in his hand, and his line and float moving on the surface of the water, according as the figure is turned by the wind. On the water attaining a certain height it is carried off by a pipe, and falls on an overshot wheel about three feet in circumference; the use to which this is applied is very remarkable —that of turning four spits at once before the kitchen fire! I am informed that a similar plan to this is adopted in Cheshire, but I am unable to ascertain the place.

J. R. J.

[In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1789, there is an engraving, described as "a view of the house where the unfortunate Charles I. signed the treaty of Uxbridge, Jan. 30, 1644." The writer of the account annexed to that print says, "The house has been pulled down within these few years: it stood at the end of Uxbridge town, in the road to Beaconsfield." Ed.]

LONDON WATCHMEN.

Had a council of thieves been consulted, the regulations of the Watch could not have been better contrived for their accommodation. The coats of the Watchmen are made as large and of as white cloth as possible, to enable the thieves to discern their approach at the greatest distance; and that there may be no mistake, the lantern is added. They are fixed at stations, that thieves, by knowing where they are, may infer where they are not, and do their best; the intervals of half an hour in going the rounds are just such as to give expert thieves a fair opportunity of getting a moderate booty from a house. That they may not be taken by surprise, they have the same accommodation in the cry of the time that was prayed for by the rats, when they asked that bells might be hung about the necks of the cats; and lastly, that the burglars may have all possible chance, even, if surprised, the watchmen mostly chosen are old, infirm, and impotent.†

* At the time of my visit I was informed there were nearly two hundred weight. J. R. J.

† The Times, October, 1827.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXVIII.

[From the "Fawn," a Comedy, by John Marston, 1606.]

In the Preface to this Play, the Poet glances at some of the Play-wrights of his time; with a handsome acknowledgment, notwithstanding, of their excellencies.

"for my own interest let this once be printed, that, of men of my own addition, I love most, pity some, hate none: for let me truly say it, I once only loved myself for loving them; and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that, let their ungentle combinings, discurteous whisperings, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as I have being) love the least of their graces, and only pity the greatest of their vices.

Ipse semi-paganus
Ad sacra vatûm carmen affero nostrum."

[Commendatory Verses before three Plays of Sir William Killigrew, by T. L.]

1.

That thy wise and modest Muse
Flies the Stage's looser use;
Not bawdry *Wit* does falsely name,
And to move laughter puts off shame:

2.

That thy theatre's loud noise
May be virgin's chaste applause;
And the stoled matron, grave divine,
Their lectures done, may tend to thine:

3.

That no actor's made profane,
To debase Gods, to raise thy strain;
And people forced, that hear thy Play,
Their money and their souls to pay:

4.

That thou leav'st affected phrase
To the shops to use and praise;
And breath'st a noble Courtly vein,—
Such as may Cæsar entertain,

5.

When he wearied would lay down
The burdens that attend a crown;
Disband his soul's severer powers;
In mirth and ease dissolve two hours.

6.

These are thy inferior arts,
These I call thy second parts.
But when thou carriest on the plot,
And all are lost in th' subtle knot;

7.

When the scene sticks to every thought,
And can to no event be brought;
When (thus of old the scene betraid)
Poets call'd Gods unto their aid,

8.

Who by power might do the thing,
Art could to no issue bring;
As the Pellean prince, that broke
With a rude and down-right stroke

9.

The perplext and fatal noose,
Which his skill could not unloose:—
Thou dost a nobler art profess;
And the coyl'd serpent can'st no less

10.

Stretch out from every twisted fold,
In which he lay inwove and roll'd,
Induce a night, and then a day,
Wrap all in clouds, and then display.'

11.

Th' easy and the even design:
A plot, without a God, divine!—
Let others' bold pretending pens
Write acts of Gods, that know not men's;
In this to thee all must resign:
Th' Surprise of th' Scene is wholly thine.'

[Commendatory Verses before the "Faithful Shepherd" of Fletcher.]

There are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken.
A Poem and a Play too! Why, 'tis like
A Scholar that's a Poet; their names strike,
And kill out-right: one cannot both fates bear.—
But as a Poet, that's no Scholar, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease and state thro' both sides 'press
Of pageant-seers: or, as Scholars please,
That are no Poets, more than Poets learn'd,
Since *their* art solely is by souls discern'd,
(The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence);
So, were your Play no Poem, but a thing
That every cobbler to his patch might sing;
A rout of rifles, like the multitude,
With no one limb of any art endued,
Like would to like, and praise you: but because
Your poem only hath by us applause;
Renews the Golden Age, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely Pastoral,
Where flowers, and founts, and nymphs, and semi-gods,
And all the Graces, find their old abodes;
Where poets flourish but in endless verse,
And meadows nothing-fit for purchasers:
This Iron Age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your Golden World, that others ever
Loved as itself. Then, like your Book, do you
Live in old peace: and that far praise allow.

G. Chapman.

[Commendatory Verses before the "Rebellion," a Tragedy, by T. Rawlins, 1640.]

To see a Springot of thy tender age
With such a lofty strain to word a Stage;
To see a Tragedy from thee in print,
With such a world of fine meanders in't;
Puzzles my wond'ring soul: for there appears
Such disproportion 'twixt thy lines and years,
That, when I read thy lines, methinks I see
The sweet-tongued Ovid fall upon his knee
With "*Parce Precor.*" Every line and word
Runs in sweet numbers of its own accord.
But I am thunderstruck, that all this while
Thy unfeather'd quill should write a tragic style.
This, above all, my admiration draws,
That one so young should know dramatic laws:
Tis rare, and therefore is not for the span
Or greasy thumbs of every common man.
The damask rose that sprouts before the Spring,
Is fit for none to smell at but a king.
Go on, sweet friend: I hope in time to see
Thy temples rounded with the Daphnean tree;
And if men ask "Who nursed thee?" I'll say thus,
"It was the Ambrosian Spring of Pegasus."

Robert Chamberlain.

C. L.

THE ACTING OF CHILDREN.

The acting of children in adult characters is of very ancient date. Labathiel Pavy, a boy who died in his thirteenth year, was so admirable an actor of old men, that Ben Jonson, in his elegant epitaph on him, says, the fates *thought him one*, and therefore cut the thread of life. This boy acted in "Cynthia's Revels" and "The Poetaster," in 1600 and 1601, in which year he probably died. The poet speaks of him with interest and affection.

Weep with me all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.

'Twas a child that did so thrive
In grace and feature,
That heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.

Years he number'd, scarce thirteen
When fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel.

And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly
As sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly.

Jonson.

A Dumb Peal of Grandsire Triples.

In the just departed summer, (1827,) on my way from Keston, I stept into "The Sun—R. Tape," at Bromley, to make inquiry of the landlord respecting a stage to London; and, over the parlour mantelpiece, carefully glazed, in a gilt frame, beneath the flourishing surmounting scroll, there appeared the following incription "*in letters of gold*:"—

On the 15th of January 1817, by the Society of Bromley Youths, A complete Peal of *Grandsire Triples*, which is 5040 changes with the *Bells Muffled*, in commemoration of Wm. Chapman deceased, being a Ringer in the Parish of Bromley 43 years, and rang upwards of 60 peals. This Dumb Peal was completed in 3 Hours and 6 minutes.

Thos. Giles - - - 1st.	Wm. King - - 5th.
Rd. Chapman - - 2nd.	Jno. Allen- - 6th.
Wm. Sanger- - - 3rd.	Wm. Fuller - 7th
Ge. Stone - - - - 4th.	Jno. Green- - 8th.

Being *the first Dumb Peal of this kind ever rang in this Kingdom, and conducted by* J. Allen.

If "Wm. Chapman deceased" deserved to be commemorated by such a singular feat, should not the commemoration of the feat itself be commemorated? Is R. Tape —(*stay*-Tape, though he now be)—*everlasting* Tape? Will he not "fall as the leaves do?" Shall "The Sun" itself move to and fro in the High Street of Bromley, as a sign, for ever? Can the golden inscription—in honour of "the first Dumb Peal of Grandsire Triples ever rang in this kingdom"—endure longer than corporation freedoms presented "in letters of gold," which are scarcely seen while the enfranchised worthies live; nor survive them, except with their names, in the engulfing drawers of the lovers and collectors of hand-writings? The time must come when the eloquence of the auctioneer shall hardly obtain for the golden record of the "Bromley Youths" the value of the glass before it—when it shall increase a broker's litter, and be of as little worth to him as Chatterton's manuscript was to the cheesemonger, from whose rending fangs it was saved, the other day, by the "Emperor of Autographs."

"A Dumb Peal of Grandsire Triples!"—I am no ringer, but I write the venerable appellation—as I read it—with reverence. There is a solemn and expressive euphony in the phrase, like that of a well-known sentence in Homer, descriptive of the billowings and lashings of the sea; which, the first time I heard it, seemed to me an essay by the father of Greek poesy towards universal language.

There is a harmony in the pealing of bells which cannot be violated, without discovery of the infraction by the merest tyro; and in virtue of the truth in bells, good ringers should be true men. There is, also, evidence of plainness and sincerity in the

very terms of their art: a poem, "In praise of Ringing," duly dignifies the practice, and sets forth some of them—

First, the YOUTHS try *One Single Bell* to sound;
For, to perfection who can hope to rise,
Or climb the steep of science, but the man
Who builds on steady principles alone,
And method regular. Not he who aims
To plunge at once into the midst of art,
Self-confident and vain:—amazed he stands
Confounded and perplex'd. to find he knows
Least, when he thinks himself the most expert.

* * *

In order due to *Rounds* they next proceed,
And each attunes numerical in turn.
Adepts in this, on *Three Bells* they essay
Their infant skill. Complete in this, they try
Their strength on *Four*, and, musically bold,
Full four-and-twenty *Changes* they repeat.
Next, as in practice, gradual they advance
Ascending unto *Five*, they ring a peal
Of *Grandsires*,—pleasing to a tuneful soul!
On they proceed to *Six*. What various peals
Join'd with plain *Bobs* loud echo thro' the air,
While ev'ry ear drinks in th' harmonic sound.
With *Grandsire Triples* then the steeple shakes—&c.

Next come the musical *Bob-majors*, on eight bells,—*Caters*, on nine,—

On ten, *Bobs-royal*;—from eleven, *Cinques*
Accompanied with tenor, forth they pour;—
And the *Bob-maximus* results from twelve!

"Grandsire Triples!" My author says, "Ever since *Grandsire Triples* have been discovered or practised, 5040 changes manifestly appeared to view; but"—mark ye his ardent feeling under this—"but—to reach the lofty summit of this grand climax was a difficulty that many had encountered, though none succeeded; and those great names, Hardham, Condell, Anable, &c., who are now recorded on the ancient rolls of fame, had each exhausted both skill and patience in this grand pursuit to no other purpose than being convinced, that either the task itself was an utter impossibility, or, otherwise, that all their united efforts were unequal to it; and it is possible that this valuable piece of treasure would at this day have been fast locked up in the barren womb of sterile obscurity, had not a poor unlettered youth appeared, who no sooner approached this grand pile, but, as if by magic power, he varied it into whatever form he pleased, and made it at once subservient to his will!" It appears that this surprising person was Mr. John Holt "whose extraordinary abilities must forever excite the astonishment and admiration of all professors in this art, whether novices or adepts!" The *first* perfect peal of "Grandsire Triples" was John Holt's; "it was rung at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Sunday, the 7th of July, 1751." Be it remembered, that it is to commemorate the ringing of the *first* "complete peal of *Grandsire Triples* with the bells *muffled*," by the "Bromley youths," that they have placed their golden lines in the "Sun."

The "Bromley *Youths!*" Why are ringers of all ages called "youths?" Is it from their continued service in an art, which by reason of multitudinous "changes" can never be wholly learned?—such, for instance, as in "the *profession*," barristers whereof, are, in legal phraseology, "*apprentices* of the Law?"

By the by, I have somewhere read, or heard, that one of the ancient judges, a lover of tintinnabulary pastime, got into a county town *incog.* the day before he was expected thither to hold the assizes, and the next morning made one among the "youths" in the belfry, and lustily assisted in "ringing-in" his own clerk. Certain it is that doctors in divinity have stripped off their coats to the exercise. "And moreover," says the author of the treatise before quoted, "at this time, to our knowledge, there are several learned and eminent persons, both clergy and laymen of good estates, that are members of several societies of ringers, and think themselves very highly favoured that they can arrive at so great an happiness and honour."

In the advice to a "youth," on the management of his bell, he is recommended to "avoid all ungraceful gestures, and unseemly grimaces, which, to the judicious eye, are both disagreeable and highly censurable."* Ringing, then, is a *comely* exercise; and a lover of the "music of bells" may, genteelly, do more than "*bid* them discourse." Before the close of all gentlemanly recreation, and other less innocent vanities, he may assure himself of final commemoration, by a *muffled* peal of "Grandsire Triples." As a loyal subject he dare not aspire to that which is clearly for kings alone,—*dumb* "Bobs *Royal*." I take it that the emperor of Austria is the only sovereign in Europe, except his Holiness, who can rightfully claim a *muffled* "Bob *Maximus*."

* Clavis Campanalogia.

THE CONDEMNED SHIP

AND

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Various announcements in the American papers of a large vessel, constructed for the purpose of passing the Falls of Niagara, have terminated in very unsatisfactory accounts of the manner wherein the ship descended. All descriptions, hitherto, are deficient in exactness; nor do we know for what purpose the experiment was devised, nor why certain animals were put aboard the condemned ship. The latest particulars are in the following letter to the printers of the "Albany Daily Advertiser:"—

"*Buffalo, Sept.* 9, 1827.

"I would have written yesterday some few lines on the subject of the '*Condemned Ship,*' but it was utterly impossible. The public-houses at the falls were so thronged, that almost every inch of the floor was occupied as comfortable sleeping apartments. My companions and myself slept upon three straws for a bed, and had a feather turned edgeways for a pillow. At about two o'clock p.m. the word was given 'she comes, she comes,' and in about half an hour she struck the first rapid, keeled very much, and lost her masts and spars, which caused her again to right. Imagine to yourself a human being on board, and the awful sensations he must have experienced on her striking the rapid, which appeared for a moment to the beholders to be her last; but, as I observed before, on her masts giving way, she again righted, and was turned sideways, in which course she proceeded to the second rapid, where she struck and stuck about a minute, and it seemed as though the elements made their last and desperate effort to drive her over this rapid. She was thrown completely on her side, filled, and again righted, and proceeded on her course. Here let me remark, there were two bears, a buffalo, a dog, and several other animals on board. The bears now left the wreck and laid their course for shore, where they were caught, and brought up to Mr. Brown's hotel, and sold for five dollars a piece. The buffalo likewise left the schooner, but laid his course down the falls, and was precipitated over them and was killed, as was said, by a spar falling across his back; as for the other animals, it is not known what became of them. The vessel after going over the second rapid was turned stern foremost, in which way she was precipitated over the mighty falls, and when about half way over her keel broke, and in a few seconds she was torn to fragments. There were probably from thirty to fifty thousand spectators who witnessed this novel and imposing spectacle."

It appears from the same paper that "the perpendicular height of the falls, was then taken by actual measurement, from the new bridge recently erected from the west end of Goat Island, extending to the Terrapin rocks, eight hundred feet from the shore. The mode adopted in ascertaining the depth, from the brink of the fall to the surface of the water below, leaves no room to question its correctness. A piece of scantling was used, projecting from the railing of the bridge over the edge of the precipice, from which was suspended a cord with a weight attached, reaching fairly to the water in a perpendicular line. The length of the cord to the surface of the water at the brink was thirteen feet one inch—from this to the water below, on accurate measurement, the distance was found to be a hundred and fifty-three feet four inches. These facts are duly certified to us by several gentlemen, natives and foreigners, and by Mr. Hooker, the superintendent of Goat Island. We are told, this is the first successful attempt that was ever made to ascertain the perpendicular descent by actual measurement. Heretofore it has been done by observation."

Kalm, the Swedish traveller and naturalist, who was born in 1715, and died about 1779, visited the Falls of Niagara in August 1750, and he being, perhaps, the first distinguished writer who seems to have written concerning them with accuracy, his account is subjoined, divested of a few details, which on this occasion would not be interesting.

When Kalm saw these astonishing waters the country was in the possession of the French. By the civility of the commandant of the neighbouring fort, he was attended by two officers of the garrison, with instructions to M. Joncaire, who had lived ten years at the "carrying place," to go with him and show and tell him whatever he knew. He writes to thiseffect in a letter to one of his friends at Philadelphia:—"A little before we came to the carrying-place the water of Niagara river grew so rapid, that four men in a light birch canoe had much work to get up thither. Canoes can go yet half a league above the beginning of the carrying-place, though they must work against a water extremely rapid; but higher up it is quite impossible, the whole course of the water, for two leagues and a half up to the

great fall, being a series of smaller falls, one under another, in which the greatest canoe or bateau would in a moment be turned upside down. We went ashore therefore, and walked over the carrying-place, having, besides the high and steep side of the river, two great hills to ascend one above the other. At half an hour past ten in the morning we came to the great fall, which I found as follows:—

"The river (or rather strait) runs here from S.S.E. to N.N.W. and the rock of the great fall crosses it, not in a right line, but forming almost the figure of a semicircle, or horse-shoe. Above the fall, in the middle of the river, is an island, lying also S.S.E. and N.N.W. or parallel with the sides of the river; its length is about seven or eight French arpents, (an arpent being a hundred and twenty feet.) The lower end of this island is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall. On both sides of this island runs all the water that comes from the Lakes of Canada, viz. Lake Superior, Lake Misohigan, Lake Huron, and Lake Erie, which are rather small seas than lakes, and have besides a great many large rivers that empty their water into them, whereof the greatest part comes down this Niagara fall. Before the water comes to this island it runs but slowly, compared with its motion when it approaches the island, where it grows the most rapid water in the world, running with a surprising swiftness before it comes to the fall; it is quite white, and in many places is thrown high up into the air! The greatest and strongest bateaux would here in a moment be turned over and over. The water that goes down on the west side of the island is more rapid, in greater abundance, whiter, and seems almost to outdo an arrow in swiftness. When you are at the fall, and look up the river, you may see that the river above the fall is everywhere exceeding steep, almost as the side of a hill. When all this water comes to the very fall, there it throws itself down perpendicular. The hair will rise and stand upright on your head when you see this! I cannot with words express how amazing this is! You cannot see it without being quite terrified; to behold so vast a quantity of water falling abrupt from so surprising a height!

"Father Hennepin calls this fall six hundred feet perpendicular; but he has gained little credit in Canada; the name of honour they give him there is *un grand menteur*, or "the great liar." Since Hennepin's time this fall, in all the accounts that have been given of it, has grown less and less; and those who have measured it with mathematical instruments find the perpendicular fall of the water to be exactly one hundred and thirty-seven feet. M. Morandrier, the king's engineer in Canada, told me, and gave it me also under his hand, that one hundred and thirty-seven feet was precisely the height of it; and all the French gentlemen that were present with me at the fall did agree with him without the least contradiction. It is true, those who have tried to measure it with a line find it sometimes one hundred and forty, sometimes one hundred and fifty feet, and sometimes more; but the reason is, it cannot that way be measured with any certainty, the water carrying away the line.

"When the water is come down to the bottom of the rock of the fall, it jumps back to a very great height in the air; in other places it is as white as milk or snow; and all in motion like a boiling caldron. When the air is quite calm you can hear it to Niagara fort, six leagues; but seldom at other times, because when the wind blows the waves of Lake Ontario make too much noise there against the shore. The gentlemen who were with me said it could be heard at the distance of fifteen leagues, but that was very seldom. When they hear, at the fort, the noise of the fall louder than ordinary, they are sure a north-east wind will follow, which never fails: this seems wonderful, as the fall is south-west from the fort; and one would imagine it to be rather a sign of a contrary wind. Sometimes it is said, that the fall makes a much greater noise than at other times; and this is looked on as a certain mark of approaching bad weather or rain; the Indians here hold it always for a sure sign.

"From the place where the water falls there rises abundance of vapours, like the greatest and thickest smoke, though sometimes more, sometimes less; these vapours rise high in the air when it is calm, but are dispersed by the wind when it blows hard. If you go nigh to this vapour or fog, or if the wind blows it on you, it is so penetrating, that in a few minutes you will be as wet as if you had been under water. I got two young Frenchmen to go down, to bring me from the side of the fall, at the bottom, some of each of the several kinds of herbs, stones, and shells, they should find there; they returned in a few minutes, and I really thought they had fallen into the water: they were obliged to strip themselves, and hang their clothes in the sun to dry.

"When you are on the other or east side of Lake Ontario, a great many leagues

from the fall, you may every clear and calm morning see the vapours of the fall rising in the air; you would think all the woods thereabouts were set on fire by the Indians, so great is the apparent smoke. In the same manner you may see it on the west side of Lake Erie a great many leagues off. Several of the French gentlemen told me, that when birds come flying into this fog or smoke of the fall, they fall down and perish in the water; either because their wings are become wet, or that the noise of the fall astonishes them, and they know not where to go in the darkness: but others were of opinion, that seldom or never any bird perishes there in that manner, because, as they all agreed, among the abundance of birds found dead below the fall, there are no other sorts than such as live and swim frequently in the water, as swans, geese, ducks, waterhens, teal, and the like; and very often great flocks of them are seen going to destruction in this manner. As water-fowl commonly take great delight in being carried with the stream, so here they indulge themselves in enjoying this pleasure so long, till the swiftness of the water becomes so great that it is no longer possible for them to rise, but they are driven down the precipice and perish. They are observed when they are drawing nigh to endeavour with all their might to take wing and leave the water, but they cannot. In the months of September and October such abundant quantities of dead water-fowl are found every morning below the fall, on the shore, that the garrison of the fort for a long time live chiefly upon them. Besides the fowl they find several sorts of dead fish, also deer, bears, and other animals, which have tried to cross the water above the fall; the larger animals are generally found broken to pieces. Just below, a little way from the fall, the water is not rapid, but goes all in circles and whirls, like a boiling pot, which, however, does not hinder the Indians going upon it in small canoes a fishing; but a little further, and lower, begin the other smaller falls. When you are above the fall, and look down, your head begins to turn. The French, who have been here a hundred times, will seldom venture to look down, without, at the same time, keeping fast hold of some tree with one hand.

"It was formerly thought impossible for any body living to come at the island that is in the middle of the fall: but an accident that happened twelve years ago, or thereabouts, made it appear otherwise. Two Indians of the Six Nations went out from Niagara fort to hunt upon an island in the middle of the river, above the great fall, on which there used to be abundance of deer. They took some French brandy with them from the fort, which they tasted several times as they were going over the carrying-place, and when they were in their canoe they took now and then a dram, and so went along up the strait towards the island where they proposed to hunt; but growing sleepy they laid themselves down in the canoe, which getting loose drove back with the stream farther and farther down, till it came nigh that island that is in the middle of the fall. Here one of them, awakened by the noise of the fall, cried out to the other that they were gone! They tried if possible to save their lives. This island was nighest, and with much working they got on shore there. At first they were glad; but when they considered, they thought themselves hardly in a better state than if they had gone down the fall, since they had now no other choice than either to throw themselves down the same, or to perish with hunger. But hard necessity put them on invention. At the lower end of the island the rock is perpendicular, and no water is running there. The island has plenty of wood; they went to work then, and made a ladder or shrouds of the bark of lindtree, (which is very tough and strong,) so long, till they could with it reach the water below; one end of this bark ladder they tied fast to a great tree that grew at the side of the rock above the fall, and let the other end down to the water. By this they descended. When they came to the bottom in the middle of the fall they rested a little, and as the water next below the fall is not rapid, they threw themselves out into it, thinking to swim on shore. I have said before, that one part of the fall is on one side of the island, the other on the other side. Hence it is, that the waters of the two cataracts running against each other, turn back against the rock that is just under the island. Therefore hardly had the Indians begun to swim, before the waves of the eddy threw them with violence against the rock from whence they came. They tried it several times, but at last grew weary, for they were much bruised and lacerated. Obliged to climb up their stairs again to the island, and not knowing what to do, after some time they perceived Indians on the shore, to whom they cried out. These hastened down to the fort, and told the commandant where two of their brothers were. He persuaded them to try all possible means of relief, and it was done

in this manner:—The water that runs on the east side of this island being shallow, especially a little above the island towards the eastern shore, the commandant caused poles to be made and pointed with iron, and two Indians undertook to walk to the island by the help of these poles, to save the other poor creatures or perish themselves. They took leave of all their friends as if they were going to death. Each had two poles in his hands, to set to the bottom of the stream to keep them steady. So they went and got to the island, and having given poles to the two poor Indians there, they all returned safely to the main.

"The breadth of the fall, as it runs in a semicircle, is reckoned to be about six arpents, or seven hundred feet. The island is in the middle of the fall, and from it to each side is almost the same breadth The breadth of the island at its lower end is two thirds of an arpent, eighty feet, or thereabouts.

"Every day, when the sun shines, you see here from ten o'clock in the morning to two in the afternoon, below the fall, and under you, where you stand at the side of the fall, a glorious rainbow, and sometimes two, one within the other. I was so happy as to be at the fall on a fine clear day, and it was with great delight I viewed this rainbow, which had almost all the colours you see in a rainbow in the air. The more vapours, the brighter and clearer is the rainbow. I saw it on the east side of the fall in the bottom under the place where I stood, but above the water. When the wind carries the vapours from that place, the rainbow is gone, but appears again as soon as new vapours come. From the fall to the landing above it, where the canoes from Lake Erie put ashore, (or from the fall to the upper end of the carrying place,) is half a mile. Lower the canoes dare not come, lest they should be obliged to try the fate of the two Indians, and perhaps with less success.

"The French told me, they had often thrown whole great trees into the water above, to see them tumble down the fall. They went down with surprising swiftness, but could never be seen afterwards; whence it was thought there was a bottomless deep or abyss just under the fall. I am of opinion that there must be a vast deep here; for I think if they had watched very well, they might have found the trees at some distance below the fall. The rock of the fall consists of a grey limestone."

So far is Kalm's account; to which may be added, that the body of water precipitated from the fall has been estimated to be nearly seven hundred thousand tons per minute!

A recent traveller, Miss Wright, departing from the falls of the Gennesse river, for the purpose of seeing the Falls of Niagara, alighted in the evening at a little tavern in the village of Lewiston, about seven miles short of the place she was proceeding to. She heard the roar of the waters at that distance. Her description of the romantic scene is surprisingly interesting; viz:—

—— In the night, when all was still, I heard the first rumbling of the cataract. Wakeful from over fatigue, rather than from any discomfort in the lodging, I rose more than once to listen to a sound which the dullest ears could not catch for the first time without emotion. Opening the window, the low, hoarse thunder distinctly broke the silence of the night; when, at intervals, it swelled more full and deep, you will believe, that I held my breath to listen; they were solemn moments.

This mighty cataract is no longer one of nature's secret mysteries; thousands now make their pilgrimage to it, not through

"Lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and caves of death,"

but over a broad highway; none of the smoothest, it is true, but quite bereft of all difficulty or danger. This in time may somewhat lessen the awe with which this scene of grandeur is approached; and even now we were not sorry to have opened upon it by a road rather more savage and less frequented than that usually chosen.

Next morning we set off in a little waggon, under a glorious sun, and a refreshing breeze. Seven miles of a pleasant road which ran up the ridge we had observed the preceding night, brought us to the cataract. In the way we alighted to look down from a broad platform of rock, on the edge of the precipice, at a fine bend of the river. From hence the blue expanse of Ontario bounded a third of the horizon; fort Niagara on the American shore; fort George on the Canadian, guarding the mouth of the river, where it opens into the lake; the banks, rising as they approached us, finely wooded, and winding, now hiding and now revealing the majestic waters of the channel. Never shall I forget the moment when, throwing down my eyes, I first beheld the deep, slow, solemn tide, clear as crystal, and green as the ocean, sweeping through its channel of rocks with a sullen dignity of motion and sound, far beyond all that I had heard, or could ever have conceived.

You saw and *felt* immediately that it was no river you beheld, but an imprisoned sea; for such indeed are the lakes of these regions. The velocity of the waters, after the leap, until they issue from the chasm at Queenston, flowing over a rough and shelving bed, must actually be great; but, from their vast depth they move with an apparent majesty, that seems to temper their vehemence, rolling onwards in heavy volumes, and with a hollow sound, as if labouring and groaning with their own weight. I can convey to you no idea of the solemnity of this moving ocean. Our eyes followed its waves until they ached with gazing.

A mile farther, we caught a first and partial glimpse of the cataract, on which the opposing sun flashed for a moment, as on a silvery screen that hung suspended in the sky. It disappeared again behind the forest, all save the white cloud that rose far up into the air, and marked the spot from whence the thunder came.

Two foot-bridges have latterly been thrown, by daring and dexterous hands, from island to island, across the American side of the channel, some hundred feet above the brink of the fall; gaining in this manner the great island which divides the cataract into two unequal parts, we made its circuit at our leisure. From its lower point, we obtained partial and imperfect views of the falling river; from the higher, we commanded a fine prospect of the upper channel. Nothing here denotes the dreadful commotion so soon about to take place; the thunder, indeed, is behind you, and the rapids are rolling and dashing on either hand; but before, the vast river comes sweeping down its broad and smooth waters between banks low and gentle as those of the Thames. Returning, we again stood long on the bridges, gazing on the rapids that rolled above and beneath us; the waters of the deepest sea-green, crested with silver, shooting under our feet with the velocity of lightning, till, reaching the brink, the vast waves seemed to pause, as if gathering their strength for the tremendous plunge. Formerly it was not unusual for the more adventurous traveller to drop down to the island in a well-manned and well-guided boat. This was done by keeping between the currents, as they rush on either side of the island, thus leaving a narrow stream, which flows gently to its point, and has to the eye, contrasted with the rapidity of the tide, where to right and left the water is sucked to the falls, the appearance of a strong back current.

It is but an inconsiderable portion of this imprisoned sea which flows on the American side; but even this were sufficient to fix the eye in admiration. Descending the ladder, (now easy steps,) and approaching to the foot of this lesser fall, we were driven away blinded, breathless, and smarting, the wind being high and blowing right against us. A young gentleman, who incautiously ventured a few steps farther, was thrown upon his back, and I had some apprehension, from the nature of the ground upon which he fell, was seriously hurt; he escaped, however, from the blast, upon hands and knees, with a few slight bruises. Turning a corner of the rock (where, descending less precipitously, it is wooded to the bottom) to recover our breath, and wring the water from our hair and clothes, we saw, on lifting our eyes, a corner of the summit of this graceful division of the cataract hanging above the projecting mass of trees, as it were in mid air, like the snowy top of a mountain. Above, the dazzling white of the shivered water was thrown into contrast with the deep blue of the unspotted heavens; below, with the living green of the summer foliage, fresh and sparkling in the eternal shower of the rising and falling spray. The wind, which, for the space of an hour, blew with some fury, rushing down with the river, flung showers of spray from the crest of the fall. The sun's rays glancing on these big drops, and sometimes on feathery streams thrown fantastically from the main body of the water, transformed them into silvery stars, or beams of light; while the graceful rainbow, now arching over our heads, and now circling in the vapour at our feet, still flew before us as we moved. The greater division of the cataract was here concealed from our sight by the dense volumes of vapour which the wind drove with fury across the immense basin directly towards us; sometimes indeed a veering gust parted for a moment the thick clouds, and partially revealed the heavy columns, that seemed more like fixed pillars of moving emerald than living sheets of water. Here, seating ourselves at the brink of this troubled ocean, beneath the gaze of the sun, we had the full advantage of a vapour bath; the fervid rays drying our garments one moment, and a blast from the basin drenching them the next. The wind at length having somewhat abated, and the ferryman being willing to attempt the passage, we here crossed in a little boat to the Canada side. The nervous arm of a single rower stemmed this heavy current, just below the basin of the falls, and yet in the

whirl occasioned by them; the stormy north-west at this moment chafing the waters yet more. Blinded as we were by the columns of vapour which were driven upon us, we lost the panoramic view of the cataract, which, in calmer hours, or with other winds, may be seen in this passage. The angry waters, and the angry winds together, drove us farther down the channel than was quite agreeable, seeing that a few roods more, and our shallop must have been whirled into breakers, from which ten such arms as those of its skilful conductor could not have redeemed it.

Being landed two-thirds of a mile below the cataract, a scramble, at first very intricate, through, and over, and under huge masses of rock, which occasionally seemed to deny all passage, and among which our guide often disappeared from our wandering eyes, placed us at the foot of the ladder by which the traveller descends on the Canada side. From hence a rough walk, along a shelving ledge of loose stones, brought us to the cavern formed by the projection of the ledge over which the water rolls, and which is known by the name of the Table Rock.

The gloom of this vast cavern, the whirlwind that ever plays in it, the deafening roar, the vast abyss of convulsed waters beneath you, the falling columns that hang over your head, all strike, not upon the ears and eyes only, but upon the heart. For the first few moments, the sublime is wrought to the terrible. This position, indisputably the finest, is no longer one of safety. A part of the Table Rock fell last year, and in that still remaining, the eye traces an alarming fissure, from the very summit of the projecting ledge over which the water rolls; so that the ceiling of this dark cavern seems rent from the precipice, and whatever be its hold, it is evidently fast yielding to the pressure of the water. You cannot look up to this crevice, and down upon the enormous masses which lately fell, with a shock mistaken by the neighbouring inhabitants for that of an earthquake, without shrinking at the dreadful possibility which might crush you beneath ruins, yet more enormous than those which lie at your feet.

The cavern formed by the projection of this rock, extends some feet behind the water, and, could you breathe, to stand behind the edge of the sheet were perfectly easy. I have seen those who have told me they have done so; for myself, when I descended within a few paces of this dark recess, I was obliged to hurry back some yards to draw breath. Mine to be sure are not the best of lungs, but theirs must be little short of miraculous, that can play in the wind, and foam, that gush from the hidden depths of this watery cave. It is probable, however, that the late fracture of the rock has considerably narrowed this recess, and thus increased the force of the blast that meets the intruder.

From this spot, (beneath the Table Rock,) you *feel*, more than from any other, the height of the cataract, and the weight of its waters. It seems a tumbling ocean; and that you yourself are a helpless atom amid these vast and eternal workings of gigantic nature! The wind had now abated, and what was better, we were now under the lee, and could admire its sport with the vapour, instead of being blinded by it. From the enormous basin into which the waters precipitate themselves in a clear leap of one hundred and forty feet, the clouds of smoke rose in white volumes, like the round-headed clouds you have sometimes seen in the evening horizon of a summer sky, and then shot up in pointed pinnacles, like the ice of mountain glacières. Caught by the wind, it was now whirled in spiral columns far up into the air, then, re-collecting its strength, the tremulous vapour again sought the upper air, till, broken and dispersed in the blue serene, it spread against it the only silvery veil which spotted the pure azure. In the centre of the fall, where the water is the heaviest, it takes the leap in an unbroken mass of the deepest green, and in many places reaches the bottom in crystal columns of the same hue, till they meet the snow-white foam that heaves and rolls convulsedly in the enormous basin. But for the deafening roar, the darkness and the stormy whirlwind in which we stood, I could have fancied these massy volumes the walls of some fairy palace—living emeralds chased in silver. Never surely did nature throw together so fantastically so much beauty, with such terrific grandeur. Nor let me pass without notice the lovely rainbow that, at this moment, hung over the opposing division of the cataract as parted by the island, embracing the whole breadth in its span. Midway of this silvery screen of shivered water, stretched a broad belt of blazing gold and crimson, into which the rainbow dropped its hues, and seemed to have based its arch. Different from all other scenes of nature that have come under my observation, the cataract of Niagara is seen to most advantage under a powerful and opposing sun; the hues assumed by the vapour are then by far the most varied

and brilliant; and of the beauty of these hues, I can give you no idea. The gloom of the cavern (for I speak always as if under the Table Rock) needs no assistance from the shade of evening; and the terrible grandeur of the whole is not felt the less for being distinctly seen.

We again visited this wonder of nature in our return from Lake Erie; and have now gazed upon it in all lights, and at all hours, —under the rising, meridian, and setting sun, and under the pale moon when

"riding in her highest noon."

The edge of the Table Rock is not approached without terror at the latter hour. The fairy hues are now all gone; excepting indeed, the rainbow, which, the ghost of what it was, now spans a dark impervious abyss. The rays of the sweet planet but feebly pierce the chill dense vapour that clogs the atmosphere; they only kiss, and *coldly* kiss, the waters at the brink, and faintly show the upper half of the columns, now black as ebony, plunging into a storm-tossed sea of murky clouds, whose depth and boundaries are alike unseen. It is the storm of the elements in chaos. The shivering mortal stands on the brink, like the startled fiend

"on the bare outside of this world,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air"*

NAVARINO.

This is a strong town on the west coast of the Morea on the Gulf of Zoncheo, with an excellent harbour, recently distinguished by the fleet of the pacha of Egypt being blockaded there by admiral sir E. Codrington.

It is affirmed that this was the ancient Pylus, where the eloquent and venerable Nestor reigned. At the siege of Troy, according to Homer, he moderated the wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the impetuosity of Ajax, and the rash courage of Diomedes. In the first book of the Iliad he is represented as interposing between the two first-mentioned chiefs:

To calm their passions with the words of age
Slow from his seat arose the *Pylian* sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.†

It appears to have been also called Coryphasion, from the promontory on which it was erected. It was built by Pylus, at the head of a colony from Megara. The founder was dispossessed of it by Neleus, and fled into Elis, where he dwelt in a small town, also called Pylos. There was likewise a third town of the same name, and they respectively claimed the honour of having given birth to Nestor. The Pylos at Elis seems, in the opinion of the learned, to have won the palm. Pindar, however, assigns it to the town now called Navarino.

* Views of Society and Manners in America; by an Englishwoman, 1821, 8vo.
† Bourn's Gazetteer.

COUNSELS AND SAYINGS.

By Dr. A. Hunter.

Up, and be Doing.

The folly of delaying what we wish to be done is a great and punishing weakness.

Be orderly.

Uniformity of conduct is the best rule of life that a man can possibly observe.

Man is orderly by Nature.

Is it not a matter of astonishment that the heart should beat, on the average, about four thousand strokes every hour during a period of "threescore years and ten," and without ever taking a moment's rest?

In Travelling be contented.

When we complain of bad inns in poor and unfrequented countries, we do not consider that it is numerous passengers that make good inns.

Are you an Orator?

Chew a bit of anchovy, and it will instantly restore the tone of voice when lost by public speaking.

Do not forget.

When your memory begins to leave you, learn to make memorandums.

Shun Will-mongering.

If you induce a person to make an improper will, your conscience will smite you from the rising to the setting sun.

Marriage is a Voyage for Life.

One who marries an ill-tempered person attempts to lick honey from off a thorn.

An odd Remark.

Women who love their husbands generally lie upon their right side.

Note.—I can only speak, from experience, of one; and, as regards her, the observation is true.

St. John's Well, at Harpham, Yorkshire.

To the Editor.

The preceding sketch was made on the 17th instant. The well stands by the road-side. The covering stones, though heavy, were at that time laid as above represented, having just before been knocked over by some waggon. Although but a poor subject for the pencil, it is an object of interest from its connection with St. John of Beverley.

"St. John of Beverley may be challenged by this county (York) on a threefold title; because therein he had his

"1. Birth; at Harpham, in this county, in the East Riding.

"2. Life; being three and thirty years, and upwards, archbishop of York.

"3. Death; at Beverley, in this county, in a college of his own foundation.

"He was educated under Theodorus the Grecian, and archbishop of Canterbury. Yet was he not so famous for his *teacher* as for his *scholar*, Venerable Bede, who wrote this John's life; which he hath so spiced with miracles, that it is of the hottest for a discreet man to digest into his belief."

See "Fuller's Worthies," in which a lengthened account of St. John may be found.

Bridlington, July 30, 1827. T. C.

Respecting the subject of the engraving, T. C. subsequently writes: "The stones over St. John's Well were replaced when I passed it on the 9th of October, 1827."

Concerning St. John of Beverley, not having "Fuller's Worthies" at hand to refer to, a few brief particulars are collected from other sources. If the curious reader desires more, he may consult my authorities, and "old Fuller," as recommended by T. C.

St. John of Beverley.

On his return from pupilage under St. Theodorus, in Kent, St. John of Beverley

settled at Whitby, in the monastery of St. Hilda, till, in the reign of Alfred, he was made bishop of Hexham, which see he vacated in favour of St. Wilfrid, and sometime afterwards was seated in the archi episcopal chair of York. He occasionally retreated to a monastery he had built at Beverley, which was then a forest, called Endeirwood, or Wood of the Deiri. In 717 he resigned the see of York to his chaplain, St. Wilfrid the younger, and finally retired to Beverley, where he died on the 7th of May, 721.*

According to Bede, St. John of Beverley being at a village near Hexham, there was brought to him a youth wholly dumb, and with a disorder in the head, "which entirely hindred the grouth of haires, except a few which, like bristles, stood in a thinn circle about the lower part of his head." He desired the child "to putt forth his tongue, which the holy man took hold of, and made the sign of the crosse upon it. And having done this, he bid him speak: Pronounce, said he to him, *gea, gea,* (that is, *yea, yea.*) This the child pronounced distinctly, and presently after other words of more syllables; and, in conclusion, whole sentences: so that, before night, by frequent practice, he was able to expresse his thoughts freely." Then St. John "commanded a surgeon to use his skill; and in a short time, by such care, but principally by the prayers and benedictions of the good prelat, he became of a lovely and chearfull countenance, adorned with beautifully curled haire, and ready in speech. This *miracle* was wrought in his first diocese."† Notwithstanding the author of the "Church History of Brittany" calls this a "miracle," the story rather proves that John of Beverley used a judicious method to remove impediments of speech, and obtained the growth of the boy's hair by surgical aid.

The same writer adds, on the same authority, that the wife of "a count, named Puch," was cured of a forty days' sickness, by John of Beverley giving her holy water, which he had used in dedicating the count's church. Also, according to him, when the lusty men of Beverley drag wild bulls into the church-yard (to bait them) in honour of the saint, they "immediately loose all their fury and fiercenes, and become gentle as lambes, so that they are left to their freedom to sport themselves." William of Malmsbury relates this "as a thing usually performed, and generally acknowledged by the inhabitants of Beverley, in testimony of the sanctity of their glorious patron."

Again, it is related in the Breviary of the church of Sarum, concerning St. John of Beverley, that while he governed in the see of York, "he was praying one day in the porch of St. Michael, and a certain deacon peeping in saw the Holy Ghost sitting upon the altar, excelling in whiteness a ray of the sun:" and the face of this deacon, whose name was Sigga, "was burnt by the heat of the Holy Spirit," so that the skin of his cheek was shrivelled up; and his face was healed by the touch of the saint's hand: and "the saint adjured him, that whilst he lived he would discover this vision to no man."*

The more eminent fame of the patron of Beverley is posthumous. In 937, when England was invaded by the Norwegians, Danes, Picts, and certain chiefs of the Scottish isles, under Analaf the Dane, king Athelstan, marching with his army through Yorkshire to oppose them, met certain pilgrims returning from Beverley, who "informed him of the great miracles frequently done there, by the intercession of St. John." Whereupon the king, with his army, went to Beverley, and entering into the church there performed his devotions before St. John's tomb; and, earnestly begging his intercession, rose up before the clergy, and vowed, that if victory were vouched to him by the saint's intercession, he would enrich that church with many privileges and plentiful revenues. "In token of which," said he, "I leave this my knife upon the altar, which at my return I will redeem with an ample discharge of my vow." Then he caused an ensign, duly blessed, to be taken out of the church, and carried before him. And at the sea-coast "he received a certain hope of victory by a vision, in which St. John of Beverley, appearing to him, commanded him to passe over the water, and fight the enemy, promising him the upper hand." Athelstan was suddenly surprised by Analaf; but a sword fell "as from heaven" into the king's scabbard, and he "not only drove Analafe out of his camp, but courageously sett upon the enemy, with whose blood he made his sword drunk, which he had received from heaven." This battle, which was fought at Dunbar, was the bloodiest since the coming of the Saxons. The victory was entirely for the English: five kings were slain, and among them the Scottish king Constantine. Athel-

* Alban Butler.
† Father Cressy.

* Capgrave: in bishop Patrick's Devotions of the Roman Church.

stan, returning in triumph, passed by the church of St. John at Beverley, where he redeemed his knife. He bestowed large possessions on the church, with privilege of sanctuary a mile round; ordaining that whoever should infringe it should forfeit eight pounds to the church; if within the three crosses, at the entrance of the town, twenty-four pounds; if within the church-yard, seventy-two pounds; but, if in sight of the relics, the penalty was the same that was due to the most enormous capital crime. A testimony of this privilege of sanctuary at Beverley was a chair of stone, thus inscribed:—"This stone chair is called Freed-stoole, or the Chaire of Peace: to which any offender flying shall enjoy entire security." In the charter of the privilege, "King Athelstan," saith mine author, "expressed it elegantly, in this distich:—

> As free make I thee,
> As heart may think or eye may see."*

Moreover, respecting the great victory of Athelstan, an ancient biographer of the saints† relates, that the king prayed that through the intercession of St. John of Beverley he might show some evident sign, whereby both future and present ages might know, that the Scots ought, of right, to be subject to the English. And thereupon, saith this writer, "the king with his sword smote upon a hard rock by Dunbar, and to this day it is hollowed an ell deep by that stroke."‡ This, saith another author, was near Dunbar castle; and "king Edward the first, when there was question before pope Boniface of his right and prerogative over Scotland, brought this historie for the maintenance and strength of his cause."§

The monastery of St. John at Beverley having been destroyed by the Danes, king Athelstan founded in that place a church and college of canons, of which church St. Thomas à Becket was some time provost.‖ In 1037, the bones of St. John were "translated" into the church by Alfric, archbishop of York, and the feast of his translation ordained to be kept at York on the 25th of October.¶ "On the 24th of September, 1664, upon opening a grave in the church of Beverley a vault was discovered of free-stone, fifteen feet long and two broad; in which there was a sheet of lead, with an inscription, signifying that the church of Beverley having been burnt in the year 1188, search had been made for the relics of St. John, anno 1197, and that his bones were found in the east part of the sepulchre and there replaced. Upon this sheet lay a box of lead, in which were several pieces of bones, mixed with a little dust, and yielding a sweet smell: all these were reinterred in the middle alley of the church."* Another writer† states the exhumation to have taken place "on the *thirteenth* of September, not the *twenty-fourth*;" and he adds, "that these relics had been hid in the beginning of the reign of king Edward VI."

It must not be omitted, that the alleged successful intercession of St. John of Beverley in behalf of the English against the Scotch, is said to have been paralleled by patronage as fatal to the French. The memorable battle of Agincourt was fought in the year 1415, on the anniversary of the translation of St. John of Beverley, and Henry V. ascribed the decisive victory to the saint's intercession. In a provincial synod, under Henry Chicheley, archbishop of Canterbury, is a decree, at the instance of that king, "whereby it appeares, that this most holy bishop, St. John of Beverley, hath been an ayde to the kings of England in the necessitie of their warres, not only in auncient, but allsoe in these later ages."‡ In consequence of this ascription, his festivals were ordained to be celebrated annually through the whole kingdom of England. The anniversary of his death has ceased to be remembered from the time of the Reformation; but that of his translation is accidentally kept as a holiday by the shoemakers, in honour of their patron, St. Crispin, whose feast falls on the same day.

■

BEVERLEY THE STRONG MAN.

In March 1784, a porter of amazing strength, named Beverley, was detected in stealing pimento on board a ship in the river Thames. A number of men were scarcely able to secure him; and when they did, they were under the necessity of tying him down in a cart, to convey him to prison. The keeper of the Poultry Counter would not take him in; they were therefore obliged to apply for an order to carry him to Newgate. Beverley was supposed to have been the strongest man of his time in England.§

* Father Cressy.
† Capgrave.
‡ Bishop Patrick's Devotions of the Roman Church.
§ Father Porter's Lives.
‖ Britannia Sancta.
¶ Alban Butler.

* Britannia Sancta.
† Alban Butler.
‡ Father Porter.
§ Gentleman's Magazine, March 1784.

Garrick Plays.

No. XXXIX.

[From the "Ambitious Statesman," a Tragedy, by John Crowne, 1679.]

Vendome, returning from the wars, hears news, that Louize is false to him.

Ven. (solus.) Wherere I go, I meet a wandering rumour,
Louize is the Dauphin's secret mistress.
I heard it in the army, but the sound
Was then as feeble as the distant murmurs
Of a great river mingling with the sea;
But now I am come near this river's fall,
'Tis louder than the cataracts of Nile.
If this be true,
Doomsday is near, and all the heavens are falling.—
I know not what to think of it, for every where
I meet a choking dust, such as is made
After removing all a palace furniture:
If she be gone, the world in my esteem
Is all bare walls; nothing remains in it
But dust and feathers, like a Turkish inn,
And the foul steps where plunderers have been.—

Valediction.

Vendome (to his faithless Mistress.) Madam, I'm well assur'd, you will not send
One poor thought after me, much less a messenger,
To know the truth; but if you do, he'll find,
In some unfinish'd part of the creation,
Where Night and Chaos never were disturb'd,
But bed-rid lie in some dark rocky desart,
There will be find a thing—whether a man,
Or the collected shadows of the desart
Condens'd into a shade, he'll hardly know;
This figure he will find walking alone,
Poring one while on some sad book at noon
By taper-light, for never day shone there:
Sometimes laid grovelling on the barren earth,
Moist with his tears, for never dew fell there:
And when night comes, not known from day by darkness,
But by some faithful messenger of time,
He'll find him stretcht upon a bed of stone,
Cut from the bowels of some rocky cave,
Offering himself either to Sleep or Death;
And neither will accept the dismal wretch:
At length a Slumber, in its infant arms,
Takes up his heavy soul, but wanting strength
To bear it, quickly lets it fall again;
At which the wretch starts up, and walks about
All night, and all the time it should be day;
Till quite forgetting, quite forgot of every thing
But Sorrow, pines away, and in small time
Of the only man that durst inhabit there,
Becomes the only Ghost that dares walk there.

Incredulity to Virtue.

Vendome. Perhaps there never were such things as Virtues,
But only in men's fancies, like the Phœnix;
Or if they once have been, they're now but names
Of natures lost, which came into the world,
But could not live, nor propagate their kind.

Faithless Beauty.

Louize. Dare you approach?
Vendome. Yes, but with fear, for sure you're not Woman.
A Comet glitter'd in the air o' late,
And kept some weeks the frighted kingdom waking.
Long hair it had, like you; a shining aspect;
Its beauty smiled, at the same time it frighten'd;
And every horror in it had a grace.

[From "Belphegor," a Comedy, by John Wilson, 1690.]

Doria Palace described.

That thou'd'st been with us at Duke Doria's garden!
The pretty contest between art and nature;
To see the wilderness, grots, arbours, ponds;
And in the midst, over a stately fountain,
The Neptune of the Ligurian sea—
Andrew Doria—the man who first
Taught Genoa not to serve: then to behold
The curious waterworks and wanton streams
Wind here and there, as if they had forgot
Their errand to the sea.
And then again, within
That vast prodigious cage, in which the groves
Of myrtle, orange, jessamine, beguile
The winged quire with a native warble,
And pride of their restraint. Then, up and down,
An antiquated marble, or broken statue,
Majestic ev'n in ruin.
And such a glorious palace:
Such pictures, carving, furniture! my words
Cannot reach half the splendour. And, after all,
To see the sea, fond of the goodly sight,
One while glide amorous, and lick her walls,
As who would say Come Follow; but, repuls'd,
Rally its whole artillery of waves,
And crowd into a storm!

[From the "Floating Island," a Comedy, by the Rev. W. Strode, acted by the Students of Christ-Church, Oxford, 1639.]

Song.

Once Venus' cheeks, that shamed the morn,
Their hue let fall;
Her lips, that winter had out-born,
In June look'd pale:
Her heat grew cold, her nectar dry;
No juice she had but in her eye,
The wonted fire and flames to mortify.
When was this so dismal sight?—
When Adonis bade good night.

C. L

PLAYERS—GHOST LAYERS.

For the Table Book.

Christian Malford, Wilts.

It required a large portion of courage to venture abroad after sunset at Christian Malford, for somebody's apparition presented itself to the walker's imagination. Spritely gossips met near their wells with their crooked sticks and buckets, to devise means for laying the disturbed returners and their once native associates; but a party of strolling players did more towards sending the spectres to the "tomb of all the Capulets," than the divinations of feminine power.

Application being made to the magistrate, who was not exempt from the superstitious and revered infection, that plays might be performed in the malthouse, said to be so daringly haunted, a timely caution was given as to "Beelzebub and his imps," and permission was granted, and bills were circulated by the magnanimous manager himself. He was a polite man, a famous anecdote retailer, retainer, and detailer, an excellent spouter, and a passable singer. His dress and address were eccentric. The hessians he wore, by fit necessity, were of the buskin order; and, as bread was then dear, a sixpenny loaf might have supplied the absence of calves. His pigtail-wig, hat, and all his apparel indeed, served, when on the dramatic floor, most aptly the variations required in his wardrobe.

I remember, when the "Miller of Mansfield" was played, the bell rang, the baize was drawn up by a stable-halter, the fiddler began to scrape a ditty by way of overture; but, before the miller could appear, a smockfrock was called for, from one of the frocked rustics in the gallery, (the back seats of the scaffolding.) This call was generously obeyed. A youth pulled off his upper-all, proudly observing, that "the player should have it, because his was a sacred persuasion." The miller appeared, and the play proceeded, with often repeated praises of the frock. On another night, "Richard" was personated by a red-haired woman, an active stroller of the company. Her manner of enacting the deformed and ambitious Glo'ster so charmed the village censors, that for three weeks successively nothing else would please but "Richard." Nor was the effect less operative in the field, (not of Bosworth)—Virgil's "Bucolics and Georgics" were travestied. Reaphooks, sithes, pitchforks, and spades were set in contact in the daytime, to the great amusement and terror of quiet people.—The funds of the company being exhausted, the Thespians tramped off rather suddenly, leaving other bills than playbills behind them. Ever after this the ghosts of the malthouse disappeared, the rustics of the valley crying, as they triumphantly passed, "Off with his head!" and others, replying in the words of Hamlet, "Oh! what a falling *off* is here!"

IIPI.

Oct. 1827.

EX-THESPIANISM.

For the Table Book.

I am the son of a respectable attorney, who sent me, when very young, to an excellent school, at which I conducted myself much to the satisfaction of my superiors. It was customary for the scholars to enact a play at Christmas, to which the friends of the master were invited. On one of these occasions, when I was now nearly head-boy, I was called upon to perform the part of Charles Surface, in the admirable comedy of the School for Scandal. I studied the character, and played it with great applause, and shortly afterwards left the school, and was sent by my father to Boulogne to finish my education.

There were then at that place a number of English gentlemen, who were endeavouring to establish a company of amateurs. On their request I joined them, and made my first appearance upon a regular stage in the character of Shylock. It was a decided hit! I was received throughout with "unbounded applause," and the next day was highly gratified by reading "honourable mention" of my performance in the newspapers. I repeated this and other characters several times with undiminished success; but, in the very zenith of my popularity, I was recalled to England by my father, who, having heard of my operations, began to fear (what afterwards proved to be the case) that I should be induced to adopt that as a profession, which I had hitherto considered merely as an amusement.

Soon after my return home my father articled me to himself, but it was impossible for me to forget my success at Boulogne, and my inclination for the stage ripened into a determination to become an actor. I secretly applied to Mr. Sims, of the Harp, who procured me an engagement in a

sharing company in the west of England, where I was to do the "low comic business" and "second tragedy." I spent some of the money that I had saved in buying wigs and a few other stage-requisites, and left my paternal roof with three pounds in my pocket.

My exchequer not being in a state to afford me the luxury of riding, I was compelled to walk the last thirty miles of my journey. Upon my arrival at ———, my first care was to inquire for the theatre, when I was directed to a barn, which had been dignified by that appellation. I was received with all possible civility by the company, which consisted of the manager, his wife, and three gentlemen. I was informed by the manager that Jane Shore was the play for that evening, and that he should expect me to perform the part of Belmont, and also that of Bombastes Furioso in the afterpiece. The wardrobe of the theatre was unable to afford me a dress superior to my own for the part of Belmont, I therefore played that character "accoutred as I was," viz. in a blue coat, buff waistcoat, striped trowsers, and Wellington's. The audience was very select, consisting only of ten persons, who seemed totally indifferent to the performance, for they never once, in the course of the evening, gave any indication of pleasure, or the reverse, but witnessed our efforts to amuse with the most provoking apathy. Between the pieces I was much surprised by one of the gentlemen requesting the loan of my hat for a few minutes, as he was about to sing a song, and he assured me that there was no hat in the company, save mine, which was worthy to appear before the audience. At the conclusion of the performance we shared the receipts, which, after deducting the expenses of the house, amounted to one shilling and sixpence each. We continued to act for some time, sharing (three nights a week) from about one shilling and sixpence to two shillings each, which sum did not at all equal my sanguine expectations. Frequently have I performed kings and princes after having breakfasted upon a turnip.

I soon found that this mode of living did not suit me, for I was becoming exceedingly spare. I therefore resolved to quit the company, and return to London. Having informed the manager of my intention, I departed, and arrived in the metropolis with twopence in my pocket. I proceeded to my father's house, where I was received with kindness, and where I still continue. I have relinquished all my pretensions to the sock, having learned from experience that which it was not in the power of reason to convince me of.

GILBERTUS.

SILCHESTER, HANTS.

For the Table Book.

Every thing in this world is subject to change, and the strongest buildings to decay. The ancient Vindonum of the Romans, from whence Constantius issued several of his edicts, does not form an exception to this rule. From being a principal Roman station, it is now a heap of ruins.

Silchester is situated about eleven miles from Reading, on the side of a hill, or rather on a level spot between two, and commands most beautiful views: from its being surrounded by woodland, a stranger would be unaware of his approach to it, until he arrived at the spot. The circumference of the walls is about two miles; they possess four gates, east, north, west, and south, and are in some places twelve or fourteen feet high, and four or five feet in width; there are many fine trees (as was observed by Leland in his time) growing out of them: the wall was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, which is now in some places nearly filled up by the ruins of the wall, and beyond which is "the external vallum, very perfect and easily to be traced out round the whole city; its highest parts, even in the present state, are at least fifteen feet perpendicular from the bottom of the ditch. A straight line, drawn from the top of this bank to the wall on the north-east side, measured thirty-four yards, its full breadth."*

Between the outside of the walls and the furthest vallum was the Pomœrium, which is defined by Livy to be that space of ground both within and without the walls, which the augurs, at the first building of cities, solemnly consecrated, and on which no edifices were suffered to be raised.† Plutarch is of a different opinion, and ascribes the derivation of Pomœrium to *pone mœnia*, and states that it signifies

* The History and Antiquities of Silchester, p. 12. Silchester, a parish bordering on Berkshire, about 7 miles N. from Basingstoke, and 45 from London, contains, according to the last census, 85 houses and 407 inhabitants. It is supposed to have been once a populous city, called by the Romans "Segontiaci," by the Britons "Caer-Segont," and by the Saxons "Silcester," or the great city. *Capper.*—ED.

† Livy, b. i.

the line marked out for the wall at the first foundation of a city.*

About a hundred and fifty yards from the north-east angle of the wall is a Roman amphitheatre, the form of which is similar to that near Dorchester, with high and steep banks, now covered with a grove of trees, and has two entrances. The elevation of the amphitheatre consists of a mixture of clay and gravel: the seats were ranged in five rows one above the other; the slope between each measuring about six feet: each bank progressively rises, (and increases proportionably in width,) to a considerable height in the centre. The area of the amphitheatre is about twenty-five yards in diameter, as near as I could guess; it is commonly covered with water, and is become a complete marsh, having a drain across the centre, and is filled up with rushes. I was informed by the woman who showed it, that some gentlemen a short time since procured a shovel, and found a fine gravel bottom at about a foot deep.

The only buildings within the walls are the farm-house and the parish church, which is an ancient structure, built of brick and flint, in the form of the letter T. The interior of the church is plain and neat; the font is of an octagonal form, of plain stone; the pulpit is also octagonal, made of oak, and is remarkably neat; over it is a handsome carved oak sounding-board, surmounted by a dove, with an olive-branch in its mouth, and round the board, at the lower part, in seven compartments, is the following inscription: — "The Gyift of James Hore, Gent. 1639." The ascent to the pulpit is from the minister's reading-desk, which also serves for a seat for his family. The chancel is separated from the body of the church by a handsome carved screen, in excellent preservation. In the south wall of the church, under a low pointed arch, is the recumbent figure of a female, carved in stone, of a very remote date, with the feet resting against an animal, (probably a dog,) the head of which is much damaged: there is also an angel's head, which has been broken off from some part of the monument, and is of course loose; from what part it came I was unable to discover.

In the chancel affixed to the north wall is the following inscription on a handsome white marble monument; it is surmounted by a crown of glory, and at the bottom is a death's head:—

Vive ut Vivas.
Hic juxta situs est
Johannis Paris, D.D.
Collegii Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses
Socius Senior
& huius Ecclesiæ Rector: de quo
nisi opera loquantur
Siletur.
O I *

There are also monuments of the Baynards, the Cusanzes, and the Blewets, which families were owners of the manor from the time of the conquest for some generations.

On the south side of the city is a small postern under the wall, called by the common people "Onion's hole," and is so designated from a traditional account of a giant of that name; the coins which have been discovered are called from the cause "Onion's pennies."

A fair field is here open for the researches of the antiquarian; and it is much to be regretted that a good account of the place is not yet published. "The History and Antiquities of Silchester," whence I have cited, is a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and affords but little information. Hoping to see justice done to the place, I beg to subscribe myself, &c.

J. R. J.

* Plutarch in Romul. See Kennet's Antiquities of Rome, p. 29.

* I should like to be informed the meaning of these letters—there is no date to the monument. J. R. J.

TO THE NIGHTSHADE.

For the Table Book.

Lovely but fearful,
Thy stem clings round a stronger power,
Like a fond child that trusts and grows
More beautiful in feeling's hour.

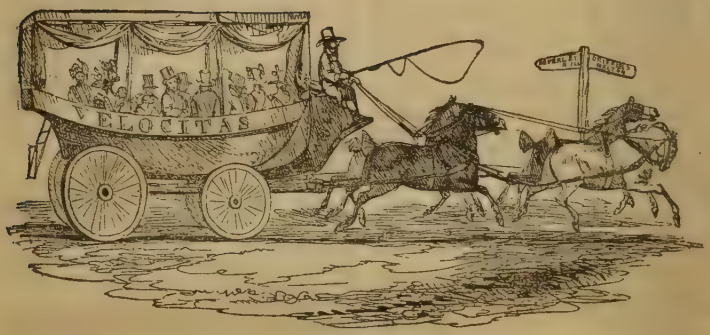
Rich is thy blossom,
Shaped like a turban, with a spire
Of orange in a purple crest,
And humid eye of sunny fire.

When the day wakens,
Thou hearest not the happy airs
Breathed into zephyr's faery dreams,
By insects' wings, like leaves, in pairs.

Summer—when over—
Quits thee, with clust'ring berries red,
Hanging like grapes, and autumn's cold
Chills what the noon-day's sunbeams fed.

Thou art like beauty,
Gentle to touch and quickly faded;
'Tis death to taste thee void of skill,
And thou, like death, art nightly shaded.

Sept. 1827. P.



The Velocitas,

OR MALTON, DRIFFIELD, AND HULL FLY BOAT.

To the Editor.

A carriage bearing this name, of which the above is a sketch, forms a neat, safe, pleasant, and commodious conveyance from Malton, by way of Driffield, to Hull every other day, and from Hull to Malton on the intermediate days, during the summer months. The vehicle is, in fact, a boat on wheels, driven like a stage-coach, and furnished on each side of the body with a seat, extending the whole length, on which the passengers are ranged. The top is covered with a permanent awning, to which a curtain appended may be drawn up or let down at pleasure, so as to enjoy a view of the country, or shut out the sun and weather.

Bridlington, Oct. 1827. T. C.

SHEEPSHEARING IN CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The letters of W. C., in a recent number of the *Table Book*, recalled to my mind four of the happiest years of my life, spent in Cumberland, amongst the beautiful lakes and mountains in the neighbourhood of Keswick, where I became acquainted with a custom which I shall attempt to describe.

A few days previous to the "clipping," or shearing of the sheep, they are washed at a "beck," or small river, not far from the mountain on which they are kept. The clippings that I have witnessed have generally been in St. John's vale. Several farmers wash their sheep at the same place; and, by that means, greatly assist each other. The scene is most amusing. Imagine to yourself several hundred sheep scattered about in various directions; some of them enclosed in pens by the water-side; four or five men in the water rolling those about that are thrown in to them; the dames and the pretty maidens supplying the "mountain dew" very plentifully to the people assembled, particularly those that have got themselves well ducked; the boys pushing each other into the river, splashing the men, and raising tremendous shouts. Add to these a fine day in the beginning of June, and a beautiful landscape, composed of mountains, woods, cultivated lands, and a small meandering stream; the farmers and their wives, children, and servants, with hearty faces, and as merry as summer and good cheer can make

them: and I am sure, sir, that you, who are a lover of nature in all her forms, could not wish a more delightful scene.

I will now proceed to the "clipping" itself. Early in the forenoon of the appointed day, the friends and relatives of the farmer assemble at his house, for they always assist each other, and after having regaled themselves with hung-beef, curds, and home-brewed ale, they proceed briskly to business. The men seat themselves on their stools, with shears in their hands, and the younger part of the company supply them with sheep from the fold; which, after having been sheared, have the private mark of the farmer stamped upon them with pitch. In the mean time the lasses are fluttering about, playing numerous tricks; for which, by the by, they get paid with interest by kisses; and the housewife may be seen busy in preparing the supper, which generally comprises all that the season affords. After the "clipping" is over, and the sheep driven on to the fells, (mountains,) they adjourn in a body to the house; and then begins a scene of rustic merriment, which those who have not witnessed it, can have no conception of. The evening is spent in drinking home-brewed ale, and singing. Their songs generally bear some allusion to the subject in question, and are always rural. But what heightens the pleasure is, that there is no quarrelling, and the night passes on in the utmost harmony. I have attended many of them, and never saw the slightest symptoms of anger in any of the party. They seldom break up till daylight makes its appearance next morning.

I am, sir,

Your constant reader,

A. W. R.

DR. GRAHAM.

For the Table Book.

In the year 1782, that extraordinary empiric of modern times, Dr. Graham, appeared in London. He was a graduate of Edinburgh, wrote in a bombastic style, and possessed a great fluency of elocution. He opened a mansion in Pall Mall, called "The Temple of Health;" the front was ornamented with an enormous gilt sun, a statue of Hygeia, and other attractive emblems. The rooms were superbly furnished, and the walls decorated with mirrors, so as to confer on the place an effect like that of an enchanted palace. Here he delivered "Lectures on Health, &c." at the extravagant rate of two guineas each. As a further attraction, he entertained a female of beautiful figure, whom he called the "goddess of health." He hired two men of extraordinary stature, provided with enormous cocked hats and showy liveries, to distribute bills from house to house about town.

These unusual means to excite curiosity were successful; but his two guinea auditors were soon exhausted; he then dropped to one guinea; afterwards to half a guinea; then to five shillings; and, subsequently, as he said, "for the benefit of all," to two shillings and sixpence. When he could not "draw" at that price, he finally exhibited the "Temple of Health" at one shilling a head to daily crowds for several months.

Among the furniture of Dr. Graham's temple was a *celestial bed*, which he pretended wrought miraculous effects on those who reposed on it: he demanded for its use during one night one hundred pounds; and such is the folly of wealth, that several personages of high rank acceded to his terms. He also pretended to have discovered "The Elixir of Life," by taking of which a person might live as long as he pleased. When this was worn out, he recommended "earth bathing," and sanctioned it by his own practice. During one hour every day, he admitted spectators to view him and the goddess of health immersed naked in the ground to their chins. The doctor's head was dressed and powdered, and the goddess's was arranged in the highest fashion of the times. He carried this exhibition to every provincial town wherein he could obtain permission of the magistrates. The goddess nearly fell a victim to the practice, and the doctor, in spite of his enormous charges and his "Elixir of life," died in poor circumstances at the age of fifty-two.

Dr. Graham's brother married the celebrated Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, and Dr. Arnold, of Leicester, the respectable author of an able treatise on insanity, married his sister. It is generally understood that the lady who performed the singular part of the "Goddess of Health" was Emma, afterwards the wife of sir William Hamilton, and the personal favourite of the celebrated lord Nelson. She died in misery—

> Deserted in her utmost need
> By those her former bounty fed.

SAM SAM'S SON.

Sept. 1, 1827.

STORKS.

The storks of the Low Countries are mentioned more than once in the journal of the gentlemen deputed by the "Caledonian Horticultural Society" to visit the gardens of our continental neighbours. Their route from Antwerp to Rotterdam is marked by the following entry:—

August 22, 1817. "In the course of our progress into this land of meadows and waters, we had been making inquiries about the *storks* (Ardea Ciconia, L.) which every year visit Holland in the breeding season; and we learned that the great flock had taken its departure about ten days before. We observed several of their nests, set like wicker-baskets on the roofs of the dwelling-houses; and we had the good fortune to see one solitary dam still covering her brood, on account probably of the young one not having been sufficiently fledged to enable it to accompany the main body. We persuaded the conductor to allow us to get out of the carriage, and examine this rarity: the bird showed no sort of alarm, the *ooyevaar* (as our Dutch friends called it) being privileged in Holland. In many places where a new house is built a nest-box is erected on the gable, or on the ridge of the roof, partly to invite the bird to make a settlement, and partly perhaps to save the thatch of the roof, in case it should come without invitation." It is remarked by way of note, that "previous to the great migration the storks assemble in large groups, and make an unusual noise. It is known that they winter chiefly in Egypt. Pope has finely alluded to their remarkable instinct:—

> Who calls the council, states the certain day?
> Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

In the beginning of May they return, like swallows, to their former haunts, the old birds carefully seeking out their accustomed nests. Sometimes, though rarely, a stray stork crosses the channel, and is seen on the English coast. It is there incessantly persecuted; it commonly perches on the roof of some thatched farm-house, where its experience leads it to hope for protection,—but it is not the dwelling of a quiet Dutch boor;* some pseudo-sportsman of a farmer shoots the poor bird while at roost."

Of the numerous families which frequent the sides of rivers and the sea-beach, that of the stork is the best known and the most celebrated. It contains two species, the white and the black. They are exactly of the same form, and have no external difference but that of colour.

The *black* stork prefers desert tracts, perches on trees, haunts unfrequented marshes, and breeds in the heart of forests.

The *white* stork, on the contrary, settles beside dwellings; inhabits towers, chimnies, and ruins. The friend of man, it shares his habitations, and even his domain. It fishes in his rivers, pursues its prey into his gardens, and takes up its abode in the midst of cities, without being disturbed by the noise and bustle. On the Temple of Concord, in the capitol of Rome, were many storks' nests. The fact is memorialized on the medals of the emperor Adrian, and alluded to by Juvenal in his first satire.

The stork flies steadily and with vigour; holds its head straight forward, and stretches back its legs, to direct its motion; soars to a vast height, and performs distant journies even in tempestuous seasons. It arrives in Germany about the eighth or tenth of May, and is seen before that time in the provinces of France. Gesner says, it precedes the swallow, and enters Switzerland in the month of April, and sometimes earlier. It arrives in Alsace in March, or even in the end of February. The return of the storks is ever auspicious, as it announces the spring. They instantly indulge those tender emotions which that season inspires: Aldrovandus paints with warmth their mutual signs of felicity, the eager congratulations, and the fondling endearments of the male and female, on their coming home from their distant journey. "When they have arrived at their nest——good God! what sweet salutation; what gratulation for their prosperous return! what embraces! what honied kisses! what gentle murmurs they breathe!" It is to be observed, that they always settle in the same spots, and, if their nest has been destroyed, they rebuild it with twigs and aquatic plants, usually on lofty ruins, or the battlements of towers; sometimes on large trees beside water, or on the point of bold cliffs. In France it was formerly customary to place wheels on the house-tops, to entice the stork to nestle. The practice still subsists in Germany and Alsace: and in Holland square boxes are planted on the ridge, with the same view.

When the stork is in a still posture it rests on one foot, folds back its neck, and

* *Boer* in the low countries, and *Bauer* in Germany, signifies a farmer.

reclines its head on its shoulder. It watches the motions of reptiles with a keen eye, and commonly preys on frogs, lizards, serpents, and small fish, which it finds in marshes by the sides of the streams, and in wet vales.

It walks like the crane with long measured strides. When irritated or discomposed, or influenced by affection to its mate, it makes with its bill a repeated clattering, which the ancients express by the significant words *crepitat* and *glotterat*,* and which Petronius accurately marks by the epithet *crotalistria*,† formed from *crotalum*, the castanet or rattle. In this state of agitation it bends its head back, so that the lower mandible appears uppermost, the bill lies almost parallel on the back, and the two mandibles strike violently against each other; but in proportion as it raises up its neck the clattering abates, and ceases when the bird has resumed its ordinary posture. This is the only noise the stork ever makes, and, as it seems dumb, the ancients supposed it had no tongue.

The stork does not lay more than four eggs, oftener not more than two; they are of a dirty and yellowish white, rather smaller, but longer than those of a goose. The male sits when the female goes in quest of food; the incubation lasts a month; both parents are exceedingly attentive in bringing provisions to the young, which rise up to receive it, and make a sort of whistling noise. The male and female never leave the nest at once; but, while the one is employed in searching for prey, the other stands near the spot on one leg, and keeps an eye constantly on the brood. When first hatched the young are covered with a brown down, and their long slender legs not having yet strength enough to support them, they creep upon their knees. When their wings begin to grow, they essay their force in fluttering about the nest; though it often happens that in this exercise some of them fall, and are unable to regain their lodgment. After they venture to commit themselves to the air, the mother leads and exercises them in small circumvolutions around the nest, and conducts them back. About the latter end of August, when the young storks have attained strength, they join the adults, and prepare for migration.

The Greeks have placed the rendezvous of the storks in a plain of Asia, called the "Serpent's District," where they congregated, as they do now in some parts of the Levant, and even in Europe, as in Brandenburg and elsewhere. Shaw says, in his Travels, "It is remarked that the storks before they pass from one country into another, assemble a fortnight beforehand, from all the neighbouring parts, in a plain; holding once a day a *divan*, as they say in that country, as if their object was to fix the precise time of their departure and the place of their retreat."

When they convene previous to their departure, they make a frequent clattering with their bill, and the whole flock is in tumultuary commotion; all seem eager to form acquaintance, and to consult on the projected route, of which the signal in our climate is the north wind. Then the vast body rises at once, and in a few seconds is lost in the air. Klein relates, that having been called to witness this sight he was a moment too late, and the whole flock had already disappeared. Indeed this departure is the more difficult to observe, as it is conducted in silence, and often during the night. Belon says, that their departure is not remarked, because they fly without noise or cries, while the cranes and wild-geese, on the contrary, scream much on the wing. It is asserted, that in their passage, before they venture to cross the Mediterranean, they alight in great numbers in the neighbourhood of Aix in Provence. Their departure appears to be later in warm countries; for Pliny says, that "after the retreat of the stork it is improper to sow."

It was remarked by the Jewish prophet, that "the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time," (Jeremiah viii. 7.;) but though the ancients observed the migrations of these birds, they do not seem to have been certain as to the countries of their retirement. Modern travellers acquaint us more accurately. "It is perfectly ascertained," says Belon, "that the storks winter in Egypt and in Africa; for we have seen the plains of Egypt whitened by them in the months of September and October. At that season, when the waters of the Nile have subsided, they obtain abundance of food; but the excessive heats of summer drive them to more temperate climates; and they return again in winter, to avoid the severity of the cold: the contrary is the case with the cranes, which visit us with the geese in winter, when the storks leave us." This remarkable difference is owing to that of the climates which

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* Quæque salutato crepitat concordia nido. *Juvenal*, Sat. I.

Glotterat immenso de turre ciconia rostro. *Aut. Philomel.*

† Publius Syrus had made the same application of his word.

these birds inhabit; the geese and ducks come from the north, to escape the rigours of the winter; the storks leave the south, to avoid the scorching heats of summer. It was a common opinion in the time of Albertus Magnus that the storks do not retire in winter, but lurk in caverns, or even at the bottom of lakes. Klein relates, that two storks were dragged out of the water in the pools near Elbing. Gervais of Tillebury speaks of other storks that were found clustered in a lake near Arles; Merula, in Aldrovandus, speaks of some which fishermen drew out of the lake of Como; and Fulgosus, of others that were fished near Metz. Martin Schoockius, who wrote a treatise on the stork in 1648, supports these testimonies. But the history of the migrations of the storks is too well known, not to attribute to accidents the facts just mentioned, if they indeed may be relied on.

Belon says, that he saw storks wintering round Mount Amanus, near Antioch; and passing about the end of August towards Abydus, in flocks of three or four thousand, from Russia and Tartary. They cross the Hellespont; and on the summits of Tenedos divide into squadrons, and disperse themselves northwards.

Dr. Shaw says, that about the middle of May, 1722, "Our vessel, being anchored under Mount Carmel, I saw three flocks of storks, each of which was more than three hours in passing, and extended a half mile in breadth." Maillet relates, that he saw the storks descend, towards the end of April, from Upper Egypt, and halt on the grounds of the Delta, which the inundation of the Nile soon obliges them to leave.

Crows sometimes intermingle with the storks in their passage, which has given rise to the opinion of St. Basil and Isidorus, that the crows serve to direct and escort the storks. The ancients also speak much of the combats between the storks and ravens, jays, and other species of birds, when their flocks, returning from Lybia and Egypt, met about Lycia and the river Xanthus.

Storks, by thus removing from climate to climate, never experience the severities of winter; their year consists of two summers, and twice they taste the pleasures natural to the season. This is a remarkable peculiarity of their history; and Belon positively assures us, that the stork has its second brood in Egypt.

It is said, that storks are never seen in England, unless they are driven upon the island by some storm. Albin remarks, as a singular circumstance, that there were two of these birds at Edgeware, in Middlesex; and Willoughby declares, that a figure which he gives was designed from one sent from the coast of Norfolk, where it had accidentally dropped. Nor does the stork occur in Scotland, if we judge from the silence of Sibbald. Yet it often penetrates the northern countries of Europe; into Sweden, over the whole of Scania, into Denmark, Siberia, Mangasea on the river Jenisca, and as far as the territories of the Jakutes. Great numbers are seen also in Hungary, Poland, and Lithuania. They are also met with in Turkey, and in Persia, where Bruyn observed their nest carved on the ruins of Persepolis; and according to that author, they are dispersed through the whole of Asia, except the desert parts, which they seem to shun, and the arid tracts, where they cannot subsist.

Aldrovandus assures us, that storks are never found in the territory of Bologna; they are rare even through the whole of Italy, where Willoughby, during a residence of twenty-eight years, saw them only once. Yet it appears, from Pliny and Varro, that anciently they were there common; and we can hardly doubt but that, in their route from Germany to Africa, or in their return, they must pass over Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. Kœmpfer affirms, that they reside the whole year in Japan; which therefore, if he is correct, is the only country where they are stationary; in all others, they retire a few months after their arrival. In France, Lorraine and Alsace are the provinces where these birds are the most numerous; there they breed; and few towns or villages in Lower Alsace are without storks' nests on their belfries.

The stork is of a mild disposition, neither shy nor savage; it is easily tamed; and may be trained to reside in our gardens, which it will clear of insects and reptiles. It has almost always a grave air, and a mournful visage; yet, when roused by example, it shews a certain degree of gaiety; for it joins the frolics of children, hopping and playing with them. Dr. Hermann, of Strasburg, says, "I saw in a garden, where the children were playing at hide and seek, a tame stork join the party, run its turn when touched, and distinguish the child, whose turn it was to pursue the rest, so well as to be on its guard." In the domestic condition the stork lives to a great age, and endures the severities of our winters. Heerkens, of Groningen, author of a Latin poem on the stork, says that he kept one

fifteen years; and speaks of another which lived twenty-one years in the fish-market of Amsterdam, and was interred with solemnity by the people. Olaus Borrichius mentions a stork aged more than twenty-two years, which became gouty.

To the stork are ascribed the virtues of temperance, conjugal fidelity, and filial and paternal piety. There is a history, famous in Holland, of "the Delft stork;" which, in the conflagration of that city, after having in vain attempted to rescue her young, perished with them in the flames. It is certain, that the stork bestows much time on the education of its young, and does not leave them till they have strength sufficient for their defence and support; when they begin to flutter out of the nest, the mother bears them on her wings, protects them from danger, and sometimes perishes with them rather than she will forsake them. The stork shows tokens of attachment to its old haunts, and even gratitude to the persons who have treated it with kindness. It has been heard to rap at the door in passing, as if to tell its arrival, and give a like sign of adieu on its departure. But these moral qualities are nothing in comparison of the affection and tender offices which these birds lavish on their aged and infirm parents. The young and vigorous storks frequently carry food to others, which, resting on the brink of the nest, seem languid and exhausted, either from accident injuries or the infirmities of years.

The ancients assert, that nature has implanted in brutes this venerable piety, as an example to man, in whose breast the delicious sentiment is often obliterated. The law which compelled the maintenance of parents was enacted in honour of the stork, and inscribed by its name. Aristophanes draws from its conduct a bitter satire on the human race.

Ælian alleges, that the moral qualities of the stork were the chief cause of the respect and veneration which it enjoyed among the Egyptians; and the notion which the common people among whom it resorts still entertain, that its settling on a house betokens prosperity, is perhaps a vestige of the ancient opinion.

An ancient writer affirms, that the storks, worn out with old age, repair to certain islands in the ocean, where, in reward for their piety, they are changed into men. In auguries, the appearance of the stork denoted union and concord. Its departure in the time of public calamity was regarded as a dismal presage; Paul, the deacon, says, that Attila, having purposed to raise the siege of Aquileia, was determined to renew his operations, upon seeing storks retiring from the city and leading away their young. In hieroglyphics it signified piety and beneficence, virtues which its name expressed in the most ancient languages; and we often see the emblem, as on the two beautiful medals of L. Antonius, given in Fulvius Ursinus, and in two others of Q. Metellus, surnamed "the Pious," as reported by Paterculus. Dr. Shaw says, that the Mahometans have a great esteem and veneration for it. It is almost as sacred among them as the ibis was among the Egyptians; and they would look upon a person as profane, who should kill or even harm it. So precious were storks held in Thessaly, which country they cleared of serpents, that the slayer of one of these birds was punished with death. They were not eaten among the Romans; and a person who, from a strange sort of luxury, ordered one to be brought to his table, drew upon himself the direful obloquy of the whole people. Nor is the flesh of this bird recommended by its quality—formed by nature for our friend, and almost our domestic, it was never destined to be our victim.*

VARIA.

For the Table Book.

Newspaper Readers.

Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into seven classes. He says—

1. The illnatured look at the list of bankrupts.
2. The poor to the price of bread.
3. The stockjobber to the lies of the day.
4. The old maid to marriages.
5. The prodigal to the deaths.
6. The monopolizers to the hopes of a wet and bad harvest.
7. The boarding-school and all other young misses, to all matters relative to Gretna Green.

Fires in London.

From the registry of fires for one year, commencing Michaelmas 1805, it appears, that there were 366 alarms of fire, attended with little damage; 31 serious fires, and

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* Buffon.

155 alarms occasioned by chimneys being on fire, amounting in all to 552 accidents of this nature. The offices calculate on an alarm of fire every day, and about eight serious fires in every quarter of the year.

Henry VIII. and his Peers.

When we advert to early parts of the history of this country, we cannot but be thankful to heaven for the progress of just principles, and the security we derive from the laws. In the reign of Henry VIII. that monarch wanted to carry some measure through the house of lords, contrary to its wishes. The peers hesitated in the morning, but consented in the afternoon. Some of their body waited on him to inform him thereof, when the tyrant made reply, "It is well you did it, or by this time half your heads would have been upon Temple Bar."

Female Sheriffs and Justices.

Nicholas, earl of Thanet, was succeeded by his next brother John, the fourth earl, born 7th August, 1638. He also succeeded his mother Margaret, countess of Thanet, as baron Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vescey, who by her last will, dated June 19, 1676, gave the Yorkshire and Westmoreland estates to this John for life; she died the 14th August following, and he then succeeded her in the sheriffdoms of Westmoreland and Cumberland, where it frequently happened that female heiresses became possessed of them.

There are several instances of women bearing that office, as may be seen in most of the treatises in which that duty is mentioned. Those things required by it, not proper to be undertaken by a female, were intrusted to a deputy, or shire clerk.

Not only the office of sheriff, but even justice of peace, has been in the hands of the fair sex. Among the Harleian manuscripts is a very remarkable note, taken from Mr. Attorney-general Noy's readings in Lincoln's-inn, in 1632, in which, upon the point whether the office of a justice of a forest might be executed by a woman, it was said, that Margaret, countess of Richmond, mother to Henry VII., was a justice of peace; that the lady Bartlet was made a justice of peace by queen Mary in Gloucestershire; and that in Sussex, one Rouse, a woman, did usually sit upon the bench at assizes and sessions among the other justices, *gladio-cincta*, girded with a sword. It is equally certain, that Anne, countess of Pembroke, exercised the office of hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland, and at the assizes of Appleby sat with the judges on the bench, which puts this point beyond a question.

Sam Sam's Son.

WOMEN.

It is the opinion of Mr. J. P. Andrews, that antiquarians are by no means apt to pay great attention to the fair sex. He says,

"Their Venus must be old, and want a nose."

He instances, as among those who have "set themselves most warmly" against females, old Antony à Wood, whose diary affords some specimens of grotesque dislike.

Page 167. "He" (sir Thomas Clayton) "and his family, most of them *womankind*, (which before were looked upon, if resident in the college, a scandal and abomination thereunto,) being no sooner settled," &c. than "the warden's garden must be altered, new trees planted, &c. All which, though unnecessary, yet the poor college must pay for them, and all this to please a woman!"

P. 168. "Frivolous expenses to pleasure his proud lady."

P. 173. "Yet the warden, by the motion of his lady, did put the college to unnecessary charges and very frivolous expenses. Among which were a very large looking-glass, for her to see her ugly face and body to the middle, and perhaps lower."

P. 252. "Cold entertainment, cold reception, cold, clownish woman."

P. 257. "Dr. Bathurst took his place of vice-chancellor, a man of good parts, and able to do good things, but he has a wife that scorns that he should be in print. A scornful woman! Scorns that he was dean of Wells! No need of marrying such a woman, who is so conceited that she thinks herself fit to govern a college or a university."

P. 270. "Charles lord Herbert, eldest son of Henry, marquis of Worcester, was matriculated as a member of Ch. Ch. Ætat 16. natus Lond. I set this down here, because the father and ancestors were all catholics, but because the mother is a presbyterian, a Capel, she (against the father's will, as it is said) will have him bred a protestant; so that by this change the catholics will lose the considerablest family in England, and the richest subject the king has."

Selden, too, is cited as an antiquarian inattentive to gallantry.

"It is reason," says he, "a man that

will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey it is fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks."

But ladies can, if they please, retaliate severely. A gentleman who had married a second wife, indulged himself in recurring too often in conversation to the beauty and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady. "Excuse me, madam," said he, "I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear deceased." "Upon my honour," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

DOWER.

There was an absolute necessity for providing a dower for the widow in the thirteenth century, because women at that period had no personal fortune to entitle them to a jointure by way of marriage. Shiernhook, and all the writers upon the ancient laws of the northern nations, dwell much upon the *morgengavium;* i. e. the present made by the husband to his wife the morning after consummation. It is singular, therefore, that we have no traces of such a custom. In the Philippine islands, a certain proportion of the dower is paid to the intended wife after liberty of conversing with her; a greater share for the permission of eating with her; and the balance upon consummation.*

SANS CHANGER.

For the Table Book.

The maiden, with a vivid eye,
Whose breath is measured by her sigh;
The maiden, with a lovely cheek,
Whose blushes in their virtue break;
Whose pulse and breath would die unblest
If not by changeless Love caress't;—
'Tis she that gives her partner's life
The perfect and the happy wife
Sans changer.

If choice be true, she proves a friend
Whose friendship fails not to the end;
She sweetens dear affection's power
That lasteth to life's parting hour:
Her heart beats that her love might go
Through every pang her Love's could know,
And yields its latest throb, to give
Truth to that heart she loves, to live
Sans changer.

* Gemelli, vol. v. Napoli, 1708.

CASUALTIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

To the Editor.

Your having, sir, inserted certain "Antipathies" which I communicated to your work, encourages me to hope you will find some "Casualties" not unacceptable.

Anacreon, according to Pliny and Valerius Maximus, was choked with the kernel of a raisin, and Tarquinius Priscus with a fishbone; the senator Fabius with a hair; and the very sight of a physician in a dream, frighted Andragorus out of his life. Homer, Rutilius, Rusciacus, and Pomperanus were overwhelmed with grief. Zeuxis and Philemon died with laughing; the one at the picture of an old woman which himself had drawn, the other at an ass eating of figs. Polycryta,* Philippides, and Diagorus were carried away with a sudden joy; and the tyrant Dionysius and Sophocles by excessive triumph at the news of a victory. The bald head of Æschylus cost him dearly; for an eagle hovering over it mistook it for a stone, and thinking to break an oyster upon it, gave him a mortal wound.† Archimedes was killed by a soldier, as he was making diagrams in the sand; and Pindar, in the theatre, by his repose as he lay on the knees of his dear Theoxenus.‡

Like the people in Pliny, we pay tribute for a shadow. Every age, condition, and family has its peculiar evils. Cares and sorrows intermingle with our possessions and gratifications. We taste myrrh in our wine; and while we crop rosebuds to crown our heads, we prick our fingers. We do not so properly enjoy our pleasures, as suffer them.

"The portion of man is like that of a rose, which at first is fair as the morning, when it newly springs from the clefts of its hood, and full with the dew of heaven as the fleece of a lamb; but when a ruder breath has forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its retirements, it begins to decline to the symptoms of a sickly age; it bows the head and breaks the stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, falls into the lap of noisome weeds."§

ΠΡΙ.

* Agellius, lib. iii. cap. 15.
† Suidas, Aristoph. in Ranis, lib. x. cap. 3, et Max. ibid.
‡ *Θεξίνυ γόνατα*, Suidas.
§ Bishop Taylor

THE HOUR OF PRIME.

Mira d'intorno, Silvio,
Quanto il mondo ha di vago, e di gentile,
Opra e d'amore: * * * * * * Amante e il cielo, Amante
La terra, Amante il mare.
Al fine, Ama ogni cosa.

Pastor Fido.

Ask why the violet perfume throws
O'er all the ambient air;
Ask why so sweet the summer rose,
Ask why the lily's fair.

If these, in words, could answer frame,
Or characters could trace,
They'd say, the frolic zephyrs came
And courted our embrace.

And we (unskill'd in that false lore
That teaches how to feign,
While days and years fly swiftly o'er,
And ne'er return again,)

A prompt obedience ready paid
To Nature's kind command,
And meeting Zephyr in the glade,
We took his proffer'd hand.

And loving thus, we led along
In jocund mirth the hours;
The bee bestow'd her ceaseless song,
The clouds refreshing show'rs.

From out the Iris' radiant bow
In gayest hues we drest,
And all our joy is, that we know
We have been truly blest.

Believe not in the sombre lay
Of one* who lov'd grief's theme,
That "*have been blest*" is "title gay"
"Of misery's extreme."

Discard so woe-begone a muse
In melancholy drown'd,
And list' a mightier bard† who strews
His laughing truths around.

"The rose distill'd is happier far
Than that which, with'ring on the thorn,
Lives, grows, and dies a prey to care
In single blessedness forlorn."

Mark then the lesson, O ye fair!
The pretty flow'rets teach,
The truths they tell more precious are
Than coquetry can reach.

Or all cold prudence e'er design'd
To cloud affection's beams,
To cross with doubts the youthful mind,
Or cheat it with fond dreams.

Leave then at once all fond delay,
Nor lose the hour of prime,
For nought can call back yesterda
Nor stop the hand of time.

And youth and beauty both have wings,
No art can make them stay,
While wisdom soft, but ceaseless sings,
"Enjoy them while you may."

E. E.

* Dr. Young. † Shakspeare.

For the Table Book.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A Fragment.

The sound of trumpet, drum and fife
Are fit for younger men,
He seeks the calm retreat of life,
His Mary and his glen.

—— Many days and nights the wounded soldier travelled with his knapsack and stick to reach his native place, and find solace in the bosom of his relatives. The season merged into the solstice of winter, the roads were bad, his feet were tender, and his means were scanty. Few persons in years could have borne the fatigue and hardships he endured; but if he could find his wished-for Mary, he trusted all would be well—his spirit could not break while the hope of his earliest attachment survived. He had fought hard in the conflict of the battle-field—the conflict of love had not smoothed his "wrinkled front." He trudged onward, and persevered till he reached the cottage of his nativity. It was humble but neat. He drew the latch, crossed the threshhold, and entered the domicile. An elderly female was lying on a bed. Her niece sat by the bedside reading to her. The maiden rose, and, putting the book aside, questioned his name and business. He threw down his knapsack; he caught the countenance, though faded from its youth, like his, of his dear, bedridden Mary, and, clasping his hands with hers, sat many hours reciting his history, and listening in tears to her afflictions, occasioned by his roving disposition. He now, to make reparation, seasoned her hopes by promises of final rest with her till their suns should set together in the sphere of earthly repose; for Mary was the only person living of all his once numerous companions in the Glen—

George Watson, the Sussex Calculator.

This singular being, who in every thing, but his extraordinary powers of memory and calculation, is almost idiotic, was born at Buxted, in Sussex, in 1785, and has followed the occupation of a labourer. He is ignorant in the extreme, and uneducated, not being able to read or write; and yet he can, with facility, perform some of the most difficult calculations in arithmetic. The most extraordinary circumstance, however, is the power he possesses of recollecting the events of every day, from an early period of his life. Upon being asked, what day of the week a given day of the month occurred? he immediately names it, and also mentions where he was, and what was the state of the weather. A gentleman who had kept a diary, put many questions of this kind to him, and his replies were invariably correct. Watson has made two or three tours into Hampshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire, and has exhibited his singular powers in the principal towns in those counties; is familiar with every town, village, and hamlet in Sussex, can tell the number of churches, public-houses, &c. in each. The accompanying portrait, drawn by Mr. S. W. Lee, of Lewes, will give a correct idea of this singular individual. Phrenologists, who have examined George's skull, state the *organ of numbers* to be very strongly developed

Garrick Plays.

No. XL.

[From "Fatal Jealousy," a Tragedy, Author unknown, 1673.]

No Truth Absolute: after seeing a Masque of Gipseys.

1st Spectator. By this we see that all the world's a cheat,
Whose truths and falsehoods lie so intermixt,
And are so like each other, that 'tis hard
To find the difference. Who would not think these people
A real pack of such as we call Gipseys?

2d Spect. Things perfectly alike are but the same;
And these were Gipseys, if we did not know
How to consider them the contrary:
So in terrestrial things there is not one
But takes its form and nature from our fancy,
Not its own being, and is but what we think it.

1st Spect. But Truth is still itself?

2d Spect. No, not at all, as Truth appears to us;
For oftentimes
That is a truth to me, that's false to you;
So 'twould not be, if it was truly true.

* * *

How clouded Man
Doubts first, and from one doubt doth soon proceed
A thousand more, in solving of the first!
Like 'nighted travellers we lose our way,
Then every ignis fatuus makes us stray,
By the false lights of reason led about,
Till we arrive where we at first set out:
Nor shall we e'er truth's perfect highway see,
Till dawns the day-break of eternity.

Apprehension

O Apprehension!—
So terrible the consequence appears,
It makes my brain turn round, and night seem darker.
The moon begins to drown herself in clouds,
Leaving a duskish horror everywhere.
My sickly fancy makes the garden seem
Like those benighted groves in Pluto's kingdoms.

Injured Husband.

Wife (dying.) Oh, oh, I fain would live a little longer,
If but to ask forgiveness of Gerardo!
My soul will scarce reach heav'n without his pardon.

Gerardo (entering). Who's that would go to heav'n,
Take it, whate'er thou art; and may'st thou be
Happy in death, whate'er thou didst design.

Gerardo; his wife murdered.

Ger. It is in vain to look 'em,* if they hide;
The garden's large; besides, perhaps they're gone.
We'll to the body.

Servant. You are by it now, my Lord.

Ger. This accident amazes me so much,
I go I know not where.

* The murderers.

Doubt.

Doubt is the effect of fear or jealousy,
Two passions which to reason give the lye;
For fear torments, and never doth assist;
And jealousy is love lost in a mist.
Both hood-wink truth, and go to blind-man's-buff,
Cry here, then there, seem to direct enough,
But all the while shift place; making the mind,
As it goes out of breath, despair to find;
And, if at last something it stumbles on,
Perhaps it calls it false, and then 'tis gone.
If true, what's gain'd? only just time to see
A breachless* play, a game at liberty;
That has no other end than this, that men
Run to be tired, just to set down again.

Owl.

——— hark how the owl
Summons their souls to take a flight with her,
Where they shall be eternally benighted.—

[From the "Traitor," a Tragedy, by J Shirley: by some said to have been written by one Rivers, a Jesuit: 1635.]

Sciarrah, whose life is forfeited, has offer of pardon, conditionally, that he bring his sister Amidea to consent to the Prince's unlawful suit. He jestingly tries her affection.

Sci. — if thou could'st redeem me
With anything but death, I think I should
Consent to live.

Amid. Nothing can be too precious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been.

Sci. Death's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all;—what think'st thou of an eye?
Could'st thou spare one, and think the blemish recompenced
To see me safe with the other? or a hand—
This white hand, that has so often
With admiration trembled on the lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile,
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motions without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument.—
No, Amidea; thou shalt not bear one scar,
To buy my life; the sickle shall not touch
A flower, that grows so fair upon his stalk:
I would live, and owe my life to thee,
So 'twere not bought too dear.

Amid. Do you believe, I should not find
The way to heav'n, were both mine eyes thy ransom?

* Breathless?

I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand. *

[From the "Huntingdon Divertisement," an Interlude, "for the general entertainment at the County Feast, held at Merchant Taylor's Hall, June 20th, 1678, by W. M."]

Humour of a retired Knight.

Sir Jeoffry Doe-right. Master Generous Goodman.

Gen. Sir Jeoffry, good morrow.
Sir J. The same to you, Sir.
Gen. Your early zeal condemns the rising sun
Of too much sloth; as if you did intend
To catch the Muses napping.
Sir J. Did you know
The pleasures of an early contemplation,
You'd never let Aurora blush to find
You drowsy on your bed; but rouse, and spend
Some short ejaculations,—how the night
Disbands her sparkling troops at the approach
Of the ensuing day, when th' grey-eyed sky
Ushers the golden signals of the morn;
Whilst the magnanimous cock with joy proclaims
The sun's illustrious cavalcade. Your thoughts
Would ruminate on all the works of Heaven,
And th' various dispensations of its power.
Our predecessors better did improve
The precious minutes of the morn than we
Their lazy successors. Their practice taught
And left us th' good Proverbial, that "To rise
Early makes all men healthy, wealthy, wise."
Gen. Your practice, Sir, merits our imitation;
Where the least particle of night and day's
Improv'd to th' best advantage, whilst your soul
(Unclogg'd from th' dross of melancholic cares)
Makes every place a paradise.
Sir J. 'Tis true,
I bless my lucky stars, whose kind aspects
Have fix'd me in this solitude. My youth
Past thro' the tropics of each fortune, I
Was made her perfect tennis-ball; her smiles
Now made me rich and honour'd; then her frowns
Dash'd all my joys, and blasted all my hopes:
Till, wearied by such interchange of weather,
In court and city, I at length confined
All my ambition to the Golden Mean,
The Equinoctial of my fate; to amend
The errors of my life by a good end.

C. L.

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* My transcript breaks off here. Perhaps what follows was of less value; or perhaps I broke off, as I own I have sometimes done, to leave in my readers a relish, and an inclination to explore for themselves the genuine fountains of these old dramatic delicacies.

"BURNING THE WITCH"

AT BRIDLINGTON, &c.

For the Table Book.

A custom was very prevalent in this part of Yorkshire about fifty years ago, and earlier, which has since been gradually discontinuing, until it has become nearly extinct—called "burning the witch" in the harvest-field. On the evening of the day in which the last corn was cut belonging to a farmer, the reapers had a merrimaking, which consisted of an extra allowance of drink, and burning of peas in the straw. The peas when cut from the ground are left to dry in small heaps, named *pea-reaps*. Eight or ten of these *reaps* were collected into one, and set fire to in the field, whilst the labourers ran and danced about, ate the "brustled peas," blacked each other's faces with the burned straw, and played other tricks; the lads generally aiming for the lasses, and the lasses for the lads. Such of them as could add a little grease to the grime seldom failed to do it. Even the good dame herself has sometimes joined in the general sport, and consequently fallen in for her share of the face-blacking. The evening's entertainment consisted also of the *cream-pot*, which was a supper of cream and cakes, provided and eaten in the house prior to the commencement of the sport in the field. Cream-pot cakes were made rather thick, and sweet with currants and caraway-seeds. They were crossed on the top by small squares, owing to the dough being slightly cut transversely immediately before baking. The practice of "burning the witch" probably had its origin in those days of superstition, when the belief in witchery so generally and, indeed, almost universally prevailed, and was considered necessary under an idea of its being available in preventing the overthrowing of the wains, the laming of the horses, and the injuring of the servants, and of securing general success in the removing, housing, or stacking of the produce of the farm.

T. C.

Bridlington, July, 1827.

P.S. *October,* 1827.—One evening in the harvest of this year I was at North Burton, near Bridlington, and three distinct fires were then seen in the fields.

T C.

WITCHCRAFT.

For the Table Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PRACTICES FORMERLY USED TO AVERT AND AVOID THE POWER OF WITCHERY.

Having a small, smooth limestone, picked up on the beach, with its edges rubbed down by friction and the continual action of the sea, and with a natural hole through it, tied to the key of a house, warehouse, barn, stable, or other building, prevented the influence of witches over whatever the house, &c. contained.

Sailors nailed a horse-shoe on the foremast, and jockeys one on the stable-door, but to be effective the shoe ought necessarily to be found by accident.

On meeting a suspected witch the thumb of each hand was turned inward, and the fingers firmly closed upon it; care was also taken to let her have the wall-side or best path.

Caution was used that gloves, or any portion of apparel worn next to the skin, came not into the possession of a witch, as it was strongly believed she had an highly ascendant power over the rightful owner.

A bit of witch-wood, or a hare's foot, was carried in the pocket, under an impression that the possessor was free from any harm that otherwise might accrue from the old hag's malignant practices.

One thing of importance was not to go out of the house in a morning without taking a bite of bread, cake, or other eatable to break the fast.

A thick white curtain was hung inside the window, to prevent an "evil eye" being cast into the room.

If a few drops of the old creature's blood could be obtained, they were considered sufficiently efficacious in preventing her "secret, black, and baneful workings."

Although the practices abovementioned are spoken of in the past tense, they are not, at the present time, altogether done away; not a few, who are now living, are credulous enough to believe in their potency. The following may be mentioned as a fact, which occurred a short time ago in the neighbourhood where the writer of this article resides:—A person bought a pig, which after keeping for some time "grew very badly," and witchery was suspected to be the cause; to ascertain the certainty of the fact nine buds of the elder-tree (here commonly called buttery) were laid in a straight line, and all pointing one way; a dish made of ash wood was inverted and placed carefully over them, and left to the next morning. This was done under an idea that if the pig was bewitched the buds would be found in disorder, but if not, in the state in which they were originally left.

T. C.

Bridlington, July 30, 1827.

OLD HOUSES AND FURNITURE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—A rare and valuable copy of "Holinshed's Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Irelande," a black letter folio volume, with curious wood-cuts, "imprinted at London" in 1577, has lately fallen in my way, and afforded me considerable amusement. One chapter especially, in "The Seconde Booke of the Description of Britaine," namely, "Cap. 10. Of the Maner of Buylding, and furniture of our Houses," cannot fail, I think, to interest your readers.

After a very entertaining account of the construction of our ancient cottages and country houses before glass came into general use, this historian of the age of queen Elizabeth proceeds as follows:—

"The auncient maners and houses of our gentlemen are yet for the most part of strong tymber. Howbeit such as be lately buylded are commonly either of bricke, or harde stone, their rowmes large and stately, and houses of office farder distaunt fro their lodginges. Those of the nobilitie are likewise wrought with bricke and harde stone, as provision may best be made; but so magnificent and stately, as the basest house of a barren doth often match with some honours of princes in olde tyme; so that if ever curious buylding did flourish in Englande it is in these our dayes, wherein our workemen excel and are in maner comparable in skill with old Vitrunius and Serlo. The furniture of our houses also exceedeth, and is growne in maner even to passing delicacie; and herein I do not speake of the nobilitie and gentrie onely, but even of the lowest sorte that have any thing 'to take to.'* Certes, in noble men's houses it is not rare to see abundance of arras, riche hangings of apestry, silver vessell, and so much other plate,

* "To tack to," a very common expression among the lower classes hereabouts.

as may furnish sūdrie cupbordes, to the summe ofte times of a thousand or two thousande pounde at the least; wherby the value of this and the reast of their stuffe doth grow to be inestimable. Likewise, in the houses of knightes, gentlemē, marchauntmen, and other wealthie citizens, it is not geson to beholde generallye their great provision of tapestrie, Turkye worke, *pewter, brasse,* fine linen, and therto costly cupbords of plate woorth five or sixe hundred pounde, to be demed by estimation. But as herein all these sortes doe farre exceede their elders and predecessours, so in tyme past the costly furniture STAYED THERE, whereas now it is descended yet lower, even unto the inferiour artificers and most fermers, who have learned to garnish also their cupbordes with plate, their beddes with tapestrie and silke hanginges, and their table with fine naperie, whereby the wealth of our countrie doth infinitely appeare. Neither do I speake this in reproch of any man, God is my judge, but to shew that I doe rejoyce rather to see how God hath blessed us with hys good giftes, and to behold how that in a time, wherein all thinges are growen to most excessive prices, we doe yet finde the meanes to obtayne and atchieve such furniture as hath heretofore been impossible.

"There are *olde men yet dwelling in the village where I remayne,* which have noted three things to be marveylously altered in Englande within their sound remembraunce. One is, the multitude of *chimnies* lately erected, whereas, in their young dayes there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish townes of the realme, (the religious houses and mannour places of their lordes alwayes excepted, and peradventure some great personages,) but eache one made his fire against a reredosse in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meate.

"The second is the great *amendment of lodginge*; for, sayde they, our fathers, and we ourselves, have lyen full oft upon straw pallettes, covered onely with a sheete under coverlettes, made of dagswain or hopharlots, (I use their own termes,) and a good round logge under their heades in steade of a boulster. If it were so that our fathers, or the good man of the house, had a matteress or flockbed, and therto a sacke of chafe to rest hys head upon, he thought himself as well lodged as the lorde of the towne; so well were they contented. Pillowes, sayde they, were thoughte meete onely for women in childbed. As for servants, if they had any sheete above them it was well; for seldom had they any under their bodies to keepe them from the pricking strawes that ran oft thorow the canvass, and raced their hardened hides.*

"The thirde thinge they tell of is the exchange of treene *platters* into pewter, and woode spoones into silver or tin. For so cōmon were al sortes of treene vesselles in old time, that a man should hardly find four peces of pewter, of which one was, peradventure, *a salte* in a good farmei's house; and yet for al this frugalitie, (if it may so be justly called,) they were scarse able to lyve and paye their rentes at their dayes without selling of a cow or a horse, or more, although they payde but foure poundes at the uttermost by the yeare. Such also was their poverty, that if a fermour or husbandman had been at the alehouse, *a thing greatly used in those dayes,* or amongst sixe or seaven of hys neyghbours, and there in a bravery to shewe what store he had did cast down his purse, and therein a noble, or sixe shillings in silver, unto them, it was very likely that all the rest could not lay downe so much against it: wheras, in my tyme, although peradventure foure pounde of olde rent be improved to fourty or fiftye pound, yet will the farmer think his gaines very small toward the middest of his terme, if he have not sixe or seaven yeres rent lying by him, therewith to purchase a newe lease, besides a faire garnish of *pewter* in his cowborde, three or foure feather beddes, so many coverlettes, and carpettes of tapestry, a silver salte, a bowle for wine, (if not an whole† neast,) and a dussen of spoones to furnishe up the sute. Thys also he taketh to be his owne cleare; for what stocke of money soever he gathereth in all his yeares, it is often seene that the landlorde will take such order with him for the same when he renueth his lease, which is commōly eight or ten yeares before it be expyred, sith it is nowe growen almost to a custome, that if he come not to his lorde so long before, another shall step in for a reversion, and so defeat him outright, that it shall never trouble him more, then the heare of his bearde when the barber hath washed and shaven it from his chinne."

* It may be useful to note, that as the body is often called hereabouts the "carcass," so the skin is the "hide."

† I presume a "peg tankerd," a "wassail cup," a "porringer" or two, and a dozen "apostles' spoons," would seem a pretty "neast" in these days. As to the silver salte "thereby hange a tale," and a curious one too, as I have discovered since writing the above. See Drake's "Illustrations of Shakspeare, &c." vol. i. p. 74.

Submitting the above to the especial consideration of our "beaux" and "belles," doctors and patients, landlords and farmers, and informing these last, that in the two reigns preceding land was let for one shilling per acre,

I remain, Mr. Editor,
yours respectfully,
Morley, near Leeds, N. S.
October 15, 1827.

LONDINIANA.

For the Table Book.

Mr. Editor,—Since most of your readers will readily admit the propriety of the adage, "Time and quarter-day wait for no man," allow me the favour of insertion for the following rhyming couplets, by John Heywood the elder, distinctively known as "the epigrammatist." They are an extract from his "Workes, newlie imprinted, with six hundrede very pleasant, pithie, and ingenious Epigrammes, 1598, 4to.;" and are thus entitled:—

SEEKING FOR A DWELLING-PLACE.

Still thou seekest for a quiet dwelling place—
What place for quietnes hast thou now in chase:
London bridge—that's ill for thee, for the water.
Queene hyth—that's more ill for an other matter.
Smart's key—that's most ill for feare of smarting smart.
Carter lane—nay, nay, that sounded all on the cart.
Pawl's cheyne—nay, in no wise dwell not nere the chaine.
Wood street—why wilt thou be wood yet once againe.
Bread street—that's too drie, by drought thou shalt be dead.
Philpot lane—that breedeth moist humours in the head.
Silver street—coppersmiths in Silver street; fie.
Newgate street—'ware that, man, Newgate is hard bie.
Foster lane—thou wilt as soone be tide fast, as fast.
Crooked lane—nay crooke no more, be streight at last.
Creed lane—they fall out there, brother against brother.
Ave mary lane—that's as ill as the tother.
Pater noster row—aye, Pater noster row—
Agreed—that's the quietest place that I know.

Sign. B b 3.

London-bridge had then houses upon it—a circumstance more fully treated of in the Chronicles of London-bridge, recently published—and half Foster-lane is becoming extinct by the erection of the new general-post-office. The other places still retain their old appellations.

I am, &c.
WILL O' TH' WISP.

Oct. 12, 1827.

Thomsoniana.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I shall be greatly obliged, and there can be no doubt your readers will be considerably interested, by your insertion of the subjoined article in your valuable *Table Book.* It was copied from the "Weekly Entertainer," published at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, in the year 1800.

I am, sir,
Yours, very respectfully,
G. H. I.

Memoranda of Mr. Thomson, the poet, collected from Mr. William Taylor, formerly a barber and peruke-maker, at Richmond, Surrey, now blind. September, 1791.

(Communicated by the Earl of Buchan.)

Q. Mr. Taylor, do you remember any thing of Thomson, who lived in Kew-lane some years ago?

A. Thomson?—

Q. Thomson, the poet.

A. Ay, very well. I have taken him by the nose many hundred times. I shaved him, I believe, seven or eight years, or more; he had a face as long as a horse; and he sweated so much, that I remember, after walking one day in summer, I shaved his head without lather by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's; I hardly ever felt such; and yet it grew so remarkably, that if it was but an inch long, it stood upright an end from his head like a brush. (Mr. Robertson* confirmed this remark.)

Q. His person, I am told, was large and clumsy?

A. Yes; he was pretty corpulent, and stooped forward rather when he walked, as though he was full of thought; he was very careless and negligent about his dress, and wore his clothes remarkably plain. (Mr. Robertson, when I read this to him, said, "He was clean, and yet slovenly; he stooped a good deal.")

Q. Did he always wear a wig?

A. Always, in my memory, and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen a dozen at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his sweating to such a degree made him have so many; for I have known him spoil a new one only in walking from London.

* It appears that this gentleman was very intimate with the author of the "Seasons," but we know nothing farther respecting him.

Q. He was a great walker, I believe?

A. Yes, he used to walk from Malloch's, at Strand on the Green, near Kew Bridge, and from London, at all hours in the night; he seldom liked to go in a carriage, and I never saw him on horseback; I believe he was too fearful to ride. (Mr. Robertson said he could not bear to get upon a horse.)

Q. Had he a Scotch accent?

A. Very broad; he always called me Wull.

Q. Did you know any of his relations?

A. Yes; he had two nephews, (cousins,) Andrew and Gilbert Thomson, both gardeners, who were much with him. Andrew used to work in his garden, and keep it in order, at over hours; he died at Richmond, about eleven years ago, of a cancer in his face. Gilbert, his brother, lived at East Sheen, with one esquire Taylor, till he fell out of a mulberry-tree and was killed.

Q. Did Thomson keep much company?

A. Yes; a good deal of the writing sort. I remember Pope, and Paterson, and Malloch, and Lyttleton, and Dr. Armstrong, and Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who had a house near Thomson's, in Kew-lane. Mr. Robertson could tell you more about them.

Q. Did Pope often visit him?

A. Very often; he used to wear a light-coloured great coat, and commonly kept it on in the house; he was a strange, ill-formed, little figure of a man; but I have heard him and Quin, and Paterson, talk together so at Thomson's, that I could have listened to them for ever.

Q. Quin was frequently there, I suppose?

A. Yes; Mrs. Hobart, his housekeeper, often wished Quin dead, he made her master drink so. I have seen him and Quin coming from the Castle together at four o'clock in a morning, and not over sober you may be sure. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one too.

Q. Did he sit much in his garden?

A. Yes, he had an arbour at the end of it, where he used to write in summer time. I have known him lie along by himself upon the grass near it, and talk away as though three or four people were along with him. (This might probably be when he was reciting his own compositions.)

Q. Did you ever see any of his writing?

A. I was once tempted, I remember, to take a peep; his papers used to lie in a loose pile upon the table in his study, and I had longed for a look at them a good while: so one morning while I was waiting in the room to shave him, and he was longer than usual before he came down, I slipped off the top sheet of paper, and expected to find something very curious, but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked like all in one.

Q. He was very affable in his manner?

A. O yes! he had no pride; he was very free in his conversation and very cheerful, and one of the best natured men that ever lived.

Q. He was seldom much burthened with cash?

A. No; to be sure he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would send for his creditors, and pay them all round; he has paid my master between twenty and thirty pounds at a time.

Q. You did not keep a shop yourself then at that time?

A. No, sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years; and it was while I was apprentice and journeyman with him that I used to wait on Mr. Thomson. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a person of the name of Taylor, in Craven-street, in the Strand, made his tie-wigs. An excellent customer he was to both.

Q. Did you dress any of his visitors?

A. Yes; Quin and Lyttleton, sir George, I think he was called. He was so tender-faced I remember, and so devilish difficult to shave, that none of the men in the shop dared to venture on him except myself. I have often taken Quin by the nose too, which required some courage, let me tell you. One day he asked particularly if the razor was in good order; and protested he had as many barbers' ears in his parlour at home, as any boy had of birds' eggs on a string; and swore, if I did not shave him smoothly, he would add mine to the number. "Ah," said Thomson, "Wull shaves very well, I assure you."

Q. You have seen the "Seasons," I suppose?

A. Yes, sir; and once had a great deal of them by heart. (He here quoted a passage from "Spring.") Shepherd, who formerly kept the Castle inn, showed me a book of Thomson's writing, which was about the rebellion in 1745, and set to music, but I think he told me not published. (I mentioned this to Mr. Robertson, but he thought Taylor had made a small mistake; perhaps it might be some of the patriotic songs in the masque of Alfred.)

Q. The cause of his death is said to have been by taking a boat from Kew to

Richmond, when he was much heated by walking?

A. No; I believe he got the better of that; but having had a batch of drinking with Quin, he took a quantity of cream of tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions, which, with a fever before, carried him off. (Mr. Robertson did not assent to this.)

Q. He lived, I think, in Kew Foot-lane?

A. Yes, and died there; at the furthest house next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boscawen's. He lived sometime before at a smaller one higher up, inhabited by Mrs. Davis.

Q. Did you attend on him to the last?

A. Sir, I shaved him the very day before his death; he was very weak, but made a shift to sit up in bed. I asked him how he found himself that morning. "Ah, Wull," he replied, "I am very bad indeed." (Mr. Robertson told me, he ordered this operation himself as a refreshment to his friend.)

Taylor concluded by giving a hearty encomium on his character.

This conversation took place at one of the alcoves on Richmond-green, where I accidentally dropped in. I afterwards found it was a rural rendezvous for a set of old invalids on nature's infirm list; who met there every afternoon, in fine weather, to recount and comment on the "tale of other times."

I inquired after Lander, and Mrs. Hobart, and Taylor, of Craven-street, but found that none of them were surviving. Mrs. Hobart was thought to have a daughter married in the town, called Egerton; but it was not likely, from the distance of time, that she could impart any thing new.

Taylor told me, the late Dr. Dodd had applied to him several years ago for anecdotes and information relative to Thomson.

Park Egerton, the bookseller, near Whitehall, tells me, that when Thomson first came to London, he took up his abode with his predecessor, Millan, and finished his poem of "Winter" in the apartment over the shop; that Millan printed it for him, and it remained on his shelves a long time unnoticed; but after Thomson began to gain some reputation as a poet, he either went himself, or was taken by Mallet, to Millar in the Strand, with whom he entered into new engagements for printing his works; which so much incensed Millan, his first patron, and his countryman also, that they never afterwards were cordially reconciled, although lord Lyttleton took uncommon pains to mediate between them.

AN OLD SONG RESTORED

"Busy, curious, thirsty Fly."

To the Editor.

Sir,—In Ritson's "Collection of Old Songs" are but two verses of this, in my estimation, very beautiful song. Going from this place, Liverpool, to Chester, it was my good fortune to hear a blind fiddler on board the packet both play and sing the whole of the following, which I procured from him at his domicile about two years ago. He was lost in the same boat with the captain and others, during a gale of wind off Elesmere port. If you think them worthy a place in your amusing *Table Book*, be pleased to accept from

Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
J. F. Phœnix.

Bold-street, Liverpool,
Oct. 15, 1827.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly
Drink with me and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sup it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.
Life is short, &c.

Both alike are thine and mine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Then will appear as short as one.
Then will appear, &c.

Time seems little to look back,
And moves on like clock or jack;
As the moments of the fly
Fortune swiftly passes by,
And, when life's short thread is spun,
The larum strikes, and we are gone.
The larum, &c.

What is life men so prefer?
It is but sorrow, toil, and care:
He that is endow'd with wealth
Oftentimes may want his health,
And a man of healthful state
Poverty may be his fate.
Poverty may, &c.

Some are so inclined to pride,
That the poor they can't abide,
Tho' themselves are not secure,
He that's rich may soon be poor;
Fortune is at no man's call,
Some shall rise whilst others fall.
Some shall, &c.

Some ambitious men do soar
For to get themselves in power,
And those mirk and airy fools
Strive to advance their master's rule;
But a sudden turn of fate
Shall humble him who once was great.
Shall humble, &c.

He that will live happy must
Be to his king and country just;
Be content, and that is more
Than all the miser's golden store;
And whenever life shall cease,
He may lay him down in peace.
He may lay, &c.

HERMITS.

Mr. J. Pettit Andrews has two anecdotes concerning hermits, which exemplify the strength of the "ruling" passion, when the individual is "dead to the world:" viz.

St. Romuald.

Born at Ravenna, of noble parentage; he embraced, towards the middle of the tenth century, the state of a hermit, under the direction of a solitary, whose severity at least equalled his piety. Romuald bore for a long time, without a murmur, the repeated thumps which he received from his holy teacher; but observing that they were continually directed to his *left* side, "Honour my *right* ear, my dear master," said he, meekly, "with some of your attention, for I have nearly lost the use of my *left* ear, through your partiality to that side." Romuald, when he became master of his own conduct, showed that he could on occasion copy the rigour of his preceptor; for, hearing that his own father, who had embraced a monastic life, entertained thoughts of re-entering the world again, he hurried to the monastery, and, by the rhetoric of a very hearty drubbing, brought his unsteady parent over to a more settled way of thinking.

Amadeus, Duke of Savoy.

This prince, in the fifteenth century, took upon him to become a hermit; with how much abstinence and moderation he demeaned himself, may be judged from this circumstance, that the French make use of the expression "faire *ripailles*," when they would speak of giving way to every indulgence and enjoyment; and they take the term from "Ripailles," the name of this pious recluse's hermitage.

Besides his attachment to every possible luxury, this holy anchoret had a peculiar pride in his beard, which was singularly fine and picturesque. Political motives made the cardinals seek him in his retreat, to confer on him the dignity of pope; but no persuasions nor representations would make him consent to part with that favourite beard, until the ridicule which its preposterous appearance under the tiara occasioned, brought him to agree to its removal. Even the pomp of the papal chair could not long detain him from Ripailles. He soon quitted the triple crown, that he might repossess his beloved retreat.

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

In lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd:

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read:—

"Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou!

On thee to muse
The busy living world I left;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obsequious thousands bow'd?

Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?
Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that disdain?——'tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?——'tis past.

To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain, fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?——'tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread.
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd perhaps
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few, and hoary, hairs:

'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown!
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh! who shall thee declare?

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What *we* are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,
All Hermits—in the grave."

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF BIRMINGHAM MANUFACTURERS AND MANUFACTURES.

Birmingham, says the late Mr. William Hutton, (the historian of this large and populous town,) Birmingham began with the productions of the anvil, and probably will end with them. The sons of the hammer were once her chief inhabitants; but that great crowd of artists is now lost in a greater. Genius seems to increase with multitude. Part of the riches, extension, and improvement of Birmingham, are owing to the late John Taylor, Esq. who possessed the singular power of perceiving things as they really were. The spring and consequence of action were open to his view. He rose from minute beginnings to shine in the commercial, as Shakspeare did in the poetical, and Newton in the philosophical, hemisphere.

To this uncommon genius we owe the gilt button, the japanned and gilt snuff-boxes, with the numerous race of enamels. From the same fountain issued the painted snuff-box, at which one servant earned three pounds ten shillings per week, by painting them at a farthing each. In his shops were weekly manufactured, buttons to the amount of 800*l*., exclusive of other valuable productions. One of the present nobility, of distinguished taste, examining the works with the master, purchased some of the articles, among others, a toy of eighty guineas value; and while paying for them, observed with a smile, "he plainly saw he could not reside in Birmingham for less than two hundred pounds a day." Mr. Taylor died in 1775, at the age of sixty-four, after acquiring a fortune of 200,000*l*.

The active powers of genius, the instigation of profit, and the affinity of one calling to another, often induce the artist to change his occupation. There is nothing more common among us; even the divine and the lawyer are prone to this change. Thus the church throws her dead weight into the scale of commerce, and the law gives up the cause of contention: but there is nothing more disgraceful, except thieving, in other places. "I am told," says an elderly gentleman, as he amused himself in a pitiful bookseller's shop in a wretched market town, "that you are a stocking-maker by trade!" The humble bookseller, half confused, and wholly ashamed, could not deny the charge. "Ah," cried the senior, whose features were modelled between the sneer and the smile, "there is neither honour nor profit in changing the trade you were bred to. Do not attempt to sell books, but stay at home, and pursue your own business." The dejected bookseller, scarcely one step higher than a "walking stationer," lived to acquire a large fortune. Had he followed the senior's advice, he might, like a common foot soldier, have starved upon eightpence a day. This humble and dejected bookseller was Mr. Hutton himself. He says, toy trades first made their appearance in Birmingham in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign, in an endless variety, attended with all their beauties and their graces. When he wrote, he ranked, as first in preeminence, the

Button.

This beautiful ornament, says Mr. Hutton, appears with infinite variation; and though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of

high tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers ornamented with a horn button nearly the size of a crown piece, a watch, or a John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press.

Though, continues Mr. Hutton, the common round button keeps on with the steady pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, the concave, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this, the fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer. The consumption of this article is astonishing: the value in 1781 was from three-pence a gross to one hundred and forty guineas.

In 1818, the art of gilding buttons was arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons: these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce *gilt* buttons *without any gold;* but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the consumption than he saved in the material. There seems, says Mr. Hutton, to be hidden treasures couched within this magic circle, known only to a few, who extract prodigious fortunes out of this useful toy, whilst a far greater number submit to a statute of bankruptcy. Trade, like a restive horse, can rarely be managed; for, where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way.

The next to which Mr. Hutton calls our attention, is the

Buckle.

Perhaps the shoe, in one form or other, is nearly as ancient as the foot. It originally appeared under the name of sandal; this was no other than a sole without an upper-leather. That fashion has since been inverted, and we have sometimes seen an upper-leather nearly without a sole. But whatever was the cut of the shoe, it always demanded a fastening. Under the house of Plantagenet, the shoe shot horizontally from the foot, like a Dutch skate, to an enormous length; so that the extremity was fastened to the knee, sometimes with a silver chain, a silk lace, or even a packthread string, rather than avoid *genteel taste*.

This thriving beak drew the attention of the legislature, which determined to prune the exorbitant shoot; for, in 1465, we find an order of council, prohibiting the growth of the shoe toe beyond two inches, under the penalty of a dreadful curse from the priest—and, what was worse, the payment of twenty shillings to the king.

This fashion, like every other, gave way to time; and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot, which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full blown rose. Ribbons of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held the preeminence. Under the house of Stuart the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoestring. The beaux of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal. The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is yet to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, of liberty, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse bean.

This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing. The fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting-pot to-morrow.

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in Euclid. The large square buckle, plated with silver, was the *ton* of 1781. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; it was difficult to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle; and we wondered to see the active motion under the massive load.

In 1812, the whole generation of fashions, in the buckle line, was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age.

Guns.

King William was once lamenting, "that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland, at a great expense, and with greater difficulty." Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the king, "that genius resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents would answer his majesty's wishes." The king was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, the pattern was exe-

cuted with precision, and, when presented to the royal board, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists were so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day.

It seems that the word "London" marked upon guns is a better passport than the word "Birmingham;" and the Birmingham gun-makers had long been in the habit of marking their goods as being made in London.

In 1813 some of the principal gun-makers of London brought a bill into the House of Commons to oblige every manufacturer of firearms to mark them with his real name and place of abode. The Birmingham gun-makers took the alarm; petitioned the house against the bill, and thirty-two gun-makers instantly subscribed six hundred and fifty pounds to defray the expense of opposing it. They represented that they made the component parts of the London guns, which differed from theirs only in being put together, and marked in the metropolis.

Government authorized the gun-makers of Birmingham to erect a proof-house of their own, with wardens and a proof master; and allowed them to decorate their guns with the ensigns of royalty. All firearms manufactured in Birmingham and its vicinity are subjected to the proof required by the Board of Ordnance: the expense is not to exceed one shilling each piece; and the neglect of proving is attended with a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds.

Leather.

Though there is little appearance of that necessary article in Birmingham, yet it was once a famous market for leather. Digbeth not only abounded with tanners, but large numbers of hides arrived weekly for sale, and here the whole country found a supply. When the weather would allow, they were ranged in columns in the High-street, and at other times deposited in the leather-hall, at the east end of New-street, appropriated for their reception. This market was of great antiquity, perhaps not less than seven hundred years, and continued till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Two officers are still annually chosen, who are named leather sealers, from a power given them by ancient charter to mark the vendible hides; but now the leather sealers have no duty, but that of taking an elegant dinner. Shops are erected on tan-vats, the leather-hall is gone to destruction, and in 1781 there was only one solitary tanner in Birmingham.

Steel.

The manufacture of iron, in Birmingham, is ancient beyond research; that of steel is of modern date.

Pride is inseparable from the human character; the man without it, is the man without breath. We trace it in various forms, through every degree of people; but like those objects about us, it is best discovered in our own sphere; those above and those below us rather escape our notice; envy attacks an equal. Pride induced the pope to look with contempt on the European princes, and it now induces them to return the compliment; it taught insolence to the Spaniard, selfishness to the Dutch; it teaches the rival nations of France and England to contend for power. Pride induced a late high bailiff of Birmingham, at the proclamation of the Michaelmas fair, to hold his wand two feet higher than the usual rest, that he might dazzle the crowd with a beautiful glove hanging pendant, a ruffle curiously wrought, a ring set with brilliants, and a hand delicately white. Pride preserves a man from mean actions; it throws him upon meaner. It whets the sword for destruction; it urges the laudable acts of humanity. It is the universal hinge on which we move; it glides with the gentle stream of usefulness; it overflows the mounds of reason, and swells into a destructive flood. Like the sun, in his milder rays, it animates and draws us towards perfection; but like him, in his fiercer beams, it scorches and destroys.

Money is not the necessary attendant of pride, for it abounds nowhere more than in the lowest ranks. It adds a sprucer air to a Sunday dress, casts a look of disdain upon a bundle of rags; it boasts the *honour* of a family, while poverty unites a sole and upper leather with a bandage of shop-thread. There are people who even *pride* themselves upon humility.

This dangerous *good*, this necessary *evil*, supports the female character; without it, the brightest part of the creation would degenerate. It will be asked, "What portion may be allowed?" Prudence will answer, "As much as you please, but not to disgust." It is equally found in the senate-house and the button-shop. The scene of action is the scene of pride. He who makes steel prides himself in carrying the art one step higher than he who makes iron.

This art appeared at Birmingham in the seventeenth century, and was introduced by the family of Kettle. The name of Steelhouse-lane will convey to posterity the situation of the works; the commercial spirit of Birmingham will convey the produce to the antipodes.

From the warm but dismal climate of this town issues the button which shines on the breast, and the bayonet intended to pierce it; the lancet which bleeds the man, and the rowel the horse; the lock which preserves the beloved bottle, and the screw to uncork it; the needle, equally obedient to the thimble and the pole.

Brass Works.

The manufacture of brass was introduced into Birmingham by the family of Turner about 1740. They erected those works at the south end of Coleshill-street; then near two hundred yards beyond the buildings, but now the buildings extend half a mile beyond them.

Under the black clouds which arose from this corpulent tunnel, some of the trades collected their daily supply of brass, but the major part was drawn from the Macclesfield, Cheadle, and Bristol companies.

"Causes are known by their effects;" the fine feelings of the heart are easily read in the features of the face; the still operations of the mind are discovered by the rougher operations of the hand. Every creature is fond of power, from that noble head of the creation man, who devours man, down to that insignificant mite who devours his cheese: every man strives to be free himself, and to shackle another. Where there is power of any kind, whether in the hands of a prince, a people, a body of men, or a private person, there is a propensity to abuse it: abuse of power will everlastingly seek itself a remedy, and frequently find it; nay, even this remedy may in time degenerate into abuse, and call loudly for another.

Brass is an object of some magnitude in the trades of Birmingham, the consumption is said to be a thousand tons per annum. The manufacture of this useful article had long been in the hands of few and opulent men, who, instead of making the humble bow for favours received, acted with despotic sovereignty, established their own laws, chose their customers, directed the price, and governed the market. In 1780 the article rose, either through caprice or necessity, perhaps the former, from seventy-two pounds a ton to eighty-four pounds. The result was, an advance upon the goods manufactured, followed by a number of counter-orders, and a stagnation of business.

In 1781, a person, from affection to the user or resentment to the maker, perhaps the latter, harangued the public in the weekly papers, censured the arbitrary measures of the brazen sovereigns, showed their dangerous influence over the trades of the town, and the easy manner in which works of our own might be constructed. Good often arises out of evil; this fiery match quickly kindled another furnace in Birmingham. Public meetings were advertised, a committee appointed, and subscriptions opened to fill two hundred shares, of one hundred pounds each, which was deemed a sufficient capital; each proprietor of a share to purchase one ton of brass annually. Works were immediately erected upon the banks of the canal, for the advantage of water carriage, and the whole was conducted with the true spirit of Birmingham freedom.

The old companies, which we may justly consider the directors of a South Sea bubble in miniature, sunk the price from eighty-four pounds to fifty-six pounds. Two inferences arise from this measure; that their profits were once very high, or were now very low; and, that like some former monarchs in the abuse of power, they repented one day too late.

Nails.

The art of nail-making is one of the most ancient in Birmingham. It is not, however, so much a trade *in*, as *of* Birmingham, for there are but few nail-makers left in the town; the nailors are chiefly masters, and rather opulent. The manufacturers are so scattered round the country, that we cannot travel far in any direction out of the sound of the nail-hammer. Birmingham, like a powerful magnet, draws the produce of the anvil to herself.

When I first approached Birmingham, says Mr. Hutton, from Walsall in 1741, I was surprised at the prodigious number of blacksmiths' shops upon the road; and could not conceive how a country, though populous, could support so many people of the same occupation. In some of these shops I observed one or more females stript of their upper garment, and not overcharged with their lower, wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I

inquired "Whether the ladies in this country shod horses?" but was answered, with a smile, "They are nailers."

A fire without heat, a nailer of a fair complexion, or one who despises the tankard, are equally rare among them. His whole system of faith may be comprised in one article—That the slender mug, used in a public-house, "is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

While the master reaps harvest of plenty, the workman submits to the scanty gleanings of penury, a thin habit, an early old age, and a figure bending towards the earth. Plenty comes not near his dwelling, except of rags and of children. His hammer is worn into deep hollows, fitting the fingers of a dark hand, hard as the timber it wears. His face, like the moon, is often seen through a cloud.

Bellows.

Man first catches the profession; the profession afterwards moulds the man. In whatever profession we engage we assume its character, become a part of it, vindicate its honour, its eminence, its antiquity, or feel a wound through its sides. Though there may be no more pride in a minister of state who opens a budget, than in a tinker who carries one, yet they equally contend for the honour of their trade.

The bellows-maker proclaims the *honour* of his art by observing, he alone produces that instrument which commands the winds; his soft breeze, like that of the south, counteracts the chill blasts of winter; by his efforts, like those of the sun, the world receives light; he creates when he pleases, and gives breath when he creates. In his caverns the winds sleep at pleasure, and by his "orders" they set Europe in flames. He farther pretends, that the antiquity of his occupation will appear from the plenty of elm, once in the neighbourhood, but long cut up for his use; that the leather-market in Birmingham, for many ages, furnished him with sides; and though the manufacture of iron is allowed to be extremely ancient, yet the smith could not procure his heat without a blast, nor could that blast be raised without the bellows. One inference will arise from these remarks, that bellows-making is one of the oldest trades in Birmingham.

Thread.

We who reside in the interior parts of the kingdom may observe the first traces of a river when it issues from its fountain, the current so extremely small, that if a bottle of liquor, distilled through the urinary vessels, were discharged into its course, it would manifestly augment the water and quicken the stream: the reviving bottle, having added spirits to the man, would seem to add spirits to the river. If we pursue this river, winding through one hundred and thirty miles, we shall observe it collect strength as it runs, expand its borders, swell into consequence, employ multitudes of people, carry wealth in its bosom, and exactly resemble thread-making in Birmingham. If we represent to our ideas a man able to employ three or four people, himself in an apron one of the number, but who being *unable* to write his name, shows his attachment to the Christian religion by signing the *cross* to receipts; whose method of book-keeping, like that of the publican, is *a door and a lump of chalk*; producing a book which none can peruse but himself; who having manufactured forty pounds weight of thread, of divers colours, and rammed it into a pair of leathern bags, something larger than a pair of boots, which we might deem the arms of his trade *empaled*; slung them on a horse, and placed himself on the top by way of a *crest*; visits an adjacent market, to starve with his goods at a stall, or retail them to the mercer, nor return without the money—we shall see a thread-maker of 1652. If we pursue this occupation, winding through the mazes of one hundred and thirty years, we shall see it enlarge its boundaries, multiply its people, increase its consequence and wealth, till in 1782 we behold the master in possession of correct accounts, the apron thrown aside, the stall kicked over, the bags tossed into the garret, and the mercer overlooked in the grand prospect of exportation. We farther behold him take the lead in provincial concerns, step into his own carriage, and hold the king's commission as a magistrate.*

PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS.

A few grains of salt dropped into the water in which flowers are kept, tends greatly to preserve them from fading, and will keep them fresh and in bloom, double the period that pure water will.

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* Hutton's History of Birmingham.

For the Table Book.

LETTER FROM A VILLAGE.

To Mr. Charles Pickworth.

Lincolnshire, — June, 1815.

Dear Charles, — You remember our meeting the other day—I shall.—It's a long time since we ran riot, and got into mischief together — trundled our hoops, gathered flowers in summer, and rolled in the snow in winter. There is a dim pleasure in the remembrance of our late interview, and that of these isolated scenes of our childhood: they are as faint gleams of sunshine in a gloomy day. I don't like, however, to reflect upon being handwhipped, and put into the corner: the fears of that age are dreadful—I see my aunt's frown now, and hear her snap at me. But then again, it was over *her* grounds that we chased the hours away as heedlessly as the butterflies. The homeclose-yard and kitchen garden—how pleasant to remember *them!* The buzzard, you know, guarded the fruit-garden, and kept us from the gooseberry-trees and strawberry-beds; but in the others what a thousand frolics have we sported in, and in what a thousand contrivances exercised our infant minds. Every joy comes to my mind—I forget every hardship. The coachman!—what would he not do for us! Bethink yourself—he had been in the family a quarter of a century. How proud he was of it; how fussy and fond of his favourite horses; how he used to pat them when out with the carriage. You don't forget that the old people continued the fashion of postilions very long—but there is no end to remembrance. —I'll stop———

You say in my behaviour the other day you saw the traces of my boyhood. You compliment me. Children are selfish; they perhaps may have but little to call their young feelings forth; for feelings must be met half-way. I remember some *young* feelings with delight still. I fancy I have not that ecstasy now that the mind was tuned to then. Children have but few friendships: the reason may be, that they have few objects to engage them. This observation is vain—elder people have but few friendships, and for the same reason. I had been more correct if I had said, they are but little capable of a friendly disposition. The former is a fact—this a speculation. You saw at the party wherein we last met, how eager all the youngsters were to have their gallop in what they considered their proper turn round the large close. This is a fair sample of mankind in all their pursuits—of every age, old or young. I waved my turn for you; and though I had a joyous idea of flying round the course, I had more pleasure in seeing you gratified. It is well I hit upon my old friend in my politeness; the others would have laughed at me. The upper part of society profess more politeness than the lower; the human heart is the same in both. The upper classes have more forms, and the lower may say they are fools for their pains:— the upper bow slavishly to each other; the lower do not. With the former it is of service, but of none among the latter. For if among the ambitious and supercilious of mankind it were not a matter of pride to know and do this homage, one half of them would be turning up their noses, and tossing their heads at the other. When I see a great man bow, I always think he wants to creep into a greater man's esteem.——

Excuse this wandering. I like to generalize mankind, and cast up the proper value of every thing around me—the use is immense: hence flows philosophy. I decide between grovelling and glorious ambition; and, clearing myself of the former, am eased of impediment in the pursuit of the latter. The consequence is, that I care nothing for wealth, provided I have competence; that I can take up my abode with pleasure among poor people, and not turn squeamish at sight of a fustian jacket; that I like the humour of farm-houses, and would dine with a couple of vagabonds, without fear of infection, amply compensated by the observation of their vein; and looking upon the beauty of nature as the source of all pleasure, far and wide as she extends, in this hole and cabin, my own appropriate spot, my aim is to keep my health as the furtherance of a superior object.

My maxim is—*necessaries;* that is, outward comfort and health. Observe it.

Your affectionate friend,

C. O.

For the Table Book.

GRASSINGTON FEAST.

Clock Dressings.

During the continuance of "Grassington Feast," it is customary for the inhabitants to have convivial parties at one another's houses: these are called *clock dressings;* for the guests are invited to come and "dress the clock." Grassington feast was

once one of the largest and most celebrated one in Craven, but it is fast dwindling away. This year the amusements were of a paltry description; and the sack racers, bell racers, hasty-pudding eaters, and soaped-pig catchers, who used to afford in former times such an unceasing fund of merriment, seem all fled. Nothing told of olden time, except the presence of Frank King, the Skipton minstrel, who seems determined to be in at the death.

T. Q. M.

A FRAGMENT

FOUND IN A SKELETON CASE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

Supposed to have been written by one of the Students, and deposited there by him.

SCELETOS.

Behold this Ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Love, nor Joy, nor Hope, nor Fear,
Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye!
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employ'd;
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But thro' the dew of kindness beam'd,
The eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue,
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And where it could not praise, was chain'd;
If bold in virtue's cause—it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,
When Death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them:
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer mead shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To seek affliction's humble bed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to virtue's hope return'd,
These feet with angel wings shall fly,
And tread the palace of the sky.*

* From the *Morning Chronicle*, Sept. 14, 1821.

ANECDOTE OF A MAGPIE.

For the Table Book.

A cobbler, who lived on indifferent terms with his wife in Kingsmead-street, Bath, somewhat like Nell and Jobson, kept a magpie, that learned his favourite ejaculatory exclamation—"What the plague art *(h)at?*" Whoever came to his shop, where the bulk of his business was carried on, the magpie was sure to use this exclamation; but the bird was matched by the ghostly, bodily, and tall person of "Hats to dress!" a well-known street perambulator and hat improver, who, with that cry, daily passed the temple of Crispin. The magpie aspirating *at* with *h*, the crier of "Hats to dress!" considered it a personal insult, and after long endurance, one morning put the bird into his bag, and walked away with his living plague. When he reached home, "poor mag!" was daintily fed, and became a favourite with the dresser's wife. It chanced, however, that the cobbler, who supplied the *sole* understanding of "Hats to dress!" waited on him to be rebeavered for his own understanding. The magpie, hearing his old master's voice, cried out, "What the plague art *(h)at?*" "Ha, ha, ha," said the astonished and delighted cobbler, "come to fetch thee home, thou 'scapegrace." The hatter and the cobbler drank their explanation over a quart of ale; and with a new, old, hat on his head, the latter trudged through Stall-street, with his magpie in his apron, crying, "*What the gue art (h)at?*"

——.

THE ARTIST.

For the Table Book.

He is a being of deep reflection,—one
That studies nature with intensest eye;
Watching the works of air, earth, sea, and sun,
Their motion, altitude, their form, their dye,
Cause and effect. The elements which run,
Or stagnant are, he traces to their source
With vivid study, till his pencil makes
A perfect likeness; or, by fancy's force
A new creation in his art he takes,
And matches nature's progress in his course
Towards glory. In th' abstractions of the mind,
Harmony, passion, and identity,
His genius, like the summer sun, is shrined,
Till beauty and perfection he can see.

——.

The Giants

IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, AND IN GUILDHALL.

In the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November, 1827, there was a remarkable variation from the customary route. Instead of the new chief magistrate and corporation embarking at Blackfriars, as of late years has been usual, the procession took a direction eastward, passed through the Poultry, Cornhill, Leadenhall-street, Billiter-lane, Mincing-lane, and from thence by Tower-street to the Tower Stairs, where they embarked. This deviation is presumed to have been in compliment to the Tower ward, in which the lord mayor presides as alderman. The ancient lord mayors o London were accustomed to "ride and go" on horseback, attended in like manner by the aldermen, and others of the corporation, to the bottom of Queen-street, and there embark on board the barges for Westminster. The present is the first instance of the lord mayor's show by water having proceeded from a more distant spot down the river.

In addition to the "men in armour," and the length of the route by land, in the lord mayor's show of this year, there was "the far more attractive novelty of two colossal figures representing the well-known statues, Gog and Magog, (as they are called,) of Guildhall. They were extremely well contrived, and appeared to call forth more admiration and applause, than fell to the share of any of the other personages who formed part of the procession. Whatever some fastidious critics may say as to the taste of reviving in the present day some of the long-neglected civic pageants, we think the appearance of these figures augurs well for the future conduct of the new lord mayor: some of his brother magistrates would, we make no doubt, be well content if in the whole course, or at the close, of their official career, they could come in for a little of the plaudits which were yesterday bestowed on the two representatives of Gog and Magog." (*The Times*, Nov. 10.) From the report of a spectator, it appears that the giants were constructed of wicker-work, gaily apparelled in the costume of their prototypes, and similarly armed: each walked along by means of a man withinside, who ever and anon turned the faces towards the throngs of company in the houses; and, as the figures were fourteen feet high, their features were on a level with the first-floor windows throughout the whole of their progress.

In a work, which contains much information respecting the "London Triumphs" of the lord mayors, and the "pageants" of those processions in the olden time, there is a chapter devoted to a History of the Carvings called the "Giants in Guildhall." As the book is my own, and seems to be little known "within the walls," I presume to render the account in a compressed form, as follows —

The Giants in Guildhall

From the time when I was astonished by the information, that "every day, when the giants hear the clock strike twelve they come down to dinner," I have had something of curiosity towards them. How came they there, and what are they for? In vain were my examinations of Stow, Howell, Strype, Noorthouck, Maitland, Seymour, Pennant, and numberless other authors of books and tracts regarding London. They scarcely deign to mention them, and no one relates a syllable from whence we can possibly affirm that the giants of their day were the giants that now exist.

To this remark there is a solitary exception. Hatton, whose "New View of London" bears the date of 1708, says in that work, "This stately hall being much damnify'd by the unhappy conflagration of the city in 1666, was rebuilt anno 1669, and extremely well beautified and repaired both in and outside, which cost about two thousand five hundred pounds, and two *new* figures of gigantick magnitude will be *as before*."* Presuming on the ephemeral information of his readers at the time he published, Hatton obscured his information by a brevity, which leaves us to suppose that the giants were destroyed when Guildhall was "much damnify'd" by the fire of London in 1666; and that from that period they had not been replaced. It is certain, however, that there were giants in the year 1699, when Ned Ward published his London Spy: for, describing a visit to Guildhall, he says, "We turned down King-street, and came to the place intended, which we entered with as great astonishment to see the giants, as the Morocco ambassador did London when he saw the snow fall. I asked my friend the meaning and design of setting up those two lubberly preposterous figures; for I suppose they had some peculiar end in it. Truly, says my friend, I am wholly igno-

* Hatton's New View of London, 1708 8vo. p. 607.

ıant of what they intended by them, unless they were set up to show the city what huge loobies their forefathers were, or else to fright stubborn apprentices into obedience; for the dread of appearing before two such monstrous loggerheads, will sooner reform their manners, or mould them into a compliance with their masters' will, than carrying them before my lord mayor or the chamberlain of London; for some of them are as much frighted at the names of *Gog* and *Magog*, as little children are at the terrible sound of Raw-head and Bloody-bones." There is no doubt that at that time the city giants were far more popular than now; for, in the same work, two passengers through Bartholomew fair, who had slyly alighted from a coach without discharging it, are addressed by the coachman with "Pay me my fare, or by *Gog* and *Magog* you shall feel the smart of my whipcord;" an oath which in our time is obsolete, though in all probability it was common then, or it would not have been used by Ward in preference to his usual indecency.

Again; as to giants being in Guildhall before Hatton wrote, and whether they were the present statues. On the 24th of April, 1685, there were "wonderful and stupendous fireworks in honour of their majesties' coronation, (James II. and his queen,) and for the high entertainment of their majesties, the nobility, and *City of London*, made on the Thames."* Among the devices of this exhibition, erected on a raft in the middle of the river, were two pyramids; between them was a figure of the sun in polished brass, below it a great cross, and beneath that a crown, all stored with fireworks; and a little before the pyramids "were placed the statues of the two giants of Guildhall, in lively colours and proportions facing Whitehall, the backs of which were all filled with fiery materials; and, from the first deluge of fire till the end of the sport, which lasted near an hour, *the two giants*, the cross, and the sun, grew all in a light flame in the figures described, and burned without abatement of matter." From this mention of "statues *of* the two giants *of* Guildhall," it is to be inferred, that giants were *in* Guildhall fourteen years before Ward's book was published, and that, probably, the firework-maker took them for his models, because their forms being familiar to the "*City of London*," their appearance would be an attraction as well as a compliment to his civic audience.

Just before 1708, the date of Hatton's book, Guildhall had been repaired; and Hatton says, "In the middle of this front are depenciled in gold these words, *Reparata et Ornata Thoma Rawlinson, Milit. Majore*, An. Dom. M.DCC.VI." From whence, and his observation, in the extract first quoted, that "two *new* figures of gigantick magnitude *will be as before*," he intends his reader to understand that, as before *that* reparation there *had been* two giants, so, with the new adornment of the hall there would be two *new* giants. The proof of Hatton's meaning is to be found in "The Gigantick History of the two famous Giants in Guildhall, London, third edition, corrected. London, printed for Tho. Boreman, bookseller, near the Giants in Guildhall, and at the Boot and Crown, on Ludgate-hill, 1741."—2 vols. 64mo. This very rare book states, that "before the present giants inhabited Guildhall, there were two giants, made only of wicker-work and pasteboard, put together with great art and ingenuity: and those two terrible original giants had the honour yearly to grace my lord mayor's show, being carried in great triumph in the time of the pageants; and when that eminent annual service was over, remounted their old stations in Guildhall—till, by reason of their very great age, old Time, with the help of a number of city rats and mice, had eaten up all their entrails. The dissolution of the two old, weak, and feeble giants, gave birth to the two present substantial and majestic giants; who, by order, and at the city charge, were formed and fashioned. Captain Richard Saunders,* an eminent carver in King-street, Cheapside, was their father; who, after he had completely finished, clothed, and armed these his two sons, they were immediately advanced to those lofty stations in Guildhall, which they have peaceably enjoyed ever since the year 1708." The title-page of the "Gigantick History" shows that the work was published within the Guildhall itself, when shops were permitted there; so that Boreman, the publisher, had the best means that time and place could afford of obtaining true information, and for obvious reasons he was unlikely to state what was not correct. It is further related in this work, that "the first honour which the two ancient wicker-work giants were promoted to in the city, was at the restoration of king Charles II., when with great pomp and majesty they graced

* See the "Narrative," by R. Lowman, 1685, folio, half sheet, 1685.

* "——— a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A *trainband captain*——."—*Cowper.*

a triumphal arch, which was erected on that happy occasion at the end of King-street, in Cheapside." This was before the fire of London, by which the hall was "much damnify'd," but not burned down; for the conflagration was principally confined to the wooden roof; and, according to this account, the wicker-giants escaped, till their infirmities, and the labours of the "city rats," rendered it necessary to supersede them.

That wicker was used in constructing figures for the London pageants is certain. Haywood, in his description of the pageants in the show of the lord mayor Rayton, in 1632, says, "The moddellor and composer of these seuerall pieces, Maister Gerard Christmas, found these pageants and showes of *wicker* and paper, and reduc't them to sollidity and substance."

To prove, however, the statement in the "Gigantick History," that the present giants were put up upon the reparation of the hall in 1706, an examination of the city archives became necessary; and as the history fortunately mentions captain Richard Saunders as the carver, the name became a clue to successful inquiry. Accordingly, on examination of the city accounts at the chamberlain's office, under the head of "Extraordinary Works," for 1707, I discovered among the sums "paid for repairing of the Guildhall and chappell," an entry in the following words:—

> To *Richard Saunders*, carver, seaventy pounds, by order of the co'mittee for repairing Guildhall, dated y^e^ x^th^. of April, 1707, for work by him done - - - - 70*l.*

This entry of the payment confirms the relation of the gigantic historian; but Saunders's bill, which doubtless contained the charges for the two giants, and all the city vouchers before 1786, deposited in the chamberlain's office, were destroyed by a fire there in that year.

Giants were part of the pageantry used in different cities of the kingdom. By an ordinance of the mayor, aldermen, and common-council of Chester,* for the setting of the watch on the eve of the festival of St. John the Baptist, in 1564, it was directed that there should be annually, according to ancient custom, a pageant, consisting of four giants, with animals, hobby-horses, and other figures, therein specified.† In 1599, Henry Hardman, Esq. the mayor of Chester in that year, from religious motives, caused the giants in the Midsummer show "to be broken, and not to goe *the devil in his feathers*," and he provided a man in complete armour to go in their stead; but in 1601, John Ratclyffe, a beer-brewer, being mayor, set out the giants and the Midsummer show as usual. On the restoration of Charles II. new ones were ordered to be made, and the estimate for finding the materials and workmanship of the four great giants, as they were before, was at five pounds a giant; and four men to carry them at two shillings and six-pence each. The materials for making these Chester giants were deal-boards, nails, pasteboard, scaleboard, paper of various sorts, buckram, size cloth, and old sheets for their bodies, sleeves, and shirts, which were to be coloured; also tinsel, tinfoil, gold and silver leaf, and colours of different kinds. A pair of old sheets were to cover the *father and mother giants*, and three yards of buckram were provided for the mother's and *daughter's* hoods. There is an entry in the Chester charges of one shilling and fourpence "for arsenic to put into the paste to save the giants from being eaten by the rats;"* a precaution which, if adopted in the formation of the old wicker-giants of London, was not effectual, though how long they had ceased to exist before the reparation of the hall, and the carving of their successors, does not appear. One conjecture may perhaps be hazarded, that, as after the mayor of Chester had ordered the giants there to be destroyed, he provided a man in armour as a substitute; so perhaps the dissolution of the old London wicker-giants, and the lumbering incapacity of the new wooden ones for the duty of lord mayor's show, occasioned the appearance of the men in armour in that procession.

Until the last reparation of Guildhall, in 1815, the present giants stood with the old clock and a balcony of iron-work between them, over the stairs leading from the hall to the courts of law and the council chamber. When they were taken down in that year, and placed on the floor of the hall, I thoroughly examined them as they lay in that situation. They are made of wood,† and hollow within, and from the method of joining and gluing the interior, are evidently of late construction, and every way too substantially built for the purpose of being either carried or drawn, or any way exhibited in a pageant. On inspecting them

* Harl. MSS. 1368.

† Ibid. 2125.

* Strutt's Sports, Pref. p. xxvi.

† Noorthouck writing in 1773, (Hist. of London, 4to. p. 590,) erroneously affirms that the giants are made of pasteboard.

at that period, I made minute inquiry of an old and respectable officer of Guildhall, with whom they were favourites, as to what particulars existed in the city archives concerning them; he assured me that he had himself anxiously desired information on the same subject, and that after an investigation through the different offices, there was not a trace of the period when they commenced to be, nor the least record concerning them. This was subsequently confirmed to me by gentlemen belonging to other departments.

However stationary the present ponderous figures were destined to remain, there can scarcely be a question as to the frequent use of their wicker predecessors in the corporation shows. The giants were great favourites in the pageants. * Stow, in describing the ancient setting of the nightly watch in London on St John's eve, relates that "the mayor was surrounded by his footmen and torch-bearers, and followed by two henchmen on large horses: the mayor had, besides his *giant*, three pageants; whereas the sheriffs had only two, besides their *giants*, each with their morris dance and one henchman."† It is related, that, to make the people wonder, these giants were armed, and marched as if they were alive, to the great diversion of the boys, who, peering under, found them stuffed with brown paper.‡ A character in Marston's "Dutch Courtezan," a comedy acted in 1605, says, "Yet all will scarce make me so high as one of the *gyant's stilts* that stalks before my lord mayor's pageants."§

During queen Elizabeth's progress to her coronation, Gogmagog and Corinæus, two giants, were stationed at Temple-bar. It is not certain, yet it is probable, that these were the wicker-giants brought from Guildhall for the occasion. In the reign before, when queen Mary and Philip II. of Spain made their public entry, there was at London bridge a grand spectacle, with two images representing two giants, the one named Corinæus, and the other Gogmagog, holding between them certain Latin verses.* There is scarcely a likelihood that these were any other than the Guildhall giants, which on the occasion of a corporation rejoicing could be removed with the utmost ease.

Orator Henley, on the 21st of October, 1730, availed himself of the anticipated civic festival for that year to deliver a lecture upon it, mentioning the *giants*, which he announced by newspaper advertisement as follows:—

> At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, near Clare-market, this Day, being Wednesday, at Six o'Clock in the Evening, will be a new Riding upon an old Cavalcade, entituled The City in its Glory; or, My Lord Mayor's Shew: Explaining to all Capacities that wonderful Procession, so much envy'd in Foreign Parts, and nois'd at Paris: on my Lord Mayor's Day; the fine Appearance and Splendor of the Companies of Trade; Bear and Chain; the Trumpets, Drums, and Cries, intermix'd; the qualifications of my L—'s Horse, the whole Art and History of the City Ladies and Beaux at Gape-stare in the Balconies; the Airs, Dress, and Motions; the two giants walking out to keep Holiday; like Snails o'er a Cabbage, says an old Author, they all crept along; admir'd by their Wives, and huzza'd by the Throng.

There is no stronger evidence of the indifference to playfulness and wit at city elections, than the almost total silence on those occasions respecting such ample subjects for allusion and parallel as the giants in the hall. Almost the only instance of their application in this way is to be found in a handbill on occasion of a mayoralty election, dated Oct. 4th, 1816, addressed "To the London Tavern Livery and their Spouses." It states, that "the day after Mr. Alderman —— is elected lord mayor for the year ensuing, the following entertainments will be provided for your amusement gratis, viz. 1. The two giants, at the bottom of the hall, will dance a minuet by steam, attended by Mr. Alderman ———, in a new wig upon an elastic principle, a gentleman having bought half of his old one for the purpose of making a new peruke for the aforesaid giants." This is the first humorous allusion to the giants after their removal to their present station.

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* Strutt, p. xxiii.

Giants were introduced into the May-games. "On the 26th of May, 1555, was a gay May-game at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with giants and hobby-horses, drums and guns, morris-dancers, and other minstrels." —(Strype's Memorials.) Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," includes giants among the ordinary domestic recreations of winter.

† Strutt, p. 319.

‡ Brand, i. p. 257.

§ *Stilts* to increase the stature of the *giants*, and the introduction of the *morris-dance*, are instances of the desire to gratify the fondness of our ancestors for strange sights and festive amusements. A cock dancing on *stilts* to the music of a pipe and tabor is in Strutt's Sports, from a book of prayers written towards the close of the thirteenth century. Harl. MSS. 6563.

* Strutt's Sports, Pref. p. xxvii.

It is imagined by the author of the "Gigantick History," that the Guildhall giants represent Corinæus a Trojan, and Gogmagog a Cornish giant, whose story is related at large in that work; the author of which supposes, that as "Corinæus and Gogmagog were two brave giants, who nicely valued their honour, and exerted their whole strength and force in defence of their liberty and country; so the city of London, by placing these their representatives in their Guildhall, emblematically declare, that they will, like mighty giants, defend the honour of their country and liberties of this their city, which excels all others, as much as those huge giants exceed in stature the common bulk of mankind." Each of these giants, as they now stand, measures upwards of fourteen feet in height: the young one is believed to be Corinæus, and the old one Gogmagog.

Such being the chief particulars respecting these enormous carvings, the terror of the children, the wonder of the 'prentices, and the talk of the multitude, in former days, I close the subject, satisfied with having authenticated their origin. Trifling as this affair may seem, I pursued the inquiry for upwards of sixteen years; and though much of the time I spent in the search might have been better employed, I can assure those who are unacquainted with the nature of such investigations, that I had much pleasure in the pursuit, and when I had achieved my purpose I felt more highly gratified, than I think I should had I attained to the dignity of being "proud London's proud lord mayor."

There are other memoranda respecting the giants and lord mayors' shows in my volume on "Ancient Mysteries," from whence the present particulars are extracted.

*

NORWICH GUILD.

Mayor's Feast, Temp. Elizabeth.

The earls of Northumberland and Huntingdon, the lords Thomas Howard and Willoughby, with many other noblemen and knights, paid a visit to the duke of Norfolk, and were entertained, with their retinue, at the duke's palace, in Norwich, in 1561. The guild happening at this time, William Mingay, Esq., then mayor, invited them and their ladies to the feast, which they accepted, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at their generous and hospitable reception. At the entertainment the duke and duchess of Norfolk sat first; then the three earls of Northumberland, Huntingdon, and Surrey, lord Thomas Howard, lord Scroop and his lady, lord and lady Bartlet, lord Abergavenny, with so many other peers, knights, and ladies, that the hall could scarcely contain them and their retinue. * The mayor's share of the expense was one pound, twelve shillings, and ninepence. The feast makers, four in number, paying the rest. The mayor's bill of fare was as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
Eight stone of beef, at 8d. a stone, and a sirloin	0	5	8
Two collars of brawn	0	1	0
Four cheeses, at 4d. a cheese	0	1	4
Eight pints of butter	0	1	6
A hinder quarter of veal	0	0	10
A leg of mutton	0	0	5
A fore quarter of veal	0	0	5
Loin of mutton and shoulder of veal	0	0	9
Breast and coat of mutton	0	0	7
Six pullets	0	1	0
Four couple of rabbits	0	1	8
Four brace of partridges	0	2	0
Two Guinea cocks	0	1	6
Two couple of mallard	0	1	0
Thirty-four eggs	0	0	6
Bushel of flour	0	0	6
Peck of oatmeal	0	0	2
Sixteen white bread-loaves	0	0	4
Eighteen loaves of white wheat-bread	0	0	9
Three loaves of meslin bread	0	0	3
Nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and cloves	0	0	3
Four pounds of Barbary sugar	0	1	0
Sixteen oranges	0	0	2
A barrel of double strong beer	0	2	6
A barrel of table beer	0	1	0
A quarter of wood	0	2	2
Two gallons of white wine and Canary	0	2	0
Fruit, almonds, sweet water, perfumes	0	0	4
The cook's wages	0	1	2
Total	£1	12	9

After dinner, Mr. John Martyn, a wealthy and honest man of Norwich, made the following speech:—"Maister Mayor of Norwich, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king. God bless the queen's grace. We have fed plentifully and now, whilom I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, maister Mayor, and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer. Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the *caput* and stop our manners: and so huzza for the queen's majesty's grace, and all her bonny-brow'd

* Five hundred can conveniently dine in this hall. I have seen seven hundred entertained on the guild-day.

dames of honour.* Huzza for maister Mayor, and our good dame Mayoress. His noble grace,† there he is, God bless him, and all this jolly company. To all our friends round county, who have a penny in their purse and an English heart in their bodies, to keep out Spanish dons, and papists with their faggots to burn our whiskers. Shove it about, twirl your cap-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for maister Mayor, and his bretheren their worships."

The honesty, freedom, loyalty, and good-humour of this speech would, at any time, entitle the orator to a patient hearing and an approving smile.

The above is from Beatniffe's Norfolk Tour.

Norwich,
September, 1827. G. B.

Garrick Plays.

No. XLI.

[Dedications to Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess;" without date; presumed to be the First Edition.]

1ST.

To that noble and true lover of learning, Sir Walton Aston.

Sir, I must ask your patience, and be true.
This Play was never liked, except by few
That brought their judgments with them; for of late
First the infection,‡ then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got
Either to silence Plays, or like them not:
Under the last of which this Interlude
Had fal'n, for ever press'd down by the rude
That, like a torrent which the moist South feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds;
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear Sir, then
Among the better souls be you the best,
In whom as in a center I take rest,
And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgement nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter; for, by all these dead
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds any thing to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun.
Then be as you were ever, yourself still
Moved by your judgement, not by love or will.
And when I sing again (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy Well?)
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work Heroical.

* This is familiar enough, and looks as if the fumes of the potent beverage had begun to attack the honest orator's *caput*.

† The duke of Norfolk.

‡ The Plague: in which times, the acting of Plays appears to have been discountenanced.

2ND.

To the Inheritor of all Worthiness, Sir William Scipwith.

ODE.

1.

If from servile hope or love
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy Sir, I have all I sought for.

2.

For no itch of greater name,
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world; nor to protest,
'Tis the best;
These are lean faults in a poet.

3.

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need;
Nor to gain acquaintance by it;
Nor to ravish kind Atturneys
In their journies;
Nor to read it after diet.

4.

Far from me are all these aims;
Frantic claims,
To build weakness on and pity;
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

3RD.

To the perfect gentleman, Sir Robert Tounesend.

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon, where contrition is,
Noble Sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.
If you ask me how is this,
Upon my faith I'll tell you frankly;
You love above my means to thank ye.
Yet according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor Shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray, for to excuse me:
And may all my hopes refuse me
But, when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, never more;

'Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled sweet "protesters,"
I must please you in bare letters;
And so pay my debts, like jesters.
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat, and chuse a sallet.

Apologetical Preface, following these:

To the Reader.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of Poem, lay down the Book; or read this, which I would wish had been the Prologue. It is a Pastoral Tragic-Comedy; which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of Country hired Shepherds, in gray cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun Ales, cream, wassail, and Morris dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure.* Understand, therefore, a Pastoral to be—a Representation of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, with their Actions and Passions, which must be such as agree with their natures; at least, not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions. They are not to be adorn'd with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as Singing and Poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains; the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars; and such like. But you are ever to remember Shepherds to be such, as all the ancient poets (and modern of understanding) have received them; that is, the Owners of Flocks, and not Hirelings.—A Tragic-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths (which is enough to make it no Tragedy); yet brings some near to it (which is enough to make it no Comedy): which must be a Representation of Familiar People, with such kind of trouble as no life can be without; so that a God is as lawful in this, as in a Tragedy; and mean People, as in a Comedy.—Thus much I hope will serve to justify my Poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

From the "Wars of Cyrus;" a Tragedy Author unknown, 1594.]

Dumb Show exploded.

Chorus (to the Audience). ——— Xenophon
Warrants what we record of Panthea.
It is writ in sad and tragic terms,
May move you tears; then you content our Muse,
That scorns to trouble you again with toys
Or needless antics, imitations,
Or shows, or new devises sprung o' late;
We have exiled them from our tragic stage,
As trash of their tradition, that can bring
Nor instance nor excuse: for what they *do*,*
Instead of mourful plaints our Chorus *sings*;
Although it be against the upstart guise,
Yet, warranted by grave antiquity,
We will revive the which hath long been done.

[From the "Married Beau," a Comedy, by John Crowne, 1694.]

Wife tempted: she pleads religion.

Lover. Our happy love may have a secret Church
Under the Church, as *Faith's* was under *Paul's*,
Where we may carry on our sweet devotion;
And the Cathedral marriage keep its state,
And all its decency and ceremonies.

[From the "Challenge for Beauty," Tragi Comedy, by T. Heywood, 1636.]

Appeal for Innocence against a false accusation.

Helena. Both have sworn:
And, Princes, as you hope to crown your heads
With that perpetual wreath which shall last ever,
Cast on a poor dejected innocent virgin
Your eyes of grace and pity. What sin is it,
Or who can be the patron to such evil?—
That a poor innocent maid, spotless in deed,
And pure in thought, both without spleen and gall,
That never injured creature, never had heart
To think of wrong, or ponder injury;
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live peculiar in the compass
Of her own virtues; notwithstanding these,
Should be sought out by strangers, persecuted,
Made infamous ev'n there where she was made
For imitation; hiss'd at in her country;
Abandon'd of her mother, kindred, friends;
Depraved in foreign climes, scorn'd every where,
And ev'n in princes' courts reputed vile:
O pity, pity this!

C. L.

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* He damns the Town: the Town before damn'd him.—ED.

We can almost be not sorry for the ill dramatic success of this Play, which brought out such spirited apologies; in particular, the masterly definitions of Pastoral and Tragi-Comedy in this Preface.

* So I point it; instead of the line, as it stands in this unique copy—

Nor instance nor excuse for what they do.

The sense I take to be, what the common playwrights *do* (or shew by action—the "inexplicable dumb show" of Shakspeare—), our Chorus *relates*. The following lines have else no coherence.

Lodge and Avenue at Holwood,

THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN WARD, ESQ. FORMERLY OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

Mr. S. Young's comfortable little inn, the Cross at Keston, or Keston Mark, is mentioned before as being at the north-east corner of the grounds belonging to Holwood. My friend W—— and I, on a second visit to Mr. Young's house, went from thence, for the purpose of seeing the church and village of Keston, through which the main road runs to Westerham. We kept along to the entrance gate of Holwood, which we passed, having the park palings on our left, till we came to a well in the road, which derives its water from springs within Holwood, and stands on a swell of meadow land, called "the War Bank." Further on, and out of the road

to the right, lies the village of Keston, a few houses embowered in a dell of trees; with a stone church, which did not seem to have been built more than a couple of centuries. A peep through the windows satisfied us that there was nothing worth looking at within. We had heard of stone coffins having been found at the bottom of the War Bank, and we returned to that spot; where, though the ground had been ploughed and was in pasture, we met with much stone rubbish in the soil, and some large pieces loose on the surface and in the ditches of the hedge. These appearances indicated a former structure there; and an old labourer, whom we fell in with, told us that when he was a boy, his grandfather used to talk of "Keston old church" having stood in that spot, but becoming decayed, it was pulled down, and the church rebuilt in its present situation, with the materials of the ancient edifice. If this information was correct, the coffins which were discovered in that spot were more likely to have been deposited there in ordinary burial, than to have contained, as most of the country people suppose, the bodies of persons slain in battle on the War Bank. Besides, if that mound derives its name, as tradition reports, from a conflict there between the Romans and the ancient Britons, it must be remembered that our rude aboriginal ancestors were unaccustomed to that mode of sepulture, and that Cæsar had work of more consequence to employ his soldiers on than such laborious constructions for the interment of his officers. One of these coffins is at Mr. Smith's, near the well-head on the War Bank, and another is at lady Farnaby's, at Wickham Court.

The little village of Keston is, of itself, nothing; but, looking over it from the road towards the weald of Kent, and particularly Surrey, there is a sweeping view of hill and dale, arable and pasture, intersected with woodlands. Its name is said to have been derived from Cæsar's (pronounced Kæsar's) town; but it is quite as likely to have been a corruption of "castrum," a fortress or citadel. There is little doubt that the Romans maintained a military position on the heights adjoining Keston for a considerable time. The site they held was afterwards occupied by the late right honourable William Pitt; and respecting it, there was published in the year 1792 the following

ACCOUNT OF HOLWOOD.

Holwood-hill, at present the seat of the right hon. Willam Pitt, is a most beautiful eminence, commanding (without the view of water) one of the most agreeable prospects in this country, or perhaps in this kingdom.

The house is a very small, old, plastered brick building; but being on the edge of a celebrated fox-hunting country, it was formerly the residence of various gentlemen who hunted with the old duke of Grafton. It afterwards came into the hands of the late Mr. Calcraft, the agent; and, small as it is, was used as a house of rendezvous by the heads of the great party at that time, where they privately formed their schemes of parliamentary manœuvre, and partook of Mr. Calcraft and Mrs. Bellamy's elegant entertainment.

From Mr. Calcraft it came into the hands of the Burrell family; by them it was sold to captain Ross, and was purchased of him by —— Burrow, Esq., (nephew of the late sir James Burrow,) who stuccoed the house, added greatly to the grounds by various purchases, grubbed and converted considerable woods into beautiful pasture and pieces of water, and planted those ornamental shrubberies, which have rendered it so delightful and so justly admired a spot.

—— Randall, Esq., an eminent shipbuilder, purchased it of Mr. Burrow, and he has since sold it to the right hon. William Pitt, a native of (Hayes) the adjoining parish.

Holwood is fourteen miles distant from London, in the parish of Keston, Kent; which parish evidently, either by Latin or Saxon derivation, takes its name from the camp, commonly called Julius Cæsar's Camp; on the south entrenchment of which Mr. Pitt's house stands, and some part of the pleasure-ground is within the same.

This celebrated camp, till within these twenty years, was tolerably perfect: it consisted of a circular double, and in some places treble entrenchment, enclosing about twenty-nine acres of land; into which there appeared to have been no original entrance but by the opening to the north-west, which descends to the spring called "Cæsar's Spring." This spring has long been converted into a most useful public cold bath; a dressing-house is built on the brink of it; it is ornamented with beautiful trees, and, from its romantic situation, forms a most pleasing scene.

However antiquarians (from the variety of fragments, coins, &c. discovered or ploughed up in the neighbourhood) may have been induced to differ in conjecture as to the person who framed it, they all

agree that this camp was originally a strong and considerable Roman station, though not of the larger sort; but rather from its commanding situation, and short distance from the Thames, a camp of observation, or castra æstiva. At the same time, there is great reason to suppose it to have been since possessed by other invaders.

The beautiful common of Keston to the south-west of the camp, from its charming turf, shade, and views, has long been the promenade of the neighbouring company; and parties of gentry from even so far as Greenwich, have long been accustomed to retire with music and provision to spend in this delightful spot the sultry summer's day, drinking at Cæsar's Fountain, and making the stupendous Roman bulwarks resound with the strains of instrumen'ts and the voice of social glee.

The above is some account of the country-seat of Mr. Pitt; but as an inhabitant of the capital may be desirous of knowing what works of taste, or of neighbouring utility, may have engaged the retirement of our illustrious prime minister, the following are the few improvements Holwood has yet undergone.

Whether from a natural antipathy to the animal, or from too much of "Fox" in other places, certain it is, the first order that was issued, was for the utter destruction of the "fox earth," being a lodgement in one side of the bulwarks, which the sagacious Reynards are supposed to have been in quiet possession of ever since the Roman abdication.

The house standing on a high hill, the gentlemen who have hitherto lived in it, judging "not much good was to be had from the *North*," had defended it on that quarter by large plantations of evergreens; but the present possessor has cut down these plantations, and seems determined "to be open to every thing that comes from that delightful region."

The house itself has undergone no other alteration than the addition of a small eating-room covered with pantiles, and a curious new-invented variegated stucco, with which the whole has been done over: this stucco has now stood several winters, and only requires to be a little more known to be universally adopted.*

While Holwood was in the occupation of Mr. Pitt he there seemed to enjoy the short cessations he could obtain from official duty. His chief delight in these spare hours was planting; which, as he pursued it only as opportunity enabled him, was without system of purchase or order of arrangement, and consequently very expensive. After his death Holwood successively devolved into different hands, and the residence and grounds were variously altered. At length the estate was purchased by John Ward, Esq. a merchant of London, who pulled down the house, and erected the present edifice from a design by Mr. Burton, under whose direction the work was completed in the spring of 1827. Its exterior is chaste, and the interior commodious and elegantly laid out. It stands on the summit of a noble ascent, well defended from adverse winds by full-grown trees and young plantations. From the back front, a fine sweep of lawn descends into a wide spreading valley; and the high and distant woodlands of Knole, Seven Oaks, Tunbridge, and the hills of Sussex, form an extensive amphitheatre of forest scenery and downs, as far as the eye can reach. The home grounds are so disposed, that the domain seems to include the whole of the rich and beautiful country around.

In the rear of Holwood Mr. Ward is forming a vineyard, which, if conducted with the judgment and circumspection that mark the commencement, may prove that the climate of England is suited to the open culture of the grape. Mr. Ward has imported ten sorts of vines, five black and five white, from different parts of the Rhine and Burgundy. They are planted on a slope towards the S.S.E. Difficulties and partial failures are to be expected in the outset of the experiment, and are to be overcome, in its progress, by enlarged experience and information respecting the treatment of the plants in foreign countries. That the vine flourished here several centuries ago can be proved historically. There is likewise evidence of it in the old names of places still existing. For instance, in London, there is "Vineyard-gardens," Clerkenwell; and in Kent, there is a field near Rochester cathedral, which has been immemorially called "the Vines." Many examples of this nature might be adduced. But far stronger than presumptive testimony is the fact, that, in some parts of the weald of Kent, the vine grows wild in the hedges; a friend assures me of this from his own knowledge, he having often assisted when a boy in rooting up the wild vine on his father's land.

Mr. Ward's alterations at Holwood are decisive and extensive. Besides the erection of a new and spacious residence, instead

* European Magazine, Dec. 1792.

of the old one, which was small and inconvenient, and ill suited to the commanding character and extent of the grounds, he has greatly improved them; and perfected a stately approach to the mansion. Immediately within the great entrance gates, from Keston Common, is the elegant lodge represented by the engraving. For the purpose of making the drawing, we obtained seats just within the gates. While W. sketched it the silence was unbroken, save by the gentle rustle of the leaves in the warm afternoon air of summer, and the notes of the small birds preparing for their vesper song; the rabbits were scudding from their burrows across the avenue, and the sun poured glowing beams from between the branches of the magnificent trees, and dressed the varied foliage in a thousand beauteous liveries——

Circumstances prevent this article from concluding, as had been purposed, with notices of Holwood-hill as a Roman encampment, and of "Cæsar's Spring," in the declivity, beneath the gates of Holwood on Keston Common. An engraving of that ancient bourne, which Julius Cæsar is said to have himself discovered nearly two thousand years ago, and thither directed his legions to slake their thirst, will precede the remaining particulars in another sheet.

THE PLAGUE AT EYAM, AND THE REV. THOMAS STANLEY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The publication of the paper, entitled "Catherine Mompesson's Tomb," on "The Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems, by William and Mary Howitt," at p. 482 of the *Table Book*, gives me an opportunity, with your good offices, of rescuing from a degree of oblivion the name and merits of an individual, who has unaccountably been almost generally overlooked, but who ought, at least, to be equally identified in any notice of the "Plague at Eyam" with Mr. Mompesson himself.

The Rev. Thomas Stanley was instituted to the rectory of Eyam by the ruling powers in 1644, which he held till the "Act of Uniformity," in 1662, threw him out.

It appears that he continued to reside at Eyam after his ejectment, and the tradition of the place at this day is, that he was supported by the voluntary contributions of *two-thirds* of the inhabitants; this may have been the cause of some jealousy in those who might have been satisfied with his removal from the living.

His comparative disinterestedness, with other circumstances worthy of notice, are recorded by his friend and fellow-sufferer Bagshaw, usually called "the Apostle of the Peak;" he concludes a most interesting account of Mr. Stanley in these words:—"When he could not serve his people publickly, some (yet alive) will testifie, how helpful he was to 'em in private; especially when the sickness (by way of eminency so called, I mean the Pestilence) prevailed in that town, he continuing with 'em, when, as it is written, 259 persons of ripe age, and 58 children were cut off thereby. When some, who might have been better employed, moved the then noble earl of Devonshire, lord lieutenant, to remove him out of the town; I am told by the credible, that he said, 'It was more reasonable that the whole country should, in more than words, testify their thankfulness to him, who, together with his care of the town, had taken such care as no one else did, to prevent the infection of the towns adjacent.'"

Mr. Stanley died at Eyam 24th August, and was buried there on the 26th following, 1670.

I have thus extracted what, as an act of justice, ought to have been published long since, and which, indeed, ought to accompany every memorial of the plague at Eyam: though I scarcely regret that it has waited for the extensive circulation the *Table Book* must give to it—if it is so fortunate as to be considered a communication to your purpose. My authority is, "*De Spiritualibus Pecci.* Notes (or Notices) concerning the Work of God, and some of those who have been workers together with God in the High Peak of Derbyshire," &c. 12mo. 1702. (Sheffield.)

Some farther account of Stanley may be seen in Calamy's "Nonconformist's Memorial," and Hunter's "History of Hallamshire," but both follow Bagshaw.

I exceedingly regret that "William and Mary Howitt" were unacquainted with Mr. Stanley's services at Eyam.

I am, sir,

Your obedient and humble servant,

M. N.

Nov. 9, 1827.

For the Table Book.

THE REIGN OF DEATH.

And I saw, and beheld a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.
Revelations, vi. 2.

In nightly vision, on my bed, I saw
A form unearthly, on a pale horse sat,
Riding triumphant o'er a prostrate world.
Around his brows he wore a crown of gold,
And in his bony hand he grasp'd a bow,
Which scatter'd arrows of destruction round.
His form was meagre—shadowy—indistinct—
Clothed with the faint lineaments of man.
He pass'd me swifter than the winged wind—
Or lightning from the cloud—or ghostly vision.
From his eye he shot devouring lightnings,
And his dilated nostril pour'd a stream
Of noisome, pestilential vapour.
Where'er he trod all vegetation ceas'd,
And the spring flow'rs hung, with'ring, on their stalks.
He passed by a city, whose huge walls,
And towers, and battlements, and palaces,
Cover'd the plain, aspiring to the skies:
As he pass'd, he smil'd—and straight it fell—
Wall, tower, and battlement, and glittering spire,
Palace, and prison, crumbling into dust;
And nought of this fair city did remain,
But one large heap of wild, confused ruin.
The rivers ceas'd to flow, and stood congeal'd.
The sea did cease its roaring, and its waves
Lay still upon the shore——
No tide did ebb or flow, but all was bound
In a calm, leaden slumber. The proud ships,
Which hitherto had travers'd o'er the deep,
Were now becalmed with this dead'ning stillness:—
The sails hung motionless—straight sunk the mast
O'er the huge bulwarks, and the yielding planks
Dropt silently into the noiseless deep:—
No ripple on the wave was left to show
Where, erst, the ship had stood, but all was blank
And motionless.
Birds in the air, upon the joyous wing,
Fell, lifeless, as the shadowy monster pass'd:
And hostile armies, drawn in warlike lines,
Ceas'd their tumultuous conflict in his sight—
Conqueror and conquer'd yielding 'neath the power
Of the unknown destroyer! Nations fell;
And thrones, and principalities, and powers.—
Kings, with their glitt'ring crowns, lay on the earth,
And at their sides, their menials.——
Beauty and beggary together lay;
Youth, innocence, and age, and crime, together.
I saw a murderer, in a darksome wood,
Wielding a dagger o'er a beauteous bosom,
Threat'ning quick destruction to his victim:—
The shadow pass'd—the leaves grew sere and dropp'd—
The forest crumbled into ashes, and
The steel dissolv'd within th' assassin's hand—
His face grew wan and bloodless—his eyes stood
Fix'd, and glazed—he stiffen'd, and he fell—
And o'er his prostrate body sunk his victim!
I still pursued the conqueror with my eye—
The earth grew desart as he rode along—
The sun turn'd bloody in the stagnant air—
The universe itself was one vast ruin——
Then, stopp'd the Fiend. By him all mortal things
Had been destroyed; yet was he unsated;
And his vengeful eyes still flash'd destruction.—
Thus, alone, he stood; and reign'd—sole monarch—
All supreme—THE KING OF DESOLATION!

Oct. 14, 1827. O. N. Y.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. XIII.

THUNDER—LIGHTNING—AURORA BOREALIS — EARTHQUAKES — EBBING AND FLOWING OF THE SEA—THE LOADSTONE AND AMBER—ELECTRICITY—RIVERS.

Some of the moderns have assigned the cause of *Thunder* to inflamed exhalations, rending the clouds wherein they are confined; others, to the shock between two or more clouds, when those that are higher and more condensed fall upon those that are lower, with so much force as suddenly to expel the intermediate air, which vigorously expanding itself, in order to occupy its former space, puts all the exterior air in commotion, producing those reiterated claps which we call thunder. This is the explanation of Descartes, and had but few followers; the former had more, being that of the Newtonians. For a third theory, which makes the matter productive of thunder the same with that of electricity, its author, Dr. Franklin, is in no part indebted to the ancients.

The notion of Descartes entirely belongs to Aristotle, who says, that "thunder is caused by a dry exhalation, which, falling upon a humid cloud, and violently endeavouring to force a passage for itself, produces the peals which we hear." Anaxagoras refers it to the same cause.

All the other passages, which occur in such abundance among the ancients, respecting thunder, contain in them the reasonings of the Newtonians, sometimes combining the notions of Descartes.

Leucippus, and the Eleatic sect, held

that "thunder proceeded from a fiery exhalation, which, enclosed in a cloud, burst it asunder, and forced its way through." Democritus asserts, that it is the effect of a mingled collection of various volatile particles, which impel downwards the cloud which contains them, till, by the rapidity of their motion, they set themselves and it on fire.

Seneca ascribes it to a dry sulphureous exhalation arising out of the earth, which he calls the aliment of lightning; and which, becoming more and more subtilized in its ascent, at last takes fire in the air, and produces a violent eruption.

According to the stoics, thunder was occasioned by the shock of clouds; and lightning was the combustion of the volatile parts of the cloud, set on fire by the shock. Chrysippus taught, that lightning was the result of clouds being set on fire by winds, which dashed them one against another; and that thunder was the noise produced by that rencontre: he added, that these effects were coincident; our perception of the lightning before the thunder-clap being entirely owing to our sight's being quicker than our hearing.

In short, Aristophanes, in his comedy of the "Clouds," introducing Socrates as satisfying the curiosity of one of his disciples as to the cause of thunder, makes him assign it to the action of the compressed air in a cloud, which dilating itself bursts it, and, violently agitating the exterior air, sets itself on fire, and by the rapidity of its progress occasions all that noise.

The *Aurora Borealis* was also observed by the ancients, as may be seen in Aristotle, Pliny, Seneca, and other writers, who conjectured differently its cause.

The Cartesians, Newtonians, and other able moderns, ascribe *Earthquakes* to the earth's being filled with cavities of a vast extent, containing in them an immense quantity of thick exhalations, resembling the smoke of an extinguished candle, which being easily inflammable, and by their agitation catching fire, rarefy and heat the central and condensed air of the cavern to such a degree, that finding no vent, it bursts its enclosements; and, in doing this, shakes the surrounding earth all around with dreadful percussions, producing all the other effects which naturally follow.

Aristotle and Seneca assigned these dreadful events to the same cause. The former says, that they were occasioned by the efforts of the internal air in dislodging itself from the bowels of the earth; and he observes, that on the approach of an earthquake the weather is generally serene, because that sort of air which occasions commotions in the atmosphere, is at that time pent up in the entrails of the earth.

Seneca is so precise, we might take him for a naturalist of the present times. He supposes that the earth hides in its bosom many subterraneous fires, which uniting their flames, necessarily put into fervid motion the congregated vapours of its cells, which finding no immediate outlet, exert their utmost powers, till they force a way through whatever opposes them. He says also, that if the vapours be too weak to burst the barriers which retain them, all their efforts end in weak shocks, and hollow murmurs, without any fatal consequence.

Of all the solutions of the *Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea*, the most simple and ingenious, though afterwards found by observation to be inadequate, is that o. Descartes, who supposes a vortex of subtile matter, of an elliptic form, to invest our globe, and compress it on all sides. The moon, according to this philosopher, is immerged in this elliptic vortex, and when at its greatest elongation from the earth, it makes less impression upon the circumambient ethereal matter; but when it comes to the narrowest part of the ellipse, gives such an impulse to the atmosphere, as puts the whole ocean in agitation. He supports his system by this remark, that the ebbing and flowing of the sea generally coincides with the irregularity of the moon's course.

The opinion of Kepler and Newton is more conformable to observation, and is founded on this hypothesis—that the moon attracts the waters of the sea, diminishing the weight of those parts of it over whose zenith it comes, and increasing the weight of the collateral parts, so that the parts directly opposite to the moon, and under it in the same hemisphere, must become more elevated than the rest. According to this system, the action of the sun concurs with that of the moon, in occasioning the tides; which are higher or lower respectively, according to the situation o those two luminaries, which, when in conjunction, act in concert, raising the tides to the greatest height; and when in opposition, produce nearly the same effect, in swelling the waters of the opposite hemispheres; but when in quadrature, suspend each other's force, so as to act only by the difference of their powers; and thus the tides vary, according to the different positions of the sun and moon

The Cartesian method of solution has been indicated by Pytheas Massiliensis, who observes, that the tides, in their increase and decrease, follow the irregular course of the moon; and by Seleucus of Erythrea, the mathematician, who ascribing to the earth a rotation about its axis, imputes the cause of tides to the activity of the earth's vortex, in conjunction with that of the moon.

Pliny's account has more affinity to that of sir Isaac Newton. The great naturalist of the ancients maintained, that "the sun and moon had a reciprocal share in causing the tides:" and after a course of observations for many years, he remarked, that "the moon acted most forcibly upon the waters when it was nearest to the earth; but that the effect was not immediately perceived by us, but at such an interval as may well take place between the action of celestial causes, and the discernible result of them on earth." He remarked also, that the waters, which are naturally inert, do not swell up immediately upon the conjunction of the sun and moon; but having gradually admitted the impulse, and begun to raise themselves, continue in that elevation, even after the conjunction is over.

There are few things which have more engaged the attention of naturalists, and with less success, than the wonderful properties of the *Loadstone*. Almost all have agreed in affirming that there are corpuscles of a peculiar form and energy that continually circulate around and through the loadstone, and that a vortex of the same matter circulates around and through the earth. Upon these suppositions Descartes and others have advanced, that the loadstone has two poles similar to those of the earth; and that the magnetic matter which issues at one of the poles, and circulates around to enter at the other, occasions that impulse which brings iron to the loadstone, whose small corpuscles have an analogy to the pores of iron, fitting them to lay hold of it, but not of other bodies.

All this the ancients had said before. The impulsive force which joins iron to the loadstone, and other things to *Amber*, was known to Plato; though he would not call it attraction, as allowing no such cause in nature. This philosopher called the magnet the stone of Hercules, because it subdued iron, which conquers every thing.

Descartes's idea of his explanation was doubtless derived from Lucretius, who admitted, that there was a "vortex of corpuscles, or magnetic matter, which, continually circulating around the loadstone, repelled the intervening air betwixt itself and the iron. The air thus repelled, the intervening space became a vacuum; and the iron, finding no resistance, approached with an impulsive force, pushed on by the air behind it."

Plutarch likewise is of the same opinion. He says, that "amber attracts none of those things that are brought to it, any more than the loadstone, but emits a matter, which reflects the circumambient air, and thereby forms a void. The expelled air puts in motion the air before it, which making a circle, returns to the void space, driving before it, towards the loadstone, the iron which it meets in its way." He then proposes a difficulty, to wit, "why the vortex which circulates around the loadstone does not make its way to wood or stone, as well as iron?" He answers, like Descartes, that "the pores of iron have an analogy to the particles of the vortex circulating about the loadstone, which yields them such access as they can find in no other bodies, whose pores are differently formed."

Certain authors report, that the properties of the loadstone, particularly its tendency towards the north pole, enabled the ancients to undertake long voyages; and they pretend, that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians, employed the compass to guide them in their naval excursions; though afterwards they lost the use of it, just as they did of dying purple,* and of embroidering, and of composing bricks, and a cement able to resist the force of all weathers; arts, without all doubt, formerly well known to them. Pineda and Kircher affirm likewise, that Solomon knew the use of the compass, and that his subjects steered their course by it in sailing to the land of Ophir. There is also a passage of Plautus† produced, wherein it is alleged he speaks of the compass. There is not however a single passage in the ancients that directly supports these pretensions.‡

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* We may with exactness determine what the true colour was of the purple of the ancients, by attending to two passages of Pliny, wherein he says, that the whole aim of the Tyrians and Phœnicians, in bringing their purple to the utmost perfection, was to render it in colour as like as possible to the oriental amethyst. Plin. Hist. Natur. lib. ix. c. 38 & 41, et lib. xxxvii. c. 9.

† Hùc secundus ventus nunc est; cape modò Vorsorian.,

Stasime; cape Vorsorian., recipe te ad Herum.

‡ With respect to what was known to the ancients, and of which we still are ignorant, recourse may be had to Pancirolus *de rebus Deperditis*, particularly to his first book, chap. i. 35, 36, 39, respecting the colour of purple, the ductility of glass, and the effects of the ancient music. See especially Dion. Cassius's History, in Tiber. lib. lvii. p. 617. E. Plin. lib. xxxvi. c. 26, &c. Isidor. de Originib. lib. xvi. c. 15, respecting the ductility of glass.

It is scarcely credible, that the real cause of *Electricity* was known to the ancients, and yet there are indications of it in the work of Timæus Locrensis, concerning the soul of the world.

The moderns are also divided in their sentiments, as to how it happens that *Rivers*, continually flowing into the sea, do not swell the mass of waters, so as to make it overflow its banks. One of the solutions of this difficulty is, that rivers return again to their source by subterraneous passages or canals; and that there is, between the sea and the springs of rivers, a circulation analogous to that of blood in the human body. This solution, however, is the same as Seneca's, who accounts for their not overflowing the bed of the ocean, by imagining secret passages, which reconduct them to their springs; and because, at their springs, they retain nothing of that brackishness which they carried with them from the sea, he supposes they are filtrated in their circuit through winding paths, and layers of every soil, so that they must needs return to their source as pure and sweet as they departed thence.

FILEY, YORKSHIRE.

Haddock Legend, and Herring Fishery.

For the Table Book.

At Filey a singular range of rock, said to resemble the celebrated mole of Tangiers, extends from the cliff a considerable way into the sea, and is called Filey bridge. It is covered by the sea at high tide, but may be traversed for upwards of a quarter of a mile at low water. From the farther end a distant, but, in fine weather, a distinct view may be had of Scarborough and the Castle on the one hand, and of Flamborough-head and the Lighthouse, with an extensive stretch of lofty chalk-stone cliff, on the other. When the wind is from the north-east the waves break over it majestically, and may be seen rising up in foamy spray to a great distance, producing an imposing and awful appearance. From its singularity there is no wonder that the credulous, the superstitious, and the vulgar, who have always had a propensity to attach something of the marvellous to whatever is extraordinary, should have made this ridge an object from which to form a story.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you, as well as many of the readers of the *Table Book*, may have seen the haddock at different times, and observed the black marks on its sides. But do you know, sir, how the haddock came by these said marks? The legendary tale of Filey says, that the devil in one of his mischievous pranks determined to build Filey bridge for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen, but that in the progress of his work he accidentally let fall his hammer into the sea, and being in haste to snatch it back caught a haddock, and thereby made the imprint, which the whole species retains to this day.

The village of Filey is seated in a small and beautiful bay. The settled inhabitants depend chiefly on the fishery, which is carried on with success to a considerable extent, although of late years a few good houses have been built, and several respectable families have resorted thither during the season, for the purpose of sea-bathing, for which the beach is well adapted. The church is in the form of a cross, with a steeple in the middle, and bears some resemblance to an ancient cathedral in miniature; it stands at a distance from the village, being divided by a deep ravine, which forms the boundary of partition between the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire; the church consequently stands in the former, and the village in the latter of the two Ridings.

T. C.

Bridlington, Sept. 27, 1827.

Since the foregoing was written I have been at Filey, and was there informed that in the month of September, yearly, about ninety men, sometimes accompanied by their wives and children, leave this village for the herring fishery at Yarmouth. Previously to their setting out for the fishing station they send a piece of sea-beef on shore from each boat to such of their friends at the public-houses as they wish "*weel teea*;" this occasions "a bit of a supper," at which those who are going away and those who stay meet to enjoy good cheer, heightened with mutual good-will.

October 11, 1827. T. C.

PISCATORIA.

Lucan, the Roman poet, makes a beautiful digression to paint the happy life of a fisherman. In plain prose it will read in this manner:—

News (says he) was brought to Cæsar, at a late hour, that Pompey was up in arms in Calabria, ready to dispute with him the

sovereignty of the world; perplexed in mind, he knew not for a while what steps best to pursue, when, stealing from the arms of his Calphornia, he cast his mantle about him, and through the gloom of midnight hastened alone to the mouth of the Tiber, and coming to the cabin of Amilcas the fisherman, struck thrice with his arm upon the door of the slumberer. "Arise, Amilcas," said Cæsar, in a subdued tone. The fisherman and his family, without care, were reposing on their beds of sheepskins. Amilcas knew the voice of Cæsar, and threw open his wicket to receive his master. "Come away, Amilcas," cried the emperor, "launch your boat with all speed, and bear me to Calabria; Pompey is there in arms against me while I am absent; hasten then, and ask what thou wilt of Cæsar." The night was dark, and the elements were at war with each other; but by the strength, courage, and judgment of the boatman, Cæsar was soon landed on the shore of Calabria.—"And now, Amilcas," rejoined the mighty chief, "make thy demand." "Grant me then," replied the fisherman, "that I may return the way I came to my peaceful family; for at daybreak should they not see me spreading my nets upon the beach, as they are wont, their faithful bosoms will be rent with sorrow."—"Go," replied the Roman chief, "thou humble, modest man, and never let it be forgotten that Cæsar is thy friend."

INCREDIBLE LIARS

The French papers in the autumn of 1821 mention, that a man named Desjardins was tried, on his own confession, as an accomplice with Louvel, the assassin of the duke de Berri. But, on his defence, Desjardins contended that his confession ought not to be believed, because he was so notorious for falsehood, that nobody in the world would give credit to a word he said. In support of this, he produced a host of witnesses, his friends and relatives, who all swore that the excessive bad character he had given of himself was true, and he was declared "not guilty."

This case parallels with a similar instance some years before in Ireland. A man was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock that he was guilty; but the jury pronounced him by their verdict "not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed, "Good God, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare that he was guilty?" The foreman said, "We did, my lord, and that was the very reason we acquitted him, *for we knew the fellow* to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

For the Table Book.

HEBREW MELODY,

A Portuguese Hymn.

How blest is the mortal who never reposes
In seat of the scorner, nor roams o'er the ground,
Where Pleasure is strewing her thorn-covered roses,
And waving her gay silken banners around.

Who worships his Maker when evening is throwing
Her somberest shadows o'er mountain and lea;
And kneels in devotion when daylight is glowing,
And gilding the waves of the dark rolling sea.

He shall be like a tree on the calm river waving,
That riseth all glorious all lovely to view,
Whose deeply fix'd root the pure waters are laving,
Whose boughs are enriched with the kindliest dew.

Not so the ungodly! his fate shall resemble
The chaff by autumnal winds wafted away;
And when life's fading lamp in its socket shall tremble,
Shall look to the judgment with fear and dismay!

T. Q. M.

Ivy Cottage, Grassington in Craven, October 21, 1827.

FACTITIA.

For the Table Book.

"Where is my Thermometer?"

In a certain town a certain military gentleman regulates his dress by a thermometer, which is constantly suspended at the back door of his house. Some wicked wag once stole the instrument, and left in its place the following lines:—

When ———n to Tartarus got,
That huge and warm gasometer!
"Good lord!" quoth he, "how wondrous hot!
O, where is my thermometer!"

Degradation of a Degree.

"Why," said our friend T. Q. M. to Sally Listen, an old inhabitant of Wensleydale, "why do you call Mr. ———, *doctor*, when he has no title to such an appellation? he is only a quack!"—"Why," said Sally, "I'll call him naught else. What mun a body *mister* sic chaps as him for? *Doctor*'s good enough for sic blacks!"

Source of the Ravensbourne.

On Keston Heath wells up the Ravensbourne,
A crystal rillet, scarce a palm in width,
Till creeping to a bed, outspread by art,
It sheets itself across, reposing there:
Thence, through a thicket, sinuous it flows,
And crossing meads, and footpaths, gath'ring tribute,
Due to its elder birth, from younger branches,
Wanders, in Hayes and Bromley, Beckenham vale,
And straggling Lewisham, to where Deptford Bridge
Uprises in obeisance to its flood,
Whence, with large increase it rolls on, to swell
The master current of the "mighty heart"
Of England.

*

Before I had seen Keston I heard, at West Wickham, that it had been the site of a Roman camp, and that a Roman bath was still there. It was from curiosity towards this piece of antiquity that I first visited the spot, in company with my friend W—. The country people, whom we met on our way, spoke of it as the "Old Bath," and the "Cold Bath," and as a water of great virtue, formerly bathed in, and still resorted to, by persons afflicted with weak or sprained limbs, which by dipping in this bath became cured.

Our walk from Wickham was remarkably pleasant; we passed noble oaks of many centuries' growth, and descended from the broad open highway into an old road on our left, a ravine, or intrenchment perchance, clothed with tendril plants and blossoming briars, festooning and arching over wild flowers growing amid the verdure of its high banks. Here we paced up hill, till we reached an open, lofty tract of heathland, in a rude, uncultivated, picturesque state, with a few houses in distant parts, surrounded by thriving plantations. On our left were the woodlands of the pleasant village of Hayes, remarkable for having been the seat of the great earl of Chatham, and the birthplace of his well-remembered

son. on our right were the heights of Holwood, and fine forest scenery. Near a cluster of cottages immediately before us there was a mill, with its sails going; these we scarcely glanced at, but made our way to an old alehouse, the sign of the Fox, where an ancient labourer, sitting at the door, directed us to "the Bath." We found it in a romantic little bottom, immediately under the gates of Holwood.

The delightful landscape, from the opening of this dell towards London and beyond it, so much engaged our attention, that for a while we forgot the "Bath," on the brink of which we were standing. There is no appearance of its having been a bathing-place, and certainly it has not the least character of a Roman bath. It is simply a well of fine pellucid water, which gently overflowing threads a small winding channel in the herbage, and suddenly expands, till it seems bounded by an embankment and line of trees. This is the road to the pleasant inn "Keston Cross." In the distance are the Kentish and Essex hills, with the dome of the metropolitan cathedral. Presuming that information respecting the spring might be obtained at Holwood we reascended, and inquired of several labourers employed in levelling and gravelling the avenue; but we derived nothing satisfactory till a Keston man, working at a distance, came up, and told us that it was the source of the Ravensbourne.

I had formerly heard and read of a tradition respecting this spring, and now that I unexpectedly found myself upon its margin, recollection of the story heightened the interest of the scene. The legend runs, that when Cæsar was encamped here his troops were in great need of water, and none could be found in the vicinity. Observing, however, that a raven frequently alighted near the camp, and conjecturing that it was for the purpose of quenching its thirst, he ordered the coming of the bird to be watched for, and the spot to be particularly noted; this was done, and the result was as he anticipated. The object of the raven's resort was this little spring; from thence Cæsar derived a supply of water for the Roman legions, and from the circumstance of its discovery the spring was called the Raven's bourne, or the Raven's brook. From the lodge at Holwood, W. obtained the loan of a chair, and taking his seat on the brink of the well, sketched the view represented in his engraving of it above.

If the account of Holwood* in 1792 be correct, this spring, there called "Cæsar's Spring," was then a public cold bath, ornamented with trees, and a dressing-house on the brink. Hasted, in 1778,* gives a view of the Roman intrenchments on Holwood Hill, and figures the ancient road to the spring of the Ravensbourne, as running down to it from where Holwood gates now stand: he also figures the spring with twelve trees planted round it. Now, however, there is not a vestige of tree or building, but there are in the ground the stumps of a poled fencing, which was standing within recollection. On further examination I found the well bricked round, but the bricks at the top edge had decayed, or been thrown in; and the interior brickwork is lined with hair moss and other water-weeds. On the side opposite to that whereon a man is represented in the engraving, I traced the remains of steps for descending into the well as a bath. Its circle is about nine feet in diameter. At what time it commenced, or ceased, to be used as a bath, is uncertain.

Here, then, about twelve miles from London, in a delightful country, is a spring, rendered venerable by immemorial tradition and our ancient annals; and which, during eighteen centuries, from the time of its alleged discovery by Cæsar, has remained open to general use. Sorry therefore am I to add, that there are rumours of a wish to *enclose* this public relic of bygone ages. I invite public attention to the place and to the report. Even at this season the lover of natural scenery will find charms at the source of the Ravensbourne, and be able to imagine the beauty of the surrounding country in summer. Had I a right of common on Keston Heath, rather than assist in a base "homage," to colourably admit the enclosure of "Cæsar's Spring," I would surrender my own right, and renounce community and neighbourhood with the heartless hirelings, who would defraud themselves and the public of the chief attraction to Keston Common. At so small a distance from London I know of nothing so remarkable in history as this spring. On no pretence ought the public to be deprived of it. There are rights of nature as well as of property: when the claims of the latter are urged too pertinaciously against the former, it is time to cry out; and if middle men do not interfere to prevent the oppression, they will, in their turn, cry aloud when there will be none to help them.

* In col. 626.

* History of Kent, folio, vol. i. 129.

Garrick Plays.

No. XLII.

[From "Thyestes," a Tragedy, by John Crowne, 1681.]

Atreus, having recovered his Wife, and Kingdom, from his brother Thyestes, who had usurped both, and sent him into banishment, describes his offending Queen.

Atreus (solus). —— still she lives;
'Tis true, in heavy sorrow: so she ought,
If she offended as I fear she has.
Her hardships, though, she owes to her own choice.
I have often offer'd her my useless couch;
For what is it to me? I never sleep:
But for her bed she uses the hard floor.
My table is spread for her; I never eat:
And she'll take nothing but what feeds her grief.

Philisthenes, the Son of Thyestes, at a stolen interview with Antigone, the daughter of Atreus, is surprised by the King's Spies: upon which misfortune Antigone swooning, is found by Peneus.

Antigone. Peneus, an ancient retainer to the Court of Mycenæ.

Peneus. Ha! what is she that sleeps in open air?
Indeed the place is far from any path,
But what conducts to melancholy thoughts;
But those are beaten roads about this Court.
Her habit calls her, Noble Grecian Maid;
But her sleep says, she is a stranger here.
All birds of night build in this Court, but Sleep;
And Sleep is here made wild with loud complaints,
And flies away from all. I wonder how
This maid has brought it to her lure so tame.
Antigone. (waking from her swoon). Oh my Philisthenes!
Peneus. She wakes to moan;
Aye, that's the proper language of this place!
Antigone. My dear, my poor Philisthenes!
I know 'tis so! oh horror! death! hell! oh—
Peneus. I know her now; 'tis fair Antigone,
The daughter and the darling of the King.
This is the lot of all this family.*
Beauteous Antigone, thou know'st me well;
I am old Peneus, one who threescore years
Has loved and serv'd thy wretched family.
Impart thy sorrows to me; I perhaps
In my wide circle of experience
May find some counsel that may do thee good.
Antigone. O good old man! how long have you been here?
Peneus. I came but now.
Antigone. O did you see this way
Poor young Philisthenes? you know him well.
Peneus. Thy uncle's son, Thyestes' eldest son—
Antigone. The same, the same—
Peneus. No; all the Gods forbid
I should meet him so near thy father's Court.
Antigone. O he was here one cursed minute past.
Peneus. What brought him hither?
Antigone. Love to wretched me.
Our warring fathers never ventured more
For bitter hate than we for innocent love.
Here but a minute past the dear youth lay,
Here in this brambly cave lay in my arms;
And now he is seized! O miserable me—*(tears her hair.)*
Peneus. Why dost thou rend that beauteous ornament?
In what has it offended? hold thy hands
Antigone. O father, go and plead for the poor youth;
No one dares speak to the fierce King but you—
Peneus. And no one near speaks more in vain than I;
He spurns me from his presence like a dog.
Antigone. Oh, then—
Peneus. She faints, she swoons, I frighten'd her,
Oh I spake indiscretely. Daughter, child,
Antigone, I'll go, indeed I'll go.
Antigone. There is no help for me in heav'n or earth.
Peneus. There is, there is; despair not, sorrowful maid,
All will be well. I'm going to the King,
And will with pow'rful reasons bind his hands;
And something in me says I shall prevail.
But to whose care shall I leave thee the while?—
For oh! I dare not trust thee to thy grief.
Antigone. I'll be disposed of, father, as you please,
Till I receive the blest or dreadful doom.
Peneus. Then come, dear daughter, lean upon my arm,
Which old and weak is stronger yet than thine;
Thy youth hath known more sorrow than my age.
I never hear of grief, but when I'm here;
But one day's diet here of sighs and tears
Returns me elder home by many years.

Atreus, to entrap his brother Thyestes; who has lived a concealed life, lurking in woods, to elude his vengeance; sends Philisthenes and old Peneus to him with offers of reconciliation, and an invitation to Court, to be present at the nuptials of Antigone with Philisthenes.

Thyestes. Philisthenes. Peneus.

Thy. Welcome to my arms,
My hope, my comfort! Time has roll'd about
Several months since I have seen thy face,
And in its progress has done wond'rous things.
Phil. Strange things indeed to chase you to this sad
Dismal abode; nay, and to age, I think:
I see that winter thrusting itself forth
Long, long before its time, in silver hairs.
Thy. My fault, my son; I would be great and high;
Snow lies in summer on some mountain tops.
Ah, Son! I'm sorry for thy noble youth,
Thou hast so bad a father; I'm afraid,
Fortune will quarrel with thee for my sake.
Thou wilt derive unhappiness from me,
Like an hereditary ill disease.

* The descendants of Tantalus.

Phil. Sir, I was born, when you were innocent;
And all the ill you have contracted since,
You have wrought out by painful penitence;
For healthy joy returns to us again;
Nay, a more vigorous joy than e'er we had.
Like one recover'd from a sad disease,
Nature for damage pays him double cost,
And gives him fairer flesh than e'er he had.

Thyestes is won from his retirement by the joint representations of Philisthenes and Peneus, of the apparent good faith, and returning kindness of his brother; and visits Myeenæ:—his confidence; his returning misgivings.

Thyestes. Philisthenes. Peneus.

Thy. O wondrous pleasure to a banish'd man,
I feel my loved long look'd-for native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travell'd toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the Gods
Whither for sacred pleasures they retire;
Sacred because you are the work of Gods;
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent:
And the proud city which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs;
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!
Phil. O joyful sound!
Thy. But with them Atreus too—
Phil. What ails my father, that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?
Thy. Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desart, and well-seated caves;
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge: no villainy
Lies in the prospect of an humble cave.
Pen. Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him?
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind.
Thy. The Gods for all our safety put them there.—
Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths?
I cannot stem the vengeance of the Gods.
Thy. Here are no Gods: they've left this dire abode.
Pen. True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starved.
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

The day of the pretended Nuptials.—Atreus feigns a returning love for his Queen.

Ærope. O this is too much joy for me to bear:
You build new palaces on broken walls.
Atreus. Come, let our new-born pleasures breathe sweet air;
This room's too vile a cabinet for gold.
Then leave for ever, Love, this doleful place,
And leave behind thee all thy sorrows here;
And dress thyself as this great day requires.
'Twill be thy daughter's nuptials; and I dream'd,
The Sun himself would be asham'd to come,
And be a guest in his old tarnish'd robe:
But leave my Court,* to enlighten all the globe.—

Peneus to Atreus, dissuading him from his horrid purpose.

Pen. Fear you not men or Gods?
Atr. The fear of Gods ne'er came in Pelops' House
Pen. Think you there are no Gods?
Atr. I find all things
So false, I am sure of nothing but of wrongs.—

Atreus. Thyestes.

A Table, and a Banquet.

Atr. Come, brother, sit.
Thy. May not Philisthenes
Sit with us, Sir?
Atr. He waits upon the Bride.
A deeper bowl. This to the Bridegroom's health.
Thy. This to the Gods for this most joyful day.—
Now to the Bridegroom's health.
Atr. This day shall be
To Argos an eternal festival.
Thy. Fortune and I to day both try our strengths.
I have quite tired her left-hand Misery;
She now relieves it with her right-hand Joy,
Which she lays on me with her utmost force;
But both shall be too weak for my strong spirit.
Atr. (aside). So, now my engines of delight have screw'd
The monster to the top of arrogance;
And now he's ready for his deadly fall.
Thy. O these extremes of misery and joy
Measure the vast extent of a man's soul.
My spirit reaches Fortune's East and West.
She has oft set and ris'n here; yet cannot get
Out of the vast dominion of my mind.—
Ho! my proud vaunting has a sudden check;
See, from my head my crown of roses falls;
My hair, tho' almost drown'd beneath sweet oils,
With strange and sudden horrors starts upright:
Something I know not what bids me not eat;
And what I have devour'd† within me groans;
I fain would tear my breast to set it free;—
And I have catch'd the eager thirst of tears,
Which all weak spirits have in misery.
I, who in banishment ne'er wept, weep now.

* A hint of the dreadful banquet which he meditates, at which the Sun is said to have turned away his horses.

† The mangled limbs of his son Philisthenes, which Atreus has set before him.

Atr. Brother, regard it not; 'tis fancy all.
Misery, like night, is haunted with ill spirits,
And spirits leave not easily their haunts;
'Tis said, sometimes they'll impudently stand
A flight of beams from the forlorn of day,
And scorn the crowing of the sprightly cocks:—
Brother, 'tis morning with our pleasure yet.
Nor has the sprightly wine crow'd oft enough.
See in great flagons at full length it sleeps,
And lets these melancholy thoughts break in
Upon our weaker pleasures. Rouse the wine,
And bid him chase these fancies hence for shame.
Fill up that reverend unvanquish'd Bowl,
Who many a giant in his time has fallen,
And many a monster; Hercules not more.

Thy. If he descends into my groaning breast,
Like Hercules, he will descend to hell—

Atr. And he will vanquish all the monsters there.
Brother, your courage with this Hero try;
He o'er our House has reign'd two hundred years,
And he's the only king shall rule you here.

Thy. What ails me, I cannot heave it to my lips?

Atr. What, is the bowl too heavy?

Thy. No; my heart.

Atr. The wine will lighten it.

Thy. The wine will not
Come near my lips.

Atr. Why should they be so strange?
They are near a-kin.

Thy. A-kin?

Atr. As possible; father and son not nearer.

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Does not good wine beget good blood?

Thy. 'Tis true.

Atr. Your lips then and the wine may be a-kin.
Off with your kindred wine; leave not a drop
To die alone, bewilder'd in that bowl.
Help him to heave it to his head; that's well.

(Thyestes drinks. A clap of thunder. The lights go out.)

Thy. What pond'rous crimes pull heav'n upon our heads?
Nature is choak'd with some vast villainy,
And all her face is black.

Atr. Some lights, some lights.

Thy. The sky is stunn'd, and reels 'twixt night and day;
Old Chaos is return'd.

Atr. It is to see
A young One born, more dreadful than herself;
That promises great comfort to her age,
And to restore her empire.

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Confusion I have in thy bowels made.

Thy. Dire thoughts, like Furies, break into my mind
With flaming brands, and shew me what he means.
Where is Philisthenes?

Atr. Ask thy own bowels:
Thou heard'st them groan; perhaps they now will speak.

Thy. Thou hast not, Tyrant—what I dare not ask?

Atr. I kill'd thy Son, and thou hast drunk his blood.

C. L.

For the Table Book.

THEATRALIA.

Tom Durfey

Once got fifty guineas (according to tradition) for singing a single song to queen Anne in ridicule of "the princess Sophia, electress and duchess dowager of Hanover," (as she is called in the oath of allegiance,) naturally no great favourite with the then reigning monarch. The only lines of this satirical production that have come down to us are the following; and, until now, only the two first of the stanza have been preserved by Durfey's biographers:—

"The crown's far too weighty
For shoulders of eighty;
She could not sustain such a trophy;
Her hand, too, already
Has grown so unsteady
She can't hold a sceptre;
So Providence kept her
Away.—Poor old Dowager Sophy."

"Merry Tom" had sung before the king in the former reign, and Charles II., as is well known, was very fond of his company.

Liston's Marriage.

The following got into circulation just after Mr. Liston was united to Miss Tyrer but never was published:—

Liston has married Fanny Tyrer:
He must, like all the town, admire her,
A pretty actress, charming voice!
But some, astonish'd at his choice
Of one, compar'd with him, so small
She scarcely seem'd a wife at all,
Express'd their wonder: his reply
Show'd that he had "good reason why."—
"We needs must when the devil drives;
And since all married men say, wives
Are of created things the worst,
I was resolv'd I would be curst
With one as small as I could get her,
The smaller, as I thought, the better.
I need not fear to lay my fist on,
Whene'er 'tis needed, Mrs. Liston:
And since, 'like heathen Jew or Carib,
I like a *rib*, but not a *spare-rib*,
I got one broad as she is long—
Go and do better, if I'm wrong."

Charles Jennens, Esq.

One of the most singular characters of his day was Charles Jennens, Esq., a sort of literary Bubb Doddington. Being born to a good estate, from his boyhood he was ridiculously fond of show and pomp, and

his style of writing was of a piece with his style of living. It has been said, that he put together the words of Handel's "Messiah:" that he had something to do with them is true; but he had a secretary of the name of Pooley, a poor clergyman, who executed the principal part of the work, and, till now, has obtained no part of the credit. Charles Jennens, Esq. took it into his head, (perhaps the most rational notion he had ever indulged,) that the majority of Shakspeare's commentators were mere twaddling antiquaries, without taste or talent; but he adopted an unfortunate way of proving it: he himself published an edition of *Hamlet, Lear, Othello,* and one or two more tragedies. He was of course laughed at for his attempt, and George Steevens tried to show a little of the wit, for which his friends gave him credit, and of the ill-nature for which he deserved it. Jennens published a pamphlet in reply, the greater part his own writing, which for years was his delight and solace: his poor secretary used to have the task of reading it from beginning to end, whenever his patron called for it, on giving an entertainment to his friends. Jennens commented, explained, and enforced, as he proceeded. In some of the biographical accounts of this personage it is asserted gravely, that for some time after the appearance of this tract he carefully looked over the newspapers every day, to learn if the success and severity of his attack had not compelled Dr. Johnson, Malone, Steevens, or Warburton, to hang themselves. This depends upon the following epigram, written at the time, and now only existing in MS., but which obtained a wide circulation, and is attributed, perhaps correctly, to Steevens. The only objection to this supposition is, that if it had been Steevens's it is strange how his vanity could keep it out of the public prints, though after all it possesses but little merit:—

"After Mister Charles Jennens produc'd his *Defence*,
He saw all the papers at Martyr's,
To learn if the critics had had the good sense
To hang themselves in their own garters.
He thought they could never out-live it. The sot
Is ready *to hang himself*, 'cause they have *not*."

When we called Jennens a literary Bubb Doddington, we ought to have remembered that Doddington had talents, but Jennens had none.

Elliston's Epigram.

The following has been handed about as from the pen of Mr. Elliston, now of the Surrey theatre. It may be his or it may not, but whichever way the fact be, it can do him no harm to publish it. The point is in the Greek Anthology, though we do not suppose that Mr. E. went there for it.

The best Wine.

"What wine do you esteem the first,
And like above the rest?"
Ask'd Tom—said Dick—"My own is worst,
My friend's is always best."

Sir John Hill

Was a Polish knight and an English physician, more celebrated by Garrick's epigrams than by his own dramatic compositions, consisting of two farces, *The Maiden's Whim* and *The Rout*. He wrote books enough on all subjects "to build his own papyral monument," if the grocers and trunk-makers had not committed such havoc among them, even before his death. That event was produced by taking his own remedy for the gout, and it is thus commemorated.

On the Death of Doctor Hill.

"Poor Doctor Hill is dead!"—"Good lack!
Of what disorder?"—"An attack
Of gout.'—"Indeed! I thought that he
Had found a wondrous remedy."—
"Why so he had, and when he tried
He found it true—*the Doctor died!*"

GOUT.

The contest among medical men for the most proper mode of curing this complaint cannot but produce a smile, when we recollect that the afflicted have recourse to various and opposite remedies with success.

We have heard of a man who would find his pains alleviated by drinking a wine-glass full of verjuice, while a table-spoonful of wine would torture him almost to distraction.

There were two counsellors, some years ago, who generally cured themselves in a very pleasant manner; one, who was accustomed to drink water constantly, would cure himself by drinking wine; and the other, who invariably took his bottle or more of wine a day, was constantly cured by the use of water.

Others, by living on a milk diet only, have entirely cured themselves.

Some years ago there was a man in Italy who was particularly successful in the cure

of the gout: his mode was to make his patients sweat profusely, by obliging them to go up and down stairs, though with much pain to themselves.

A quack in France acquired great reputation for the cure of this malady, by the use of a medicine he called "Tincture of the Moon," of which he administered some drops every morning in a basin of broth. It was never used by any but the richest persons; for the price of a bottle full, not larger than a common sized smelling bottle, was eighty louis d'ors. Furetiere mentions this quack, and says he possessed many valuable secrets. He adds, that the surprising cures, to which he was witness, by the "Tincture of the Moon," astonished all the faculty at Paris. The operation of this medicine was insensible.

Stories
OF THE
Craven Dales.

No. II.*

He had been in Yorkshire dales,
Amid the winding scars;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath a little patch of sky,
And little patch of stars.—WORDSWORTH.

THE LEGEND OF THE TROLLER'S GILL.

On the steep fell's height shone the fair moonlight,
And its beams illum'd the dale,
And a silvery sheen cloth'd the forest green,
Which sigh'd to the moaning gale.

From Burnsal's tower the midnight hour
Had toll'd, and its echo was still,
And the elfin band, from faërie land,
Was upon Elbôton hill.

'Twas silent all, save the waters' fall,
That with never ceasing din,
Roar and rush, and foam and gush,
In Loupscar's troubled linn.

From his cot he stept, while the household slept,
And he carroll'd with boist'rous glee,
But he ne hied to the green hill's side,
The faerie train to see.

He went not to roam with his own dear mate
Along by a pine-clad scar,
Nor sing a lay to his ladye love,
'Neath the light of the polar star.

The Troller, I ween, was a fearless wight,
And, as legends tell, could hear
The night winds rave, in the Knave Knoll cave,*
Withouten a sign of fear.

And whither now are his footsteps bent?
And where is the Troller bound?
To the horrid gill of the limestone hill,
To call on the Spectre Hound!

And on did he pass, o'er the dew-bent grass,
While the sweetest perfumes fell,
From the blossoming of the trees which spring
In the depth of that lonely dell.

Now before his eyes did the dark gill rise,
No moon-ray pierced its gloom,
And his steps around did the waters sound
Like a voice from a haunted tomb.

And there as he stept, a shuddering crept
O'er his frame, scarce known to fear,
For he once did dream, that the sprite of the stream
Had loudly called—FORBEAR!

An aged yew in the rough cliffs grew,
And under its sombre shade
Did the Troller rest, and with charms unblest,
He a magic circle made.

Then thrice did he turn where the streamers burn,†
And thrice did he kiss the ground,
And with solemn tone, in that gill so lone,
He call'd on the Spectre Hound!

And a burning brand he clasp'd in his hand,
And he nam'd a potent spell,
That, for Christian ear it were sin to hear,
And a sin for a bard to tell.‡

And a whirlwind swept by, and stormy grew the sky,
And the torrent louder roar'd,
While a hellish flame, o'er the Troller's stalwart frame
From each cleft of the gill was pour'd.

And a dreadful thing from the cliff did spring,
And its wild bark thrill'd around—
Its eyes had the glow of the fires below—
'Twas the form of the Spectre Hound!

* * *

When on Rylstonne's height glow'd the morning light,
And, borne on the mountain air,
The Priories§ bell did the peasants tell
'Twas the chanting of matin prayer.

By peasant men, where the horrid glen
Doth its rugged jaws expand,
A corse was found, where a dark yew frown'd,
And marks were imprest on the dead man's breast—
But they seem'd not by mortal hand.

* * *

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* For No. I., see the "Banquet of the Dead."

* A cave near Thorp.
† The Northern Lights. These beautiful meteors have been very vivid and frequent of late.
‡ These two lines are from a German ballad.
§ Bolton Priory.

In the evening calm a funeral psalm
Slowly stole o'er the woodland scene—
The harebells wave on a new-made grave
In "Burnsall's church-yard green."

That funeral psalm in the evening calm,
Which echo'd the dell around,
Was his, o'er whose grave blue harebells wave,
Who call'd on the Spectre Hound!

The above ballad is founded on a tradition, very common amongst the mountains of Craven. The spectre hound is *Bargest*. Of this mysterious personage I am able to give a very particular account, having only a few days ago seen Billy B——y, who had once a full view of it. I give the narrative in his own words; it would detract from its merit to alter the 'anguage.

Billy B——'s Adventure.

'You see, sir, as how I'd been a clock-dressing at Gurston [Grassington], and I'd staid rather lat, and may be gitten a lile sup o' spirit, but I war far from being drunk, and knowed every thing that passed. It war about 11 o'clock when I left, and it war at back end o't' year, and a most admirable [beautiful] neet it war. The moon war varra breet, and I nivver seed Rylstone-fell plainer in a' my life. Now, you see, sir, I war passin down t' mill loine, and I heerd summut come past me—brush, brush, brush, wi' chains rattling a' the while; but I seed nothing; and thowt I to mysel, now this is a most mortal queer thing. And I then stuid still, and luik'd about me, but I seed nothing at aw, nobbut the two stane wa's on each side o't' mill loine. Then I heerd again this brush, brush, brush, wi' the chains; for you see, sir, when I stuid still it stopped; and then, thowt I, this mun be a Bargest, that sae much is said about: and I hurried on towards t' wood brig, for they say as how this Bargest cannot cross a watter; but lord, sir, when I gat o'er t' brig, I heerd this same thing again; so it mud either hev crossed t' watter, *or gane round by t' spring heed!* [About thirty miles!] And then I becam a valliant man, for I war a bit freeten'd afore; and thinks I, I'll turn and hev a peep at this thing; so I went up Greet Bank towards Linton, and heerd this brush, brush, brush, wi' the chains a' the way, but I seed nothing; then it ceased all of a sudden. So I turned back to go hame, but I'd hardly reach'd t' door, when I heerd again this brush, brush, brush, and the chains going down towards t' Holin House, and I followed it, and the moon there shone varra breet, and *I seed its tail!* Then, thowt I, thou owd thing! I can say Ise seen thee now, so I'll away hame. When I gat to t' door, there war a girt thing like a sheep, but it war larger, ligging across t' threshold of t' door, and it war woolly like; and says I, 'git up,' and it wouldn't git up—then says I, 'stir thysel,' and it wouldn't stir itsel! And I grew valliant, and I rais'd t' stick to baste it wi', and then it luik'd at me, and sich oies! [eyes] they did glower, and war as big as saucers, and like a cruelled ball; first there war a red riag, then a blue one, then a white one; and these rings grew less and less *till they cam to a dot!* Now I war nane feer'd on it, tho' it girn'd at me fearfully, and I kept on saying 'git up,' and 'stir thysel,' and t' wife heerd as how I war at t' door, and she cam to oppen it; and then this thing gat up and walked off, *for it war mare feer'd o' t' wife than it war o' me!* and I told t' wife, and she said it war Bargest; but I nivver seed it since, and that's a true story!"

In the glossary to the Rev. Mr. Carr's "Horæ Momenta Cravenæ," I find the following—"*Bargest*, a sprite that haunts towns and populous places. Belg. *birg*, and *geest*, a ghost." I really am not a little amused at Mr. Carr's derivation, which is most erroneous. Bargest is not a *town* ghost, nor is it a haunter "of towns and populous places;" for, on the contrary, it is said in general to frequent small villages and *hills*. Hence the derivation may be *berg*, Germ. a *hill*, and *geist*, a ghost; i. e. a hill ghost: but the real derivation appears to me to be *bär*, Germ. a *bear*, and *geist*, a ghost; i. e. a bear ghost, from its appearing in the form of a bear or large dog, as Billy B——'s narrative shows.*

The appearance of the spectre hound is said to precede a death; which tradition will be more fully illustrated in my next legend, "The Wise Woman of Littondale." Like most other spirits Bargest is supposed to be unable to cross a water; and in case any of my Craven readers should ever chance to meet with his ghostship, it may be as well to say, that unless they give him the wall he will tear them to pieces, or otherwise illtreat them, as he did one John Lambert, who, refusing to let him have the

* That bears were common in Craven in ancient times is evident from one of our villages being called Barden, i. e. the bear's den. I consider this circumstance in favour of my derivation.—I. Q. M.

wall, was so punished for his want of manners, that he died in a few days.

This superstition has in one instance been productive of good. A few years ago an inhabitant of Threshfield kept a huge he-goat, which the wags of the village would sometimes turn into the lanes, in the night-time, with a chain about his neck, to frighten the farmers on their return from Kettlewell market. They once determined to terrify a badger, or miller, as he returned from the market, by driving the animal with the chains, &c. into the lane through which the man of meal was to pass. About ten o'clock the miller, on entering Threshfield with his cart, espies the goat; and hearing the chains, overwhelmed with terror, he conjectures it to be Bargest, that was sent to take him away for his dishonest dealings; the miller stops his cart, and kneeling down in it, thus prayed, to the great amusement of the young rogues behind the wall:—"Good Lord, don't let the devil take me this time, and I'll never cheat any more; do let me get safe home, and I'll never raise my meal again so extravagantly as I have done of late." He *did* get safe home, and was as good as his word till he discovered the trick, when he returned to his old malpractices; exemplifying the old epigram—

> "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
> The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

In the second verse of the legend of "The Troller's Gill," it is said,

> And the elfin band from faërie land
> Was upon Elboton hill.

Elboton is the largest of five or six very romantic green hills, that seem to have been formed by some tremendous convulsion of nature, at the foot of that fine chain of fells, which extends from Rylstone to Burnsall, and is said to have been, from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the haunt of faëries; numbers of these pretty little creatures having been seen there by several men of honour and *veracity* in this neighbourhood, one of whom *has had a faëry in his hand!* The elfin train has been visible in many parts of our district, but I know of no place they frequent more than Elboton. One of these diminutive beings, called Hob, is reputed to be a watchful preserver of the farmer's property, and a most industrious workman. At Close-house, near Skipton in Craven, Hob used to do as much work in one night as twenty human workmen could in the same time; and, as I have been informed by an individual, who resided there about twenty years ago, Hob was accustomed to house the hay, stack the corn, and churn the butter, as well as perform several other offices, which tended materially to lessen the labour of the husbandman and the dairy maid. The occupier of Close-house at that time, thinking to make Hob some return for his kindness and assiduity, laid out a new red cloak for him, which so offended the good faëry, that he ceased his labours, and left the place. On the spot where the cloak was left, the following stanza was found,

> Hob red coat, Hob red hood,
> Hob do you no harm, but no more good.*

Loupscar, alluded to in the third verse, is a place in the Wharfe near Burnsall, where the river is pent in with rocks, and boils along in a confined channel, and then discharges itself into a pool of tremendous depth, forming, as Dr. Whitaker says in his history, "a scene more dreadful than pleasing." The channel of the Wharfe is in general craggy, and the river abounds with similar vortices to Loupscar; the two most celebrated of which are the Gastrills above Grassington, and the Strid, in Bolton woods. The latter will be recognised by the poetical reader, as the fatal gulf where the Boy of Egremond was drowned, whose story Rogers has versified with such exquisite pathos.

"The Troller's Gill" is in Skyram pastures, beyond Appletreewick. I visited it a few days ago, when the torrent was considerably swollen by the recent heavy rains amongst the mountains. The roar of the water, the terrific grandeur of the over-hanging crags, and its loneliness, united to heighten the terrors of the place. To an inhabitant of London, the scene of the wolf's glen, in the Drury version of "Der Freischütz," may give some faint idea of it. Dr. Whitaker thought Troller's Gill "wanted the deep horror of Gordale," near Malham. There is certainly more sublimity and grandeur about Gordale; but as to horror, I think it nothing to "the Troller' Gill." This, however, is a matter of taste.

The last verses allude to the beautiful and ancient custom, still universally prevalent throughout our district, of chanting a solemn dirge at funerals, till the corpse reaches the church-yard gateway. I know of nothing more affecting to a stranger than to meet, at evening, a funeral train proceeding along one of our romantic vallies, while the neighbouring rocks are resonant with

* Mr. Story, of Gargrave, has written a beautiful [illegible] "Hob Hood".

the loud dirge sung by the friends of the departed. Long may this custom continue! Too many of our old customs fall into misuse by the ridicule thrown on them by dissenters, as being popish, &c.; but I am happy to say, that in Craven the dissenters are great encouragers of funeral dirges. In Mrs. Heman's sacred melody, "Last Rites," this stanza alludes to the practice:-

> By the chanted psalm that fills
> Reverently the ancient hills,
> Learn, that from his harvests done,
> Peasants bear a brother on
> To his last repose!

Grassington in Craven, T. Q. M.
Nov. 6, 1827.

THE SECOND SERIES OF

WHIMS AND ODDITIES,

WITH FORTY ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY THOMAS HOOD.

> "What demon hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning?"
> *Scriblerus.*

If I might be allowed to answer the question instead of Mr. Hood, I should say, that it is the same demon which provokes me to rush directly through his new volume in preference to half a dozen works, which order of time and propriety entitle to previous notice. This book detains me from my purposes, as a new print in a shop-window does a boy on his way to school; and, like him, at the risk of being found fault with for not minding my task, I would talk of the attractive novelty to wights of the same humour. It comes like good news, which nobody is ignorant of, and every body tells to every body, and sets business at a stand-still. It puts clean out of my head all thought of another engraving for the present sheet, though I know, good reader, that already "I *owe* you one"—perhaps two:—never mind! you shall have "*all* in good time;" if you don't, I'll give you leave to eat me. With such a tender, the most untender will, or ought to be, as content as "the blacks of Niger at its infant rill," seated at their "*white-bait*," the thirty-eighth *cut*—in Mr. Hood's book, very near "the end,"—a very inviting one to Shylock-kind of people, who have not

" ——seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
And then made free of negro corporations."—p. 149.

Mr. Hood begins—to be modest—with pleading guilty to what he calls "some verbal misdemeanours," and then, leaving "his defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and oriental *pun*dits," puts himself upon his country. But by whom is he arraigned, save a few highwaymen in the "march of intellect," who sagely affirm, that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket!"—a saying devised by some wag, to the use and behoof of these doldrums, who never hear a good thing, but they button up their pockets and features, and walk off with nothing about them of likeness to humanity but the biforked form. For capital likenesses of such persons, turn to the story of "Tim Turpin," and look first, to pay due honour, at the engravings of "the Judges of a-size," and then at "Jurors—not con-jurors." Portraits of this order could not have been drawn by any other than a close and accurate observer of character. Indeed, that Mr. Hood is eminently qualified in this respect, he has before abundantly testified; especially by "The Progress of Cant," a print that must occupy a distinguished place in a history of Character and Caricature, whenever such a work shall be written.* In this new series of "Whims and Oddities," he presents a sketch, called "Infant Genius;"—a little boy delighted with having rudely traced an uncouth figure; such a "drawing" as excites a good mistaken mother to declare, "the little fellow has quite a genius, and will be very clever if he only has encouragement:"—and thus many a child's talent for fine-drawing—which, at the tailoring trade, might have secured the means of living—has been misencouraged to the making up of fifth-rate artists with a starvation income. The engraving of the "Infant Genius" illustrates the following poem.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

> O happy time!—Art's early days!
> When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
> Narcissus-like I hung!
> When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
> And such old masters all were deem'd
> As nothing to the young!

* A "History of the Art of Caricaturing, by J. P. Malcolm, F.S.A., 1813," 4to., is by no means what its title purports. Mr. Malcolm was a very worthy man, and a diligent compiler of facts on other subjects; but, in the work alluded to, he utterly failed, from want of knowledge and discrimination. He confounds character with caricature, and was otherwise inadequate to the task he undertook.

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few
So easily and swift I drew,
Suffic'd for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old gods and heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd;
Hectors of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that outstar'd her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd *Mars*—
(One Williams did the same.)

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse —
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows;
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gaz'd on all with right good-will,
And spread the dingy tint;
"No holy Luke helped me to paint,
The Devil surely, not a saint,
Had any finger in't!"

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or spring's enliven'd scene:
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How beauty's cheek began to blush;
With locks of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not "loveliest of the plain!"

Her lips were of vermilion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!—
A young Pygmalion, I adored
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
In nature no Dewint!

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such old masters all were deem'd
As nothing to the young!

In verification of the old saying, "Once a man, twice a child," Mr. Hood tells of "A School for Adults,"—and gives a picture of aged men, baldheaded and wigged, whose education had been neglected, studying their A, B, C. A letter from one of them at a preparatory school is exceedingly amusing. The article is preceded by a dramatic scene.

Servant. How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.
Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?
Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three old men, with satchels, singing.

All three. Domine, domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.
Son. O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on
Is this your school? was that your lesson, hā?

1st Old Man. Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—
Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
2d Old Man. You shan't send us, now, so you shan't—
3d Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be't.—
Son.
Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school-mistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
All three. Oh! oh! oh!
Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?
Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable:
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads; and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All three. Gratias! gratias! gratias! [*Exit, singing.*]
"THE ANTIPODES," *by R. Brome.*

No reader of the first series of the "Whims and Oddities" can have forgotten "The Spoiled Child" of "My Aunt Shakerly," or the unhappy lady herself; and now we are informed that "towards the close of her life, my aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk: she kept adding growth unto her growth,

"Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat,—(except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall*-feeding,)—on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in her organization that was not to be overcome:—she would have fattened on sour krout.

"My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man, he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so:—he would have fallen off even on brewer's grains.

"It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as 'WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;' and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription,—my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child being 'carried abroad.'"—This is the commencement of an article entitled "The *Decline* of Mrs. Shakerly."

A story of "the Absentee," and of the "absent tea," on a friend's visit to him, is painfully whimsical. Akin to it is an engraving of a person who had retired to rest coming down stairs in his shirt, and shorts, and great alarm, with a chamber-light in his hand, and the top of his nightcap in a smothering blaze, exclaiming

"Don't you smell Fire?"

Run!—run for St. Clement's engine!
For the pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling:
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run!
See! there they come racing and tearing,
All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
And twinkle like stars in the sky;
It's a wonder the engines don't play now
But I never saw water so shy!
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
They have gone—that they have—to the gas!

Only look at the poor little P——'s
On the roof—is there any thing sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
And they won't be an hour with the ladder!
But if any one's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be sav'd,
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpav'd!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
At that window, the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
If your dress is'nt perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chancy!*
Her basins, and teapots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
But they all break in breaking their fall:

Such things are not surely the best
From a two-story window to throw—
She might save a good iron bound chest,
For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!

There! there! what a volley of flame,
And then suddenly all is obscur'd!—
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;—
But I hope the poor man is insur'd!

There are ballads in the "New Series" that rival "Sally Brown and Ben the Carpenter" in the former volume. Of this class are "Mary's Ghost;" the story of "Tim Turpin," mentioned before; and another of "Jack Hall," showing, how Jack was an undertaker's mute—how Jack sometimes drove the hearse—how Jack was in league with resurrection-men, and stole the bodies he buried—how Death met Jack in St. Pancras burying-ground, and shook hands with him—how Death invited Jack home to supper—how Jack preferred going to the Cheshire Cheese, and Death didn't—how Jack was brought to Death's door, and what he saw there—how Jack was obliged to go in, and Death introduced him to his friends as "Mr. Hall the body-snatcher"—how Jack got off without bidding them good night—how Jack was indisposed—how twelve doctors came to visit Jack without taking fees—how Jack got worse, and how he confessed he had sold his own body twelve different times to the twelve doctors—how the twelve doctors did not know Jack was so bad—how the twelve doctors disputed in Jack's room which should have his body till twelve o'clock—how Jack then departed, the twelve doctors couldn't tell how—and how, as Jack's body could not be found, the twelve doctors departed, and not one of them was satisfied.

In the forementioned ballads there are many "verbal misdemeanours," at which the author cautiously hints in his preface with some tokens of deprecation:—"Let me suggest," he says, "that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics." He is equally sinful and considerate in his prose: as, for instance, in the following character, which fairly claims a place with those of bishop Earle, sir Thomas Overbury, and even Butler.

"A Ballad Singer

Is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade, it was too strong to hawk mackerel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

"He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones."

An incurable joker subjects himself to the inconvenience of not being believed, though he speak the truth; and therefore the following declaration of the author of "Whims and Oddities" is questionable. He says:—

"A Mad Dog

Is none of my bugbears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat sceptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter—and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap ears, dew-claws, and a brush-tail!——

"I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits: and consider the smotherings and drownings, that have originated in that fancy, as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuits' bark—or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

"As for the hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different—he is a water-drinker; and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

"There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element, to dive and swim—and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundlander, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a spaniel with a parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?"

Mr. Hood answers the question himself by "hydrophobia" of his own creation, namely, an engraving of a dog, on whom he makes "each particular hair to stand an end;" and whom he represents walking biped-fashion; he hath for his shield, as Randle Holme would say, an umbrella *vert*, charged with the stick thereof, as a bend *or*.

"The career of this animal," says Mr. Hood, "is but a type of his victim's—suppose some bank clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the commissioners, doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug nose at pump water—and at last, on a washing-day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bit apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a-muck, 'giving tongue,' all through the suburbs—and finally, is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

"According to popular theory the mischief ends not here. The dog's master—the trainer, the friends, human and canine—the bank clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others."

But, is not this drollery on hydrophobia feigned? Is it not true that a certain boot-maker receives orders every July from the author of "Whims and Oddities," for boots to reach above the calf, of calf so inordinately stout as to be capable of resisting the teeth of a dog, however viciously rabid, and with underleathers of winter thickness, for the purpose of kicking all dogs withal, in the canicular days? These queries are not urged upon Mr. H. with the tongue of scandal; of that, indeed, he has no fear, for he dreads no tongue, but (to use his quotation from Lord Duberly) the "vermicular tongue." This little exposure of his prevailing weakness he has provoked, by affecting to discredit what his sole shakes at every summer.

The "New Series of Whims and Oddities" abounds with drolleries. Its author's "Forty Designs" are all ludicrous; and, that they have been engraven with fidelity there can be little doubt, from his compliment to the engraver. "My hope persuades me," he says, "that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably have I been seconded by Mr. Edward Willis; who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the wood."* Though the engravings are indescribably expressive, yet a few may be hinted at, viz.

"Speak up, sir!" a youth on his knees, vehemently declaring his love, yet in a tone not sufficiently loud, to a female on a sofa, who doth "incline her ear" with a trumpet, to assist the auricle.

"In and out Pensioners," exemplifying the "Suaviter in modo," and "Fortiter in re."

"The spare bed," uncommonly spare.

"Why don't you get up behind?" addressed by a donkey-rider—who does not sit before—to a boy on the ground.

"Banditti," street minstrels.

"Dust O!" Death collecting his dust—*critically* speaking, this might be objected to.

"Crane-iology;" a crane, with its bill calliper-wise, speculating on a scull, and ascertaining its developements.

"A Retrospective Review;" very literal.

"She is all heart;" a very hearty body.

"The last visit;" quacks.

* This passage is quoted here from kind feeling, and friendly wishes, towards the worthy person mentioned in it.

"The Angel of Death;" one of them—very fine.

"Joiners;" Vicar and Moses.

"Drill and Broadcast;" nature and art.

"High-born and Low-born;" odd differences.

"Lawk! I've forgot the brandy!" abominably provoking—only look!

"Comparative Physiology" is "a wandering camel-driver and exhibitor, parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandlish hump, yet burthened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders."—

> "Oh would some power the giftie gi' us
> To see oursel's as others see us!"

Mr. Hood's talents are as versatile as his imagination is excursive: and it would be difficult to decide, whether he excels in the ludicrous or the grave. He depicts a pathetic scene with infinitely delicate and discriminative touches, and his powers are evidently equal to a high order of poetical grandeur. His "Sally Holt and the Death of John Hayloft," is an exquisite specimen of natural feeling.

"Nature, unkind to *Sally Holt* as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing, which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible: but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

"I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

"There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperian, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

"I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

"Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!

"The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

"The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetical to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

"An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! O dear! Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the tooth-ache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and by she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then O dear! O dear!—and then Da Capo.

"It was an odd sort of elegy; and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of lord Littelton's!

"'Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?' was a very natural inquiry from my aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her

eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

"'If you please, ma'am,' said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old curtsey, 'if you please, ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead;' and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep."——

The many "stories of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre shallops, and supernatural Dutch-doggers — the adventures of Solway sailors, with Mahound in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the phantom-ship up and down the Hudson," suggest to Mr. Hood a story entitled "The Demon-Ship." This he illustrates by an engraving called "The Flying-Dutchman," representing the aerial ascent of a native of the Low Countries, by virtue of a reversal of the personal gravity, which, particularly in a Hollander, has been commonly understood to have a tendency downwards. Be this as it may, Mr. Hood's tale is illustrated by the tail-piece referred to. The story itself commences with a highly wrought description of a sea-storm, of uncommon merit, which will be the last extract from his interesting volume that can be ventured, viz.:—

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turn to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters clos'd—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!

Mr. Gliddon's Cigar Divan.

KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Our readers, whom, between ourselves, and without flattery, we take to be as social a set of persons as can be, people of an impartial humanity, and able to relish whatever concerneth a common good, whether a child's story or a man's pinch of snuff, (for snuff comes after knowledge,) doubtless recollect the famous tale of the Barmecide and his imaginary dinner in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. We hereby invite them to an imaginary cigar and cup of coffee with us in a spot scarcely less oriental—to wit, our friend Gliddon's Divan in King-street. Not that our fictitious enjoyment is to serve them instead of the real one. Quite the contrary; our object being to advance the good of all parties,—of our readers, inasmuch as they are good fellows in their snuffs,—of our friend, who can supply them in a manner different from any body else,—and of ourselves, because the subject is a pleasant one, and brings us all together agreeably. Those who have the greatest relish for things real, have also the best taste of them in imagination. We confess, that for our private eating (for a cigar, with coffee, may truly be said to be meat and drink to us) we prefer a bower with a single friend; but for public smoking, that is to say, for smoking with a greater number of persons, or in a coffee-room, especially now that the winter is coming on, and people cannot sit in bowers without boots, commend us to the warmth, and luxury, and conspiracy of comforts, in the Cigar Divan.

In general, the room is occupied by individuals, or groups of individuals, sitting apart at their respective little mahogany tables, and smoking, reading, or talking with one another in a considerate under tone, in order that nobody may be dis-

tmbed. But on the present occasion we will have the room to ourselves, and talk as we please. In the East it is common to see dirty streets and poor looking houses, and on being admitted into the interior of one of them, to find yourself in a beautiful room, noble with drapery, and splendid with fountains and gilded trellices. We do not mean to compare King-street with a street in Bagdad or Constantinople. We have too much respect for that eminent thoroughfare, clean in general, and classical always; where you cannot turn, but you meet recollections of the Drydens and Hogarths. The hotel next door to the Divan is still the same as in Hogarth's picture of the Frosty Morning; and looking the other way, you see Dryden coming out of Rose Alley to spend his evening at the club in Russell-street. But there is mud and fog enough this weather to render the contrast between any thoroughfare and a carpeted interior considerable; and making due allowance for the palace of an effendi and the premises of a tradesman, a person's surprise would hardly be greater, certainly his comfort not so great, in passing from the squalidness of a Turkish street into the gorgeous but suspicious wealth of the apartment of a pasha, as in slipping out of the mud, and dirt, and mist, and cold, and shudder, and blinking misery of an out-of-door November evening in London, into the oriental and carpeted warmth of Mr. Gliddon's Divan. It is pleasant to think, what a number of elegant and cheerful places lurk behind shops, and in places where nobody would expect them. Mr. Gliddon's shop is a very respectable one; but nobody would look for the saloon beyond it; and it seems in good oriental keeping, and a proper *sesame*, when on touching a door in the wall, you find yourself in a room like an eastern tent, the drapery festooned up around you, and views exhibited on all sides of mosques, and minarets, and palaces rising out of the water.

But here we are inside ourselves. What do you think of it?

B. This is a tent indeed, exactly as you have described it. It seems pitched in the middle of the Ganges or Tigris; for most of the views are in the midst of water.

J. Yes; we might fancy ourselves a party of British merchants, who had purchased a little island in an Eastern gulf, and built themselves a tent on it to smoke in. The scenes, though they have a panoramic effect, are really not panoramic daubs. This noble edifice on the left, touched in that delicate manner with silver, (or is it rather not gold?) unites the reality of architecture built by mortal hands, with the fairy lustre of a palace raised by enchantment. One has a mind to sail to it, and get an adventure.

E. And this on the left. What a fine sombre effect that mountain with a building on it has in the background;—how dark yet aerial! You would have a very solemn adventure there,—nothing under a speaking stone-gentleman, or the loss of your right eye.

O. Well, this snug little corner for me, under the bamboos; two gigantic walking-sticks in leaf! A cup of coffee served by a pretty Hindoo would do very well here; and there is a temple to be religious in, when convenient. 'Tis pleasant to have all one's luxuries together.

T. If there is any fault, it is in the scene at the bottom of the room, which is perhaps too full of scattered objects. But all is remarkably well done; and as the newspapers have observed, as oriental as any thing in the paintings of Daniel or Hodges.

C. Are you sure we are not all Mussulmen? I begin to think I am a Turk under the influence of opium, who take my turban for a hat, and fancy I'm speaking English. We shall have the sultan upon us presently.

L. With old Ibrahim to give us the bastinado. I have no fair Persian at hand to offer him; and, if I had, wouldn't do it. But here's ————; he shall have *him*.

O. (grinding with laughter.) What, in woman's clothes, to beguile him, and play the lute?

L. No; as a fair dealer; no less a prodigy, especially for a bookseller. You should save your head every day by a new joke; and we would have another new Arabian Nights, or the Adventures of Sultan Mahmoud and the Fair Dealer. You should be Scheherezade turned into a man. Every morning, the prince's jester should say to you, "Brother Scratch-his-head, if you are awake, favour his Majesty with a handsome come-off."

E. I cannot help thinking we are the Calenders, got into the house full of ladies; and that we shall have to repent, and rub our faces with ashes, crying out, "*This* is the reward of our debauchery: *This* is the reward of taking too many cups of coffee: *This* is the reward of excessive girl and tobacco."

L. But, alas! in that case we should

have the repentance without the lady, which is unfair. No ladies, I believe, are admitted here, Mr. Gliddon?

Mr. G. No, sir; it has been often observed to me, by way of hint, that it was a pity ladies were not admitted into English coffee-houses, as they are on the continent; but this is a smoking as well as a coffee-room. Ladies do not smoke in England, as they do in the East; and then, as extremes meet, and the most respectable creatures in the world render a place, it seems, not respectable, I was to take care how I risked my character, and made my Divan too comfortable.

O. And we call ourselves a gallant nation! We also go to the theatres to sit and hear ourselves complimented on our liberal treatment of women, and suffer them all the while to enjoy the standing-room!

C. Women are best away, after all. We should be making love, while they ought to be making the coffee.

L. Women and smoking would not do together, unless we smoked perfumes, and saw their eyes through a cloud of fragrance, like Venus in her ambrosial mist. This room, I confess, being full of oriental scenes, reminds one of other things oriental —of love and a lute. I could very well fancy myself Noureddin, sitting here with my fair Persian, eating peaches, and sending forth one of the songs of Hafiz over those listening waters.

J. The next time Mr. Gliddon indulges us with a new specimen of his magnificence, he must give us animate instead of inanimate scenes, and treat us with a series of subjects out of the Arabian Nights—lovers, genii, and elegant festivities.

Mr. G. Gentlemen, here is a little festivity at hand, not, I hope, altogether inelegant. Your coffee and cigars are ready.

C. Ah, this is the substantial picturesque. I was beginning to long for something oriental to eat, elegant or not; an East-dumpling for instance.

H. I wonder whether they have any puns in the East.

J. To be sure they have. The elegancies of some of their writers consist of a sort of serious punning, like the conceits of our old prosers; such as, a man was "deserted for his deserts;" or "graceless, though full of gracefulness, was his grace, and in great disgrace."

C. But I mean proper puns; puns worthy of a Pundit.

L. You have it. It is part of their daily *expunditure.* How can there be men and not puns?

To pun is human; to forgive it, fine.

H. There's an instance in Blue Beard; in a pun set to music by Kelly;

Fatima, Fatima, See-limbs here!

C. Good. I think I see Kelly, who used to stick his arms out, as if he were requesting you to see his limbs; and Mrs. Bland, whom he used to sing it to—a proper little Fatima. Come; I feel all the beauty of the room, now that one is "having something." This is really very Grand, Signior; though to complete us, I think we ought to have some Sublime Port.

Mr. G. Excuse me: *whining* is not allowed to a true Mussulman.

C. Some snuff, however.

Mr. G. The best to be had.

W. Take some of mine; I have cropped the flower of the shop.

J. You sneeze, C. I thought you too old a snuff-taker for that.

C. The air of the water always makes me sneeze. It's the Persian gulf here.

W. This is a right pinch, friend C. I'll help you at another, as you've helped me.

C. Snuff's a capital thing. I cannot help thinking there is something providential in snuff. If you observe, different refreshments come up among nations at different eras of the world. In the Elizabethan age, it was beef-steaks. Then tea and coffee came up; and people being irritable sometimes, perhaps with the new light let in upon them by the growth of the press, snuff was sent us to "support uneasy thoughts." During the Assyrian monarchy, cherry-brandy may have been the thing. I have no doubt Semiramis took it; unless we suppose it too matronly a drink for *So-Mere-a-Miss.*

(Here the whole Assyrian monarchy is run down in a series of puns.)

H. Gentlemen, we shall make the Tour of Babel before we have done.

L. Talking of the refreshments of different ages, it is curious to see how we identify smoking with the Eastern nations; whereas it is a very modern thing among them, and was taught them from the west One wonders what the Turks and Persians did before they took to smoking; just as the ladies and gentlemen of these nervous times wonder how their ancestors existed without tea for breakfast.

J. Coffee is a modern thing too in the East, though the usual accompaniment of

their tobacco. "Coffee without Tobacco," quoth the Persian, as our friend's learned placard informs us, "is like meat without salt."* But coffee is of Eastern growth. It is a species of jasmin. I remember, in a novel I read once, the heroine was described in grand terms, as "presiding at the hysonian altar;" that is to say, making tea. This lady might have asked her lover, whether before his hysonian recreation, he would not "orientalize in a cup of jessamine."

W. I met with a little story in a book yesterday, which I must tell you, not because it is quite new or very applicable, but because it is Eastern, and made me laugh. I don't know whether it is in the jest-books; but I never saw it before. A fellow was going home through one of the streets of Bagdad with a forbidden bottle of wine under his cloak, when the cadi stopped him. "What have you got there, fellow?" The fellow, who had contrived to plant himself against a wall, said, "Nothing, sir." "Put out your hand, sir." The right hand was put out; there was nothing in it. "Your left, sir." The left was put out, equally innocent. "You see, sir," said the fellow, "I have nothing." "Come away from the wall," said the cadi. "No, sir," returned he, "*it will break.*"

H. Good. That is really dramatic. It reminds me that I must be off to the play.

J. And I.

C. And I.

O. And I. We'll make a party of it, and finish our evening worthily with Shakspeare; one of the greatest of men, and most good-natured of punsters.

L. By the by, Mr. Gliddon, your room is not so large as in the lithographic print they have made of it; but it is more Eastern and picturesque.

W. We'll have a more faithful print to accompany this conversation, for I am resolved to be treacherous for this night only, and publish it. It is not a proper specimen of what my friends *could* say; but it is not unlike something of what they do; and sociality, on all sides, will make the best of it.

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* A quotation from a prospectus published by Mr. Gliddon. As this prospectus is written in the "style social," and contains some particulars of his establishment, which our article has not noticed, we lay a few passages from it before our readers:—

"The recreation of smoking, which was introduced into this country in an age of great men, by one of the greatest and most accomplished men of that or any other age, was for a long time considered an elegance, and a mark of good-breeding. Its very success gradually got it an ill name by rendering it too common and popular; and something became necessary to give it a new turn in its favour,—to alter the association of ideas connected with it, and awaken its natural friends to a due sense of its merits. Two circumstances combined to effect this desirable change. One was the discovery of a new mode of smoking by means of rolling up the fragrant leaf itself, and making it perform the office of its own pipe; the other was the long military experience in our late wars, which have rendered us so renowned; and which, by throwing the most gallant of our gentry upon the hasty and humble recreations eagerly snatched at by all campaigners, opened their eyes to the difference between real and imaginary good-breeding, and made them see that what comforted the heart of man under such grave circumstances, must have qualities in it that deserved to be rescued from an ill name. Thus arose the cigar, and with it a reputation that has been continually increasing. There is no rank in society into which it has not made its way, not excepting the very highest. If James the First, an uncouth prince, unworthy of his clever, though mistaken race, and who hated the gallant introducer of tobacco, did not think it beneath his princely indignation to write in abuse of it, George the Fourth, who has unquestionably a better taste for some of the best things in the world, has not thought it beneath his princely refinement to give the cigar his countenance.

"The art of smoking is a contemplative art; and being naturally allied to other arts meditative, hath an attachment to a book and a newspaper. Books and newspapers are accordingly found at the Cigar Divan; the latter consisting of the principal daily papers, and the former of A PROFUSE COLLECTION OF THE MOST ENTERTAINING PERIODICALS. The situation of the house is unexceptionable, being *at an equal distance from the city and the west end, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the great theatres.* Writers of the most opposite parties have conspired to speak in the highest terms of the establishment, on their own personal knowledge; and should any authority be wanting to induce a reader of this paper to taste all the piquant advantages of fragrance, and fine drinks, and warmth, and quiet, and literature, which they have done the proprietor the honour to expatiate on, he may find it, if a man of wit and the town, in the person of Fielding; if a philosopher, in that of Hobbes; if a divine, in that of Aldrich; and if a soldier, seaman, patriot, statesman, or cavalier, in the all-accomplished person of sir Walter Raleigh."—See also an article in the New Monthly Magazine, for January, 1826.

LAURENCE-KIRK SNUFF-BOXES.

James Sandy, the inventor of these pocket-utensils, lived a few years ago at Alyth, a town on the river Isla, in Perthshire, North Britain. The genius and eccentricity of character which distinguished him have been rarely surpassed. Deprived at an early age of the use of his legs, he contrived, by dint of ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself an useful member of society.

Sandy soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits; and contrived, as a workshop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning-lathes, table-vices, and cases for tools of all kinds. His talent for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning, and constructed several very

curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, which were no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their workmanship. He excelled, too, in the construction of optical instruments, and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London artists. He likewise suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and, as before stated, he was the first who made the wooden-jointed snuff-boxes, generally called Laurence-Kirk boxes, some of which, fabricated by this self-taught artist, were purchased and sent as presents to the royal family.

To his other endowments he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both these arts produced specimens of great merit.

For upwards of fifty years Sandy quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. His unbounded curiosity prompted him to hatch different kinds of birds' eggs by the natural warmth of his body, and he reared his various broods with all the tenderness of a parent. On visiting him it was no unusual thing to see singing birds of different species, to which he may be said to have given birth, perched on his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them.

Naturally possessed of a good constitution, and an active, cheerful turn of mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs of church and state were freely discussed. In consequence of long confinement his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, particularly when he was surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired by his ingenuity and industry an honourable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. About three weeks before his death he married.

INN-YARDS.

For the Table Book.

It was a November morning—sullen and lowering. A dense fog left the houses but half distinguishable on either side the way, as I passed through Holborn to the Saracen's Head, Snow-hill, where I had taken my place the preceding evening in the —— coach, in order to pay a long-promised visit to my friend and schoolfellow T——. My feelings were any thing but enviable. They were in a state of *seasonable* and almost intolerable irritation, resulting from all successive evils of a shivering and early resignation of enveloping bed-clothes, a hurried dressing, (productive of an utter failure in the arrangement of the bow of my neck-cloth,) a trembling hand that caused a gash in my chin with a blunt razor, (all my others had been officiously packed up by Mrs. Sally,) a breakfast swallowed standing, (which I abominate, as it *stands* to reason it must be unwholesome,) tea that seemed "as if it never would grow *cool*," though poured out in the saucer, and sundry admonitory twitchings of the bit of court-plaster on my sliced chin, threatening the total discomfiture of my habilimentary economy. All these things tended but little towards rendering my frame of mind peculiarly equable, while hurrying forward towards the point of destination, gulping down fresh (no not *fresh*) mouthfuls of the thick yellow atmosphere, at each extorted exclamation of disgust and impatience.

At last I arrived in the inn-yard, fully prepared for an expected look of surprise, and accompanying exclamation of—"The —— coach, sir! why, Lord bless you, sir, it's off long ago; it leaves here at seven precisely, and it's now nearly half past." Conceive then what was my agreeable astonishment when I learned that the real time was only half past six! I found that, owing to my anxious fears lest I should be too late, I had neglected to perceive that my watch had gained half an hour in the course of the night; and the shame I now felt at having thus suffered my irritability to get the better of me, led me to reflect upon the patient gentleness of the mild and amiable Fanny, (my friend's wife,) who is indeed a perfect specimen of a delightful woman. In her are joined those two qualities so rarely united (yet, which, when they are so, form a gem)—a truly feminine and gentle heart, and a strong and well-informed mind. It is truly delightful to see her blend the domestic duties of a housewife, (the fulfilment of which is ever graceful in a female,) and the affectionate attentions of a mother and wife, with literary information and attainments.

I was called off from this pleasing subject of reflection by a view of the scene before me. The coach, a handsome, well-built vehicle, stood on one side of the yard in all the brilliancy of a highly-varnished claret ground, and burnishe

The four beautiful, spirited animals belonging to it, with their glossy bright skins covered with cloths till the moment of "putting to," were then led forth by a fellow in corduroy breeches, laying in massive rolls on his large muscular limbs, and terminating in a pair of dull and never-shining top-boots—a waistcoat which had been of red plush, spotted with black; but the glories of its gules and sable were well nigh effaced by the long line of successive cross-quarterings of grease and mud—a face hard and liny, that looked impenetrable, and certainly conveyed no idea to my mind of a "Robin Ostler," who "never joy'd since the price of oats rose," much less could it have ever been "the death of him." He came forward with that slouching gait and hoarse rasping voice, so well personified by the admirable and all-observing Matthews.

Then the coachman appeared—well buttoned up to the throat in an enormous box-coat of a whitish drab colour, fastened with immense mother-o'-pearl buttons—a yellow silk handkerchief round his neck, reaching just under the nether lip, and covering the tips of his ears—a hat with brims, like the walls of Babylon—and an air of affected *nonchalance*, which tells you, that you are expected to look upon him in a very different light from the attentive "coachee" of some few years back. He is now a complete fine gentleman; for as the gentleman affects the coachman, why should not the coachman affect the gentleman? They are now not to be known apart.

The "luggage" is then brought forth and "loaded"—and all the passengers installed in their different places. The last directions are given. "More last words," and a paper of biscuits is handed in at the coach-window to the little boy who is going to ——, under the special care of the coachman, and, as his mamma delightedly observes, is already become a favourite with the "kind-looking lady" opposite to him. The small parcel "to be left at Mr. K—'s at the small white cottage" is snugly slipt into the coach-pocket—and the final "all right" is given from the impatient passengers "behind." How different is the quiet and orderly manner in which a vehicle is thus despatched to go hundreds of miles, from the dire bustle and utter "confusion of tongues" attendant upon the departure of a French diligence.——

Imagine a spacious yard, paved with stones shaped like enormous "sugared almonds," jutting out in all directions to the utter annoyance of the *five* poor animals, or rather skeletons, in rope harness, which are about to be yoked to an uncouth machine, looking the complete antipodes of rapidity of motion—of a colour perfectly indescribable, but something approaching to a dingy red, intermixed with a rusty, dusty black—straw peeping out in every direction; whether from roof, or sides, or entangled among the broken, rickety steps, which project in awful forewarning of grazed shins and sprained ancles. The *Conducteur* in his dark blue jacket turned up with scarlet—leather breeches shining with the perpetual friction of the saddle—boots, like brewing vats—a hat, very nearly a "perfect cone," with a rim, set in the middle of a regular copse-wood of coal black hair, surmounting a face whose dark complexion, fiercely sparkling eyes, and stiff mustachios, help to give force to the excessive tension of muscle in his countenance, which is actually convulsed with ire, as he sends forth volleys of *sacrés* and *morbleus* at the *maudit entêté* on the roof, who persists in loading the different articles in exact opposition to all the passionate remonstrances and directions of poor *Monsieur le Conducteur*. *Femmes de chambres* shrieking at the very top of their voices—"*Garçons* of fifty" equally vociferous in bawling "*On vient! on vient!*" though no one calls—*Commissionaires* insisting upon the necessity of passports to incredulous Englishmen, with an incessant "*Mais que diable donc, Monsieur!*"—Hordes of beggars shouting forth their humble petitions of "*Pour l'amour du bon Dieu un petit liard, Monsieur.*" "*Ah! Seigneur, qu'est-ce que j'ai fait de mes clefs!*" screams the landlady. "*Sacré nom de tonnerre! tais-toi, donc,*" growls the landlord, in a voice like the thunder he invokes.

At last the ponderous vehicle is set in motion amid the deafening clamour of the surrounding group, and the hideous, unrelentingly, eternal cracking of the *Conducteur's* detested *fouet!*

M. H.

For the Table Book.

THE TURNPIKE MAN.

"Good and bad of all sorts."

As the "Commissioners" rely on the *trust* reposed in the "Pikeman," I imagine him to be worthy of being shown in the most favourable colours. Like a good sexton, he must attend to his toll—like a

salesman, know his head of cattle—like a lottery prize-seeker, be acquainted with his number—like Fielding's Minos, in his "Journey from this world to the next," shut his gate against those who are brought up improperly to the bar. A modern Gilpin should scarcely risk a ride unwittingly through his demesne.

In the "dead waste and middle of the night," when sleep steals over him wearily, how many calls of the coachman, the chaise driver, the stanhope gentleman, the important bagman, and the drover, is he obliged to obey! The imperative "Pike!"—"Gate!"—"Hallo!"—are like so many *knells* rung in his ear. The clock is a friend to most men in the various occupations of life; the shadow on the grass warns the shepherd and hind to retire to rest; the dial gives the gardener leave to quit his vegetable and floral world in safety till the succeeding morning; but the pikeman finds no solace in the instructive progress of his Dutch-clock, or in the more highly favoured one with a window before its pulselike-pendulum, (as the person with a window in his breast,) or in the weather betokening "man and woman," who, like an unhappy couple, never go out together.

Who that has looked upon the pikeman's contracted span—his little white-painted hut, like a showman's figured canvass—but shrewdly guesses that the best portions of his sunside of comforts are on the outside? What a Jack in the Box!* He seems in his room like a singing-bird in a cage. His cat and dog are his companions, save when the newsman, postman, or any man, in short, arrives. Munden's "Crack" is not to be seen at every turnpike gate. A magpie, or blackbird, often hangs and whistles, like himself, in stationary captivity. Yet he is a man of some information. The waggoner, the duellist, the huckster, and the Gretna folks, in pursuit of romantic happiness, sometimes make him useful. The horse patrol consults him in the way of business; few fights occur without his knowledge; and even the political express gives him broad hints as to the secret operations of his majesty's ministers. He is completely *au fait* in all common concerns in his vicinity—a local "finger-post."

Occasionally, I have seen a chubfaced, curly-headed child playing near his "box" on the roadside, like idleness in ease, with rushes and flags round its brow, enjoying the luxuries of fancied greatness, and twisting leaves and weeds together—emblems of our varied and united virtues. And I have beheld a pikeman's housewife (if her dwelling may be called a house) busily employed within her narrow sphere to "keep things straight," and "make both ends meet," with an understanding, that "all's well that ends well."* And I have observed her lovely child, kneeling before its mother on a stool, with its palms pressed together, in the grateful attitude of an acknowledged beneficent Providence.

I once *knew* an upright and a civil pikeman. He had seen better days.—One of the beauties of education is, that it distinguishes a man, however he is placed.—He was planed down, as a carpenter might say, from the knots of pride, to smooth humanity. To use a beautiful, though much quoted, apostrophe by Avon's bard, "I shall not look upon his like again!" All good characters give useful example:—they teach as they live, and win inferiors in virtue by the brightness and placidity of their decline and fall.

There is a difference between a Tyburn-gate official, and a promiscuous sojourner, who guards the pass of a new, lone road, through which scarcely a roadster trots. The cockney keeper of cockney riders, is rarely without "short cut" and the "ready" in word and deed. In his short-pocketed white apron he stands defiance, and seems to say, "Who cares?" His knowing wink to the elastic arm of the coachee, which indicates the "all right!" has much meaning in it. His twirl of the sixpence on his thumb nail, and rattle of "coppers" for "small change," prove his knowledge of exchange and the world.

The pikeman out of town is allowed a scrap of garden-ground, which he sedulously cultivates. In town, he has not the liberty of a back door—to be acquainted with his boundaries, you need only look at the "Farthing pie gate" for an example. He may be sometimes seen in a chair, in front of his domicile, making remarks on "men and manners." His name hangs on a thread over his door: if he is an honest man, equestrians will appreciate his merits, and do well if they imitate his philosophy.

J. R. P.

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* The original "Jack in the Box," with the nutmeg-grater at the bottom, has disappeared with its contemporary, the "Horn Alphabet," to the no small loss of all good young people.

* Contented in my little house,
On every call I wait
To take the toll: to ope and shut
The five-barr'd turnpike gate.
RUSTIC FRIEND

Robert North, Esq. of Scarborough.

This portrait, copied from a picture at Scarborough by Mr. Baynes, jun. and not before engraven, is of a very worthy person, whose eccentricities in well doing rendered him in some degree remarkable. Mr. Robert North, whom it represents, was born at that place, of which his father was vicar, on the second of November, 1702. His education was liberal. After completing his studies at one of the universities he visited the continent, and was distinguished for refinement of manners and exemplary benevolence and piety. In the latter part of his life he sought retirement, and seldom went abroad except to the church, which he regularly attended on every occasion when service was performed. He generally appeared absorbed in meditation, and was accustomed to make ejaculatory prayers, or fervent aspirations, as he walked. Once in every year he had a sort of gala-day for the entertainment of his female friends, whom he charmed by his polite attention and pleasing conversation. With the next

morning he resumed his usual seclusion for the ensuing twelvemonth. He lived many years in full expectation of the commencement of the millennium.

But that which has given celebrity to the name of the late "Robert North, Esq." at Scarborough is the founding, in the year 1728, of a very useful institution, called "The Amicable Society," for clothing and educating the children of the poor; which under the government of a president, four trustees, and four wardens, annually elected, with a fund for its support, arising from the weekly subscriptions of the members, collections made in the church, and other voluntary donations, continues to flourish. The number of children thus clothed and educated, now in the school, is sixty, and the number of members two hundred and sixty-five.

This institution has preserved many children from the contagion of evil example, and enabled them to follow useful occupations in life with credit and advantage. Several, who, by their early education at this seminary, attained a competent knowledge of navigation, became mates and commanders of vessels, and eventually benefactors and patrons of the institution.

The exact day of Mr. North's death does not appear; but his interment is dated in the parish-register of Scarborough, 14th October, 1760.

Mr. North, by a singular codicil to his will, gives one pair of his silver candlesticks to the celebrated Dr. Young, author of the poem on the Last Day, &c.; and the other pair to the Rev. James Hervey, author of the Meditations among the Tombs, &c. "I call these," he says, "in some measure legacies to the public, having given them to persons so well able to employ them for the benefit of mankind."

The other legacies by this codicil are usually in themselves remarkable, and all the bequests are accompanied by remarks, which denote the peculiar character of the donor's disposition: for example—"To the lady Lowther, of Swillington, *a curious basket made of beads, the product of the virgin amusements of my grandmother*—and her two sisters—it seeming highly proper to present a thing, which has gained the applause of most people, to a person who I hope has gained the applause of all. To Mrs. Philadelphia Boycott, my Kerry seal set in gold, with *Mr. Addison's head* engraven on it—which will be very fitly deposited in the hands of a lady, whose letters are much celebrated for their wit and humour. In pursuance of an old promise, to Mrs. Barbara Tatton *a picture in needlework*, which was likewise *made at the leisure hours of my aforesaid grandmother and her sisters*, and which I *suppose* to have been designed for king Charles II.—the subject of which may perhaps sometimes engage her to reflect on this great truth, that the finest wit, if it deviate from the paths of virtue, is but a more elegant sort of folly. To Mrs. Christiana Hargrave, *spinster*, my silver coffee-pot, silver tea-pot, the silver stands for them, and my silver tea-canisters, milk-pot, and tea-spoons—being all of them baubles of some dignity and importance, even to women of sense, when in complaisance to the customs of an inconsiderate age they condescend to trifle. To the Rev. Thomas Adam,* rector of Wintringham in Lincolnshire, my mahogany bureau and bookcase—which may serve as a cabinet in which to reposit his manuscripts, till he may think it proper to make a cabinet of the world. In pursuance of an old promise to Mrs. Susannah Adam, his wife, my gold snuff-box—but if the contents of it prejudice her constitution, I hope she will upon this occasion follow the example of many fine ladies, who have many fine things which they never use. My silver cup and best silver tankard to Barnabas Legard, of Brompton, county of York, Esq., a person qualified by experience to teach our fine gentlemen a truth, which perhaps many of them will be surprised to hear—that temperance is the most delicious and refined luxury. To ensign William Massey, (my godson,) son of the late Capt. John Massey, of Hull, my sword; and hope he will, if ever occasion require it, convince a rash world that he has learned to obey his God as well as his general, and that he entertains too true a sense of honour ever to admit any thing into the character of a good soldier, which is inconsistent with the duty of a good Christian.† I give the sum of forty pounds, to be paid into the king's exchequer.—I give thirty pounds to be added to the common stock of our East India company—which two last legacies I leave, as the best method I know, though not an exact one, of making restitution for the injustice I may have done, in buying (inadvertently)

* The Whole Works of the Rev. Thomas Adam have been lately first collected in three vols. by the Rev. W. Smith.

† A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.
Testator.

any uncustomed goods; and which I hope will be accepted by the great Judge of all men, in case I do not meet with a better before I die.—I give the sum of one hundred pounds to the person who shall within four years after my decease *make* and publish the *best tragedy*, entitled *Virtue Triumphant* — wherein among such others, as the poet shall think proper to introduce, shall be drawn the character of a virtuous man unconquered by misfortunes, &c. I give the sum of one hundred pounds to the person who shall, within four years after my decease, *make* and publish the *best comedy;* wherein—among such others as the poet shall think proper to introduce—shall be drawn the four following characters, viz. of a fine gentleman, a fine lady, a beau, and a coquet; the two first to be drawn with a thorough taste for religion and virtue, accompanied with fine sense and humour, and to be crowned with success; the two last with the fopperies and follies common to persons of these denominations, and to be made objects of contempt and ridicule," &c.*

Mr. North's Prizes for the Poets.

Nothing further appears to be known respecting Mr. North, except that, through the "Gentleman's Magazine" for July, 1734, he proposed, and was the anonymous donor of fifty pounds, "as a prize for the poets," to encourage them "to *make* the best poem, Latin or English, on Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell, viz. all the said subjects jointly, and not any single one independent of the rest:" and, that the poets might not be discouraged "upon suspicion of *incapacity* in their judges," he entirely resigned the decision of the best poem to "universal suffrage" and election by "vote;" or, as he is pleased to call it, in the Magazine for August, "the public vote of kingdoms." He presumes that this scheme "will probably be most agreeable to *the poets* themselves, because they will be tried by such a number as is not capable of being bribed, and because this method of determination will, as he conceives, tend most to the honour of that poet who shall succeed." In October he prescribes that the voters shall sign a declaration, disclaiming undue influence; and he suggests, that if the majority of candidates prefer a determinate number of judges to the public at large, he will accord to that arrangement, provided they express their desires with their poems. Accordingly, the Gentleman's Magazine of May, 1735, "informs the candidates, that as the majority of them are for a decision by a *select* number of judges, the donor is desirous that Mr. *Urban* should apply to *three* particular gentlemen of unexceptionable merit, to undertake this office;" and it is announced, that the poems will be published in "an entire *Magazine Extraordinary*," to render which "acceptable, to those who have no great taste for poetry," there will be added "something of general use." In the following July the poems appeared in the promised "Gentleman's *Magazine Extraordinary*, printed by E. Cave, at St. John's Gate, for the *benefit of the poets;*" whereto was added, as of "general use," agreeably to the above promise, and for those "who have no great taste in poetry," the Debates in the first session of parliament for 1735.

What gratification Mr. North derived from his encouragement of "the poets," is to be inferred from this—that, in the supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine of the same year, 1735, he announced, that other prizes thereafter mentioned would be given to persons who should "*make* and send" to Mr. Urban, before the 11th of June, 1736, the four best poems, entitled "The Christian Hero"—viz.

"1. To the person who shall make the best will be given a gold medal, (intrinsic value about ten pounds,) which shall have the head of the right hon. the lady Elizabeth Hastings on one side, and that of James Oglethorpe,

* Besides these bequests, Mr. North desired that two manuscript-books, consisting of miscellaneous pieces, and particularly a discourse, the first and last parts whereof were composed with a view of their being preached instead of a sermon at his funeral, should be printed in one volume after his decease, at an expense of one hundred pounds, and directed the profits of the books sold to be expended in causing an impression to be made of four sermons by archbishop Sharp and bishop Beveridge, containing a description of the Joys of Heaven and the Torments of the Damned; together with some directions how men may obtain the one, and escape the other; the said four sermons to be printed on good paper, and in a fair character, bound or stitched in strong covers, and given *gratis* among soldiers, sailors, poor persons, and common labourers. He further gave to the archbishop of York two hundred pounds, in trust, to be applied towards the building or other uses and services of another church, or a chapel of ease in Scarborough aforesaid, provided any such church or chapel should be erected within ten years after his decease. He also gave fifty pounds to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; and fifty pounds to the Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts. "I desire the lord archbishop of York (Hutton) will do me the honour to accept the picture of Pope Gregory I., which has been commended, and was a legacy to me from the painter, Mr. John Settrington. I desire the lord bishop of Carlisle (Osbaldeston) will do me the honour to accept my own picture, drawn by the same hand."

These particulars, and those preceding, are contained in "A Biographical Sketch" of Mr. North, printed at Scarborough by and for John Cole. 1823. 8vo pp. 16.

Esq. on the other, with this motto—'England may challenge the world, 1736.'

"2. To the author of the second, a complete set of Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons

"3. To the author of the third, a complete set of Archbishop Sharpe's Sermons. And,

"4. To the author of the fourth, a set of Cooke's Sermons."

In the Magazine of February, 1736, Mr. North begs pardon of the lady Elizabeth Hastings, (a female of distinguished piety,) for the uneasiness he had occasioned her by proposing to engrave her portrait on his prize medal: being, "however, desirous that *the poets* should exercise their pens," he proposes to substitute the head of archbishop Tillotson, and "hopes that Mr. Oglethorpe will be prevailed upon to consent that the medal shall bear his effigies." Several of the poems *made* by "the poets" for this second prize appear in the Magazine of the same year, to which readers, desirous of perusing the effusions elicited by Mr. North's liberality, are referred.

The "James Oglethorpe, Esq." whose head Mr. North coveted for his prize medal, was the late general Oglethorpe, who died in 1785, at the advanced age of ninety-seven, the oldest general in the service. Besides his military employments, first as secretary and aide-de-camp to prince Eugene, and afterwards in America, and at home during the rebellion in 1745, he was distinguished as a useful member of the House of Commons, by proposing several regulations for the benefit of trade and the reform of prisons. In 1732 he settled the colony of Georgia, and erected the town of Savannah, and arrived in England in June, 1734, with several Indian chiefs. This gentleman's public services at that time, and his eminent philanthropy, were inducements to Mr. North to do him honour. The following is an interesting account of the presentation of the Indians at court.

On the 1st of August, 1734, Tomo Chachi, the king, Senauki his wife, with Tooanakowki, their son, Hillispilli, the war captain, and the other Cherokee Indians, brought over by Mr. Oglethorpe from Georgia, were introduced to his majesty at Kensington, who received them seated on his throne; when Tomo Chachi, micho, or king, made the following speech, at the same time presenting several eagles' feathers, trophies of their country.

"This day I see the majesty of your face, the greatness of your house, and the number of your people. I am come for the good of the whole nation, called the Creeks, to renew the peace which was long ago had with the English. I am come over in my old days, though I cannot live to see any advantage to myself; I am come for the good of the children of all the nations of the Upper and of the Lower Creeks, that they may be instructed in the knowledge of the English.

"These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds, and who flieth all round our nations. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there; and we have brought them over to leave with you, O great king, as a sign of everlasting peace.

"O great king, whatsoever words you shall say unto me, I will tell them faithfully to all the kings of the Creek nations."

To which his majesty graciously answered,

"I am glad of this opportunity of assuring you of my regard for the people from whom you come, and am extremely well pleased with the assurances you have brought me from them, and accept very gratefully this present, as an indication of their good disposition to me and my people. I shall always be ready to cultivate a good correspondence between them and my own subjects, and shall be glad of any occasion to show you a mark of my particular friendship and esteem."

Tomo Chachi afterwards made the following speech to the queen.

"I am glad to see this day, and to have the opportunity of seeing, the mother of this great people.

"As our people are joined with your majesty's, we do humbly hope to find you the common mother and protectress of us and all our children."

Her majesty returned a suitably gracious answer.

The war captain, and other attendants of Tomo Chachi, were very importunate to appear at court in the costume of their own country, merely a covering round the waist, the rest of the body being naked, but were dissuaded from it by Mr. Oglethorpe. But their faces were variously painted after their country manner, some half black, others triangular, and others with bearded arrows instead of whiskers. Tomo Chachi, and Senauki, his wife, were dressed in scarlet, trimmed with gold.

On the 17th of the same month Tomo

Chachi, and the rest of the Indians, dined with the lady Dutry at Putney; and then waited on the archbishop of Canterbury, (Potter,) who received them with the utmost kindness and tenderness, and expressed his fatherly concern for their ignorance with respect to Christianity, and his strong desire for their instruction. His grace, though very weak, would not sit down, the micho therefore omitted speaking to him what he intended, and only desired his blessing; adding, that what he had further to say he would speak to Dr. Lynch, his grace's son-in-law, and then withdrew. He was afterwards entertained at a noble collation, and had a conference with Dr. Lynch, expressing his joy, as believing some good persons would be sent amongst them to instruct their youth.

On the 30th of October the Indian king, queen, prince, &c. set out from the Georgia office, in the king's coaches, for Gravesend, to embark on their return home. During their stay in England, which had been about four months, his majesty allowed them 20*l.* a week for their subsistence. Whatever was curious and worthy observation in and about London and Westminster had been carefully shown them; and nothing had been wanting to contribute to their diversion and amusement, and to give them a just idea of English politeness and respect. In return, they expressed themselves heartily attached to the British nation. They had about the value of 400*l.* in presents. Prince William presented the young micho, John Towanohowi, with a gold watch, with an admonition to call upon Jesus Christ every morning when he looked on it, which he promised. They appeared particularly delighted with seeing his highness perform his exercise of riding the managed horse, the Horse Guards pass in review, and the agreeable appearance of the barges, &c. on the Thames on lord mayor's day. In the same ship embarked several relations of the English settled in Georgia, with sir Francis Bathurst, his son, three daughters, and servants; together with fifty-six Saltzburghers, newly arrived from Rotterdam. These people had been at the German church in Trinity-lane, where 47*l.* was collected for them.*

MENDIP MINES.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The very great entertainment I have derived from your *Every-Day Book* induces me to contribute to your present publication, if you consider the accompanying copy from an old record merits a place in the *Table Book*. It formed part of a brief held by counsel in a cause, "Hembury and Day," tried at Taunton assizes in 1820. On referring to the papers I find that the present Mr. justice Gaselee was the counsel employed. Some of these old Mendip laws are recognised in "Collinson's History of Somersetshire."

I am,
Your very obedient servant,
JOHN PINCHARD.

Taunton, August 24, 1827.

LAWS AND ORDERS OF THE MENDIP MINERS.

BE IT KNOWN that this is a true Copy of the Enrollment in the King's Exchequer in the time of King Edward the Fourth, of a dispute that was in the County of Somerset, Between the Lord Bonfield and the tenants of Chewton and the prior of Green Oare; the said prior complaining unto the King of great injuries and wrongs that he had upon Mendip, being the King's Forrest. The said King Edward, commanded the lord Chock the lord Chief Justice of England to go down into the County of Somerset, to Mendipp, and sit in concord and Peace in the said County concerning Mendipp upon pain of high displeasure. The said Lord Chock sate upon Mendipp on a place of my Lord's of Bath, called the Forge, Whereas he commanded all the Commoners to appear, and especially the four Lords Royal of Mendipp (that is to say) the Bishop of Bath, my Lord of Glaston, my Lord of Bonfield, the Lord of Chewton, and my Lord of Richmond, with all the appearance to the Number of ten Thousand people. A Proclamation was made to enquire of all the company how they would be ordered. Then they with one consent made answer, That they would be Ordered and tryed by the four Lords of the Royalties. And then the four Lords Royal were agreed, that the Commoners of Mendipp should hem out their outlets as much the Summer as they be able to Winter, without hounding or pounding upon whose ground soever they went to take their course and recourse, to which the four Lords Royal did put their Seals, and were also agreed that whosoever should break the said Bonds should forfeit to the King 1000 Marks, and all the Commoners their Bodies and goods to be at the King's pleasure or command that doeth either hound or pound.———

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1734.

THE OLD ANCIENT OCCUPATION OF MINERS UPON MENDIPP, *being the King's Forrest within the County of Somerset one of the four Staples of England which have been Exercised, used and continued through the said Forrest of Mendipp from the time whereof no Man living hath no memory; as hereafter doth particularly ensue the Order;*

FIRST. That, if any man whatsoever he be that doeth intend to venture his Life to be a Workman in the said Occupation, he must first of all crave licence of the Lords of the Soyle where he doth purpose to work, and in his absence of his said Officers, as the lead-reave or Bailiff, and the lord, neither his Bailiffs can deny him.

2D ITEM. That, after the first Licence had, the Workman shall never need to ask leave again, but to be at his free will to pitch within the Forrest, and to break the ground where and in what place it shall please him, to his behalf and profit, using himself justly and truly.

3D ITEM. If any doth begin to pitch or groof he shall heave his hacks through two ways after the Rate.—Note, that he that throw the hack must stand to the Girdle or Waste in the same Groof, and then no Man shall or may work within his hack's throwe: provided always, that no man shall or can keep but his wet, and dry Goof, and his Mark—

4TH ITEM. That, when a Workman have landed his Oare, he may carry the same, to cleansing or blowing, to what Minery it shall please him, for the speedy making out of the same, so that he doth truly pay the lord of the Soyle, where it was landed, his due, which is the Tenth part thereof—

5TH ITEM. That if any Lord or Officer hath once given licence to any Man to build, or set up an hearth, or Washing-house, to wash, cleanse or blow the Oare, He that once hath leave shall keep it for ever, or give it to whom he will, so that he doth justly pay his Lot-lead, which is the Tenth pound which shall be blown at the Hearth or hearths, and a'so that he doth keep it Tenantable, as the Custom doth require—

6TH ITEM. That, if any of that Occupation doth pick or steal any lead or Oare to the value of *thirteen-pence halfpenny** the lord or his Officer may Arrest all his Lead-works, house and hearth, with all his Groofs and Works, and keep them as safely for his own Use; and shall take the person that hath so offended, and bring him where his house is, or his work, and all his Tools or Instruments which to the Occupation belongs, as he useth, and put him into the said house, and set Fire on all together about him, and banish him from that Occupation before the Miners for ever—

7TH ITEM. That, if ever that person do pick or Steal there any more, he shall be tryed by the Common Law, for this Custom and Law hath noe more to do with him—

8TH ITEM. That every Lord of Soyle or Soyles ought to keep two Mynedrie Courts by the year, and to swear twelve Men or more of the same occupation, for the orders of all Misdemeanours and wrongs touching the Mynedries.

9TH ITEM. The Lord, or Lords, may make three manner of Arrests, (that is to say) ye first is for strife between man and man, for their workes under the Earth, &c.; the second is for his own duty, for Lead or Oare, wheresoever he find it within the said Forrest; the third is upon felon's goods of the same occupation, wheresoever he find it within the same Hill, &c.—

10TH ITEM. That, if any Man, by means of Misfortune take his Death, as by falling of the Earth upon him, by drawing or Stifling, or otherwise, as in time past many have been, the Workmen of the same Occupation are bound to fetch him out of the Earth, and to bring him to Christian burial, at their own Costs and Charges, although he be Forty Fathoms under the Earth, as heretofore hath been done; and the Coroner, or any Officer at large, shall not have to do with him in any respect.

* *Thirteen pence halfpenny.* This particular sum is the subject of an article immediately ensuing the present.

THIRTEEN-PENCE HALFPENNY.

HANGMAN'S WAGES.

JACK KETCH A GENTLEMAN.

Dr. Samuel Pegge, who is likely to be remembered by readers of the article on the Revolution-house at Whittington, he having, on the day he entered his eighty-fifth year, preached the centenary sermon to commemorate the Revolution, was an eminent antiquary. He addressed a paper to the Society of Antiquaries, on "the vulgar notion, though it will not appear to be a vulgar error, that *thirteen-pence halfpenny* is the fee of the executioner in the common line of business at Tyburn,* and that,

* "The executions, on ordinary occasions, were removed from this memorable place, and were performed in the street of the Old Bailey, at the door of Newgate.

therefore, it is called *hangman's wages.*" It is proposed from this paper to give an account of the origin of the saying.

According to Dr. Pegge, the office of hangman was, in some parts of the kingdom, annexed to other posts; for the porter of the city of Canterbury was the executioner for the county of Kent, temporibus Hen. II. and Hen. III.; for which he had an allowance from the sheriff, who was reimbursed from the exchequer, of twenty shillings per annum.* From the great and general disesteem wherein the office is held, the sheriffs are much obliged to those who will undertake it, as otherwise its unpleasant and painful duty must fall upon themselves. For, to them the law looks for its completion, as they give a receipt to the gaoler for the bodies of condemned criminals whom they are to punish, or cause to be punished, according to their respective sentences. Sometimes in the country, sheriffs have had much difficulty to procure an executioner. In short, although, in the eyes of the people generally, a stigma attaches to the hangman, yet, in fact, the hangman is the sheriff's immediate deputy in criminal matters, as his under-sheriff is for civil purposes. The nature and dignity of the office in some particulars, and the rank of the officer, called *Squire Ketch*, will be found to be supportable, as well as the fee of office.

And first, as regards the sheriff himself. The sheriff is, by being so styled in the king's patent under the great seal, an esquire, which raises him to that rank, unless he has previously had the title adventitiously. None were anciently chosen sheriffs, but such *gentlemen* whose fortunes and stations would warrant it; so, on the other hand, merchants, and other liberal branches of the lower order, were admitted first into the rank of gentlemen, by a grant of arms, on proper qualifications, from the earl marshal, and the kings of arms, respectively, according to their provinces. After a negotiant has become a gentleman, courtesy will very soon advance that rank, and give the party the title of esquire; and so it happened with a worthy *gentleman*, for so a *hangman* will be proved to have been. This remarkable case happened in the year 1616, in the manner following.

Ralph Brooke, whose real name was Brokesmouth, at that time "York herald," put a trick upon sir William Segar, "garter king of arms," which had very nearly cost both of them their places. Brooke employed a person to carry a coat of arms ready drawn to garter, and to pretend it belonged to one Gregory Brandon, a gentleman who had formerly lived in London, but was then residing in Spain. The messenger was instructed to desire garter to set his hand to this coat of arms: and to prevent deliberation, he was further to pretend that the vessel, which was to carry this confirmation into Spain, when it had received the seal of the office and garter's hand, was just ready to sail.* This being done, and the fees paid, Brooke carried it to Thomas earl of Arundel, then one of the commissioners for executing the office of earl marshal; and, in order to vilify garter, and to represent him as a rapacious, negligent officer, assured his lordship that those were the arms of Arragon, with a canton for Brabant, and that Gregory Brandon was a mean and inconsiderable person. This was true enough; for he was the common hangman for London and Middlesex. Ralph Brooke afterwards confessed all these circumstances to the commissioners who represented the earl marshal; the consequence of which was, that, by order of the king, when he heard the case, garter was committed to prison for negligence, and the herald for treachery. There was this previous result, however, that Gregory Brandon, the hangman, had become a *gentleman*; and, as the Bastard says in King John, "could make any Joan a gentlewoman."

Thus was this Gregory Brandon advanced, perhaps from the state of a convict, to the rank of a gentleman; and though it was a personal honour to himself, notwithstanding it was surreptitiously obtained by the herald, of which *Gregory Brandon, gentleman*, was perhaps ignorant, yet did it operate so much on his successors in office, that afterwards it became transferred from the family to the officer for the time being; and from Mr. Brandon's popularity, though not of the most desirable kind, the mobility soon improved his rank, and, with a jocular complaisance, gave him the title of *esquire*, which remains to this day.

It seems too as if this office had once, like many other important offices of state,

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This was first practised on the 9th of December, 1783. See the printed account. Every of these executions, I was told by Mr. Reed, 1785, is attended with an expense of upwards of nine pounds. Twenty persons were hanged at once in February, 1785."—Dr. Pegge.

* Madox's History of the Exchequer, ii. p. 373.

* These arms actually appear in Edmondson's Body of Heraldry, annexed to the name of *Brandon*, viz. the arms of Arragon with a difference, and the arms of Brabant in a canton.

been hereditary. Shakspeare has this passage in Coriolanus, act ii. sc. 1.—

"*Menenius.*—Marcius, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen."

This looks as if the office of executioner had run in some family for a generation or two, at the time when Shakspeare wrote; and that it was a circumstance well understood, and would be well relished, at least by the galleries. This might, indeed, with regard to time, point at the ancestors of Mr. Brandon himself; for it was in the reign of king James I. that this person was brought within the pale of gentility. Nay, more, we are told by Dr. Grey, in his Notes on Shakspeare,* that from this gentleman, the hangmen, his successors, bore for a considerable time his Christian name of *Gregory*, though not his arms, they being a personal honour, till a greater man arose, viz. *Jack Ketch*, who entailed the present official name on all who have hitherto followed him.†

Whether the name of *Ketch* be not the provincial pronunciation of *Catch* among the cockneys, may be doubted, notwithstanding that learned and laborious compiler, B. E., gent., the editor of the "Canting Dictionary," says that *Jack Kitch*, for so he spells it, was the real name of a hangman, which has become that of all his successors.

So much for the office. It now remains to consider the emoluments which appertain to it, and assign a reason why *thirteenpence halfpenny* should be esteemed its standard fee for inflicting the last stroke of the law.

Before proceeding to matters of a pecuniary nature, it may be allowed, perhaps, to illustrate a Yorkshire saying. It was occasioned by a truly unfortunate man, whose guilt was doubtful, and yet suffered the sentence of the law at York. This person was a saddler at Bawtry, and hence the saying among the lower people to a man who quits his friends too early, and will not stay to finish his bottle:—"He will be hanged for leaving his liquor, like the saddler of Bawtry." The case was this:—There was formerly an ale-house, which house to this day is called "The Gallows House," situate between the city of York and their Tyburn; at this house the cart used always to stop, and there the convict and the other parties were refreshed with liquors; but the rash and precipitate saddler of Bawtry, on his road to the fatal tree, refused this little regale, and hastened on to the place of execution; where, but not until after he had been turned off, and it was too late, a reprieve arrived. Had he stopped, as was usual, at the gallows house, the time consumed there would have been the means of saving his life. He was hanged, as truly as unhappily, for leaving his liquor.

Similar means of refreshment were anciently allowed to convicts, on their passage to Tyburn, at St. Giles's hospital; for we are told by Stowe, that they were there presented with a bowl of ale, called "*St. Giles's bowl;* thereof to drink at their pleasure, as their last refreshing in this life." Tyburn was the established scene of executions in common cases so long ago as the first year of king Henry IV.; Smithfield and St. Giles's Field being reserved for persons of higher rank, and for crimes of uncommon magnitude, such as treason and heresy. In the last of these, sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, was burnt, or rather roasted, alive; having been hanged up over the fire by a chain which went round his waist.*

The executioner of the duke of Monmouth (in July, 1685) was peculiarly unsuccessful in the operation. The duke said to him, "Here are six guineas for you: pray do your business well; do not serve me as you did my lord Russell: I have heard you struck him three or four times. Here, (to his servant,) take these remaining guineas, and give them to him if he does his work well."

Executioner.—"I hope I shall."

Monmouth.—"If you strike me twice, I cannot promise you not to stir. Pr'ythee let me feel the axe." He felt the edge, and said, "I fear it is not sharp enough."

Executioner.—"It is sharp enough, and heavy enough."

The executioner proceeded to do his office; but the note says, "it was under such distraction of mind, that he fell into the very error which the duke had so earnestly cautioned him to avoid; wounding him so slightly, that he lifted up his head, and looked him in the face, as if to upbraid him for making his death painful; but said nothing. He then prostrated himself again, and received two other ineffectual blows; upon which the executioner threw down his

* Vol. ii. p. 163.

† The hangman was known by the name of *Gregory* in the year 1612, as we learn from the Mercurius Auli-cus, p. 153.

* Rapin. See also Bale's Life and Trial of Sir John Oldcastle. St. Giles's was then an independent village, and is still called St. Giles's in the Fields, to distinguish it from St. Giles's, Cripplegate; being both in the same diocese.

axe in a fit of horror; crying out, 'he could not finish his work:' but, on being brought to himself by the threats of the sheriffs, took up the fatal weapon again, and at two other strokes made a shift to separate the head from the body."*

As to the fee itself, "thirteen-pence halfpenny—hangman's wages," it appears to have been of Scottish extraction. The Scottish mark (not ideal or nominal money, like our mark) was a silver coin, in value *thirteen-pence halfpenny* and two placks, or two-thirds of a penny; which plack is likewise a coin. This, their mark, bears the same proportion to their pound, which is twenty-pence, as our mark does to our pound, or twenty shillings, being two-thirds of it. By these divisions and sub-divisions of their penny (for they have a still smaller piece, called a bodel or half a plack) they can reckon with the greatest minuteness, and buy much less quantities of any article than we can.† This Scottish mark was, upon the union of the two crowns in the person of king James I., made current in England at the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, (without regarding the fraction,) by proclamation, in the first year of that king; where it is said, that "the coin of silver, called the mark piece, shall be from henceforth current within the said kingdom of England, at the value of thirteen-pence halfpeny."‡ This, probably, was a revolution in the current money in favour of the hangman, whose fee before was perhaps no more than a shilling. There is, however, very good reason to conclude, from the singularity of the sum, that the odious title of "hangman's wages" became at this time, or soon after, applicable to the sum of *thirteen-pence halfpenny*. Though it was contingent, yet it was then very considerable pay; when one shilling per day was a standing annual stipend to many respectable officers of various kinds.

Nothing can well vary more than the perquisites of this office; for it is well known that Jack Ketch has a *post-obit* interest in the convict, being entitled to his clothes, or to a composition for them; though, on the other hand, they must very frequently be such garments that, as Shakspeare says, "a hangman would bury with those who wore them."§

* Lord Somers's Tracts, vol. i. pp. 219, 220; the note taken from the Review of the reigns of Charles and James, p 885.

† Mr. Ray, in his Itinerary, gives the fractional parts of the Scottish penny.

‡ The proclamation may be seen in Strype's Annals, vol. iv. p. 334, where the mark-piece is valued exactly at thirteen-pence halfpenny.

§ Coriolanus, act. i. sc. 8.

This emolument is of no modern date, and has an affinity to other *droits* on very dissimilar occasions, which will be mentioned presently. The executioner's perquisite is at least as old as Henry VIII.; for sir Thomas More, on the morning of his execution, put on his best gown, which was of silk camlet, sent him as a present while he was in the Tower by a citizen of Lucca, with whom he had been in correspondence; but the lieutenant of the Tower was of opinion that a worse gown would be good enough for the person who was to have it, meaning the executioner, and prevailed upon sir Thomas to change it, which he did for one made of frize.* Thus the antiquity of this obitual emolument, so well known in Shakspeare's time, seems well established; and, as to its nature, has a strong resemblance to a fee of a much longer standing, and formerly received by officers of very great respectability. For anciently "garter king of arms" had specifically the gown of the party on the creation of a peer; and again, when archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors, did homage to the king, their upper garment was the perquisite even of the lord chamberlain of the household. The fee in the latter case was always compounded for, though garter's was often formerly received in kind, inasmuch as the statute which gives this fee to the lord chamberlain directs the composition, because, as the words are, "it is more convenient that religious men should fine for their upper garment, than to be stripped."† The same delicate necessity does not operate in the hangman's case, and his fee extends much farther than either of them, he being entitled to *all* the sufferer's garments, having first rendered them useless to the party. Besides this perquisite, there has always been a pecuniary compliment, where it could possibly be afforded, given by the sufferer to the executioner, to induce him to be speedy and dexterous in the operation. These outward gifts may likewise be understood as tokens of inward forgiveness.

"Upon the whole," says Dr. Pegge, "I conceive that what I have offered above, though with much enlargement, is the meaning of the ignominious term affixed to the sum of thirteen-pence halfpenny, and I cannot but commiserate those for whom it is to be paid."‡

* More's Life of sir Thomas More p. 271.

† Stat. 13 Edward I.

‡ Pegge's Curialia Miscellanea.

The Running Horse at Merrow, Surrey.

The first point of peculiarity that strikes the traveller on approaching the "Running Horse" is the pictorial anomaly on the front of the house—the sign represents a race-horse with a rider on its back; but the painter has given us a horse *standing* as still as most horses would be glad to do after having been *running horses* for more than half a century. Our "Running Horse" then, *stands* hard by the church in the village of Merrow, (*olim* Merewe,) about two miles from Guildford, in Surrey, on the road leading from the latter place to London by way of Epsom. It is at the intersection of the high roads leading to Epsom, to Guildford, to Stoke, and to Albury, Shere, and Dorking. The latter road passes over Merrow Downs, upon which, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from our hostel, is the course whereon Guildford races are annually held.

Guildford races formerly attracted a very numerous assemblage of spectators. The elderly inhabitants of the above-named ancient borough relate that, such was the influx of company, not a bed was to be had in Guildford unless secured some weeks before the sports commenced. From some cause, the nature of which the good people of Guildford have never been able satisfactorily to ascertain, the races have, for several years, gradually declined in celebrity and importance, and at present they are too often but thinly attended. The *programme* of the sports, which annually issues from the Guildford press, is embellished with a wood-cut, an impression I believe of the same block that has been used for the last century. The course is not considered by sportsmen a good one, but its situation, and the views it commands, are delightful.

When king George the First was at lord Onslow's at Clandon, (the adjoining parish,) he gave a plate of one hundred guineas to be run for; and this is now the principal attraction to the proprietors of horses. The members for the borough of Guildford also give a plate of fifty pounds, and there is generally a subscription plate besides.

Our hostel, the "Running Horse" at Merrow, is the place of rendezvous for all the "running horses." Its stable doors bear highly characteristic and interesting

trophies of the honours obtained by their former temporary inmates. The best formed *pumps* that ever trod the floors of Almack's or the saloons of Carlton palace, are not more delicately turned than the shoes, (albeit they are of iron,) which, having done their duty on the course, and brought their high-mettled wearers first to the winning-post, are now securely nailed against the honoured portals, as memorials of his success. They are placed heel to heel, and within the oval is carved, in rude characters, the name of the horse, with the day on which he won for his master the purse of gold. What an association of ideas does the simple record convey! Here, on a fine warm evening in June, the evening preceding

> ——" the great, th' important day,
> Big with the fate of jockey and of horse,"

arrived the majestic "Cydnus." His fine proportions were hid from vulgar gaze, by cloths of purest white. As he walked slowly up the village street ridden by his jockey, a stripling of sixteen, his approach was hailed by the acclamations of the village boys, and the calmer admiration of the men, all looking forward to their holiday on the succeeding day. "Here, I say; here, here;—here comes one of the racers! —There's a *purty* creatur! *law*—look at his long legs—*law*, Jem, I say, look what long steps he *do* take—fancy how he must *gallop*, if he walks *so*—*purty fellur!*—I'm sure he'll win—mind if he don't now!" Meanwhile the noble animal arrives at the inn door—high breeding, whether in biped or quadruped, is not to be kept waiting—out comes the host in an important bustle, with the bright key of the stable door swinging upon his finger. He shows the way to the best stall, and then takes his station at the door to keep out the inquisitive gazers, while the jockey and trainer commence their tender offices of cleaning and refreshing the horse after his unusual exercise of walking the public road. This done, he is fed, clothed, and left to his repose upon as soft a bed as clean straw will make, while the jockey and trainer adjourn to the house, the admiration of the knot of idlers who are there assembled to hear the pedigree, birth, parentage, education, and merits of "the favourite." Other horses soon arrive, and the conversation takes a more scientific turn, while the jockies make their own bets, and descant learnedly upon those of their masters, till they betake themselves to rest, "perchance to dream" of the important event of the succeeding day.

Long before the dew has left the short herbage on the neighbouring downs, the jockies are busily engaged in the stables; and before the sun's heat has exceeded that of an April noon, they are mounted, and gently cantering over the turf, with the double object of airing their horses and showing them the course over which, in a few hours, they are urged, at their utmost speed, in the presence of admiring thousands. What an elating thought for the youthful rider of "the favourite;" with what delight does he look forward to the hour when the horse and his rider will be the objects of attraction to hundreds of fair one's eyes glancing upon *him* with looks of admiration and interest; while, in his dapper silk jacket and cap of sky-blue and white, he rides slowly to the weighing-place, surrounded by lords and gentlemen "of high degree." Within a short space the vision is realized—more than realized—for he has won the first heat "by a length." In the next heat he comes in second, but only "half a neck" behind, and his horse is still fresh. The bell rings again for saddling; and the good steed is snuffing the air, and preparing for renewed exertions, while his rider "hails in his heart the triumph yet to come." The bell rings for starting—"They are off," cry a hundred voices at once. Blue and white soon takes the lead. "Three to one"—"five to one" —"seven to one"—are the odds in his favour; while at the first rise in the ground he gives ample proof to the admiring "cognoscenti" that he "*must* win." A few minutes more, and a general hum of anxious voices announces that the horses are again in sight. "Which is first?"—"Oh, blue and white still."—"I knew it; I was sure of it." Here comes the clerk of the course flogging out the intruders within the rails, and here comes the gallant bay—full two lengths before the only horse that, during the whole circuit of four miles, has been once within speaking distance of him. He keeps the lead, and wins the race without once feeling the whip. Here is a moment of triumph for his rider! he is weighed again, and receives from his master's hand the well-earned reward of his "excellent riding." The horse is carefully reclothed, and led back to his stable, where his feet are relieved from the shoes which are destined to assist in recording, to successive generations of jockies, the gallant *feats*, performed by

> "Hearts that then beat high for praise,
> But feel that pulse no more."

Our hostel, however, must not be thus quitted.—The date inscribed within the circle above the centre window is, I think, 1617. (I have a memorandum of it somewhere, but have mislaid it.) The house is plastered and washed with yellow; but its gables, Elizabethan chimnies, and projecting *bay* window, (a very proper kind of window for a "running horse,") render it a much more picturesque building than I have been able to represent it on the small scale of my drawing. In front of it, at about the distance of thirty yards, there was formerly a well of more than a hundred feet in depth; the landlord used to repair this well, receiving a contribution from all who made use of it; but other wells have of late years been dug in the neighbourhood, and the use of this has subsequently been confined to the inmates of the public-house.

The church of Merrow, of which there is a glimpse in the background, is worthy of further notice than I have the means of affording in the present communication.

November, 1827. PHILIPPOS.

WILLIAM CAPON,

THE SCENE PAINTER.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Presuming you may not have been acquainted with the late Mr. William Capon, whose excellence as a gothic architectural scene-painter has not been equalled by any of his compeers, I venture a few particulars respecting him.

My acquaintance with Mr. Capon commenced within only the last five or six years, but his frank intimacy and hearty good-will were the same as if our intercourse had been of longer date. A memoir of him, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," seems to me somewhat deficient in its representation of those qualities.

The memoir just noticed assigns the date of his birth at Norwich to have been October 6, 1757; and truly represents, that though wanting but ten days of arriving at the seventieth year of his age when he died, his hale appearance gave little indication of such a protracted existence. He laboured under an asthmatic affection, of which he was accustomed to complain, while his fund of anecdote, and his jocular naïveté in recitation, were highly amusing. His manner of relating many of the follies of the trical monarchs, now defunct, was wont to set the table in a roar; and could his reminiscences be remembered, they would present a detail quite as amusing as some that have recently diverted the town. Kemble he deified; he confessed that he could not get rid of old prejudices in favour of his old friend; and, to use his own phrase, "there never was an actor like him." I have often seen him in ecstasy unlock the glazed front of the frame over his drawing-room chimney-piece, that enclosed a singularly beautiful enamel portrait of that distinguished actor, which will shortly be competed for under the auctioneer's hammer. Some of his finest drawings of the Painted Chamber at Westminster, framed with the richness of olden times, also decorated this room, which adjoined his study on the same floor. His larger drawings had green silk curtains before them; and these he would not care to draw, unless he thought his visitors' ideas corresponded with his own respecting the scenes he had thus depicted. The most valuable portion of his collection was a series of drawings of those portions of the ancient city of Westminster, which modern improvements have wholly annihilated. During the course of demolition, he often rose at daybreak, to work undisturbed in his darling object; and hence, some of the tones of morning twilight are so strictly represented, as to yield a hard and unartist-like appearance.

It was a source of disquiet to Mr. Capon that the liberality of publishers did not extend to such enlargements of Smith's Westminster, as his own knowledge would have supplied. In fact, such a work could not be accomplished without a numerous list of subscribers; and as he never issued a prospectus, the whole of his abundant antiquarian knowledge has died with him, and the pictorial details alone remain.

Mr. Capon was, greatly to his inconvenience, a creditor of the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of whom he was accustomed to speak with evident vexation. He had been induced to enter into the compromise offered him by the committee of management of Drury-lane theatre, and give a receipt barring all future claims. This galled him exceedingly; and more than once he hinted suspicions respecting the conflagration of the theatre, which evinced that he had brooded over his losses till his judgment had become morbid.

But he is gone, and in him society has lost an amiable and respected individual. To the regret of numerous friends he expired on the 26th of September at his residence, No. 4, North-street, Westminster.

I am, &c.

November 3, 1827. A. W.

Garrick Plays.

No. XLIII.

[From "Brutus of Alba," a Tragedy, by Nahum Tate, 1678.]

Ragusa, and four more Witches, about to raise a storm.

Rag. 'Tis time we were preparing for the storm.
Heed me, ye daughters of the mystic art;
Look that it be no common hurricane,
But such as rend the Caspian cliffs, and from
Th' Hyrcanian hills sweep cedars, roots and all.
Speak; goes all right?

All. Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!

1st W. The cricket leaves our cave, and chirps no more.

2d W. I stuck a ram, but could not stain my steel.

3d W. His fat consumed in th' fire, and never smok'd.

4th W. I found this morn upon our furnace wall
Mysterious words wrought by a slimy snail,
Whose night-walk fate had guided in that form.

2d W. Thou'rt queen of mysteries, great Ragusa.
How hast thou stemm'd the abyss of our black science,
Traced dodging nature thro' her blind 'scape-roads,
And brought her naked and trembling to the light!

Rag. Now to our task—
Stand off; and, crouching, mystic postures make,
Gnawing your rivel'd knuckles till they bleed,
Whilst I fall prostrate to consult my art,
And mutter sounds too secret for your ear.

(storm rises.)

Rag. The storm's on wing, comes powdering from the Nore;
Tis past the Alps already, and whirls forward
To th' Appenine, whose rifted snow is swept
To th' vales beneath, while cots and folds lie buried.
Thou Myrza tak'st to-night an airy march
To th' Pontic shore for drugs; and for more speed
On my own maple crutch thou shalt be mounted,
Which bridled turns to a steed so manageable,
That thou may'st rein him with a spider's thread.

4th W. And how if I o'ertake a bark in the way?

Rag. Then, if aloft thou goest, to tinder scorch
The fanns; but if thou tak'st a lower cut,
Then snatch the whips off from the steersman's hand,
And sowce him in the foam.

4th W. He shall be drench'd.

(storm thickens.)

Rag. Aye, this is music! now methinks I hear
The shrieks of sinking sailors, tackle rent,
Rudders unbing'd, while the sea-raveners swift
Scour thro' the dark flood for the diving corpses.

(the owl cries.)

Ha! art thou there, my melancholy sister?
Thou think'st thy nap was short, and art surpris'd
To find night fallen already.
More turf to th' fire, till the black mesh ferment;
Burn th' oil of basilisk to fret the storm.
That was a merry clap: I know that cloud
Was of my Fricker's rending, Fricker rent it;
O 'tis an ardent Spirit: but beshrew him,
'Twas he seduced me first to hellish arts.
He found me pensive in a desart glin,
Near a lone oak forlorn and thunder-cleft,
Where discontented I abjured the Gods,
And bann'd the cruel creditor that seiz'd
My Mullees,* sole subsistence of my life.
He promised me full twelve years' absolute reign
To banquet all my senses, but he lied,
For vipers' flesh is now my only food,
My drink of springs that stream from sulph'rous mines;
Beside with midnight cramps and scalding sweats
I am almost inured for hell's worst tortures.—
I hear the wood-nymphs cry; by that I know
My charm has took—
but day clears up,
And heavenly light wounds my infectious eyes.

1st W. Now, sullen Dame, dost thou approve our works?

Rag. 'Twas a brave wreck: O, you have well perform'd.

2d W. Myrza and I bestrid a cloud, and soar'd
To lash the storm, which we pursued to th' City,
Where in my flight I snatch'd the golden globe,
That high on Saturn's pillar blaz'd i' th' air.

3d W. I fired the turret of Minerva's fane.

4th W. I staid i' th' cell to set the spell a work.
The lamps burnt ghastly blue, the furnace shook;
The Salamander felt the heat redoubled,
And frisk'd about, so well I plied the fire.

Rag. Now as I hate bright day, and love moonshine,
You shall be all my sisters in the art:
I will instruct ye in each mystery;
Make ye all Ragusas.

All. Ho! Ho! Ho!

Rag. Around me, and I'll deal to each her dole.
There's an elf-lock, tooth of hermaphrodite,
A brace of mandrakes digg'd in fairy ground,
A lamprey's chain, snake's eggs, dead sparks of thunder
Quench'd in its passage thro' the cold mid air,
A mermaid's fin, a cockatrice's comb
Wrapt i' the dried caul of a brat still-born.
Burn 'em.—
In whispers take the rest, which named aloud
Would fright the day, and raise another storm.

All. Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Soziman, a wicked Statesman, employs Ragusa for a charm.

Rag. — my drudges I'll employ
To frame with their best arts a bracelet for thee,
Which, while thou wear'st it lock'd on thy left arm,
Treason shall ne'er annoy thee, sword and poison
In vain attempt; Nature alone have power
Thy substance to dissolve, nor she herself
Till many a winter-shock hath broke thy temper.

---

* Her cows.

Soz. Medea for her Jason less performed!
My greatening soul aspires to range like thee,
In unknown worlds, to search the reign of Night.
Admitted to thy dreadful mysteries,
I should be more than mortal.

Rag. Near my cell,
Mong'st circling rocks (in form a theatre)
Lies a snug vale—

Soz. With horror I have view'd it;
'Tis blasted all and bare as th' ocean beech,
And seems a round for elves to revel in.

Rag. With my attendants there each waining moon
My dreadful Court I hold, and sit in state:—
And when the dire transactions are dispatch'd,
Our zany Spirits ascend to make us mirth
With gambals, dances, masks and revelling songs,
Till our mad din strike terror through the waste,
Spreads far and wide to th' cliffs that bank the main,
And scarce is lost in the wide ocean's roar.
Here seated by me thou shalt view the sports,
Whilst demons kiss thy foot, and swear thee homage.

Ragusa, with the other Witches, having finished the bracelet.

Rag. Proceed we then to finish our black projects.—
View here, till from your green distilling eyes
The poisonous glances center on this bracelet,
A fatal gift for our projecting son;—
Seven hours odd minutes has it steept i' th' gall
Of a vile Moor swine-rooted from his grave.
Now to your bloated lips apply it round,
And with th' infectious dew of your black breaths
Compleat its baleful force.

[From the "Fatal Union," a Tragedy; Author Unknown.]

Dirge.

Noblest bodies are but gilded clay.
Put away
But the precious shining rind,
The inmost rottenness remains behind.
Kings, on earth though Gods they be,
Yet in death are vile as we.
He, a thousand Kings before,
Now is vassal unto more.
Vermin now insulting lie,
And dig for diamonds in each eye;
Whilst the sceptre-bearing hand
Cannot their inroads withstand.
Here doth one in odours wade,
By the regal unction made;
While another dares to gnaw
On that tongue, his people's law.
Fools, ah! fools are we that so contrive,
And do strive,
In each gaudy ornament,
Who shall his corpse in the best dish present.

C. L.

ISLE OF WIGHT

To the Editor.

HAY HARVEST CUSTOM.

Sir,—Perhaps you may deem the following singular tenure from "Horsey's Beauties of the Isle of Wight, 1826," worth adding to those already perpetuated in the *Every-Day Book*, and your present agreeable continuation of it.

At the foot of St. John's Wood are two meadows, one on each hand, the main road running between them. These meadows are known by the name of Monk's Meads. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the first crop of hay they produce annually is reaped, not by the owner, nor the person who may rent the land, but by the tenant of Newnham farm, which is situated upwards of two miles distant, and has no connection whatever with the land. There is a legend attaching to this circumstance. The tale is, that one of the monks of Quarr was in the habit of visiting the family that once occupied Newnham farm, and as his visits were pretty frequent, and he was accustomed to put up his horse at the farmer's expense, he bequeathed to the tenan of Newnham farm the first crop of hay which these meadows produce annually, each meadow to be reaped for his benefit every alternate year; and the warrant for his doing so was to be the continuance of a rude image in the wall of the house. Whether this be the legal tenure or not is another question; one thing is certain, the idol is preserved in the wall, the farmer comes on the specific day for the crop, and the produce is carried to Newnham.

I am, &c.

May 17, 1827. DICK DICK'S SON.

ORIGIN OF HAY-BAND?

For the Table Book.

Many of our origins and customs are derived from the Romans. In the time of Romulus, a handful of hay was used in his ranks instead of a flag; and his military ensign, who commanded a number of soldiers, was called a *band*, or ancient bearer. Thus it will appear, that a twisted band of hay being tied round a larger quantity of hay, for its support, it is, agreeably to the derivation, properly called a *hay-band*.

This word might serve for the tracing a variety of "bands,"—as the "band of gentleman pensioners,"—the "duke of York's band," *cum multis, et cæt.*

P.

BRISTOL HIGH CROSS.

For the Table Book.

The High Cross, which formerly stood at Bristol, was first erected in 1373 in the High-street, near the Tolsey; and in succeeding times it was adorned with the effigies of four kings, who had been benefactors to the city, viz. king John facing north to Broad-street, king Henry III. east to Wine-street, king Edward III. west to Corn-street, and king Edward IV. south to High-street.

After the original Cross had stood three hundred and sixty years at the top of High-street, a silversmith who resided in the house (now 1827) called the Castle Bank, facing High-street and Wine-street, *offered to swear* that during every high wind his premises and his life were endangered by the expected fall of the Cross!—A petition, too, was signed by several *respectable citizens!* to the corporation for its removal, with which that body *complied with great reluctance, and saw its demolition with great regret!*

In the year 1633 it was taken down, enlarged, and raised higher, and four other statues were then added, viz. king Henry VI. facing east, queen Elizabeth west, king James I. south, and king Charles I. north; the whole was painted and gilded, and environed with iron palisadoes.

In 1733, being found incommodious by obstructing the passage of carriages, it was again taken down, and erected in the centre of College-green, the figures facing the same points as before. On that occasion it was painted in imitation of grey marble, the ornaments were gilt, and the figures were painted in their proper colours.

About the year 1762 it was discovered that it prevented ladies and gentlemen from walking eight or ten abreast, and its final ruin resolved upon; and it was once more taken down by the order of the Rev. Cuts Barton, then dean, and strange to say, as if there were no spot in the whole city of Bristol whereon this beautiful structure could be again erected, it was given by the "very reverend" gentleman to Mr. Henry Hoare of Stourton, who afterwards set it up in his delightful gardens there.

The following extracts from some old newspapers preserved by the Bristol antiquary, the late Mr. George Symes Catcott, are interesting.

"August 21, 1762.—Several workmen are now employed in raising the walls in College-green, and taking down the High Cross, which, *when beautified*, will be put up in the middle of the grass-plot near the lower green, about thirty yards from where it now stands."

"A.D. 1764.—Epigram:—

'Ye people of Bristol deplore the sad loss
Of the kings and the queens that once reigned in your Cross;
Tho' your patrons they were, and their reigns were so good,
Like Nebuchadnezer they're forced to the wood.
Your great men's great wisdom you surely must pity,
Who've banished what all men admir'd from the city."

"October, 1764.—To the printer (of one of the Bristol newspapers)—

"Sir,—By inserting the following in your paper you will oblige, &c.:—

"In days of yore, when haughty France was tamed,
In that great battle, which from Cressy's named,
Our glorious Edward and his Godlike son
To England added what from France they'd won.
In this famed reign the High Cross was erected,
And for its height and beauty much respected.
Succeeding times (for gratitude then reigned
On earth, nor was by all mankind disdained)
The Cross adorned with four patron kings,
So History assures the muse that sings;
Some hundred years it stood, to strangers shown
As the palladium of this trading town:
Till in king Charles the first's unhappy reign
'Twas taken down, but soon was raised again;
In bulk and height increased, four statues more
Were added to the others, there before:
Then gilded palisadoes fenc'd it round—
A Cross so noble grac'd no other ground.
There long it stood, and oft admir'd had been,
Till mov'd from thence to adorn the College-green:
There had it still remained; but envious fate,
Who secret pines at what is good or great,
Raised up the *ladies* to conspire its fall,
For boys and men, and dogs defiled it all.
For those faults condemned, this noble pile
Was in the sacred college stow'd a while.
From thence these kings, so very great and good,
Are sent to grace proud Stourton's lofty wood.

"R. S."

Mr. Britton observes, that "the improvements and embellishments of this Cross in 1633 cost the chamber of Bristol 207*l.* Its height from the ground was thirty-nine feet six inches. After taking it down in 1733 it was thrown into the Guildhall, where it remained till some gentlemen of the College-green voluntarily subscribed to have it re-erected in the centre of that open space; but here it was not suffered long to continue, for in 1763 the whole was once more levelled with the ground, and thrown into a secluded corner of the cathedral, so insensible were the Bristolians of its beauty and curiosity. Mr.

Hoare expended about 300*l.* in its removal to and re-erection at Stourton. The present structure at Stourton, however, varies in many particulars from the original Cross. It constitutes not only an unique garden ornament in its present situation, but is singularly beautiful for its architectural character, its sculpture, and its eventful history."

1821.—A clergyman of Bristol (the Rev. Mr. Sayer) having an occasion to write to sir R. C. Hoare, bart. received in reply a letter containing the following paragraph:—"I am glad to hear that the citizens of Bristol show a desire to restore the ancient monuments of their royal benefactors; pray assure them, that I shall be very happy to contribute any assistance, but my original is in such a tottering state that no time should be lost."

Thus the beautiful High Cross which once adorned the city of Bristol may now, through the liberality of sir R. C. Hoare, be transplanted (if we may use the expression) to its native soil, after a banishment of fifty-seven years. Its reappearance in the College-green would be beautiful and highly appropriate.

At a meeting of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society on the 19th April, 1827, Mr. Richard Smith read a paper from Thomas Garrard, Esq. the chamberlain of Bristol, on the subject of the High Cross, together with a brief notice of "the well of St. Edith" in Peter-street. The latter, as well as the remains of the Cross, are still preserved at sir R. C. Hoare's at Stourton. Many other interesting particulars may be found in the Bristol Mirror, April 28, 1827.

August, 1827. A. B.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TAILOR.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—Bailey derives "*tailor* from *tailler*, French, a maker of garments:" but when a boy I remember perfectly well, my grandfather, who was facetious, and attached to the usages of the past, acquainting me with *his* origin of the word "tailor." He stated it nearly thus:—"The term tailor originated between a botcher (a man that went from farm-house to farm-house, and made and repaired clothes by the day) and his wife—who, going to a town fair without her husband, returned in a storm at a late hour, all bespattered with mud. The wearied botcher had searched for her in vain, till meeting a neighbour, who told him his wife was gone home draggletailed, he exclaimed, 'God be praised! *she's* where she ought to be; but the De'el take the *tail-'o'her*.' His brother villagers ever after called him (not the botcher) but the *tail o'her*—hence *tailor*. The Devil among the Tailors perhaps owes its origin to a similar freak."

Speaking of a *tail*, the following from Bailey may not be inappropriate.—"*Kentish long tails*. The Kentish men are said to have had tails for some generations, by way of punishment, as some say; for the Kentish pagans abusing Austin the monk and his associates, by beating them, and opprobriously tying fish-tails to them; in revenge of which, such appendages grew to the hind parts of all that generation. But the scene of this lying wonder was not in Kent, but at Carne, in Dorsetshire. Others again say, it was for cutting off the tail of Saint Thomas of Canterbury's horse; who, being out of favour with Henry II., riding towards Canterbury upon a poor sorry horse, was so served by the common people. *Credat Judæus Apella*."

"Animals' tails" were worn at country festivals by buffoons and sportmakers; for which, see "Plough Monday," in the *Every-Day Book*; and also, see Liston, in Grojan, "I could a *tail* unfold!" &c.

Yours truly,

*, *, P.

For the Table Book.

THE CLERK IN THE DARK.

"*Set forth, but* not *allowed to be sung in all Churches, of all the people together.*"

Once on a time, 'twas afternoon,
And winter—while the weary day
Danced off with Phœbus—to the tune
Of "O'er the hills and far away"——

I went to church, and heard the clerk
Preface the psalm with "Pardon me,
But really friends it is so dark,
Do all I may I cannot see"——

The "quire" that used the psalms to chaut
Not dreaming to be thus misled—
Struck up in chorus jubilant,
The clerk's apology instead!

MORAL.

"The force of habit" should not keep
Our trust in other heads so sure,
That reason may drop off to sleep,
Or sense enjoy a sinecure.

A. X

For the Table Book.

CINDERELLA.

Of all the narratives either of fact or of fiction there are none, I will pledge my veracity, like the Fairy Tales of the Nursery, for interesting all the best feelings of our nature, and for impressing an imperishable and beautiful morality upon the heart. Was there ever, can you imagine—was there ever a young woman hardened and heartless enough to explore a forbidden closet, after she had perused the romantic history of Bluebeard? Would she not fearfully fancy that every box, bag, and bottle, jar, jelly, and jam-pot was grinning hideously at her in the person of one of the departed Mrs. Bluebeards? In fact, there is not a tale that does not convey some fine instruction, and, I would venture to affirm, that does not produce more salutary influence on the youthful mind, than all that Dr. Gregory and Mrs. Chapone, Dr. Fordyce and Miss Hannah More, have ever, in their wearisome sagacity, advised.

Of the whole of these entertaining stories, perhaps the best, and deservedly the most popular, is the History of Cinderella. How deeply do we sympathise in her cinders! how do we admire her patient endurance and uncomplaining gentleness,—her noble magnanimity in not arranging her sisters' *tresses amiss*—for presuming to be her *miss-tresses*—and finally, how do we rejoice at her ultimate and unexpected prosperity! Judge then of my horror, imagine my despair, when I read the New Monthly Magazine, and saw this most exquisite story derived from the childish folly of a strolling player! The account, which is in a paper entitled "Drafts on La Fitte," states, that the tale originated in an actual occurrence about the year 1730 at Paris. It is to this effect:—An actor, one Thevenard, saw a shoe, where shoes are frequently to be seen, viz. at a cobbler's stall, and, like a wise man, fell deeply in love with it. He immediately took his stand by the stall all the rest of the day—but nobody came for the shoe. Next morning "Ecce iterum Crispinus," he was with the cobbler again, still nobody came: however, to make a short story of a long one, day after day the poor actor stood there, till the proprietor of the shoe applied for it, in the person of a most elegant young woman; when monsieur Thevenard took the opportunity of telling her, he admired her foot so much he was anxious to gain her hand; to this modest desire she kindly complied; and they were accordingly married. Thus ends this pitiful account. He must have had an inventive fancy, indeed, who could manufacture the sweet story of Cinderella out o such meagre materials—it was making a mountain out of a molehill! The gentle and interesting Cinderella dwindles down into a girl, whose only apparent merit was her economy in having her shoe patched—and the affable and affluent prince melts away into a French actor. Were the prize of squeezing her foot into the little slipper only to become the bride of an actor, I should imagine the ladies would not have been quite so anxious to stand in her shoes!

Now, gentle reader, as I have told you what is *not* the origin of my story, it is but incumbent on me to tell you what *is*.—In the thirteenth book of the "Various History" of Ælian is the real genuine narrative from which Cinderella is derived—it is the twenty-third anecdote: and the similarity of the two stories is so great, that, I trust, a simple repetition of it will prove beyond a doubt the antiquity, as well as the rank, of my favourite Cinderella. Of all the Egyptians, says the historian, Rhodope was reckoned the most beautiful;—to her, when she was bathing, Fortune, ever fond of sudden and unexpected catastrophes, did a kindness more merited by her beauty than her prudence. One day, when she was bathing, she judiciously left her shoes on the bank of the stream, and an eagle (naturally mistaking it for a sheep or a little child) pounced down upon one of them, and flew off with it. Flying with it directly over Memphis, where king Psammeticus* was dispensing justice, the eagle dropped the shoe in the king's lap. Of course the king was struck with it, and admiring the beauty of the shoe and the skill and proportion of the fabrication, he sent through all the kingdom in search of a foot that would fit it; and having found it attached to the person of Rhodope, he immediately married her.

P.S.—I have given my authority, chapter and verse, for my story; but still farther to substantiate it, I am willing to lay both my name and address before the reader.

MR. SMITH,

November, 1827. *London.*

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* Psammeticus was one of the twelve kings of Egypt, and reigned about the year 670 B. C., just 2400 years before the poor Frenchman's time!—(See his history in Herodotus, book 2. cap. 2 and 3.)

HORÆ CRAVENÆ.

For the Table Book.

Hitchingstone Feast.—Cowling Moons.

On the highest part of Sutton Common, in Craven, is a huge block of solid granite, of about fifty yards in circumference, and about ten yards high. It is regarded as a great natural curiosity, and has for generations been a prominent feature in the legends and old wife's tales of the neighbourhood. On the west side is an artificial excavation, called "The Chair," capable of containing six persons comfortably, though I remember it once, at a pinch, in a tremendous thunder shower, containing eight. On the north side is a similar excavation, called "The Churn," from its resemblance to that domestic utensil; on the top is a natural basin, fourteen yards in circumference. This stone is the boundary-mark for three townships and two parishes, viz. the townships of Sutton, Cowling, and Laycock, and the parishes of Kildwick and Keighley. From time immemorial it has been customary to hold a feast round Hitchingstone on the 1st of August, the amusements at which are of a similar nature with those of the village feasts and tides (as they are called in some places) in the vicinity, as dancing, racing, &c. At a short distance from Hitchingstone are two smaller stones, one on the east, called Kidstone, the other on the north-east, called Navaxstone; whence the three names are derived I am ignorant.

The inhabitants of Cowling, or Cowling-head, the village from which the township takes its name, are known in Craven as "Moons;" an epithet of derision, which is said to have had its origin from the following circumstance:—Cowling-head is a wild mountain village, and the inhabitants are not famed for travelling much; but it is told, that once upon a time, a Cowling shepherd got so far from home as Skipton, (six miles;) on entering Skipton it was a fine moonlight night, and the shepherd is said to have made this sagacious remark: "How like your Skipton moon is to our Cowling-head moon." Be the story true or not, the inhabitants are called "Moons;" and in the vulgar vocabulary of Craven a silly fellow is called a "Cowling moon." Not knowing a single inhabitant of Cowling I cannot speak of their civilization; but it does not say much for their advancement in knowledge, that the Joannites have a chapel amongst them, and remain true to their *prophetess*; who, as they suppose,

> —— is but vanish'd from the earth awhile,
> To come again with bright unclouded smile.

While residing a few days at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, I frequently observed the Cowling Joannites, with their long beards, rambling up and down the fells. A friend likened them to the ancient Druid priests, but I thought they more resembled goats, and formed no bad substitute for that animal, which is almost wholly banished from the fells of the district.

He's got t'Oil-bottle in his Pocket.

This is a Craven saying, and is applied to a person, who, like the heathen Janus, has two faces; in other words, one who acts with duplicity, who will flatter you to your face, and malign you behind your back. Alas! how many are there amongst all ranks, and in all places, who have "got t'oil bottles in their pockets."

Swine Harry.

This is the name of a field on the side of Pinnow, a hill in Lothersdale, in Craven; and is said to have derived its name from the following singular circumstance. A native of the valley was once, at the dead of night, crossing the field with a pig which he had stolen from a neighbouring farmyard; he led the obstinate animal by a rope tied to its leg, which was noosed at the end where the thief held it. On coming to a ladder-style in the field, being a very corpulent man, and wishing to have both hands at liberty, but not liking to release the pig, he transferred the rope from his hands to his neck; but when he reached the topmost step his feet slipped, the pig pulled hard on the other side, the noose tightened, and on the following morning he was found dead. I believe this story to be a fact; it was told me by an aged man, who said it happened in his father's time.

Sept. 2, 1827. T. Q. M.

THOMAS SMITH,

A Quack Extraordinary.

For the Table Book.

The following advertisement, somewhat abridged from the original, which must have been put forth upwards of a century ago, abundantly proves, that quackery and puffing had made some progress even at that period:—

"In King-street, Westminster, at the Queen's-arms and Corn-cutter, liveth Thomas Smith; who, by experience and ingenuity, has learnt the art of taking out and curing all manner of corns, without pain, or drawing blood. He likewise takes out all manner of nails, which cause any disaster, trouble, or pain, which no man in England can do the like. He cures the tooth-ache in half an hour, let the pain be never so great, and cleanses and preserves the teeth. He can, with God's assistance, perform the same in a little time.

"I wear a silver badge, with three verses; the first in English, the second in Dutch, the third in French, with the States of Holland's crownet on the top, which was gave me as a present by the States-general of Holland, for the many cures, &c. My name on the badge underwritten, THOMAS SMITH, who will not fail, God willing, to make out every particular in this bill, &c.

"The famousest ware in England, which never fails to cure the tooth-ache in half an hour, price one shilling the bottle. Likewise a powder for cleansing the teeth, which makes them as ivory without wearing them, and without prejudice to the gums, one shilling the box. Also two sorts of water for curing the scurvy in the gums; though they are eaten away to the bottom, it will heal them, and cause them to grow as firm as ever, very safe, without mercury, or any unwholesome spirit. To avoid counterfeits, they are only sold at his own house, &c., price of each bottle half a crown, or more, according to the bigness, with directions."— *Harl. MSS.*

Smith is mentioned in the Tatler. He used to go out daily in quest of customers, and made a periodical call at all the coffee-houses then in London.

H. M. L.

DUNCHURCH, COW, AND CALF.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am confidently assured, that the following coincidences really occur. You may not perhaps deem them unworthy of the very small space they will occupy in your amusing columns, of which I have ever been a constant reader. T. R.

At *Dunchurch*, near Coventry, is an inn, or public-house, called the *Dun Cow*, which supplies its landlord with the milk of existence. He is actually named *Dūncalf*; the product of his barrels may be, therefore, not unaptly termed,—*mother's milk.*

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. XIV.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD, &c.

Two thousand years have elapsed since the time of Hippocrates, and there has scarcely been added a new aphorism to those of that great man, notwithstanding all the care and application of so many ingenious men as have since studied medicine.

There exist evident proofs that Hippocrates was acquainted with the circulation of the blood. Almelooven, in vindication of this father of medicine not having more amply treated of this subject in his works, assigns this reason, that Hippocrates having many other important matters to discuss, judged that to enlarge upon what was so well known, and had been so well explained by others, was as needless as it would have been to have written an Iliad after Homer. It is less requisite here to cite passages as proofs of Hippocrates's knowledge on this vital principle in the animal economy, than to state the fact of his acquaintance with it. Briefly it may suffice to mention, that Hippocrates compares the course of rivers, which return to their sources in an unaccountable and extraordinary manner, *to the circulation of the blood.* He says, that "when the bile enters into the blood it breaks its consistence, and disorders its regular course." He compares the admirable mechanism of the blood "to clues of thread, whose filaments overlap each other;" and he says, that "*in the body it performs just such a circuit, always terminating where it began.*"

Mr. Dutens is of opinion that Plato, Aristotle, Julius Pollux, Apuleius, and other ancients, treat the circulation of the blood as well known in their time. To that end he cites passages from their writings, and proceeds to affirm, that what reduces to a very small degree the honour of Harvey's claim to the discovery is, that "Servetus had treated of it very distinctly before him, in the fifth part of his book *De Christianismi Restitutione*; a work so very scarce, that there are but few who can boast of having seen it in print. Mr. Wotton, in his *Reflections upon the Ancients and Mo-*

derns, cites this passage of Servetus entire. In this passage Servetus distinguishes three sorts of spirits in the human body, and says that blood, "which he calls a vital spirit, is dispersed through the body by the *anastomosis*, or mutual insertion of two vessels, at their extremities, into one another." Here it deserves observation, that Servetus is the first who employed that term to express the communication between the veins and arteries. He makes "the expanded air in the lungs contribute to the formation of blood, which comes to them from the right ventricle of the heart, by the canal of the pulmonary artery." He says, that "the blood is there refined and perfected by the action of the air, which subtilises it and blends itself with that vital spirit, which the expanded heart then receives as a fluid proper to carry life every where." He maintains that "this conveyance and manner of preparing the blood in the lungs is evident from the junction of the veins with the arteries in this viscera." And he concludes with saying, that "the heart having received the blood thus prepared by the lungs sends it forth again by the artery of its left ventricle, called the aorta, which distributes it into all parts of the body." Andreas Cesalpinus, who lived likewise in the sixteenth century, has two passages which completely contain all that we know about the circulation of the blood. He explains at length "how the blood, gushing from the right ventricle of the heart through the pulmonary artery to pass into the lungs, enters anastomosically into the pulmonary veins, to be conveyed to the left ventricle of the heart, and afterwards distributed by the aorta into all parts of the body." Let it be remarked, that, according to Boerhaave, the first edition of Cesalpin's book was at Venice in 1571; that is, almost sixty years before Harvey's work appeared, who studied at Padua, which is not far from Venice; and spent a considerable part of his time there.

Johannes Leonicenus says, that the famous Paul Sarpi, otherwise known by the name of Father Paul, was he who discovered the circulation of the blood, and first discerned "the valves of the veins, which, like the suckers of a pump, open to let the blood pass, but shut to prevent its return;" and that he communicated this secret to Fabricius ab Aquapendente, professor of medicine at Padoua in the sixteenth century, and successor to Fallopius, who discovered it to Harvey, at that time studying physic under him in the university of Padoua.

SERVETUS.

His Books—Christianismi Restitutio—De Trinitate Erroribus—De Trinitate Dialogorum.

Mr. Dutens, in the course of his remarks on Servetus's discourse concerning the circulation of the blood, observes as follows:—

"Servetus published on this subject two different books. That for which he was burnt at Geneva, in 1553, is entitled *Christianismi Restitutio*, and had been printed but a month before his death. The care they took to burn all the copies of it at Vienne in Dauphiny, at Geneva, and at Frankfort, rendered it a book of the greatest scarcity. Mention is made of one copy of it in the catalogue of Mr. de Boze's books, p. 40, which has been regarded as the only one extant. I have had in my hands a surreptitious copy of it, published at London, which formerly belonged to Dr. Friend; in the 143d, 144th, and 145th pages of which occurs the passage (on the circulation.) The book is in quarto, but without the name of the place where it was printed, or the time when, and is incomplete, the bishop of London having put a stop to the impression, which, if I mistake not, was about the year 1730. Care should be taken not to confound this with another work of his, printed in 12mo. in 1531, without mention of the place where, but supposed to be at Lyons. It is entitled *De Trinitatis Erroribus Libri Septem, per Michaelem Serveto, alias Reves, ab Aragonia Hispanum;* and there is along with it another treatise, printed in 1532, entitled *Dialogorum de Trinitate, Lib. 2. de Justitia Regni Christi, Capitula 4. per Michaelem Serveto, alias Reves, ab Aragoniâ Hispanum.* This last, which is very scarce, and sold once for one hundred pistoles, (that is 40*l.* sterl.) is in the library of the duke of Roxburgh at London, where I have seen it, but it contains not the passage referred to, which is only to be met with in the corrected and enlarged edition of that work, published in 1553, and entitled *Christianismi Restitutio.*"

Dr. Sigmond, in a recent work, entitled "The Unnoticed Theories of Servetus," speaks of a Life of Servetus in the Historical Dictionary;* another, ascribed to M. de la Roche, in the "Bibliothèque Angloise," with extracts relating to Servetus's Theory of the Circulation of the Blood; and a third, by M. D'Artigny, in the "Mémoires des Hommes Illustres," who extracted

* Of which there is an English translation in 8vo.

the history of the trial from the archives of the archbishop of Vienne in Dauphine. "And I have lately read with considerable pleasure," says Dr. Sigmond, "an Apology for the Life of Servetus, by Richard Wright; not because he adds any thing to our previous knowledge of his life and conduct, but that a spirit of candour and liberality entitles the volume to much consideration. He has evidently not met with the *Christianismi Restitutio.*"

In relation to this latter work by Servetus, Dr. Sigmond says, "The late Dr. Sims, for many years president of the Medical Society of London, bequeathed to me his copy of Servetus, to which he has prefixed the following note:—'The fate of this work has been not a little singular; all the copies, except one, were burned along with the author by the implacable Calvin. This copy was secreted by D. Colladon, one of the judges. After passing through the library of the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, it came into the hands of Dr. Mead, who endeavoured to give a quarto edition of it; but before it was nearly completed, it was seized by John Kent, messenger of the press, and William Squire, messenger in ordinary, on the 29th of May, 1723, at the instance of Dr. Gibson, bishop of London, and burnt, a very few copies excepted. The late duke de Valliere gave near 400 guineas for this copy, and at his sale it brought 3810 livres. It contains the first account of the circulation of the blood, above 70 years before the immortal Harvey published his discovery.'"

"In justice to the memory of my late valued friend," says Dr. Sigmond, "I must state my conviction that this copy is not the original one; at the same time, I firmly believe he imagined it to be that which he has described. Yet he was well known as an accurate man, as a judicious collector of books: and, indeed, to him is the Medical Society of London indebted for its valuable and admirable library." Dr. Sigmond's correction of Dr. Sims's note is substantial; but it may be corrected still further. Dr. Sims mistook as to the book having brought 3810 livres at the duke de Valliere's sale. The duke gave that sum for the book at the sale of M. Gaignat in 1769, and when the duke's library was sold in 1784, it produced 4120 livres. There is a particular account of it in the catalogue of that collection, by De Bure, tom. i. p. 289. That copy has hitherto been deemed *unique*. Is Dr. Sigmond's *another* copy of Servetus's own edition?

Dr. Sigmond's own work, printed last year, is itself scarce, in consequence of having been suppressed or withdrawn from publication.* This circumstance, and the curiosity of its purpose, may render an exemplifying extract from it agreeable:—

"I have quoted," says Dr. S., "the whole of *Servetus's* theories verbatim. Those that relate to the phenomena of mind, as produced by the brain, will at this time have an additional interest, when Gall and Spurzheim have attracted the attention of philosophers to the subject. With some degree of boldness he has fixed upon the ventricles of the brain, and the choroid plexus, as the seat of that ray divine which an immortal Creator has shed upon man, and man alone. The awe and veneration with which such a subject must be approached, are increased by the conviction that though we may flatter our fond hopes with the idea that some knowledge has been gained, we are still lost in the same labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty that we ever were.

"After giving his description of the passage of the blood from the right ventricle of the heart through the lungs, to the left ventricle of the heart, he gives his reasons for his belief in his doctrine of the circulation, and observes that Galen was unacquainted with the truth. He then commences that most extraordinary passage upon the seat of the mind. The blood, he supposes, having received in its passage through the lungs the breath of life, is sent by the left ventricle into the arteries; the purest part ascends to the base of the brain, where it is more refined, especially in the retiform plexus. It is still more perfected in the small vessels, the capillary arteries, and the choroid plexus, which penetrate every part of the brain, enter into the ventricles, and closely surround the origin of the nerves. From the vital spirit it is now changed into the animal spirit, and acts upon the mass of brain, which is incapable of reasoning without this stimulus. In the two ventricles of the brain is placed the power of receiving impressions from external objects; in the third is that of reasoning upon them; in the fourth is that of remembering them. From the communication through the foramina of the ethmoid bone, the two ventricles receive a portion of external air to refresh the spirit, and to give new animation to the soul. If these

* It is entitled "The Unnoticed Theories of Servetus, a Dissertation addressed to the Medical Society of Stockholm. By George Sigmond, M.D. late of Jesus College, Cambridge, and formerly President of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh. London, 1826." 8vo. pp. 80.

ventricles are oppressed by the introduction of noxious vapour, epilepsy is produced, if a fluid presses on the choroid plexus, apoplexy; and whatever affects this part of the brain causes loss of mental power.

"I have transcribed his notions on vegetable and animal life: they are more curious than correct. They are contained in the second Dialogue on the Trinity, which is remarkable from its being the best proof that the doctrines of Servetus were completely at variance with the Unitarianism of which he was accused. It is a dialogue between Peter and Michael, 'modum generationis Christi docens, quod ipse non sit creatura, nec finitæ potentiæ, sed vere adorandus, verusque Deus.'

"He here enters very minutely into the soul, as the breath of life; and the whole of the theories he has advanced are in support of the passages in the Bible, relative to the Almighty pouring into the nostrils of man the breath of life. A long metaphysical and theological discussion, difficult to be understood, follows; but not one syllable can be found contrary to the precepts of Christianity, or to the pure faith he wished to instil into the mind. In another part of the work there is a dissertation upon the heart as the origin of faith, which he believes, on the authorities he cites from the Bible, to be the seat of some degree of mental power. The heart, he supposes, deliberates upon the will, but the will obeys the brain."

Persons disposed to inquiries of the nature last adverted to, may peruse a remarkable paper on the functions of the heart, as connected with volition, by sir James Mackintosh; it was drawn up in consequence of a table conversation with Mr. Benjamin Travers, and is inserted by that gentleman in an appendix to his work on Constitutional Irritation.*

It remains further to be observed respecting Servetus, that, according to Dr. Sigmond, another of his theories was, that "in the blood is the life." His notions "on vegetable and animal life," are in his work "De Trinitatis Erroribus, Libri VII." 12mo. 1531. This book appears in the "Bibliotheca Parriana," by Mr. Bohn, with the following MS. remarks on it by Dr. Parr.

"*Liber rarissimus.* I gave two guineas for this book." S. P.

"Servetus was burnt for this book. He might be a heretic, but he was not an infidel. I have his life, in Latin, written by Allwoerden, which should be read by all scholars and true Christians." S. P.

Dr. Sigmond's opinion of Servetus evidently concurs with Dr. Parr's. Towards the close of Dr. Sigmond's Introduction to his "Dissertatio, quædam de Serveto complectens," he says, "Of his religious opinions I have but little to say: the bitter prejudices, the violent hatred, the unmanly persecutions that disgraced the early introduction of a reformed religion, have fortunately given place to the milder charities of true Christianity. The penalty of death, by the most cruel torture, would not now be inflicted on a man who offered to the world crude and undigested dreams, or the visionary fancies of a disturbed imagination; and these, to say the very worst, are the sins for which Servetus expired at the stake, surrounded by the books his ardent and unconquerable spirit had dared to compose.

A sincere love of Christianity beams forth in every page of the work I have before me. His great anxiety was to restore religion to that purity, which he believed it to have lost. The doctrine he opposed was not that of Christ; it was that of the churchmen who had established, in his name, their own vain and fleeting opinions. The best proof that Calvin and Melancthon had deserted the mild, the charitable, the peaceful religion of truth, and that they followed not the divine precepts of their gentle Master, was, and is, that they pursued, even unto death, a helpless, poor, and learned man."

It is well known that Servetus was denounced by Calvin to the government of Geneva, and that the civil authorities referred the case back to Calvin. "At the instance of Mr. Calvin and his associates he was condemned to be burnt alive; which sentence was executed October 27, 1553. He was upwards of two hours in the fire; the wood being green, little in quantity, and the wind unfavourable."* It is not now the fashion to burn a man for heresy: the modern mode is to exaggerate and distort his declared opinions; drive him from society by forging upon him those which he disclaims; wound his spirit, and break his heart by continued aspersions; and, when he is in his grave, award him the reputation of having been an amiable and mistaken man.

* "An Inquiry concerning that disturbed State of the Vital Functions, usually denominated Constitutional Irritation. By Benjamin Travers, F.R.S. Senior Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, and President of the Medico-Chirurgical and Hunterian Societies of London, &c. second edition. London, 1827." 8vo.

* Dr. Adam Clarke; Bibliographical Dict. vol. vi.

LINES,

On seeing in the Table Book the Signature of a brother, W. W. K.

Where'er those well-known characters I see,
They are, and ever will be, dear to me!
How oft in that green field, beneath the shade
Of beechen-boughs, whilst other youngsters play'd,
Have I, a happy schoolboy, o'er and o'er,
Conn'd those dear signs, which now I read once more!
How oft, as on the daisied grass I laid,
Full pleas'd, the W. W. K. I've read!—
When once espied, how tedious 'twas to wait
The crippled postman's well-known shuffling gait,
As, slowly creeping down the winding lane,
With such a sluggish pace he onward came;
Or if in school,—his ring no sooner heard,
Than home, with all its sweets, to mind recurr'd;
And whilst the letter's page its news reveal'd,
The gath'ring drop my boyish sight conceal'd!

Something then whisper'd, Bill, that life begun
So well, the same still happily would run;
That tho' for years the briny sea divide,
Or be it good, or ill, that each betide,
The same fond heart would throb in either's breast,
Fondness by years and stealing time increas'd!
So, as in early days it first became,
Shall it in riper life, be still the same,
That by and by, when we're together laid
'Neath the green moss-grown pile—it may be said,
As lonely footsteps tow'rds our hillock turn,
"They were in life and death together one!"

DOVER PIG.

To the Editor.

Sir,—To the fact of the underwritten narrative there are many living witnesses of high respectability. Anatomists and philosophers may not think it unworthy their notice, and the lovers of the marvellous will doubtless be interested by a subject which assimilates with the taste of all.

On the 14th of December, 1810, several considerable falls of the cliffs, both east and westward of Dover, took place; and one of these was attended by a fatal domestic catastrophe. A house, situated at the base of that part of the cliffs between Moat's Bulwark and where the Dover Gas Company's works are built, was buried, with its inmates, consisting of the father, mother, and five of their children, and a sister's child. The father only was dug from the ruins alive. All his family perished with the ruin of his household property.

Behind the house, which stood just clear of the cliffs' base, in an excavation, was a pig-sty; which, when the cliff fell, was inhabited by a solitary and very fat hog, supposed to weigh about eight score. In the midst of his distress, the unfortunate owner of the quadruped forgot this animal; and when it occurred to his recollection, so much time had passed since the accident, that the pig was numbered with the dead. In the ensuing summer, on the evening of the 23d of May, some workmen of the Ordnance department, going home from labour, stopped, as they had sometimes done before, to contemplate the yet remaining ruin. While thus engaged, a sound broke the silence of the moment. It seemed like the feeble grunting of a hog. The men listened, and the sound was repeated, till it ceased to be matter of doubt. One of them immediately went to the commanding officer of the Ordnance, and returned with a party of the miners, who set to work; and as soon as they had cleared away the chalk from before the chasm, the incarcerated animal came staggering forth, more like the anatomy of a pig than a living one. Its skin was covered with a long shaggy coat: the iris had disappeared from its eyes; and the pupils were pale, and had almost lost their colour. Nothing beyond these particulars was apparent externally. With great attention to its feeding, the creature recovered from its debility, and its coat fell off, and was renewed as before. When I saw this hog in the following November, the eyes were of a yellowish tint, and the iris only discoverable by a faint line round the pupil; no defect showed itself in the vision of the organ: and, but for being told that the pig before me was the one buried alive for six months, there was nothing about it to excite curiosity. To the owner it had been a source of great profit, by its exhibition, during the summer season, at the neighbouring towns and watering-places; and, finally, it ended its existence in the way usual to its race, through the hands of the butcher.

I have stated the supposed weight of this long-buried quadruped at the time of its incarceration, to be about eight score, or twenty stone; when liberated, it was weighed, and had lost half of its former quantity, being then four score. A peculiar character of the pig is—its indiscriminate gluttony and rapid digestion. The means by which the life of this particular animal was sustained during the long period of its imprisonment, may be worth the consideration of the zootomist.

I am, &c.

September, 1827. K. B.

ANECDOTES.

Juries.

Levinz reports a case in the King's Bench, "Foster *v.* Hawden," "wherein the jury, not agreeing, *cast lots* for their verdict, and gave it according to lot; for which, upon the motion of Levinz, the verdict was set aside, and the jury were ordered to attend next term to be fined."

On an appeal of murder, reported in Coke, the killing was not denied by the murderer, but he rested his defence upon a point of law, viz. that the deceased had provoked him, by mocking him; and he therefore contended that it was not murder. The judges severally delivered their opinions, that it was murder; but the jury could not agree. They however came to the following understanding—"That they should bring in, and offer their verdict not guilty; and if the court disliked thereof, that then they should all change their verdict, and find him guilty." They brought in a verdict of *Not Guilty*. The court demurred, and sent them back; when, according to the above understanding, they returned again in a few minutes with a verdict of *Guilty*.

In 1752, Owen, a bookseller, was prosecuted by the attorney-general, on information, for a libel. The direction of the lord chief justice Lee to the jury does not appear at full length in the State Trials, but it seems that he "declared it as his opinion, that the jury ought to find the defendant guilty." The jury brought in their verdict "Not Guilty." The report proceeds to state, "that the jury went away; but at the desire of the attorney-general, they were called into court again, and asked this leading question: viz. "Gentlemen of the Jury, do you think the evidence laid before you, of Owen's publishing the book by selling it, is not sufficient to convince you that the said Owen did sell this book." Upon which the foreman, without answering the question, said, "Not guilty, not guilty;" and several of the jury said, "That is our verdict, my lord, and we abide by it." Upon which the court broke up, and there was a prodigious shout in the hall.

A Question—Mal-apropos.

When Dr. Beadon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, the text he one day took to preach from was, "Who art thou?" After reading it he made a pause, for the congregation to reflect on the words; when a gentleman, in a military dress, who at the instant was proceeding up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, replied, "I, sir, am an officer of the sixteenth regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here; and have come to church, because I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation, that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

GLASS.

Pliny informs us, the art of making glass was accidentally discovered by some merchants who were travelling with nitre, and stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they employed some pieces of their nitre for that purpose. The nitre, gradually dissolving by the heat of the fire, mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which was, in fact, glass. It is certain that we are more indebted to chance than genius for many of the most valuable discoveries.

VARIA.

For the Table Book.

Tomb of King Alfred.

Many Englishmen, who venerate the name of Alfred, will learn, with surprise and indignation, that the ashes of this patriot king, after having been scattered by the rude hands of convicts, are probably covered by a building at Winchester, erected in 1788 for the confinement of criminals. No one in the neighbourhood was sufficiently interested towards his remains to attempt their discovery or preservation.

Old Law Books.

It is remarkable, that the oldest book in the German law is entitled "Spiegel," or the Looking-glass which answers to our "Mirror of Justices:" it was compiled by Eckius de Reckaw, and is inserted in Goldastus's Collectanea. One of the ancient Icelandish books is likewise styled "Speculum Regale." There is also in Schrevelius's Teutonic Antiquities a collection of the ancient laws of Pomerania and Prussia, under the title of "Speculum." Surely all this cannot be the effect of pure accident.

Curious Will of an Attorney.

Mr. Lambe, an attorney, who died at Cambridge in the year 1800, left about eleven hundred pounds; and directed his executors (three gentlemen of the university) to appropriate the sum of eight hundred pounds as they might think proper. For this arduous task he bequeathed them one hundred pounds each.

S. S. S.

Epitaphs.

For the Table Book.

'*These* tell in homely phrase who lie below.'
Blair.

In Bois Church-yard, near Chesham, Bucks.

In Memory of
Mrs. Elizabeth, Wife of
Mr. Edward Pinchbeck,
of Chesham, who departed this
Life 1st Oct. 1781, aged 60 years.

Here a painful head is at rest,
Its violent throbbings are o'er;
Her dangerous mortified breast,
Neither throbs nor aches any more.
Her eyes, which she seldom could close
Without opiates to give her some rest,
Are now most sweetly composed,
With her whom her soul did love best.

On a Rail in Chesham Church-yard.

In memory of Sarah Bachelor, wife of Benjamin Bachelor, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Barnes, who departed this life May 23d, 1813, aged 25 years.

These three lines are on the reverse of the rail in question:—

My time was short not long in this world to stay God
Summon'd me and I was snatch'd away pray God
to bless
And friends be kind to my husband and children left
behind.

A plain white marble slab, placed over the remains of the illustrious Boerhaven, in St. Peter's, Leyden, bears only these four words in black letters.

Salutifero Boerhavii Genio Sacrum.

J. J. K.

A FILL UP

For the Table Book.

There is nothing I find so difficult to fill up as my spare time. Talk as they will about liberty, it is after all nothing but a sort of independent *ennui*—a freedom we are better without, if we do not know how to use it. To instance myself:—the first thing I do on the cessation of my daily avocations, which terminate rather early, is to throw my two legs upon one chair, and recline my back against another—when, after a provoking yawn of most ambiguous import, I propound to myself with great gravity—what the deuce shall I do? A series of questions instantly occur, which are as instantly answered — generally in the negative. Shall I read Blackstone?—no: Coke upon Littleton?—worse still: Fearne on Contingent Remainders?—horrid idea!—it was recommended the other day to a young friend of mine, who before he got to the end of the first page was taken with a shivering fit, from which he has not yet recovered—no, no; confound the law! I had enough of that this morning—What's to be done then? The *Table Book* does not come out till to-morrow—Scott's novels (unfashionable wretch) I don't like,—have read the Epicurean already twenty times—and know Byron by heart. Take up my flute, mouthpiece mislaid, and can't play without—determined to try, notwithstanding it should be my three thousandth failure; accordingly, blow like a bellows for about half an hour—can make nothing of it, suddenly stop, and throw the instrument to the other end of the room—forgetting the glass in the bookcase, the largest pane of which it goes through with a loud crash. Still musical, persist in humming a favourite air I have just thought of—hit the tune to a T, and immediately strike up a most delightful strain, beginning "Sounds delicious," &c., when a cry comes from the parlour, "We really must leave the house if that horrid noise is to be continued!"—Rather galled by this rub—begin to get angry—start up from my two chairs and walk briskly to the fireplace—arrange my hair pettishly—then stick my hands in my pockets, and begin to muse—glass catches my eye—neckcloth abominably out of order, instinctively untie and tie it again—tired of standing—sit down to my desk—commence a Sonnet to the Moon, get on swimmingly to the fifth line, and then—a dead stop—no rhyme to be got, and the finest idea I ever had in my life in danger of being lost—this will never do—determined to bring it in somewhere, and after a little alteration introduce it most satisfactorily into a poem I had begun yesterday on Patience, till, upon reading the whole over, I find it has nothing whatever to do with the subject; and disgusted with the failure tear up both poem and sonnet in a tremendous rage. Still at a loss what to do—at length I have it—got a communication for the *Table Book*—I'll take a walk and leave it— Gulielmus.

Note.

Under severe affliction I cannot make up this sheet as I wish. This day week my second son was brought home with his scull fractured. To-day intelligence has arrived to me of the death of my eldest son.

The necessity I have been under of submitting recently to a surgical operation on myself, with a long summer of sickness to every member of my family, and accumulated troubles of earlier origin, and of another nature, have prevented me too often from satisfying the wishes of readers, and the claims of Correspondents. I crave that they will be pleased to receive this, as a general apology, in lieu of particular notices, and in the stead of promises to effect what I can no longer hope to accomplish, and forbear to attempt.

December 12, 1827. W. Hone.

WINTER FLOWERS.

Chrysanthemum Indicum.

To the Editor.

Sir,—While the praises of our wild, native, simple flowers, the primrose, the violet, the blue bell, and daisy, as well as the blossoms of the hawthorn, wild rose, and honey-suckle, have been said and sung in many a pleasant bit of prose and verse in the pages of your extra-ordinary *Every-Day Book*, as connected with the lively descriptions given therein of many a rural sport and joyous pastime, enjoyed by our forefathers and foremothers of the "olden time," particularly in that enlivening and mirth-inspiring month, sweet May; when both young and old feel a renovation of their health and spirits, and hail the return of sunshine, verdure, and flowers; permit me to call the attention of such of your readers as are fond of flowers (and there is no one, who has "music in his soul" and a taste for poetry, that is not) to that highly interesting plant, the Indian Chrysanthemum, which serves, by its gay blossoms, to cheer the gloom, and enliven the sadness of those dreary months, November and December.

Since the introduction of the Camellia and the Dahlia, I know of no plant that produces so striking an effect upon the sight as the Chrysanthemum. We have now about forty distinct varieties of it in the country, for the greater part of which we are indebted to the London Horticultural Society. Many of the flowers are much larger than the largest full-blown Provence rose, highly aromatic, and of extremely bright, vivid, and varied colours; as white, yellow, copper, red, and purple, of all the different gradations of tint, and several of those colours mixed and blended. Some very fine specimens of this flower have been exhibited at the society's rooms and greenhouse. Nothing, in my opinion, could equal their beauty and splendour; not even the well-known collection of carnations and foreign picotées of my neighbour, Mr. Hogg, the florist.

This flower gives a very gay appearance to the conservatory and the greenhouse at this season of the year, when there is hardly another in blossom; and it may also be introduced into the parlour and drawing-room; for it flowers freely in small sized pots of forty-eight and thirty-two to the cast, requires no particular care, is not impatient of cold, and is easily propagated by dividing the roots, or by cuttings placed under a hand-glass in the months of May or June, which will bloom the following autumn, for it is prodigal of its flowers; the best method is to leave only one flowering stem in a pot.

The facility with which it is propagated will always make the price moderate, and render it attainable by any one; there is much dissimilarity in the form of the flowers, as well as in the formation of the petals —some flowers are only half spread, and have the appearance of tassels, while others are expanded fully, like the Chinese aster; some petals are quilled, some half quilled, some are flat and lanceolated, some crisped and curled, and others are in an imbricated form, decreasing in length towards the centre. There is also some variation in their time of flowering, some come much earlier than others.

This plant is not a stranger to the country, for it was introduced about thirty-five years ago; but the splendid varieties, of which I am speaking, are new, having been brought hither, mostly from China, by the Horticultural Society within these four or five years; and as the society has made a liberal distribution of plants and cuttings to the different nurserymen and florists round London, who are members thereof, they can now be easily obtained. There is little chance of its ever ripening its seed, from its coming into flower at the commencement of winter, so that we can only look for fresh varieties from India or China.

In conclusion, I will just note down a few that particularly engaged my attention, namely:—

The pure or large paper white.
The large white, with yellow tinged flowerets, or petals round the disk or centre.
The early blush.
The golden lotus.
The superb clustered yellow.
The starry purple.
The bright red, approaching to scarlet.
And the brown, red, and purple blended.

I remain, sir, &c.

Paddington, December. JERRY BLOSSOM.

Garrick Plays.

No. XLIV.

[From "Blurt, Master Constable:" a Comedy by T. Middleton, 1602.]

Lover kept awake by Love.

Ah! how can I sléep? he, who truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears:
Love's eye the jewel of sleep oh! seldom wears.
The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by Love's plaints disquieted;
And singing in the morning's ear she weeps,
Being deep in love, at Lovers' broken sleeps.
But say a golden slumber chance to tie
With silken strings the cover of Love's eye;
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

Violetta comes to seek her Husband at the house of a Curtizan.

Violetta.—Imperia, the Curtizan.

Vio. By your leave, sweet Beauty, pardon my excuse, which sought entrance into this house: good Sweetness, have you not a Property here, improper to your house; my husband?

Imp. Hah! your husband here?

Vio. Nay, be as you seem to be, White Dove, without gall. Do not mock me, fairest Venetian. Come, I know he is here. I do not blame him, for your beauty gilds over his error. 'Troth, I am right glad that you, my Countrywoman, have received the pawn of his affections. You cannot be hardhearted, loving him; nor hate me, for I love him too. Since we both love him, let us not leave him, till we have called home the ill husbandry of a sweet Straggler. Prithee, good wench, use him well.

Imp. So, so, so—

Vio. If he deserve not to be used well (as I'd be loth he should deserve it), I'll engage myself, dear Beauty, to thine honest heart: give me leave to love him, and I'll give him a kind of leave to love thee. I know he hears me. I prithee try my eyes, if they know him; that have almost drowned themselves in their own salt-water, because they cannot see him. In troth, I'll not chide him. If I speak words rougher than soft kisses, my penance shall be to see him kiss thee, yet to hold my peace.

Good Partner, lodge me in thy private bed;
Where, in supposed folly, he may end
Determin'd Sin. Thou smilest. I know thou wilt.
What looseness may term dotage,—truly read,
Is Love ripe-gather'd, not soon withered.

Imp. Good troth, pretty Wedlock, thou makest my little eyes smart with washing themselves in brine. I mar such a sweet face!—and wipe off that dainty red! and make Cupid toll the bell for your love-sick heart!—no, no, no—if he were Jove's own ingle Ganymede—fie, fie, fie—I'll none. Your Chamber-fellow is within. Thou shalt enjoy him.

Vio. Star of Venetian Beauty, thanks!

[From "Hoffman's Tragedy, or Revenge for a Father," 1631. Author Unknown.]

The Sons of the Duke of Saxony run away with Lucibel, the Duke of Austria's Daughter.—The two Dukes, in separate pursuit of their children, meet at the Cell of a Hermit: in which Hermit, Saxony recognises a banished Brother; at which surprised, all three are reconciled.

Austria. That should be Saxon's tongue.

Saxony. Indeed I am the Duke of Saxony.

Austria. Then thou art father to lascivious sons,
That have made Austria childless.

Saxony. Oh subtle Duke,
Thy craft appears in framing the excuse.
Thou dost accuse my young sons' innocence.
I sent them to get knowledge, learn the tongues,
Not to be metamorphosed with the view
Of flattering Beauty—peradventure painted.

Austria. No, I defy thee, John of Saxony.
My Lucibel for beauty needs no art;
Nor, do I think, the beauties of her mind
Ever inclin'd to this ignoble course,
But by the charms and forcings of thy sons.

Saxony. O would thou would'st maintain thy words, 'proud Duke!

Hermit. I hope, great princes, neither of you dare
Commit a deed so sacrilegious.
This holy Cell
Is dedicated to the Prince of Peace.
The foot of man never profsn'd this floor;
Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voice
Affright these buildings. Charity with Prayer,
Humility with Abstinence combined,
Are here the guardians of a grieved mind.

Austria. Father, we obey thy holy voice.
Duke John of Saxony, receive my faith;
Till our ears hear the true course, which thy sons
Have taken with me fond and misled child,
I proclaim truce. Why dost thou sullen stand?
If thou mean peace, give me thy princely hand.

Saxony. Thus do I plight thee truth, and promise peace.

Austria. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart.
In vows of combination there's a grace,
That shews th' intention in the outward face.
Look chearfully, or I expect no league.

Saxony. First give me leave to view awhile the person
Of this Hermit.—Austria, view him well.
Is he not like my brother Roderic?

Austria. He's like him. But I heard, he lost his life
Long since in Persia by the Sophy's wars.

Hermit. I heard so much, my Lord. But that report
Was purely feign'd; spread by my erring tongue,
As double as my heart, when I was young.
I am that Roderic, that aspired thy throne;
That vile false brother, that with rebel breath,
Drawn sword, and treach'rous heart, threaten'd your death.

Saxony. My brother!—nay then i' faith, old John lay by
Thy sorrowing thoughts; turn to thy wonted vein,
And be mad John of Saxony again.
Mad Roderic, art alive?—my mother's son,
Her joy, and her last birth!—oh, she conjured me
To use thee thus; [*embracing him*] and yet I banish'd thee.—
Body o' me! I was unkind, I know;
But thou deserv'd'st it then: but let it go.
Say thou wilt leave this life, thus truly idle,
And live a Statesman; thou shalt share in reign,
Commanding all but me thy Sovereign.

Hermit. I thank your Highness; I will think on it:
But for my sins this sufferance is more fit.

Saxony. Tut, tittle tattle, tell not me of sin.—
Now, Austria, once again thy princely hand:
I'll look thee in the face, and smile; and swear,
If any of my sons have wrong'd thy child,
I'll help thee in revenging it myself.
But if, as I believe, they mean but honour,
(As it appeareth by these Jousts proclaim'd),
Then thou shalt be content to name* him thine,
And thy fair daughter I'll account as mine.

Austria. Agreed.

Saxony. Ah, Austria! 'twas a world, when you and I
Ran these careers; but now we are stiff and dry.

Austria. I'm glad you are so pleasant, good my Lord.

Saxony. 'Twas my old mood: but I was soon turn'd sad,
With over-grieving for this long lost Lad,—
And now the Boy is grown as old as I;
His very face as full of gravity.

C. L.

* By one of the Duke's sons (her Lover) in honour of Lucibel.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. XV.

Ancient Surgery.

Mr. Bernard, principal surgeon to king William, affirms respecting ancient surgical skill as follows:—

There is no doubt but the perfection to which surgery has been carried in these last ages, is principally owing to the discoveries which have been made in anatomy. But the art of curing wounds, to which all the other parts ought to give way, remains almost in the same state in which the ancients transmitted it to us.

Celsus and other ancients have described a mode of operating for the stone, although it must be owned that a method, deserving the preference in many respects, and known by the name of *magnus apparatus* or *the grand operation*, was the invention of Johannes de Romanis, of Cremona, who lived at Rome in the year 1520, and published his work at Venice in 1535. The instrument that we make use of in trepanning was doubtless first used by the ancients, and only rendered more perfect by Woodall and Fabricius. Tapping, likewise, is in all respects an invention of theirs. Laryngotomy, or the opening of the larynx in the quinsey, was practised by them with success; an operation which, though safe and needful, is out of use at present. Galen. in particular, supported by reason, experience, and the authority of Asclepiades, justly applauds it as the ultimate resource in the case of a quinsey. *Hernia intestalis*, with the distinguishing differences of the several species of that malady, and their method of cure, are exactly described by the ancients. They also cured the pterygion and cataract, and treated the maladies of the eye as judiciously as modern oculists. The opening of an artery and of the jugular vein is no more a modern invention, than the application of the ligature in the case of an aneurism, which was not well understood by Frederic Ruysch, the celebrated anatomist of Holland. The extirpation of the amygdales, or of the uvula, is not at all a late invention, though it must be owned the efficacious cauteries now used in the case of the former, were neither practised nor known by the ancients. The method

we now use of treating the fistula lacrymalis, a cure so nice and difficult, is precisely that of the ancients, with the addition that Fabricius made of the cannula for applying the cautery. As to the real caustic, which makes a considerable article in surgery, although Costeus, Fienus, and Severinus have written amply on that subject, yet it is evident from a single aphorism of Hippocrates, that this great physician knew the use of it as well as those who have come after him: and besides, it is frequently spoken of in the writings of all the other ancients, who without doubt used it with great success in many cases where we have left it off, or know not how to apply it. The cure of the *varices* by incision appears, from the works of Celsus and Paulus Egineta, to have been a familiar practice among the ancients. The ancients describe the mode of curing the polypus of the ear, a malady little understood by the moderns. They were likewise well acquainted with all kind of fractures and luxations, and the means of remedying them; as well as with all the sorts of sutures in use among us, besides many we have lost. The various amputations of limbs, breasts, &c. were performed among them as frequently and with as great success as we can pretend to. As to the art of bandaging, the ancients knew it so well, and to such a degree of perfection, that we have not added any thing considerable to what Galen taught in his excellent tract on that subject. As to remedies externally applied, we are indebted to them for having instructed us in the nature and properties of those we now use; and in general methods of cure, particularly of wounds of the head, the moderns, who have written most judiciously upon it, thought they could do no better service to posterity, than comment upon that admirable book which Hippocrates wrote on this subject.

Ancient Chemistry.

It is agreed almost by all, that chemistry was first cultivated in Egypt, the country of Cham, of whom it is supposed primarily to have taken its name, Χημία, *Chemia, sive Chamia*, the science of Cham. Tubal-Cain, and those who with him found out the way of working in brass and iron, must have been able chemists; for it was impossible to work upon these metals, without first knowing the art of digging them out of the mine, of excavating them, and of refining and separating them from the ore.

Potable Gold.

From the story of the golden fleece, the golden apples that grew in the gardens of the Hesperides, and the reports of Manethon and Josephus with relation to Seth's pillars, deductions have been made in favour of the translation of metals; but to come to real and established facts, it appears that Moses broke the golden calf, reduced it into powder, to be mingled with water, and gave it to the Israelites to drink: in one word, he rendered gold potable.

It was objected within a century, that this operation was impracticable, and by some it was affirmed as having been impossible. But the famous Joel Langelotte affirms in his works, that gold may be entirely dissolved by attrition alone; and the ingenious Homberg assures us, that by pounding for a long while certain metals, and even gold itself, in *plain water*, those bodies have been so entirely dissolved as to become potable. Frederic III., king of Denmark, being curious to ascertain the fact, engaged some able chemists of his time to attempt it. After many trials they at last succeeded, but it was in following the method of Moses; by first of all reducing the gold into small parts by means of fire, and then pounding it in a mortar with water, till it was so far dissolved as to become potable. This fact is unquestionable; and probably Moses, who was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians, became acquainted with the method from that ancient and erudite people, from whom the most eminent philosophers of Greece derived their knowledge.

Mummies.

The art of embalming bodies, and of preserving them for many ages, never could have been carried so far as it was by the Egyptians, without the greatest skill in chemistry. Yet all the essays to restore it have proved ineffectual; reiterated analyses of mummies have failed to discover the ingredients of which they were composed. There were also, in those mummies of Egypt, many things besides, which fall within the verge of chemistry: such as their gilding,* so very fresh, as if it were but of fifty years' standing; and their stained silk, vivid in its colours at the end of three thousand years. In the British Museum

* The ancients also understood gilding with beaten, or water gold.—Æs inaurari argento vivo, legitimum erat. Plin. Hist. Natur. lib. xxxiii. c. 3. Vitruv. lib. vii. c. 8.

there is a mummy covered all over with fillets of granulated glass, various in colour, which shows that at that time they understood not only the making of glass, but could paint it to their liking. These glass ornaments are tinged with the same colours, and set off in the same taste, as the dyes in which almost all other mummies are painted.

Painting on Cloth.

Their manner of painting upon linen was, by first drawing upon it the outlines of the design, and then filling each compartment of it with different sorts of gums, proper to absorb the various colours; so that none of them could be distinguished from the whiteness of the cloth. They then dipped it for a moment in a caldron full of boiling liquor prepared for the purpose; and drew it thence, painted in all the colours they intended. These colours neither decayed by time, nor moved in the washing; the caustic impregnating the liquor wherein it was dipped, having penetrated and fixed every colour intimately through the whole contexture of the cloth.

Imitation of Precious Stones.

The preceding instance is sufficient to prove that chemistry had made great progress among the Egyptians. History affords similar instances of extraordinary attainment by this wonderful people, who were so ingenious and industrious, that even their lame, blind, and maimed were in constant employment. With all this, they were so noble-minded, as to inscribe their discoveries in the arts and sciences upon pillars reared in holy places, in order to omit nothing that might contribute to the public utility. The emperor Adrian attests this in a letter to the consul Servianus, upon presenting him with three curious cups of glass, which, like a pigeon's neck, reflected, on whatever side they were viewed, a variety of colours, representing those of the precious stone called *obsidianum*, and which some commentators have imagined to be *cat's-eye*, and others the opal. In this art of imitating precious stones, the Greeks, who derived their knowledge from the Egyptians, were also very skilful. They could give to a composition of crystal all the different tints of any precious stone they wanted to imitate. They remarkably excelled in an exact imitation of the ruby, the hyacinth, the emerald, and the sapphire.

Gold—Nitre—Artificial Hatching, &c.

Diodorus Siculus says, that some of the Egyptian kings had the art of extracting gold from a sort of white marble. Strabo reports their manner of preparing nitre, and mentions the considerable number of mortars of granite, for chemical purposes, that were to be seen in his time at Memphis. They likewise, by artificial means, hatched the eggs of hens, geese, and other fowls, at all seasons.

Medical Chemistry.

Egyptian pharmacy depended much upon chemistry; witness their extracted oils, and their preparations of opium, for alleviating acute pains, or relieving the mind from melancholy thoughts. Homer introduces Helen as ministering to Telemachus a medical preparation of this kind. They also made a composition or preparation of clay or fuller's earth, adapted to the relief of many disorders, particularly where it was requisite to render the fleshy parts dry, as in dropsy, &c. They had different methods of composing salts, nitre, and alum, sal cyrenaïc or ammoniac, so called from being found in the environs of the temple of Jupiter Ammon. They made use of the litharge of silver, the rust of iron, and calcined alum, in the cure of ulcers, cuts, boils, defluctions of the eyes, pains of the head, &c.; and of pitch against the bite of serpents. They successfully applied caustics. They knew every different way of preparing plants, or herbs, or grain, whether for medicine or beverage. Beer, in particular, had its origin among them. Their unguents were of the highest estimation, and most lasting; and their use of remedies, taken from metallic substances, is so manifest in the writings of Pliny and Dioscorides, that it would be needless, and indeed tedious, to enter upon them. The latter especially often mentions their metallic preparations of burnt lead, ceruse, verdigrise, and burnt antimony, for plasters and other external applications.

All these chemical preparations the Egyptians were acquainted with in their pharmacy. The subsequent practice of the Greeks and Romans presents a field too vast to be observed on. Hippocrates, the contemporary and friend of Democritus, was remarkably assiduous in the cultivation of chemistry. He not only understood its general principles, but was an adept in many of its most useful parts. Galen knew that the energy of fire might be

applied to many useful purposes; and that, by the instrumentality of it, many secrets in nature were to be discovered, which otherwise must for ever lie hid; and he instances this in several places of his works. Dioscorides has transmitted to us many of the mineral operations of the ancients, and in particular that of extracting quicksilver from cinnabar; which is, in effect, an exact description of distillation.

For the Table Book.

TALES OF TINMOUTHE PRIORIE.

No. II.

THE WIZARD'S CAVE.

" Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And when they shewed me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."
Titus Andronicus.

Young Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight,
Far fam'd for his valour in border-fight,
Sat prattling so sweet on his mother's knee,
As his arms twin'd her neck of pure ivory.

Now tell me, dear mother, young Walter said,
Some feat to be done by the bow or the blade,
Where foe may be quell'd or some charm be undone;
Or lady, or treasure, or fame may be won.

The lady, she gaz'd on her war-born child,
And smooth'd down his ringlets, and kiss'd him, and smil'd;
And she told him high deeds of the Percy brave,
Where the lance e'er could pierce, or the helm-plume wave.

And she told wild tales, all of magic spell,
Where treasures were hidden in mountain or dell;
Where wizards, for ages, kept beauty in thrall
'Neath the mould'ring damp of their dank donjon wall.

——But list thee, my Walter, by Tinmouthe's towers grey,
Where chant the cowl'd monks all by night and by day;
In a cavern of rock scoop'd under the sea,
Lye treasures in keeping of Sorcery.

It avails not the Cross, ever sainted and true,
It avails not the pray'rs of the prior Sir Hugh,
It avails not, O dread! Holy Virgin's care,
Great treasure long held by dark Sathan is there.

A car, far 'neath the sea, in a deep rocky cell,
Bound down by the chains of the strongest spell,
Lies the key of gold countless as sands on the shore,
And there it will rest 'till old time is no more.

Nay, say not so, mother, can heart that is bold
Not win from the fiend all this ill-gotten gold?
Can no lion-soul'd knight, with his harness true,
Do more than cowl'd monks with their beads e'er can do?

Now hush thee young Walter, how like to thy sire!
Thy heart is too reckless, thine eye full of fire:
When reason with courage can help thee in need,
I will tell how the treasure from spell may be freed.

Full many a long summer with scented breath,
Saw the flowers blossom wild on the north mountain heath;
And the fleetest in chase and the stoutest in fight,
Grew young Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight.

Full many a long winter of sleet and of snow,
Swept through the cold valleys where pines only grow;
But heedless of sleet, snow, or howling blast,
Young Walter e'er brav'd them, the first and the last.

Who is that young knight in the Percy's band?
Who wieldeth the falchion with master hand?
Who strideth the war-steed in border fight?
——'Tis Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight!

Thy promise, dear mother, I claim from thee now,
When my reason can act with my blade and my bow;
But the lady she wept o'er bold Walter her son,
For peril is great where renown can be won.

And the lady she told what to brave knights befell,
Who reckless of life sought the dark treasure cell;
Who failing to conquer the fiends of the cave,
For ever must dwell 'neath the green ocean wave.

No tears the bold bent of young Walter could turn,
And he laugh'd at her fears, as in veriest scorn——
—— Then prepare thy good harness, my bonny brave son,
Prepare for thy task on the eve of Saint John.

O loud was the green ocean's howling din,
When the eve of Saint John was usher'd in:
And the shrieks of the sea-gulls, high whirling in air,
Spread far o'er the land like the screams of despair.

The monks at their vespers sing loud and shrill,
But the gusts of the north wind are louder still
And the hymn to the Virgin is lost in the roar
Of the billows that foam on the whiten'd shore.

Deep sinks the mail'd heel of the knight in the sand,
As he seeks the dark cell, arm'd with basnet and brand;
And clank rings the steel of his aventayle bright,
As he springs up the rocks in the darkness of night.

His plume it is raven and waves o'er his crest,
And quails not the heart-blood that flows in his breast:
Unblenched his proud eye that shines calm and serene,
And floats in the storm his bright mantel of green.

Now leaping, now swarving the slipp'ry steep,
One spring and the knight gains the first cavern keep;
The lightnings flash round him with madd'ning glare,
And the thunderbolts hiss through the midnight air.

Down deep in the rock winds the pathway drear,
And the yells of the spirits seem near and more near,
And the flames from their eye-balls burn ghastly blue
As they dance round the knight with a wild halloo.

Fierce dragons with scales of bright burnished brass,
Stand belching red fire where the warrior must pass;
But rushes he on with his brand and his shield,
And with loud shrieks of laughter they vanish and yield.

Huge hell-dogs come baying with murd'rous notes,
Sulphureous flames in their gaping throats;
And they spring to, but shrinks not, brave Walter the Knight,
And again all is sunk in the darkness of night.

Still down winds the warrior in pathway of stone,
Now menac'd with spirits, now dark and alone;
Till far in the gloom of the murky air
A pond'rous lamp sheds unearthly glare.

Then eager the knight presses on to the flame,
Holy mother!—Why shudders his stalwart frame?
A wide chasm opes 'neath his wond'ring view,
And now what availeth his falchion true.

Loudly the caverns with laughter ring,
And the eyeless spectres forward spring:
Now shrive thee young Walter, one moment of fear,
And thy doom is to dwell 'neath the ocean drear.

One instant Sir Walter looks down from the brink
Of the bottomless chasm, then ceases to shrink;
Doffs hauberk and basnet, full fearless and fast,
And darts like an eagle the hell-gulf past.

Forefend thee, good knight, but the demon fell
Now rises to crush thee from nethermost hell;
And monsters most horrible hiss thee around,
And coil round thy limbs from the slimy ground.

A noise, as if worlds in dire conflict crash,
Is heard 'mid the vast ocean's billowy splash;
But it quails not the heart of Sir Robert's brave son,
He will conquer the fiend on the eve of Saint John.

He seizes the bugle with golden chain,
To sound it aloud once, twice, and again;
It turns to a snake in his startled grasp,
And its mouthpiece is arm'd with the sting of the asp.

In vain is hell's rage, strike fierce as it may
The Wizard well knows 'tis the end of his sway;
For the bugle is fill'd with the warrior's breath,
And thrice sounded loud in the caverns of death.

The magic cock crows from a brazen bill,
And it shakes its broad wings, as it shouts so shrill;
And down sinks in lightning the demon array,
And the gates of the cavern in thunder give way.

Twelve pillars of jasper their columns uprear,
Twelve stately pillars of crystal clear,
With topaz and amethyst, sparkles the floor,
And the bright beryls stud the thick golden door.

Twelve golden lamps, from the fretted doom,
Shed a radiant light through the cavern gloom,
Twelve altars of onyx their incense fling
Round the jewell'd throne of an eastern king.

It may not be sung what treasures were seen,
Gold heap'd upon gold, and emeralds green,
And diamonds, and rubies, and sapphires untold,
Rewarded the courage of Walter the Bold.

A hundred strong castles, a hundred domains,
With far spreading forests and wide flowery plains,
Claim one for their lord, fairly purchas'd by right,
Hight Walter, the son of Sir Robert the Knight.

The tradition of the "*Wizard's Cave*" is as familiar to the inhabitants and visitors of Tynemouth, as "household words." Daily, during the summer season, even fair damsels are seen risking their slender necks, to ascertain, by adventurous exploration, whether young Walter the knight might not, in his hurry, have passed over some of the treasures of the cave: but alas! Time on this, as on other things, has laid his heavy hand; for the falling in of the rock and earth, and peradventure the machinations of the discomfited "spirits," have, one or both, stopped up the dark passage of the cavern at the depth of ten or twelve feet. The entrance of the cave, now well known by the name of "*Jingling Geordie's Hole*," is partly formed by the solid rock and partly by masonry, and can be reached with some little danger about half way up the precipitous cliff on which Tynemouth castle and priory stand. It commands a beautiful haven, or sandy bay, on the north of Tynemouth promontory, badly sheltered on both sides by fearful beds of black rocks, on which the ocean beats with a perpetual murmur.

London, Dec. 4, 1827. Αλφα.

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

Uprightness in Death.

Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote:—A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed, and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

Taking a Liberty.

The most singular instance of British pride is related of a man, known in his time by the name of the "Proud Duke of Somerset." This pillar of "the Corinthian capital of polished society" married a second wife. One day, with an affectionate ease, she suddenly threw her arm round his neck, and fondly saluted him. "Madam," said the unmanly peer, "my first wife was a Percy, and *she* would not have taken such a liberty."

Royal Dinner Time.

The kham of the Tartars, who had not a house to dwell in, who subsisted by rapine, and lived on mare's milk and horse-flesh, every day after his repast, caused a herald to proclaim, "That the kham having dined, all other potentates, princes, and great men of the earth, might go to dinner."

Self-Esteem.

Some Frenchmen, who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes, armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

Guinea Sovereigns.

The different tribes on the coast of Guinea have each their king, whose power is not greater than that of the negro prince mentioned in the preceding anecdote. These monarchs often name themselves after ours, or adopt the titles of great men, whose exploits they have heard of.

In the year 1743, there was among them a "King William," whose august spouse called herself "Queen Anne." There was another who styled himself the "Duke of Marlborough."

This king William was a little Cæsar. For twenty years he had carried on a war against one Martin, who had dared to attempt to become his equal. At length, after a famous and decisive general engagement, wherein William lost three men, and his rival five, Martin made overtures for a cessation of hostilities, which was agreed to, on the following conditions:

1. That Martin should renounce the title of king, and assume that of captain.

2. That captain Martin should never more put on stockings or slippers when he went on board European ships, but that this brilliant distinction should thenceforth solely belong to king William.

3. That captain Martin should give the conqueror his most handsome daughter in marriage.

In pursuance of this glorious treaty, the nuptials were solemnized, and king William went on board a Danish ship in stockings and slippers, where he bought silk to make a robe for his queen, and a grenadier's cap for her majesty's headdress. Captain Martin paid a visit of ceremony to his royal daughter on occasion of her finery, and declared she never appeared so handsome before. This wedding ended a feud, which had divided the sable tribe into combatants as sanguinary and ferocious as the partisans of the white and red rose in England.

Titles.

Until the reign of Constantine, the title of "Illustrious" was never given but to those whose reputation was splendid in arms or in letters. Suetonius wrote an account of those who had possessed this title. As it was *then* bestowed, a moderate book was sufficient to contain their names; nor was it continued to the descendants of those on whom it had been conferred. From the time of Constantine it became very common, and every son of a prince was "illustrious."

Towards the decline of the Roman empire the emperors styled themselves "divinities!" In 404, Arcadius and Honorius issued the following decree:—

"Let the officers of the palace be warned to abstain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and those who, instigated by a *sacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppose the authority of *our divinity*, shall be deprived of their employments, and their estates confiscated." The letters of these emperors were called "holy." When their sons spoke of them, they called them—"Their father of *divine* memory;" or "Their *divine* father." They called their own laws "oracles," and "celestial oracles."

Their subjects addressed them by the titles of "Your Perpetuity, Your Eternity." A law of Theodore the Great ordains thus—"If any magistrate, after having concluded a public work, put his name rather than that of *Our Perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high treason."

De Meunier observes, that the titles which some chiefs assume are not always honourable in themselves, but it is sufficient if the people respect them. The king of Quiterva calls himself the "Great Lion;" and for this reason lions are there so much respected, that it is not permitted to kill them, except at royal huntings.

The principal officers of the empire of Mexico were distinguished by the odd titles of "Princes of unerring javelins;" "Hackers of men;" and "Drinkers of blood."

The king of Monomotapa, surrounded by musicians and poets, is adulated by such refined flatteries, as "Lord of the Sun and Moon;" "Great Magician;" and "Great Thief!"

The king of Arracan assumes the title of "Emperor of Arracan; Possessor of the White Elephant, and the two Ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession, legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama, Lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal; and of the twelve Kings who place their heads under his feet."

His majesty of Ava, when he writes to a foreign sovereign, calls himself—"The King of Kings, whom all others should obey; the Cause of the Preservation of all Animals; the Regulator of the Seasons; the Absolute Master of the Ebb and Flow of the Sea; Brother to the Sun; and King of the Four and Twenty Umbrellas." These umbrellas are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the king of Achem are singular and voluminous. These are a few of the most striking:—"Sovereign of the Universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as is the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a King as spiritual as a ball is round—who when he rises shades all his people—from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted, &c. &c."

Formerly (says Houssaie) the title of "Highness" was only given to kings. It was conferred on Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and his queen Isabella, of Castile. Charles V. was the first who took that of "Majesty;" not in quality of king of Spain, but as emperor.

Our English kings were apostrophized by the title of "Your Grace." Henry VIII. was the first who assumed the title of "Highness," and at length "Majesty." Francis I. began to give him this last title, in their interview in the year 1520. Our first "*Sacred* Majesty" was our "Most dread Sovereign, His Highness, the Most High and Mighty Prince, James I."

The Great Turk.

This designation of the sovereign of the Ottoman empire was not conferred, as some have imagined, to distinguish him from his subjects. Mahomet II. was the first Turkish emperor on whom the Christians bestowed the title of "The Great Turk." The distinction was not in consequence of his noble deeds, but from the vast extent of his territories, in comparison of those of the sultan of Iconia, or Cappadocia, his contemporary, who was distinguished by the title of "The Little Turk." After the taking of Constantinople, Mahomet II. deprived "The Little Turk" of his dominions, yet he still preserved the title of "The Great Turk," though the propriety of it was destroyed by the event.

AN INSCRIPTION,

Said to have been dug out of the Ruins of a Palace at Rome.

Under this monument repose the ashes of Domitian, the last of the Cæsars, the fourth scourge of Rome; a tyrant, no less deliberate than Tiberius, no less capricious than Caligula, and no less outrageous than Nero.

When satiated with issuing edicts to spill human blood, he found an amusement in stabbing flies with a bodkin.

His reign, though undisturbed by war, occasioned no less calamity to his country than would have happened from the loss of twenty battles.

He was magnificent from vanity, affable from avarice, and implacable from cowardice.

He flattered incessantly the soldiery, who governed him, and detested the senate, who caressed him.

He insulted his country by his laws, heaven by his impiety, and nature by his pleasures.

While living, he was deified; and the assassins alone, whom his empress had

sent to despatch him, could convince him of his mortality.

This monster governed during fifteen years; yet the administration of Titus, the delight of humankind, was confined to two.

Ye passengers! who read this inscription, blaspheme not the Gods!

DICKEY FLETCHER.

To the Editor.

I hastily transcribe the following, originally written for the Hull Advertiser, and printed in that paper for September 27, 1827, and subsequently in some of the London and provincial newspapers.

On Saturday, September 22, 1827, the inhabitants and visitants of Bridlington Quay, by a fatal accident, were suddenly deprived of the services of Richard Fletcher, the facetious and well-known bellman of that place, whose singular appearance, rhyming propensity, peculiar manner of pronunciation, and drawling and general originality, have so long been a source of amusement. In the forenoon of the abovementioned day he was following his usual vocation, with that accustomed gaiety and cheerfulness for which he was remarkable, when having occasion to call at the lodging-house of Mr. Gray, he accidentally fell down the steps of a cellar-kitchen and broke his neck. The death of "poor Dickey," and the shocking manner in which it occurred, excited much commiseration. The deceased was seventy-nine years of age, and left a widow at the age of eighty-nine, the relict of a former bellman, to whom he had been united about four years—during which period the antiquated pair formed a striking pattern of attachment. Dickey was a freeman of Hull, and the manner in which he made up his mind to vote for a candidate is deserving of mention. In the event of a contested election he was uniformly for the "third man;" as, he would say, "the other two would not think of looking after *me*, but for *him*."

A specimen of Dickey's rhyming eccentricities appeared in the Hull Advertiser of August 5th, 1825; a copy of which, and the paragraph accompanying it, is here given:—

"The company at Bridlington Quay are often highly amused by that eccentric little creature, yclep'd 'the bellman.' He is quite a lion;—being a poet as well as a crier. His poetry is uncommonly original, and if his pronunciation, when *improvising*, be not so too, it is uncommonly *Yorkshire*, which is as good. The following lines are a very faithful imitation of the 'cry' this singular-looking being drawled forth on Saturday morning, July 30:—

Tack'n oop this forenoon apod noarth sans
Two keyes, wich I ev i' my ans;—
Wo-hever as lost 'um mus coom te mes,
An they sal ev 'um agean an we can agrea.'"

"Dickey's late marriage was one of the 'largest and the funniest' known in Bridlington for a long time; a barouche and pair were gratuitously provided on the occasion, as well as a wedding-dinner and other *et cæteras*. Since 'they twain became one flesh,' Dickey has been very proud of walking abroad, at fair times and public occasions, with 'his better part,' when they generally formed objects of considerable attraction to those to whom they were not particularly known."

T. C.

Bridlington, October, 1827.

ANOTHER ODD SIGN.*

At Wold Newton, near Bridlington, there is a public-house with the sign of a crooked billet, and the following lines on an angular board:—

First side

When this comical stick grew in the wood
Our Ale was fresh and very good,
Step in and taste, O do make haste,
For if you don't 'twill surely waste.

Second side.

When you have view'd the other side,
Come read this too before you ride;
And now to end we'll let it pass,
Step in, kind friends, and take a glass.

Bridlington. T. C.

* See *Table Book*, vol. i. p. 636.

For the Table Book.

TO FANNY.

No, Fanny, no, it may not be!
Though parting break my heart in twain,
This hour I go, by many a sea
Divided—ne'er we meet again.

I love thee, and that look of thine,
That tear upon thy pallid cheek,
Assures me that I now resign
What long it was my joy to seek.

Oh! once it was my happiest dream,
My only hope, my fondest prayer;
'Tis gone, and like a meteor beam
Hath past, and left me to despair.

Yet may you still of joy partake,
Nor find like me those hopes decay,
Which ever, like a desert lake,
Attract the sight to fade away.

I could not brook to see that eye,
So full of life, so radiant now,
I could not see its lustre die,
And time's cold hand deface thy brow—

And death will come, or soon or late,
(I could not brook to know that hour,)
But, if I do not learn thy fate,
I'll think thou ne'er canst feel his pow'r.

Yes! I will fly! though years may roll,
And other thoughts may love estrange,
'Twill give some pleasure to my soul
To know I cannot see thee change.

Then fare thee well, death cannot bring
One hour of anguish more to me;
Since I have felt the only sting
He e'er could give, in leaving thee.

S.

THE PLEASURES OF ILLUSION.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am a person unable to reckon upon the certain receipt of sixpence per annum, and yet I enjoy all the pleasures this sublunary world can afford. My assertion may startle, but its truth will be apparent when I declare myself a visionary, or, what is called by the world, "a castle builder." Many would denounce my profession as useless and unprofitable; but the object constantly desired and incessantly pursued by mankind is happiness, which they find as evanescent and delusive as the silver of the moon upon the waters. Most men attach to certain states of existence every pleasure that the earth can bestow. Some enter these by laborious and careful steps, but find them, upon examination, devoid of the charms which their enthusiastic imaginations had painted. Others, more ardent and less calculating, rapidly ascend towards the object of their wishes, and when their hands are stretched forth to grasp it they lose their high footing by an incautious step, and fall into an abyss of despondence and are lost for ever. How different a fate is mine! I have been the conqueror of nations, without feeling a pang at the recollection of the blood spilled in raising me to my exalted situation. I have been the idol and defender of my country, without suffering the anxieties of a statesman. I have obtained the affections of an amiable girl, without enduring the solicitudes of a protracted courtship. In fact, I possess every earthly pleasure, without any of the pains of endeavouring to obtain them. True it is, that the visions I create are easily dispelled, but this is a source of gratification rather than regret. When glutted with conquest, I sink into love; and on these failing to charm me, I enter upon scenes more congenial to the desires with which I feel myself inspired. Every wish that I conceive is instantly gratified, and in a moment I possess that which many devote their whole lives to obtain. Surely the existence I lead is an enviable one; yet many calling themselves my friends (and I believe them to be such) would wish me to think otherwise. Sometimes, to gratify their desires, I have endeavoured to break the fairy spells that bind me; but when I dissipate the mist in which I am almost constantly surrounded, the scenes of misery that present themselves to my view have such an effect upon my senses, that on returning to my peculiar regions they appear doubly delightful, from being contrasted by those of the real world.

I have obtruded this epistle on your notice, in vindication of a practice which has been deprecated by many; solely, as I believe, from their powers of imagination being unable to lead them into the abodes where I so happily dwell. Should you think it unworthy a place in your miscellany, its rejection will not occasion me a moment's mortification, as I already possess a reputation for literary acquirements, far surpassing any which has been given to the most celebrated writers that have flourished since the creation of your miserable world.

November 6, 1827. T. T. B.

OLD MACARONIC POEM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am a literary lounger, and diurnally amuse myself, during about four hours, in poring over old poetical MSS. in the British Museum: the result of yesterday's idle labours was the accompanying transcript from a macaronic drinking song, which appears to me a very curious amalgamation of jollity and devotion. If you coincide in this opinion, perhaps you will honour its unknown author by inserting it in your delightful miscellany, which, like the diving bell, restores to the world many interesting relics of antiquity, and rescues them from eternal oblivion.

I am, sir, your obedient servant
and constant reader,
LE FLANEUR.

Reading Room,
Brit. Mus. Nov. 22, 1827.

FROM THE COTTON MS. VESPASIAN A.XXV.

1.

There is no tre that growe
On earthe, that I do knowe,
More worthie praise I trowe,
Than is the vyne,
Whos grapes, as ye may rede,
Their licoure forthe dothe shede,
Wherof is made indede
All our good wyne.
And wyne, ye maye trust me,
Causethe men for to be
Merie, for so ye see
His nature is;
Then put asyde all wrathe,
For David showde us hathe,
Vinum letificat
Cor hominis.

2.

Wyne taken with excesse,
As Scripture dothe expresse,
Causethe great hevines
Unto the mynde:
But theie that take pleasure
To drinke it with measure,
No doute a great treasure
They shall it finde.
Then voide you all sadnes,
Drinke your wyne with gladnes,
To take thought is madnes,
And marke well this;
And put asyde all wrathe, &c. ut supra.

3.

How bringe ye that to pas
Cordis Jucunditas,
Is now and ever was
The lyfe of man;
Sithe that mirthe hathe no peare,
Then let us make good cheare,
And be you merie heare,
While that ye can;
And drinke well of this wyne,
While it is good and fyne,
And showe some outwarde syne
Of joye and blisse;
Expell from you all wrathe, &c. ut supra.

4.

This thinge full well ye ken,
Hevines dulleth men,
But take this medicien then,
Where'er ye come:
Refreshe yourself therewith,
For it was said long sithe,
That vinum acuit
Ingenium.
Then give not a chery
For sider nor perrye,
Wyne maketh man merie,
Ye knowe well this;
And put asyde all wrathe, &c. ut supra.

5.

In hope to have release
From all our hevines,
And mirthe for to encrease
Sum dele the more,
Pulsemus organa,
Simul cum cithara,
Vinum et musica
Vegetabit cor.
But sorowe, care, and strife
Shortnethe the days of life,
Bothe of man and of wyfe
It will not mis;
Then put asyde all wrathe, &c. ut supra.

6.

A merie herte in cage
Makethe a lustie age,
As telleth us the sage,
Ever for the noynes;
Because we should delight
In mirthe, bothe daye and night,
He saith an hevie fright
Driethe up the bones.
Wherfor, let us alwaye
Rejoice in God, I saye,
Our mirthe cannot decaye
If we do this,
And put asyde all wrathe, &c. ut supra.

7.

Nowe ye that be presente,
Laud God Omnipotent,
That hathe us given and sent
Our dalie foode,
When thorowe sinne we're slaine,
He sent his son againe,
Us to redeeme from paine
By his sweete bloode,

And he is the trewe vyne,
From whome distill'd the wyne,
That boughte your soules and myne,
You knowe well this:
Then put asyde all wrathe,
For David showde us hathe
Vinum letificat
Cor hominis.

ANTY BRIGNAL AND THE BEGGING QUAKER.

For the Table Book.

A few years ago a stout old man, with long grey hair, and dressed in the habit of the Society of Friends, was seen begging in the streets of Durham. The inhabitants, attracted by the novelty of a "*begging* Quaker," thronged about him, and several questioned him as to his residence, &c. Amongst them was "Anty Brignal," the police-officer, who told him to go about his business, or he would put him in the kitty* "for an *impositeror*." "Who ever heard," said Anthony, "of a begging Quaker?" "But," said the mendicant, while tears flowed adown his face, "thou knowest, friend, there be bad Quakers as well as good ones; and, I confess to thee, I have been a bad one. My name is John Taylor; I was in the hosiery business at N——, and through drunkenness have become a bankrupt. The society have turned me out, my friends have deserted me. I have no one in the world to help me but my daughter, who lives in Edinburgh, and I am now on my way thither. Thou seest, friend, why I beg; it is to get a little money to help me on my way: be merciful, as thou hopest for mercy." "Come, come," said the officer, "it won't do, you know; there's not a word of truth in it; 'tis all false. Did not I see you drunk at Nevill's Cross (a public-house of that name) the other night?" "No, friend," said the man of unsteady habits, "thou didst not see *me* drunk there, but I was there, and saw *thee* drunk; and thou knowest when a man is drunk he thinks every body else so!" This was a poser for the police-officer. The crowd laughed, and "Anty Brignal" slunk away from their derision, while money fell plentifully into the extended hat of the disowned quaker.

T. Q. M.

* So is the house of correction called in Durham.

For the Table Book.

THE ORPHANS.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SMALL LITHOGRAPHIC PRINT OF TWO FEMALE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

1.

Like two fair flowers that grow in some lone spot,
Bent by the breeze that wafts their fragrance round—
Pale, mild, and lovely; but by all forgot,—
They droop neglected on the dewy ground.

2.

Thus left alone, without a friend or guide
To cheer them, through life's drear and rugged way,
Stand these two pensive mourners side by side,
To sorrow keen, and early grief, a prey.

3.

Low in the grave, o'er which the cypress spreads
Its gloom-y shade, in death their parents sleep;
Unconscious now they rest their weary heads,
Nor hear their children sigh, nor see them weep.

4.

And see, a tear-drop gems the younger's eye,
While struggling from its coral cell to start;
Oh, how that pearl of sensibility
In silence pleads to every feeling heart.

5.

Not Niobe, when doom'd by cruel fate
To weep for ever in a crystal shower,
Could claim more pity for her hapless state,
Than does, for you, that drop of magic power.

6.

Breathes there on earth, of human form possest,
One who would in those bosoms plant a thorn,
And banish thence the halcyon's tranquil nest,
While they its loss in secret anguish mourn?

7.

Perish the wretch! who with deceitful wile
Forsaken innocence would lead astray,
And round her like a treach'rous serpent coil,
And having stung, relentless haste away.

8.

May you the orphan's friend find ever near
To guard you safe, and strew your path with flowers
May hope's bright sun your gloomy morning cheer,
And shine in splendour on your evening hours.

R. B.

Sept. 1827.

For the Table Book.

JACK THE VIPER.

This is an odd name for a man, who does not bear the appearance of a viper, or "a snake in the grass." He is a rough sort of fellow, has been at Waterloo, but did not obtain a medal. He, nevertheless, carries the hue of a triumphant soldier, wears an honest sunburnt face, and might be trusted with his majesty's great seal, or that of another description in the British Museum. He is a lover of ringing bells and swine; but without regular employment. A singular piece of human construction, lone, and erratic in his love of nature. A shepherd lies down at ease by the sides of his flocks and fountains, listens to the plaints of injured birds, the voice of water and the music of skies, and dreams away his existence, years of youth, manhood, and old age. Jack is more tranquil even than the shepherd. He creeps silently in woods and forests, and on retired hot banks, in search of serpentine amusement—he is a viper catcher. Strange that creatures, generally feared and shunned by mankind, should win Jack's attention and sympathy, Yet, true it is, that Jack regards them as the living beauties of solitude, the lovely but startling inhabitants of luxuriant spots in the sultry summer. Were we to look round us, in the haunts of men, we could, perhaps, discover beings as fearful and awakening. Jack has travelled, seen the world, and profited by his travels; for he has learned to be contented. He is not entirely idle, nor wholly industrious. If he can get a crust sufficient for the day, he leaves the evil if it should visit him. The first time I saw him was in the high noon of a scorching day, at an inn in Laytonstone. He came in while a sudden storm descended, and a rainbow of exquisite majesty vaulted the earth. Sitting down at a table, he beckoned the hostess for his beer, and conversed freely with his acquaintance. By his arch replies I found that I was in company with an original—a man that might stretch forth his arm in the wilderness without fear, and, like Paul, grasp an adder without harm. He playfully entwined his fingers with their coils and curled crests, and played with their forked tongues. He had unbuttoned his waistcoat, and as dexterously as a fishwoman handles her eels, let out several snakes and adders, warmed by his breast, and spread them on the table. He took off his hat, and others of different sizes and lengths twisted before me; some of them, when he unbosomed his shirt, returned to the genial temperature of his skin; some curled round the legs of the table, and others rose in a defensive attitude. He irritated and humoured them, to express either pleasure or pain at his will. Some were purchased by individuals, and Jack pocketed his gain, observing, "a frog, or mouse, occasionally, is enough for a snake's satisfaction."

The "Naturalist's Cabinet" says, that "in the presence of the grand duke of Tuscany, while the philosophers were making elaborate dissertations on the danger of the poison of vipers, taken inwardly, a viper catcher, who happened to be present, requested that a quantity of it might be put into a vessel; and then, with the utmost confidence, and to the astonishment of the whole company, he drank it off. Every one expected the man instantly to drop down dead; but they soon perceived their mistake, and found that, taken inwardly, the poison was as harmless as water."

William Oliver, a viper catcher at Bath, was the first who discovered that, by the application of olive oil, the bite of the viper is effectually cured. On the 1st of June, 1735, he suffered himself to be bitten by an old black viper; and after enduring all the agonising symptoms of approaching death, by using olive oil, he perfectly recovered.

Viper's flesh was formerly esteemed for its medicinal virtues, and its salt was thought to exceed every other animal product, in giving vigour to a languid constitution.

August, 1827. ——

A SKETCH IN SPA FIELDS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Allow me to draw your attention to a veteran, who in the Egyptian expedition lost his sight by the ophthalmy, and now asks alms of the passenger in the little avenue leading from Sadler's Wells to Spa Fields, along the eastern side of the New River Head.

His figure, sir, would serve for a model of Belisarius, and even his manner of soliciting would be no disgrace to the Roman general. I am not expert at drawing portraits, yet will endeavour by two or three lines to give a slight conception of this. His present height is full six feet,

but in his youth it must have been nearly two inches more; as the weight of about sixty-five years has occasioned a slight curvature of the spine. His limbs are large and muscular, his shoulders broad, his chest capacious, the lines of his countenance indicate intelligence; his motion is not graceful, for he appears to step without confidence, occasioned no doubt by his blindness.

Now, sir, give his head no other covering than a few very short grey hairs, and button him up close in the remains of a dragoon dress, and you have his likeness as exact as an unskilful artist can give it.

O.

N.B.—An old woman must lead him.

Extracts

FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

For the Table Book.

Moore, in his life of Sheridan, says, that "he (Sheridan) had a sort of hereditary fancy for difficult trifling in poetry; particularly to that sort which consists in rhyming to the same word through a long string of couplets, till every rhyme that the language supplies for it is exhausted:" and quotes some dozen lines, entitled "My Trunk," and addressed "To Anne," wherein a lady is made to bewail the loss of her trunk, and rhymes her lamentation. The editor, in a note, says, "Some verses by general Fitzpatrick on lord Holland's father, are the best specimen I know of this scherzo." The general's lines I have never seen, and it is probable they are only in MS.; but *le Seigneur des Accords*, in his Bizarrures, (ed. 1585, Paris, Richer, feuillet 27,) quotes sixty lines, rhyming on a very indecent word from "un certain hure contre les femmes," composed by Drusac, "un Tolosain rimailleur imitant Marot;" and who is there stated to have composed 300 or 400 verses on the same subject, and to the same rhyme. And at feuillet 162 of the same work and edition, the Seigneur adduces two other remarkable instances of "difficult trifling in poetry." Speaking of one of which, he says, "Vn Allemant nommé Petrus Porcius Porta, autrement Petrus Placentius, a fait un petit poeme laborieux le possible auquel il descrit Pugnam Porcorum en 350 *vers* ou environ, qui commencent tous par P, dont j'ai rapporté ces XVI suivas pour exemple, et pour contenter ceux qui ne l'ont pas veu." The quotation referred to commences with

"Præcelsis Proauis Pulchrè Prognate Patrone,"

and concludes with

"Pingui Porcorū Pingendo Poemate Pugnam."

The other instances adduced by the Seigneur of this laborious folly, is related also of a German, by name Christianus Pierius; who, says the author, "depuis peu de temps a fait un opuscule d'environ *mille ou douze cēs vers*, intitulé Christus Crucifixus, tous les mots duquel commencent par C." Four lines are quoted; they are as follows:—

Currite Castalides Christi Comitātæ Camœnæ
Concelebrature Cūctorum Carmine Certum
Confugium Collapsorum Concurrite Cantus
Concinnaturæ Celebres Celebresque Cothurnos.

I myself recollect seeing and copying at Notting Hill some lines written (I think) on the battle of Waterloo, (the copy of which I have however lost;) which, although short, were sufficiently curious. They were in an album belonging to the sister of a schoolfellow, (W. O. S.,) and, as far as I have ever seen, were unique in their species of the paronœmic genus. The first line began with "A," and each subsequent one with a successive letter of the alphabet, and each word alliterated to the initial letter of the line where it was placed. The poem went through the whole of the alphabet, not even excepting X or Z, and must have required a world of Patience and Perseverance to Perfect.

Marot, christened Clement, the French poet, who is said, in a quotation from le Seigneur des Accords in the foregoing note, to have been imitated by Drusac, lived in the reign of Francis I., and was a Protestant. There is a portrait of him at page 161 of "Les Vrais Portraits des Hommes Illustres" of Théodore de Bèze, Geneva, 1581, whereto a short sketch of his life is attached; which says, that "par une admirable félicité d'esprit, *sans aucune cognoissance des langues* ni des sciences, il surpassa tous les poëtes qui l'auoient dévancé." He was twice banished on account of his religion; and when in exile translated one third of the Psalms into French verse. "Mais au reste," says Théodore, "ayant passé presque toute sa vie à la suite de cour, (où la pieté et l'honēsteté n'ōt guères d'audiance,) il ne se soucia pas beaucoup de réformer sa vie

peu Chrétienne, ains se gouuernoit à sa manière accoutumée mesmes en sa vieillesse, et mourut en l'âge de 60 ans à Turin, où il s'estoit retiré sous la faueur du Lieutenant du Roi." He was a Quercinois, having been born at Cahors, in Quercy.

The following lines were written after his death by Jodelle, who was famed for these "vers rapportez."

Quercy, la Cour, le Piedmont, l'Univers
Me fit, me tint, m'enterra, me cogneut,
Quercy mon los, la cour tout mon temps eut.
Piedmont mes os, et l'univers mes vers.

GUILDHALL.—Misson, in his "Mémoires et Observations faites par un Voyageur en Angleterre," published anonymously at the Hague in 1698, under this head, accounts thus philologically for the name:—"Il est à croire que la grande salle étoit autrefois dorée, puisque le mot *de Guild* ou *Gild-hall*, signifie SALLE DOREE." To do him justice, however, after quoting so ridiculous a passage, I must annex his note, as follows:—"D'autres disent que *Guild* est un ancien mot qui signifie *incorporé; Guildhall;* la salle des incorporez ou associez."—p. 236.

JULIET was no doubt a delectable little creature, but, like most of the genus, she was but a flimsy metaphysician. "What's in a name?" that depends now-a-days on the length or age of it. The question should be put to a Buckinghamshire meeting man, if one would desire to know the qualities of all the component parts of an Abraham or Absalom. In some parts of the country, people seem to think they have bilked the devil, and booked sure places in heaven for their children, if, at their christening, they get but a scripture name tacked to the urchins. "In proof whereof," Esther, Aaron, and Shadrack Puddyfat, with master Moses Myrmidon, formed a blackberrying party that I fell in with a summer back near Botley, on the road between Chesham and Hemel Hempstead. At a farm-house in Bucks it is no uncommon sight for the twelve apostles to be seen tucking in greens and bacon, or for the tribes of Israel to be found drunk together in a pot-house. Some poor drunken-brained bigots would not accept even the free services of a ploughman, whose name was not known before the flood.

NOTE.—The names above seem so very ludicrous, that I have no doubt there will be many sceptics to the belief of their reality if this passage be printed; but I declare positively, on the word, honour, and faith of a man and a gentleman, that they are as true, real, and existent, as Thomas Tomkins, or any other the most usual and common place.

J. J. K.

WHIMSIES.

AN ESSAY ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my *ancles* grow so thick:"
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great *a calf* they have to carry."

"OLD WESTMINSTER QUIBBLES."

Toes.

A fellow did desire
To warm at a fire
His toes, before he went home;
But the man said "No,
If you put fire and *toe*
Together, you will burn the room."

B. C.

One did ask, why B
Was put before C,
And did much desire to know—
Why a man must *be*,
Before he can *see*,
And I think I have hit on it now.

The Red Nose.

A Man did surmise,
That another man's eyes
Were both of a different frame;
For if they had been *matches*,
Then, alas! poor wretches,
His nose would a set 'em in a flame.

"NEW WESTMINSTER QUIBBLES."

The Soldier.

"There is one soldier less,"
Exclaimed sister Bess,
As a funeral passed by the door;
Then said Mr. Brown,
"I'll bet you a crown,
I'll prove it is one soldier *mort*."

Scilicet.

Why every silly cit
Has pretensions to wit,
You may learn if you listen to my ditty;
The word *scilicet*
In law means *to wit*,
So citizens, by law, must be *witty*.

Irish Pipes.

A young friend brings me from Ireland a couple of pipes, in common use among the labouring people in Dublin and Clonmel. Their shape and materials being wholly different from any in England, they are represented in the above engraving, which shows their exact size. The bowl part, formed of iron, like the socket of a candlestick, is inserted in a piece of mahogany carved, as here shown, in the shape of a violin, or a pair of bellows, or other whimsical form; and the mahogany is securely bound and ornamented with brass wire: to a small brass chain is attached a tin cover to the bowl. The tube is of dogwood, such as butchers' skewers are made of, or of a similar hard wood; and, being movable, may be taken out for accommodation to the pocket, or renewal at pleasure. These pipes cost sixpence each.

The *dudeen*, or short pipe, the "little tube of magic power," wherewith the Irish labourer amuses himself in England, is thus mentioned in a note on the "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," by Mr. Crofton Croker:—"*Dudeen* signifies a little stump of a pipe. Small tobacco-pipes, of an ancient form, are frequently found in Ireland on digging or ploughing up the ground, particularly in the vicinity of those circular intrenchments, called Danish forts, which were more probably the villages or settlements of the native Irish. These pipes are believed by the peasantry to belong to the Cluricaunes, and when discovered are broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, as a kind of retort for the tricks which their supposed owners had played off." Mr. Croker subjoins a sketch of one of these pipes, and adds, that "In the Anthologia Hibernica, vol i. p. 352, (Dublin, 1793,) there is a print of one, which was found at Brannockstown, county Kildare, sticking between the teeth of a human skull; and it is accompanied by a paper, which, on the authority of Herodotus, (lib. i. sec. 36,) Strabo, (lib. vii. 296,) Pomponius Mela, (2,) and Solinus, (c. 15,) goes to prove that the northern nations of Europe were acquainted with tobacco, or an herb of similar properties, and that they smoked it through small tubes—of course, long before the existence of America was known."

Garrick Plays.

No. XLV.

FACETIÆ.

1.

Holding in Capite.

First Gent. 'Tis well known I am a Gentleman. My father was a man of £500 a year, and he held something *in capite* too.

Second Gent. So does my Lord something—

Foolish Lord. Nay, by my troth, what I hold *in capite* is worth little or nothing.

2.

Fool's Experience.

Page. He that's first a scholar, and next in love, the year after is either an arrant fool or a madman.

Master. How came your knavery by such experience?

Page. As fools do by news: somebody told me so, and I believe it.

3.

Modern Sybarite.

——— softly, ye villains!—the rogues of chairmen have trundled me over some damn'd nutshell or other, that gave me such a jerk as has half murder'd me.

4.

Spare diet of Spaniards.

Spaniard. The air being thin and rarified generally provides us good stomachs.

Englishman. Aye, and the earth little or nothing to satisfy 'em with; I think a cabbage is a jewel among you.

Span. Why, truly a good cabbage is respected. But our people are often very luxurious, they abound very often.

Eng. O no such matter, faith, Spaniard! 'death, if they get but a piece of beef, they shall hang all the bones out, and write underneath *Here hath been beef eaten*, as if 'twere a miracle. And if they get but a lean hen, the feathers shall be spread before the door with greater pride than we our carpets at some princely solemnity.

5.

Foolish Form.

Servant (to my Lord Stately's Gentleman Usher.) Sir, here's your Lord's footman come to tell you, your Lord's hat is blown out of his hand.

Lord W. Why did not the footman take it up?

Usher. He durst not, my Lord; 'tis above him.

Lord W. Where? a'top of the chimney?

Usher. Above his office, my Lord.

Lord W. How does this fool, for want of solid greatness, swell with empty ceremony, and fortify himself with outworks! That a man must dig thro' rubbish to come at an ass. *English Friar.*

6.

Cast Books.

Waiting maid. I have a new Bible too; and when my Lady left her Practice of Piety, she gave it me. *Newcastle.*

7.

Good at guessing.

Nay, good Mr. Constable, you are e'en the luckiest at being wise that ever I knew. *Newcastle.*

8.

Essays at Essays.

1. O eternal blockhead, did you never write Essays?
2. I did essay to write Essays, but I cannot say I writ Essays. *Newcastle.*

9.

Hard words.

Indiscerptibility, and Essential Spissitude: words which, though I am no competent judge of, for want of languages, yet I fancy strongly ought to mean nothing *Mrs. Afra Behn.*

10.

Scandals to Atheism.

—— a late learned Doctor; who, though himself no great assertor of a Deity, yet was observed to be continually persuading this sort of men [the rakehelly blockheaded Infidels about town] of the necessity and truth of our religion; and being asked how he came to bestir himself so much this way, made answer, that it was because their ignorance and indiscreet debauch made them a Scandal to the Profession of Atheism.

Behn.

11.

Excuse for being afraid in a Storm.

Master. Courage! why what dost thou call courage? Hector himself would not have exchanged his ten years' siege for our ten days' storm at sea. A Storm! a hundred thousand fighting men are nothing to it; cities sack'd by fire, nothing. 'Tis a resistless coward, that attacks a man at disadvantage; an unaccountable magic, that first conjures down a man's courage, and then plays the devil over him; and, in fine, it is a Storm!

Mate. Good lack, that it should be all these terrible things, and yet that we should outlive it!

Master. No god-a-mercy to our courages tho', I tell you that now; but like an angry wench, when it had huffed and bluster'd itself weary, it lay still again.

Behn.

12.

Dutch Gallantry

Mate. What, beat a woman, Sir?

Master. 'Psha, all's one for that; if I am provoked, anger will have its effects upon whomsoe'er it light: so said Van Tromp, when he took his Mistress a cuff on the ear for finding fault with an ill-fashioned leg he made her. I liked his humour well. *Behn.*

13.

Dutchman.

—— sitting at home in the chimney corner, cursing the face of Duke de Alva upon the jugs, for laying an imposition on beer. *Behn.*

14.

Rake at Church.

—— I shall know all, when I meet her in the chapel to-morrow. I am resolved to venture thither, tho' I am afraid the dogs will bark me out again, and by that means let the congregation know how much I am a stranger to the place. *Durfey.*

15.

Lying Traveller

You do not believe me then? the devil take me, if these home-bred fellows can be saved: they neither know nor believe half the creation. *Lacy.*

16.

English Beau, contrasted with a French one.

—— a true-bred English Beau has indeed the powder, the essence, the toothpick, the snuff-box; and is as idle; but the fault is in the flesh—he has not the motion, and looks stiff under all this. Now a French Fop like a Poet, is born so, and would be known without clothes; it is in his eyes, his nose, his fingers, his elbows, his heels. They dance when they walk, and sing when they speak. We have nothing in that perfection as abroad; and our cuckolds, as well as our grapes, are but half ripened. *Burnaby.*

17.

Fanciful Recipe, prescribed for sick Fancy.

The juice of a lemon that's civil at seasons,
Twelve dancing capers, ten lunatic reasons;
Two dying notes of an ancient swan;
Three sighs, a thousand years kept, if you can;
Some scrapings of Gyges's ring may pass,
With the skin of a shadow caught in a glass;
Six pennyworth of thoughts untold;
The jelly of a star, before it be cold;
One ounce of courtship from a country daughter;
A grain of wit, and a quart of laughter.—

Boil these on the fire of Zeal (with some beech-coals, lest the vessel burst).—If you can get these ingredients, I will compound them for you. Then, when the patient is perfectly recovered, she shall be married in rich cloth of rainbow laced with sunbeams.

Strode.

18.

Beauties at Church.

Fair Women in Churches have as ill effect as fine Strangers in Grammar schools: for tho' the boys keep on the humdrum still, yet none of 'em mind their lesson for looking about 'em. *Fane.*

19.

Expedients.

I have observed the wisdom of these Moors: for some days since being invited by one of the chief Bashaws to dinner, after meat, sitting by a huge fire, and feeling his shins to burn, I requested him to pull back his chair, but he very understandingly sent for three or four masons, and removed the chimney.

Brome.

20.

Mayor of Queenborow, a Christian, giving orders for feasting Hengist, a Pagan King of Kent, who has invited himself to the Mayor's table.

—— give charge the mutton come in all raw; the King of Kent is a Pagan, and must be served so. And let those officers, that seldom or never go to church, bring it in; it will be the better taken.

Middleton.

21.

Fat man's device to get a dainty.

I have a privilege. I was at the tavern the other day; in the next room I smelt hot venison. I sent but a drawer to tell the company, "one in the house with a great belly longed for a corner," and I had half a pasty sent me immediately. *Shirley.*

22.

Miser's Servant.

Friend. Camelion, how now, have you turned away your master?

Camelion. No; I sold my place. As I was thinking to run away, comes this fellow, and offers me a breakfast for my good will to speak to my master for him. I took him at his word, and resigned my office, and turned over my hunger to him immediately. Now I serve a man. *Shirley.*

23.

Walking.

Fine Lady. I am glad I am come home, for I am even as weary with this walking; for God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne'er find it. *T. Killegrew.*

24.

Foolish Suitor.

Alderman. Save you, Sir.
Suitor. You do not think me damn'd, Sir, that you bestow
That salutation on me?
Ald. Good, Sir, no.
Whom would you speak with here?
Suit. Sir, my discourse
Points at one Alderman Covel.
Ald. I am the party.
Suit. I understand you have a daughter, is
Of most unknown perfections.
Ald. She is as Heaven made her—
Suit. She goes naked then;
The tailor has no hand in her.

C. L.

Stories
OF THE
Craven Dales.
No. III.

He had been in Yorkshire dale
Among the winding scars,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
Beneath a little patch of sky,
And little patch of stars.—WORDSWORTH.

Proem.

In the summer of 1823 I was residing for a few days at a solitary inn amongst the hills of Craven. One afternoon I had planned an excursion to a neighbouring cave, but was prevented from going there by a heavy rain which had fallen during the whole of the day. I had no friends in the neighbourhood, and could not have procured at my inn any work worth the perusal. The library of my landlord was small, and the collection not remarkable for being well chosen; it consisted of Pamela, Baron Munchausen, Fox's Martyrs, the Pilgrim's Progress, and a few other publications of an equally edifying description. I should have been at a loss how to have spent the tedious hours, had I not had a companion. He was a stout, elderly man, a perfect stranger to me; and by his conversation showed himself possessed of a very considerable share of erudition: his language was correct, his remarks strong and forcible, and delivered in a manner energetic and pointed. While engaged in conversation, our ears were stunned by a number of village lads shouting and hallooing at the door of the inn. On inquiring of the landlord into the cause of this disturbance, we were informed that a poor woman, who was reputed to be a witch, had taken shelter at his house from the inclemency of the storm, and that some idle boys, on seeing her enter, were behaving in the rude manner already mentioned.

The landlord having left the room, I said to my companion, "So you have witches in Craven, sir; or, at least, those who pretend to be such. I thought that race of ignorant impostors had been long extinct, but am sorry to find the case is otherwise."

The stranger looked at me, and said, "Do you then disbelieve the existence of witchcraft?"

"Most assuredly," I replied.

"But you must confess that witchcraft *did* exist?"

"I *do*; but think not its existing in the prophetical ages to be any evidence of its being permitted in the present."

"But learned works have been written to prove the existence of it in late times—You are aware of the treatises of Glanvill and Sinclair?"

"True; and learned men have sometimes committed foolish actions; and certainly Glanvill and Sinclair, great as their talents undoubtedly were, showed no great wisdom in publishing their ridiculous effusions, which are nothing more than the overflowings of heated imaginations."

My companion seeing I was not to be convinced by any arguments he could advance, but that, like the adder in holy writ,

I was "deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," thus addressed me:—"I *was* like you, sceptical on the subject of our present discourse; but the doubts I once entertained have long since vanished; and if you can attend patiently to a history I will relate, I think you will be convinced that witchcraft *does* exist; or at least has existed in very modern times."

The stranger then related the story of

THE WISE WOMAN OF LITTONDALE.

"In the year 17—, in a lonely gill, not far distant from Arncliffe, stood a solitary cottage: a more wretched habitation the imagination cannot picture. It contained a single apartment, inhabited by an old woman, called Bertha, who was throughout the valley accounted a wise woman, and a practiser of the 'art that none may name.' I was at that time very young, and unmarried; and, far from having any dread of her, would frequently talk to her, and was always glad when she called at my father's house. She was tall, thin, and haggard; her eyes were large, and sunk deep in their sockets; and the hoarse masculine intonations of her voice were anything but pleasing. The reason I took such delight in the company of Bertha was this—she was possessed of much historical knowledge, and related events which had occurred two or three centuries ago, in a manner so minute and particular, that many a time I have been induced to believe she had been a spectatress of what she was relating. Bertha was undoubtedly of great age; but what that age was no one ever knew. I have frequently interrogated her on the subject, but always received an evasive answer to my inquiries.

"In the autumn, or rather in the latter end of the summer of 17—, I set out one evening to visit the cottage of the wise woman. I had never beheld the interior; and, led on by curiosity and mischief, was determined to see it. Having arrived at the cottage, I knocked at the gate. 'Come in,' said a voice, which I knew was Bertha's. I entered; the old woman was seated on a three-legged stool, by a turf fire, surrounded by three black cats and an old sheep-dog. 'Well,' she exclaimed, 'what brings you here? what can have induced you to pay a visit to old Bertha?' I answered, 'Be not offended; I have never before this evening viewed the interior of your cottage; and wishing to do so, have made this visit; I also wished to see you perform some of your *incantations*.' I pronounced the last word ironically. Bertha observed it, and said, 'Then you doubt my power, think me an impostor, and consider my incantations mere jugglery; you *may* think otherwise; but sit down by my humble hearth, and in less than half an hour you shall observe such an instance of my power as I have never hitherto allowed mortal to witness.' I obeyed, and approached the fire. I now gazed around me, and minutely viewed the apartment. Three stools, an old deal table, a few pans, three pictures of Merlin, Nostradamus, and Michael Scott, a caldron, and a sack, with the contents of which I was unacquainted, formed the whole stock of Bertha. The witch having sat by me a few minutes, rose, and said, 'Now for our incantations; behold me, but interrupt me not.' She then with chalk drew a circle on the floor, and in the midst of it placed a chafing-dish filled with burning embers; on this she fixed the caldron, which she had half filled with water.

"She then commanded me to take my station at the farther end of the circle, which I did accordingly. Bertha then opened the sack, and taking from it various ingredients, threw them into the 'charmed pot.' Amongst many other articles I noticed a skeleton head, bones of different sizes, and the dried carcasses of some small animals. My fancy involuntarily recurred to the witch in Ovid—

> Semina, floresque, et succos in coquit acres;
> Addidit et exceptas lunâ pernocte pruinas,
> Et strigis infames ipsis cum carnibus alas,
> Vivacisque jecur cervi; quibus insuper addit,
> Ora caputque novem cornicis sæcula passæ.'

While thus employed, she continued muttering some words in an unknown language; all I remember hearing was the word *konig*. At length the water boiled, and the witch, presenting me with a glass, told me to look through it at the caldron. I did so, and observed a figure enveloped in the steam; at the first glance I knew not what to make of it, but I soon recognised the face of N———, a friend and intimate acquaintance: he was dressed in his usual mode, but seemed unwell, and pale. I was astonished, and trembled. The figure having disappeared, Bertha removed the caldron, and extinguished the fire. '*Now*,' said she, 'do you doubt my power? I have brought before you the form of a person who is some miles from this place; was there any deception in the appearance? I am no impostor, though you have hitherto regarded me as such.' She ceased speaking: I hurried towards the door, and said, 'Good night.' 'Stop,' said Bertha, 'I

have not done with you; I will show you something more wonderful than the appearance of this evening: to-morrow, at midnight, go and stand upon Arncliffe bridge, and look at the water on the left side of it. Nothing will harm you; fear not.'

"'And why should I go to Arncliffe bridge? What end can be answered by it? The place is lonely; I dread to be there at such an hour; may I have a companion?'

"'No.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because the charm will be broken.'

"'What charm?'

"'I cannot tell.'

"'You will not.'

"'I will not give you any further information; obey me, nothing shall harm you.'

"'Well, Bertha,' I said, 'you shall be obeyed. I believe you would do me no injury. I will repair to Arncliffe bridge to-morrow at midnight; good night.'

I then left the cottage, and returned home. When I retired to rest I could not sleep; slumber fled my pillow, and with restless eyes I lay ruminating on the strange occurrences at the cottage, and on what I was to behold at Arncliffe bridge. Morning dawned, I arose unrefreshed and fatigued. During the day I was unable to attend to any business; my coming adventure entirely engrossed my mind. Night arrived, I repaired to Arncliffe bridge: never shall I forget the scene. It was a lovely night: the full orb'd moon was sailing peacefully through a clear blue cloudless sky, and its beams, like streaks of silvery lustre, were dancing on the waters of the Skirfare; the moonlight falling on the hills formed them into a variety of fantastic shapes; here one might behold the semblance of a ruined abbey, with towers and spires, and Anglo-Saxon and Gothic arches; at another place there seemed a castle frowning in feudal grandeur, with its buttresses, battlements, and parapets. The stillness which reigned around, broken only by the murmuring of the stream, the cottages scattered here and there along its banks, and the woods wearing an autumnal tinge, all united to compose a scene of calm and perfect beauty. I leaned against the left battlement of the bridge; I waited a quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour—nothing appeared. I listened, all was silent; I looked around, I saw nothing. Surely, I inwardly ejaculated, I have mistaken the hour; no, it must be midnight; Bertha has deceived me, fool that I am, why have I obeyed the beldam? Thus I reasoned. The clock of the neighbouring church chimed—I counted the strokes, it was twelve o'clock; I *had* mistaken the hour, and I resolved to stay a little longer on the bridge. I resumed my station, which I had quitted, and gazed on the stream. The river in that part runs in a clear still channel, and 'all its music dies away.' As I looked on the stream I heard a low moaning sound, and perceived the water violently troubled, without any apparent cause. The disturbance having continued a few minutes ceased, and the river became calm, and again flowed along in peacefulness. What could this mean? Whence came that low moaning sound? What caused the disturbance of the river? I asked myself these questions again and again, unable to give them any rational answer. With a slight indescribable kind of fear I bent my steps homewards. On turning a corner of the lane that led to my father's house, a huge dog, apparently of the Newfoundland breed, crossed my path, and looked wistfully on me. 'Poor fellow!' I exclaimed, 'hast thou lost thy master? come home with me, and I will use thee well till we find him.' The dog followed me; but when I arrived at my place of abode, I looked for it, but saw no traces of it, and I conjectured it had found its master.

"On the following morning I again repaired to the cottage of the witch, and found her, as on the former occasion, seated by the fire. 'Well, Bertha,' I said, 'I have obeyed you; I was yesterday at midnight on Arncliffe bridge.'

"'And of what sight were you a witness?'

"'I saw nothing except a slight disturbance of the stream.'

"'I know,' she said, 'you saw a disturbance of the water, but did you behold nothing more?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Nothing! your memory fails you.'

"'I forgot, Bertha; as I was proceeding home, I met a Newfoundland dog, which I suppose belonged to some traveller.'

"'That dog,' answered Bertha, 'never belonged to mortal; no human being is his master. The dog you saw was Bargest; you may, perhaps, have heard of him.'

"'I have frequently heard tales of Bargest, but I never credited them. If the legends of my native hills be true, a death may be expected to follow his appearance.'

"'You are right, and a death will follow his last night's appearance.'

"'Whose death?'

"'Not yours.'

"As Bertha refused to make any further communication, I left her. In less than three hours after I quitted her I was informed that my friend N———, whose figure I had seen enveloped in the mist of the caldron, had that morning committed suicide, by drowning himself at Arncliffe bridge, in the very spot where I beheld the disturbance of the stream!"

Such was the story of my companion; the tale amused me, but by no means increased my belief in witchcraft. I told the narrator so, and we again entered into a serious discussion, which continued till the inn clock struck seven, when the stranger left me, saying, that he could not stay any longer, as he had a distance of ten miles to travel that evening along a very lonely road.

The belief of witchcraft is still very prevalent in Craven; and there are now residing in different parts wise men and wise women, whom the country people consult when any property is stolen or lost, as well as for the purpose of fortune-telling. These impostors pretend generally to practise divination by the crystal, as in the tale —a mode of deception which Moncrieff has very ingeniously ridiculed in his "Tom and Jerry." Witches and wizards are not so common as they were a few years ago amongst us. The spread of education, by means of National and Sunday Schools, goes a great way to destroy superstition. Few witches were better known in Craven than Kilnsay Nan, who died a few years ago. This old hag travelled with a Guinea pig in her breast, which she pretended solved questions, and used at times to open a witchcraft shop in Bag's-alley, Skipton: her stock of spells was not very large, for it only consisted of her Guinea pig, and about half a pack of dirty cards.

Littondale, the romantic valley which forms the scene of the above tale, is at the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, where Wharfdale forks off into two great branches, one whereof retains the name of Wharfdale to the source of the river; and the other, which is watered by the Skirfare, (sometimes called the Litton and Litton Bech,) is called Littondale. The ancient name was Amerdale; and by that designation Wordsworth alludes to it in his "White Doe,"

"The deep fork of Amerdale."

The whole of the dale is in the parish of Arncliffe; so called, according to my great authority in Craven matters, Dr. Whitaker, from Earn, an eagle, and clyff, a rock; i. e. the eagle's rock; "as it afforded many secure retreats for that bird in its ridges of perpendicular limestone." The western side of the valley extends to Pennigent; on the skirts of which mountain are many ancient places of interment, called "Giants' Graves," thought to be Danish.

During the last summer I took a ride up Littondale, principally with a view of inspecting Arncliffe church, on the venerable tower of which I had frequently gazed at a distance. Alas! it is the only venerable thing about the church, all the rest of which has been rebuilt in a most paltry and insignificant style—not an ornament about it, inside or outside: as Dr. Whitaker truly says, "it has been rebuilt with all the attention to economy, and all the neglect, both of modern elegance and ancient form, which characterises the religious edifices of the present day." It is indeed, as the same historian observes, "a perfect specimen" of a "plain, oblong, ill-constructed building, without aisles, choir, column, battlements, or buttresses; the roof and wainscotting of deal, the covering of slate; the walls running down with wet, and the whole resembling a modern conventicle, which this year may serve as a chapel, and the next as a cockpit." The remarks that Arncliffe church leads the doctor to make ought to be *thundered* in the ears of every "beautifier" from Cornwall to Berwick upon Tweed:—

"Awakened by the remonstrances of their ecclesiastical superior, a parish discovers that, by long neglect, the roof of their church is half rotten, the lead full of cracks, the pews falling down, the windows broken, the mullions decayed, the walls damp and mouldy. Here it is well if the next discovery be not the *value* of the lead. No matter whether this covering have or have not given an air of dignity and venerable peculiarity to the church for centuries. It will save a parish assessment; and blue slate will harmonize very prettily with the adjoining cotton-mill! The work of renovation proceeds—the stone tracery of the windows, which had long shed their dim religious light, is displaced, and with it all the armorial achievements of antiquity, the written memorials of benefactors, the rich tints and glowing drapery of saints and angels—but to console our eyes for the losses, the smart luminous modern sash is introduced; and if this be only pointed at top, all is well; for all is—still *Gothic!** Next are condemned the

* Rylstone chapel has been "beautified" in this way.

massy oaken stalls, many of them capable of repairs, many of them wanting none: these are replaced by narrow slender deal pews, admirably contrived to cramp the tall, and break down under the bulky. Next the fluted wood work of the roof, with all its carved enrichments, is plastered over. It looked dull and nourished cobwebs! Lastly, the screens and lattices, which, from a period antecedent to the Reformation, had spread their light and perforated surfaces from arch to arch, are sawn away; and, in the true spirit of modern equality, one undistinguishing blank is substituted for separations which are yet *canonical*, and to distinctions which *ought to be revered*."

In Littondale is the celebrated cave Doukerbottom Hole: the road leading to it is steep and difficult to travel for one unused to hilly countries; but the tourist will receive an ample recompense for the badness of the road, by the splendid views obtained from all parts of it of Whernside and the neighbouring hills. It is some years since I saw Doukerbottom Cave; and at this distance of time I fear to attempt a description of its wonders; but I remember that the entrance is steep and rather dangerous; the first chamber very spacious and lofty, and the roof starred with beautiful stalactites formed by the dripping of the limestone; that then the cavern becomes narrower and lower, so much so, that you have to stoop, and that at the end the ear is stunned by a waterfall, which discharges itself into some still lower cave. I remember, too, that I visited it in company with an amiable dissenting minister, and that we were highly amused at the jokes and tales of our one-eyed guide, Mr. Proctor, of Kilnsay. I have just been inquiring after that worthy and eccentric old fellow, and find that he is dead. I am sorry for it; and if my reverend friend should see this article, I doubt not but he will lament with me, that poor old Proctor is gone. For many years he had been guide to Doukerbottom Cave and Whernside.

In Littondale is a ridge of rock, called Tenant's Ride, from one of the Tenant family having galloped along it while hunting. A dangerous feat truly, but not so daring as is generally supposed; for I am given to understand the ridge is seven yards wide, and perfectly level. There are fine waterfalls in the valley. I trust that a time will come when Littondale will be more frequented than at present.

T. Q. M.

December, 1827.

HAGBUSH-LANE

From desire to afford the destroyers of Corrall's cottage time to reflect, and make reparation for the injury they had inflicted on the old man and his wife; and wishing to abstain from all appearance of strife-making, the topic has remained till now untouched.

On the 28th of November Mr. S., as the agent of a respectable clergyman whose sympathy had been excited by the statements of the *Table Book*, called on me to make some inquiries into the case, and I invited him to accompany me to Corrall's shed. We proceeded by a stage to the "Old Mother Red Cap," Camden-town, and walked from thence along the New Road, leading to Holloway, till we came to the spot at the western corner of Hagbush-lane, on the left-hand side of the road. We had journeyed for nothing—the shed had disappeared from the clay swamp whereon it stood. Along the dreary line of road, and the adjacent meadows, rendered cheerless by alternate frosts and rains, there was not a human being within sight; and we were at least a mile from any place where inquiry could be made, with a chance of success, respecting the fugitives. As they might have retired into the lane for better shelter during the winter, we made our way across the quaggy entrance as well as we could, and I soon recognised the little winding grove, so delightful and lover-like a walk in days of vernal sunshine. Its aspect, now, was gloomy and forbidding. The disrobed trees looked black, like funeral mutes mourning the death of summer, and wept cold drops upon our faces. As we wound our slippery way we perceived moving figures in the distance of the dim vista, and soon came up to a comfortless man and woman, a poor couple, huddling over a small smouldering fire of twigs and leaves. They told us that Corrall and his wife had taken down their shed and moved three weeks before, and were gone to live in some of the new buildings in White-conduit fields. The destitute appearance of our informants in this lonely place induced inquiry respecting themselves. The man was a London labourer out of employment, and, for two days, they had been seeking it in the country without success. Because they were able to work, parish-officers would not relieve them; and they were without a home and without food. They had walked and sauntered during the two nights, for want of a place to sleep in,

A last Look at Hagbush-lane.

and occasionally lighted a fire for a little warmth—

"The world was not their friend, nor the world's law."

We felt this, and Mr. S. and myself contributed a trifle to help them to a supper and a bed for the night. It was more, by all its amount, than they could have got in that forlorn place. They cheerfully undertook to show us to Corrall's present residence, and set forward with us. Before we got out of Hagbush-lane it was dark, but we could perceive that the site of Corrall's cottage and ruined garden was occupied by heaps of gas-manure, belonging to the opulent landowner, whose labourers destroyed the poor man's residence and his growing stock of winter vegetables.

—— "A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple

thief. Hark in thine ear: change places; and handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?——

"Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."

We found Corrall and his wife and child at No. 3, Bishop's-place, Copenhagen-street. The overseers would have taken them into the workhouse, but the old man and his wife refused, because, according to the workhouse rules, had they entered, they would have been separated. In "The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony," it is enjoined, after the joining of hands, "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;" and though this prescription is of the highest order of law, yet it is constantly violated by parochial authority. Corrall is sixty-nine years old, and his wife's lungs appear diseased. Were they together in the poor-house they would be as well circumstanced as they can ever hope or wish; but, this not being allowed, they purpose endeavouring to pick up a living by selling ready dressed meat and small beer to labouring people. Their child, a girl about seven years of age, seems destined to a vagabond and lawless life, unless means can be devised to take her off the old people's hands, and put her to school. On leaving them I gave the wife five shillings, which a correspondent sent for their use:* and Mr. S. left his address, that, when they get settled, they may apply to him as the almoner of the benevolent clergyman, on whose behalf he accompanied me to witness their situation.——

This notice will terminate all remark on Hagbush-lane: but I reiterate, that since it ceased to be used as the common highway from the north of England into London, it became a green lane, affording lovely walks to lovers of rural scenery, which lawless encroachments have despoiled, and only a few spots of its former beauty remain. It is not "waste" of the manors through which it passes, but belongs to the crown; and if the Commissioners of Woods and Forests survey and inquire, they will doubtless claim and possess themselves of the whole, and appropriate it by sale to the public service. True it is, that on one or two occasions manor homages have been called, and persons colourably admitted to certain parcels; but the land so disposed of, a homage could not legally admit claimants into possession of; nor could an entry on the court rolls confer a legal title. Indeed the court rolls themselves will, at least in one instance, show that the steward has doubted his lord's right; and the futility of such a title has seemed so obvious, that some who retain portions of Hagbush-lane actually decline admission through the manor-court, and hold their possessions by open seizure, deeming such a holding as legal, to all intents and purposes, as any that the lord of the manor can give. Such possessors are lords in their own right—a right unknown to the law of England—founded on mere force; which, were it exercised on the personalties of passengers, would infallibly subject successful claimants to the inconvenience of taking either a long voyage to New South Wales, or, perhaps, a short walk without the walls of Newgate, there to receive the highest reward the sheriff's substitute can bestow.

* I am sorry I cannot remember the initials to this gentleman's letter, which has been accidentally mislaid.

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. XXXV.

Ancient Chemistry, &c.

Distillation.—It has been questioned whether the ancients were acquainted with this art, but a passage of Dioscorides not only indicates the practice, but shows that the name of its principal instrument, the alembic, was derived from the Greek language. Pliny gives the same explanation, as Dioscorides does, of the manner of extracting quicksilver from cinnabar by distillation. And Seneca describes an instrument exactly resembling the alembic. Hippocrates even describes the process of distillation. He talks of vapours from the boiling fluid, which meeting with resistance stop and condense, till they fall in drops. Zosimus of Panopolis, an Egyptian city, desires his students to furnish themselves with alembics, gives them directions how to use them, describes them, and presents drawings of such as best deserve to be employed in practice.

Alcalis and Acids.—Of the substances promiscuously termed lixivial salt, sal alcali,

rock-salt, &c., Aristotle speaks, when he says that in Umbria the burnt ashes of rushes and reeds, boiled in water, yield a great quantity of salt. Theophrastus observes the same. Varro relates of dwellers on the borders of the Rhine, who having neither sea nor pit salt, supply themselves by means of the saline cinders of burnt plants. Pliny speaks of ashes as impregnated with salts, and in particular of the nitrous ashes of burnt oak; adding, that these salts are used in medicine, and that a dose of lixivial ashes is an excellent remedy. Hippocrates, Celsus, Dioscorides, and especially Galen, often recommend the medical use of sal alcali. To the mixture of acids and alcali, Plato ascribed fermentation. Solomon seems to have known this effect of them, when he speaks of "vinegar upon nitre."

Cleopatra's Pearl.—A convincing proof of the ability of the ancients in chemistry is the experiment with which Cleopatra entertained Marc Antony, in dissolving before him, in a kind of vinegar, a pearl of very great value, (above 45,450*l.* sterling.) At present we know not of any "vinegar" that can produce this effect; but the fact is well attested. Probably the queen added something to the vinegar, omitted by the historian. The aid of Dioscorides, surnamed Phacas, who was her physician, might have enabled her thus to gain her wager with Marc Antony, that she would exceed him in the splendour and costliness of her entertainment. But Cleopatra herself was a chemical adept, as appears from some of her performances still in the libraries of Paris, Venice, and the Vatican. And Pliny informs us of the emperor Caius, that by means of fire he extracted some gold from orpiment.

Malleability of Glass.—The method of rendering glass ductile, which is to us a secret, was assuredly a process well known to the ancients. Some still doubt of it, as others have of the burning glasses of Archimedes. Because forsooth they do not know how it could be effected, they will not admit the fact, notwithstanding the exact accounts we have of it, till somebody again recovers this lost or neglected secret, as Kircher and Buffon did that of Archimedes's mirrors. Pliny says, the flexibility of glass was discovered in the time of Tiberius; but that the emperor fearing lest gold and silver, those most precious metals, should thereby fall in their value, so as to become contemptible, ordered the residence, workhouse, and tools of the ingenious artisan to be destroyed, and thus strangled the art in its infancy. Petronius is more diffuse. He says, that in the time of Tiberius there was an artificer who made vessels of glass, which were in their composition and fabric as strong and durable as silver or gold; and that being introduced into the presence of the emperor, he presented him with a vase of this kind, such as he thought worthy of his acceptance. Meeting with the praise his invention deserved, and finding his present so favourably received, he threw the vase with such violence upon the floor, that had it been of brass it must have been injured by the blow; he took it up again whole, but dimpled a little, and immediately repaired it with a hammer. While in expectation of ample recompense for his ingenuity, the emperor asked him whether any body else was acquainted with this method of preparing glass, and being assured that no other was, the tyrant ordered his head to be immediately struck off; lest gold and silver, added he, should become as base as dirt. Dion Cassius, on this head, confirms the attestations of Pliny and Petronius. Ibn Abd Alhokim speaks of malleable glass as a thing known in the flourishing times of Egypt. Greaves, in his work on Pyramids, mentions him as a celebrated chronologist among the Arabians, and cites from him that "Saurid built in the western pyramid thirty treasuries, filled with store of riches and utensils, and with signatures made of precious stones, and with instruments of iron and vessels of earth, and with arms which rust not, and with glass which might be bended, and yet not broken, &c." There is, however, a modern chemical composition, formed of silver dissolved in acid spirits, and which is called *cornu lunæ*, or horned moon, a transparent body, easily put into fusion, and very like horn or glass, and which will bear the hammer. Borrichius, a Danish physician of the seventeenth century, describes an experiment of his own, by which he obtained a pliant and malleable salt: he gives the receipt, and concludes from thence, that as glass for the most part is only a mixture of salt and sand, and as the salt may be rendered ductile, glass may be made malleable: he even imagines that the Roman artificer, spoken of by Pliny and Petronius, may have successfully used antimony as the principal ingredient in the composition of his vase. Descartes supposed it possible to impart malleability to glass, and Morhoff assures us that Boyle was of the same opinion.

Painting on Glass.—This art, so far as it depends upon chemistry, was carried formerly to high perfection. Of this we have

striking instances in the windows of ancient churches, where paintings present themselves in the most vivid colours, without detracting from the transparency of the glass. Boerhave and others observe, that we have lost the secret to such a degree, that there are scarcely any hopes of recovering it. Late experiments go far towards a successful restoration of this art.

Democritus.—This eminent man, who was a native of Abdera in Thrace, flourished upwards of four centuries before the Christian æra. For the sake of acquiring wisdom he travelled into Egypt, and abode with the priests of the country. He may be deemed the father of experimental philosophy. It is affirmed that he extracted the juice of every simple, and that there was not a quality belonging to the mineral or vegetable kingdoms that escaped his notice. Seneca says, that he was the inventor of reverberating furnaces, the first who gave a softness to ivory, and imitated nature in her production of precious stones, particularly the emerald.

Gunpowder.—Virgil and his commentator Servius, Hyginus, Eustathius, La Cerda, Valerius Flaccus, and many other authors, speak in such a manner of Salmoneus's attempts to imitate thunder, as suggest to us that he used a composition of the nature of gunpowder. He was so expert in mechanics, that he formed machines which imitated the noise of thunder, and the writers of fable, whose surprise in this respect may be compared to that of the Mexicans when they first beheld the fire-arms of the Spaniards, give out that Jupiter, incensed at the audacity of this prince, slew him with lightning. It is much more natural to suppose that this unfortunate prince, as the inventor of gunpowder, gave rise to these fables, by having accidentally fallen a victim to his own experiments. Dion and Joannes Antiochenus report of the emperor Caligula, that he imitated thunder and lightning by means of machines, which at the same time emitted stones. Themistius relates, that the Brachmans encountered one another with thunder and lightning, which they had the art of launching from on high at a considerable distance. Agathias reports of Anthemius Traliensis, that having fallen out with his neighbour, Zeno the rhetorician, he set fire to his house with thunder and lightning. Philostrates, speaking of the Indian sages, says, that when they were attacked by their enemies they did not leave their walls to fight them, but repelled and put them to flight by thunder and lightning. In another place he alleges that Hercules and Bacchus attempting to assail them in a fort where they were entrenched, were so roughly received by reiterated strokes of thunder and lightning, launched upon them from on high by the besieged, that they were obliged to retire. The effects ascribed to these engines could scarcely be brought about but by gunpowder. In Julius Africanus there is a receipt for an ingenious composition to be thrown upon an enemy, very nearly resembling that of gunpowder. But that the ancients were acquainted with it seems proved beyond doubt, by a clear and positive passage of an author called Marcus Græcus, whose work in manuscript is in the Royal Library at Paris, entitled "Liber Ignium." The author, describing several ways of encountering an enemy, by launching fire upon him, among others gives the following receipt:—Mix together one pound of live sulphur, two of charcoal of willow, and six of saltpetre; reduce them to a very fine powder in a marble mortar. He directs a certain quantity of this to be put into a long, narrow, and well-compacted cover, and so discharged into the air. Here we have the description of a rocket. The cover with which thunder is imitated he represents as short, thick, but half-filled, and strongly bound with packthread, which is exactly the form of a cracker. He then treats of different methods of preparing the match, and how one squib may set fire to another in the air, by having it enclosed within it. In short, he speaks as clearly of the composition and effects of gunpowder as any body in our times could do. This author is spoken of by Mesue, an Arabian physician, who flourished in the beginning of the ninth century. There is reason to believe that he is the same of whom Galen speaks.

Generation.

There are two theories on this subject among the moderns. Harvey, Stenon, Grauf, Redi, and other celebrated physicians, maintain that all animals are oviparous, and spring from eggs, which in the animal kingdom are what seed is in the vegetable. Hartsoëker and Lewenhoek are of a different opinion, and maintain that all animals spring by metamorphosis from little animals of extreme minuteness.

The first of these systems is merely a revival of that taught by Empedocles, as cited by Plutarch and Galen, and next to him Hippocrates, Aristotle, and Macrobius. The other system, that of animalcula or

spermatic vermiculi, is but a revival of the opinions of Democritus and other ancients.

Hippocrates, founding himself upon a principle universally received by antiquity that nothing arises from nothing, advanced that nothing in nature absolutely perished; that nothing, taking it altogether, was produced anew; nothing born, but what had a prior existence; that what we call birth, is only such an enlargement as brings from darkness to light, or renders visible, those small animalcula which were before imperceptible. He maintains that every thing increases as much as it can, from the lowest to the highest degree of magnitude. These principles he afterwards applies to generation, and declares that the larger sizes arise out of the lesser; that all the parts successively expand themselves, and grow and increase proportionally in the same series of time; that none of them in reality takes the start of another, so as to be quicker or slower in growth; but that those which are naturally larger sooner appear to the eye, than those which are smaller, though they by no means preceded them in birth or existence.

Polypi.—The multiplicity of animation of which the polypus is capable, supposed to have been discovered by the moderns, was known to the ancients. There are passages of Aristotle and St. Augustine, wherein they speak of it as a thing which they knew from their own experience. The latter, in his book entitled "De Quantitate Animæ," relates, that one of his friends performed the experiment before him of cutting a polypus in two; and that immediately the separated parts betook themselves to flight, moving with precipitation, the one one way, and the other another. Aristotle, speaking of insects with many feet, says, that there are of these animals or insects, as well as of plants and trees, that propagate themselves by shoots: and as what were but the parts of a tree before, become thus distinct and separate trees; so in cutting one of these animals, says Aristotle, the pieces which before composed altogether but one animal, become all of a sudden so many different individuals. He adds, that the animating principle in these insects is in effect but one, though multiplied in its powers, as it is in plants.

The Sexual System of Plants.

Vivunt in Venerem frondes, omnesque vicissim
Felix arbor amat, nutant ad mutua palmæ
Fœdera, populeo suspirat populus ictu,
Et platani platanis, alnoque assibilat alnus.
Claudian. de Nuptiis Honorii et Mariæ.

Claudian's verses have been thus familiarly Englished:—"The tender boughs live together in love, and the happy trees pass their time entirely in mutual embraces. Palms by consent salute and nod to each other; the poplar, smitten with the poplar, sighs; whilst planes and alders express their affection in the melody of whispers." This allusion to the "Loves of the Plants" was not a mere imagination of the old poet: their sexual difference was known to the old philosophers. "Naturalists," says Pliny, "admit the distinction of sex not only in trees, but in herbs, and in all plants."

ASTRONOMY—MATHEMATICS—MECHANICS—OPTICS, &c.

The Vibration of the Pendulum was employed, for the purpose it is still applied to, by the ancient Arabians, long before the epoch usually assigned to its first discovery. A learned gentleman at Oxford, who carefully examined the Arabian manuscripts in the library of that university, says, "The advantages recommending the study of astronomy to the people of the East were many." He speaks of "the serenity of their weather; the largeness and correctness of the instruments they made use of much exceeding what the moderns would be willing to believe; the multitude of their observations and writings being six times more than what has been composed by Greeks and Latins; and of the number of powerful princes who, in a manner becoming their own magnificence, aided them with protection." He affirms, that it is easy "to show in how many respects the Arabian astronomers detected the deficiency of Ptolemy, and the pains they took to correct him; how carefully they measured time by water-clocks, sand-glasses, immense solar dials, and even by *the vibrations of the pendulum*; and with what assiduity and accuracy they conducted themselves in those nice attempts, which do so much honour to human genius—the taking the distances of the stars, and the measure of the earth."

Refraction of Light. — According to Roger Bacon, Ptolemy, the great philosopher and geometrician, gave the same explanation of this phenomenon, which Descartes has done since; for he says, that "ray, passing from a more rare into a more dense medium, becomes more perpendicular." Ptolemy wrote a treatise on optics whence Alhazen seems to have drawn whatever is estimable in what he advances

about the refraction of light, astronomical refraction, and the cause of the extraordinary size of planets when they appear on the horizon. Ptolemy, and after him Alhazen, said, that "when a ray of light passes from a more rare into a more dense medium, it changes its direction when it arrives upon the surface of the latter, describing a line which intersects the angle made by that of its first direction, and a perpendicular falling upon it from the more dense medium." Bacon adds, after Ptolemy, that "the angle formed by the coincidence of those two lines is not always equally divided by the refracted ray; because in proportion to the greater or less density of the medium, the ray is more or less refracted, or obliged to decline from its first direction." Sir Isaac Newton subsequently deducing the cause of refraction, from the attraction made upon the ray of light by the bodies surrounding it, says, "that mediums are more or less attractive in proportion to their density."

Astronomic Refraction.—Ptolemy, acquainted with the principle of the refraction of light, could not fail to conclude that this was the cause of the appearance of planets upon the horizon before they came there. Hence he accounted for those appearances from the difference there was between the medium of air, and that of ether which lay beyond it; so that the rays of light coming from the planet, and entering into the denser medium of our atmosphere, must of course be so attracted as to change their direction, and by that means bring the star to our view, before it really come upon the horizon.

Why Stars appear largest upon the Horizon is attempted to be accounted for by Roger Bacon. He says it may proceed from this, that the rays coming from the star are made to diverge from each other, not only by passing from the rare medium of ether into the denser one of our surrounding air, but also by the interposition of clouds and vapours arising out of the earth, which repeat the refraction and augment the dispersion of the rays, whereby the object must needs be magnified to our eye. He afterwards adds, that there has been assigned by Ptolemy and Alhazen another more reasonable cause. These authors thought that the reason of a star's appearing larger at its rising or setting than when viewed over head arose from this, that when the star is over head there are no immediate objects perceived between it and us, so that we judge it nearer to us, and are not surprised at its littleness; but when a star is viewed on the horizon, it lies then so low that all we can see upon earth interposes between it and us, which making it appear at a greater distance, we are surprised at observing it so large, or rather imagine it larger than it is. For the same reason the sun and moon, when appearing upon the horizon, seem to be at a greater distance, by reason of the interposition of those objects which are upon the surface of our earth, than when they are over head; and consequently there will arise in our minds an idea of their largeness, augmented by that of their distance, and this of course must make them appear larger to us, when viewed on the horizon, than when seen in the zenith.

Perspective of the Ancients.—Most of the learned deny the ancients the advantage of having known the rules of perspective, or of having put them in practice, although Vitruvius makes mention of the principles of Democritus and Anaxagoras respecting that science, in a manner that plainly shows they were not ignorant of them. "Anaxagoras and Democritus," says he, "were instructed by Agatarchus, the disciple of Eschylus. They both of them taught the rules of drawing, so as to imitate from any point of view the prospect that lay in sight, by making the lines in their draught, issuing from the point of view there, exactly resemble the radiation of those in nature; insomuch, that however ignorant any one might be of the rules whereby this was performed, yet they could not but know at sight the edifices, and other prospects which offered themselves in the perspective scenes they drew for the decoration of the theatre, where, though all the objects were represented on a plain surface, yet they swelled out, or retired from the sight, just as objects do endowed with all dimensions." Again he says, that the painter Apatarius drew a scene for the theatre at Tralles, "which was wonderfully pleasing to the eye, on account that the artist had so well managed the lights and shades, that the architecture appeared in reality to have all its projections." Pliny says, that Pamphilus, who was an excellent painter, applied himself much to the study of geometry, and maintained that "without its aid it was impossible ever to arrive at perfection in that art." Pliny elsewhere says, that Apelles fell short of Asclepiodorus in "the art of laying down distances in his paintings." Lucian, in his Dialogue of Zeuxis, speaks of the effects of perspective in pictures, and Philostratus, in his preface to his Drawings, or History of Painting, makes it appear that he knew this science; and

in his account of Menoetius's picture of the siege of Thebes, describes the happy effects of perspective when studied with care.

Optical Problem.—Aristotle was the first who proposed the famous problem respecting the roundness of that image of the sun, which is formed by his rays passing through a small puncture, even though the hole itself be square or triangular. "Why is it," inquires Aristotle, "that the sun, in passing through a square puncture, forms itself into an orbicular, and not into a rectilinear figure, as when it shines through a grate? Is it not because the efflux of its rays, through the puncture, converges it into a cone, whose base is the luminous circle?"

Squaring the Circle.—If there remain any hope of solving this problem it is founded on that discovery of Hippocrates of Chios, called the squaring of the *Lunulæ*; which is said to have first put him in heart, they say, to attempt the squaring of the circle. This Hippocrates must not be confounded with the father of medicine, who was of the isle of Cos. He who is spoken of here was a famous geometrician, and lived about five hundred years before Jesus Christ.

Anaxagoras appears to have been the first who dared this enterprise, and it was when he was in prison at Athens. Plutarch says positively that he achieved it; but this must be looked upon only as a general expression. Aristotle in many places mentions the efforts of the Pythagoreans Bryson and Antiphon, who likewise flattered themselves with having found out the square of the circle. Aristophanes jeers the learned of his time for attempting to resolve this problem. One of the nearest approximations to the solution of this problem is that of Archimedes. He found the proportion of the diameter to the circumference to be as 7 to 22, or somewhat between 21 and 22; and it is in making use of Archimedes's method, that Wallis lays down rules for attaining nearly the square of the circle; yet they bring us not fully up to it, how far soever we advance. Archimedes contented himself with what he had in view, which was to find out a proportion that would serve all the purposes of ordinary practice. What he neglected to do, by extended approximations was afterwards performed by Apollonius, and by Philo of Gadare, who lived in the third century.

The Squaring of the Parabola is one of the geometrical discoveries which has done most honour to Archimedes. It is remarked to have been the first instance of the reducing a curve figure exactly into a square, unless we admit of Hippocrates's squaring the *lunulæ* to have been of this sort.

The Burning Glasses, employed by Archimedes to set fire to the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse, Kepler, Naudéus, and Descartes have treated as fabulous, though attested by Diodorus Siculus, Lucian, Dion, Zonaras, Galen, Anthemius, Eustathius, Tzetzes, and other eminent authors. Some have pretended to demonstrate by the rules of catoptrics the impossibility of it; but Kircher, attentively observing the description which Tzetzes gives of the burning glasses of Archimedes, resolved upon an experiment; and having, by means of a number of plain mirrors, collected the sun's rays into one focus, he by an increased number of mirrors produced the most intense degree of solar heat. Tzetzes says, that "Archimedes set fire to Marcellus's navy, by means of a burning glass composed of small square mirrors, moving every way upon hinges; which, when placed in the sun's rays, directed them upon the Roman fleet so as to reduce it to ashes at the distance of a bow-shot." Buffon's celebrated burning glass, composed of 168 little plain mirrors, produced so considerable a heat, as to set wood in flames at the distance of two hundred and nine feet; melt lead, at that of one hundred and twenty; and silver, at that of fifty.

Anthemius of Tralles in Lydia, celebrated as an able architect, sculptor, and mathematician, who in the emperor Justinian's time built the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, wrote a small treatise in Greek, which is extant only in manuscript, entitled "Mechanical Paradoxes," wherein is a chapter respecting burning glasses, with a complete description of the requisites, which, according to this author, Archimedes must have possessed to enable him to set fire to the Roman fleet. His elaborate description demonstrates the possibility of a fact so well attested in history. Zonaras, speaking of Archimedes's glasses, mentions those of Proclus, who, he says, burnt the fleet of Vitellius at the siege of Constantinople, in imitation of Archimedes, who set fire to the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse. He intimates that the manner wherein Proclus effected this, was by launching upon the vessels, from the surface of reflecting mirrors, such a quantity of flame as reduced them to ashes.

Refracting Burning Glasses were certainly known to the ancients. Pliny and Lactantius speak of glasses that burnt by refraction. The former tells of balls or

globes of glass, or crystal, which exposed to the sun transmit a heat sufficient to set fire to cloth, or corrode away the dead flesh of those patients who stand in need of caustics; and the latter, after Clemens Alexandrinus, takes notice that fire may be kindled, by interposing glasses filled with water between the sun and the object, so as to transmit the rays to it. Aristophanes, in his comedy of the Clouds, introduces Socrates as examining Strepsiades about the method he had discovered for getting clear for ever of his debts. The latter replies, that he thought of making use of a burning glass, which he had hitherto used in kindling his fire; for, says he, should they bring a writ against me, I'll immediately place my glass in the sun, at some little distance from the writ, and set it a fire.

ERRATUM.

Col. 455, line 10 from the bottom, for "Hartley Common," read "*Startley Common.*"

For the Table Book.

FREE TRANSLATION

OF A

DRINKING SONG, BY GOETHE.

SUNG BY THE POET AT A MEETING OF FRIENDS, TO JOIN WHICH HE AND OTHERS HAD TRAVELLED A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE.

1.

Celestial rapture seizes me,
Your inspiration merely;
It lifts me to the winking stars,
I seem to touch them nearly:
Yet would I rather stay below,
I can declare sincerely,
My song to sing, my glass to ring
With those I love so dearly.

2.

Then wonder not to see me here
To prop a cause so rightful:
Of all lov'd things on this lov'd earth
To me 'tis most delightful.
I vow'd I would among ye be
In scorn of fortune spiteful;
So here I came, and here I am,
To make the table quite full.

3.

When thus we should together meet,
Not quickly to be sunder'd,
I hoped at other Poets' songs
My joy, too, should be thunder'd.
To join such brothers who would grudge
To travel miles a hundred!
So eager some this day to come,
Through very haste they blunder'd.

4.

Long life to him who guards our lives!
My doctrine's not learnt newly:
We'll first do honour to our King,
And drink to him most duly.
May he his foes without o'ercome,
Within quell all unruly;
And grant support of every sort,
As we shall serve him truly!

5.

Thee next I give—thou only one,
Who all thy sex defeatest!
Each lover deems right gallantly,
His mistress the completest.
I therefore drink to her I love;
Thou, who some other greetest,
Ne'er drink alone—still think thine own,
As I do mine—the sweetest!

6.

The third glass to old friends is due,
Who aid us when we need it.
How quickly flew each joyous day
With such kind hearts to speed it!
When fortune's storm was gathering dark
We had less cause to heed it:
Then fill the glass—the bottle pass—
A bumper!—we've agreed it!

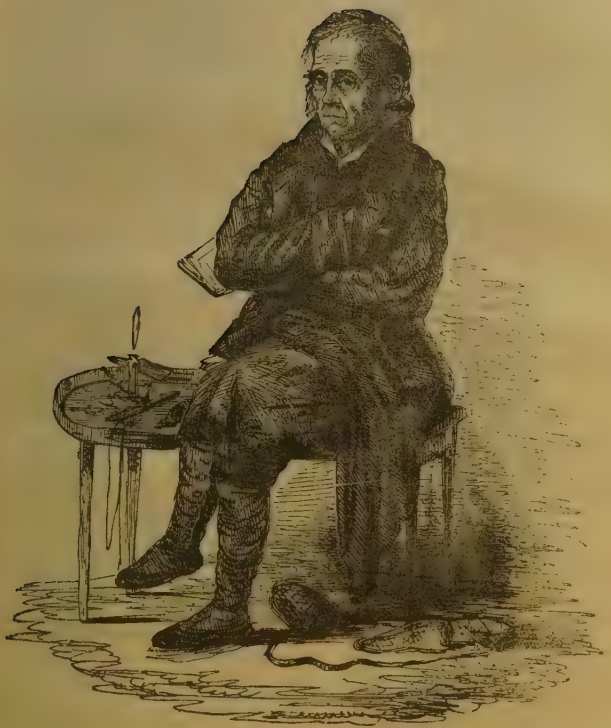
7.

Since broader, fuller, swells the tide
Of friends, as life advances,
Let's drink to every lesser stream,
The greater that enhances.
With strength united thus we meet,
And brave the worst mischances;
Since oft the tide, most darkly glide,
That in the sunlight dances.

8.

Once more we meet together here,
Once more in love united:
We trust that others' toils like ours,
Like ours will be requited.
Upon the self-same stream we see
Full many a skiff is sited!
May we the weal of all men feel,
And with it be delighted.

J. P. C.



George Bloomfield.

This portrait of the elder brother of Robert Bloomfield, "the Farmer's Boy," is here presented from a likeness recently drawn in water colours from the life, and communicated to the *Table Book* for the purpose of the present engraving.

The late Mr. Capel Lofft, in a preface to Robert Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," relates Robert's history, from a narrative drawn up by George Bloomfield. It appears from thence, that their father died when Robert was an infant under a year old; that their mother had another family by John Glover, a second husband; and that Robert, at eleven years old, was taken by a kind farmer into his house, and employed in husbandry work. Robert was so small of his age, that his master said he was not likely to get his living by hard labour; his brother George informed his

mother, if she would let him have Robert, he would take him and teach him his own trade, shoemaking; another brother, Nathaniel, offered to clothe him; and the mother and Robert, who was then fifteen years old, took coach, and came to London to George Bloomfield. "I have him in my mind's eye," says George; "a little boy; not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn, (in Bishopsgate-street,) he strutted before us, dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c.—his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels. He, looking about him, slipt up—his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up—how small he was—little thought that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom." Robert developed his talents under the fostering of George, to whose protection he was left by their mother. "She charged me," says George, "as I valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples for him, and never to forget that he had lost his father." Her injunctions were strictly observed till Robert was eighteen, when George, having housed him, and taught him his trade, quitted London, and left Robert to pursue shoemaking and playing on the violin. "Robert told me in a letter," says George, "'that he had sold his fiddle, and got a wife.' Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterward. It took him some years to get out of ready furnished lodgings. At length, by hard working, &c. he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs, at No. 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher. In this garret, amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing the *Farmer's Boy*." George, with filial piety and fondness, tells of his mother's pains to imbue Robert's mind in infancy with just principles. "As his reason expanded," continues George, "his love of God and man increased with it. I never knew his fellow for mildness of temper and goodness of disposition; and since I left him, universally is he praised by those who know him best, for the best of husbands, an indulgent father, and quiet neighbour."

The progress and melancholy termination of Robert Bloomfield's life are familiar to most readers of sensibility: they may not know, perhaps, that his brother George has long struggled with poverty, and is now an aged man, overwhelmed by indigence.

Two letters, written to a friend by a gentleman of Thetford, Mr. Faux, and some manuscripts accompanying them in George Bloomfield's hand-writing, are now before me. They contain a few particulars respecting George Bloomfield and his present situation, which are here made known, with the hope of interesting the public in the behalf of a greatly distressed and very worthy man. The following extract from one of Mr. Faux's letters introduces George Bloomfield's circumstances, and conveys an idea of his character: it will be seen that he, too, is a versifier.

"*Thetford, Oct.* 15, 1827.

"I have found the letter you allude to, regarding his *application to the overseers* of St. Peter's. I was rather inclined to send you a bundle of his letters and poetry, but I hardly think it fair without first consulting poor old George, and obtaining his permission. The letter enclosed, in answer to my invitation to him to be present on the day the duke of Grafton laid the first stone of the Pump-room, will show you what a *shy* bird he is. His presence on that occasion would have been highly beneficial to him; but his extreme modesty has been a drawback upon him through life, leaving him generally with a coat 'scarcely visible.' I believe he has been always poor, and yet a more temperate man never lived."———

The following is the note above referred to.

From GEORGE BLOOMFIELD *to* MR. FAUX.

"*Wednesday*, 3 o'clock.

"I was just folding the papers to take them to Stone, when the Master Fauxes came in, with great good nature in their countenances, and delivered their father's very kind invitation. I feel truly grateful for the kindness: but when I can, without offence, avoid being seen, I have, through life, consulted my sheepish feelings. I have been accused of 'making myself scarce,' and been always considered an 'unsocial' fellow: it is a task to me to go into a situation where I am likely to attract attention, and the observation of men. In childhood I read of an invisible coat—I have sometimes worn a coat *scarcely visible*; but I

want a coat that would render me *invisible*. I hope to be excused without giving offence, as I should be very ill at ease.

"Mr. Faux would have been presented with the enclosed papers a fortnight back, but I waited a favourable opportunity. This week I had but little work to do.—Lo, lo! here they are."

A poem by George Bloomfield, called "The Spa," which, being of local interest, has scarcely passed beyond provincial circles, induced the following public testimonial to his talents and virtues.

LINES ADDRESSED TO GEORGE BLOOMFIELD, BY THE REV. MR. PLUMTREE, LATE FELLOW OF CLARE HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

Hail, aged minstrel! well thine harp thou'st strung,
Tuneful and pleasingly of Thetford sung;
Her abbey nunnery, and her mounds of war,
Her late discovered, healing, blessed, Spa;
And with a skilful hand, and master's art.
Hast poured the tribute of a grateful heart.
Thy talent must not sleep. Resume thy lyre,
And bid it in some deeper notes respire.
Thy great Creator and thy Saviour claim
The emanations of a poet's flame.
Poets and prophets once were names entwin'd:
Ah, why was virtue e'er from verse disjoin'd?
Ah, why have Christians lent a willing ear
To strains 'twas sin to sing, 'twas sin to hear?
Will Christians listen to a Byron's lay?
To Bloomfield, rather, admiration pay.
His simple verse, with piety enjoin'd,
More grateful steal on my attentive mind;
And if it thrills with less tumultuous joy,
It is a pleasure free from all alloy.
Then, aged minstrel, strike thy lyre again,
And o'er the land be heard thy pleasing strain.
And, oh! may Britain's sons thy lay regard,
And give the aged minstrel his reward:
Not the cheap recompense of empty praise,
Nor e'en the crown of never-fading bays;
But such as may effectually assuage
The wants and cares of thy declining age;
And the last lay that shall thy lyre employ,
Accompany a "heart" that sings for joy.

The hand of the "aged minstrel" is now too weak to strike the lyre; nor will his voice again be heard. Mr. James Burrell Faux, of Thetford, Norfolk, is anxious for immediate assistance in George Bloomfield's behalf; and to that gentleman communications and contributions should be addressed. All that the *Table Book* can do, is thus to make known the *necessity* of the case, and to entreat pecuniary relief from those who have hearts to feel, and ability to give.

Garrick Plays.

No. XLVI.

SERIOUS FRAGMENTS.

1.

Misery lays stronger bonds of love than Nature; and they are more one, whom the same misfortune joined together, than whom the same womb gave life.

H. Killigrew.

2.

Dying Person.

——— my soul
The warm embraces of her flesh is now,
Ev'n now forsaking; this frail body must
Like a lost feather fall from off the wing
Of Vanity— *W. Chamberlain.*

3.

——— eternity:
Within whose everlasting springs we shall
Meet with those joys, whose blasted embryos were
Here made abortive— *W. Chamberlain.*

4.

Crown declined by a Spiritual person.

I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that's born, and has his years come to him,
On a rough desart— *Middleton.*

5.

To a Votaress.

Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaste lamp of eternity; 'tis a treasure
Too precious for death's moment to partake,
The twinkling of short life.— *Middleton.*

6.

The fame that a man wins himself is best;
That he may call his own: honours put to him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
Which are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.

Middleton.

7.

Adventurers.

The sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits.—

Middleton.

8.

New made Honour.

——— forgetfulness
Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
That do spring up from nothing; for by the same,
Forgetting all, they forget whence they came.

Middleton.

9.

Œnone forsaken.

Beguil'd, disdain'd, and out of love, live long, thou Poplar tree,
And let thy letters grow in length to witness this with me.
Ah Venus, but for reverence unto thy sacred name,
To steal a silly maiden's love I might account it blame.—
And if the tales I hear be true, and blush for to recite,
Thou dost me wrong to leave the plains, and dally out of sight,
False Paris! this was not thy vow, when thou and I were one,
To range and change old love for new; but now those days be gone. *Peel.*

10.

Epilepsy.

— your [Cæsar's] disease the Gods ne'er gave to man,
But such a one as had a spirit too great
For all his body's passages to serve it;
Which notes the excess of your ambition. *Chapman.*

11.

We are not tried but in our misery. He is a cunning coachman, that can turn well in a narrow room. *Anon.*

12

Gray hairs.

—— upon whose reverend head
The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads.— *Lodge.*

13.

Ladies Dancing.

—— a fine sweet earthquake, gently moved
By the soft wind of whispering silks.— *Decker.*

14.

—— sharp witted Poets; whose sweet verse
Makes heav'nly Gods break off their nectar draughts,
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth— *Anon.*

15.

Grandsires' Love.

Old men do never truly doat, untill
Their children bring them babies. *Shirley.*

16.

To a false Mistress.

—— thy name,
sweeten'd once the name of him that spake it.— *Shirley.*

17.

Herod, jealous, to Mariamne.

Hast thou beheld thyself, and could'st thou stain
So rare perfection?—ev'n for love of thee
I do profoundly hate thee. *Lady Elizabeth Carew.*

18.

Cleopatra.

The wanton Queen, that never loved for Love,— *Lady E. Carew.*

19.

Conceit of a Princess' love.

'Twas but a waking dream,
Wherein thou madest thy wishes speak, not her;
In which thy foolish hopes strive to prolong
A wretched being: so sickly children play
With health-loved toys, which for a time delay,
But do not cure the fit. *Rowley.*

20.

Changing colour at sudden news.

Why look'st thou red, and pale, and both, and neither?— *Chapman.*

21.

Rich Usurer to his Mistress.

I will not 'joy my treasure but in thee,
And in thy looks I'll count it every hour;
And thy white arms shall be as bands to me,
Wherein are mighty lordships forfeited.—
Then triumph, Leon, richer in thy love,
Than all the hopes of treasure I possess.
Never was happy Leon rich before;
Nor ever was I covetous till now,
That I see gold so 'fined in thy hair. *Chapman.*

22.

Puritan.

—— his face demure, with hand
On breast, as you have seen a canting preacher,
Aiming to cheat his audience, wanting matter,
Sigh, to seem holy, till he thought on something.— *Anon.*

23.

Sects.

Eternity, which puzzles all the world
To name the inhabitants that people it;
Eternity, whose undiscover'd country
We fools divide before we come to see it,
Making one part contain all happiness,
The other misery, then unseen fight for it.
All sects pretending to a right of choice,
Yet none go willingly to take a part. *Anon.*

24.

Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,
He treads on beasts who give him clothes and food;
But the Gods catch him wheresoe'er he lurks,
Whip him, and set him to all painful works:
And yet he brags he shall be crown'd when dead.
Were ever Princes in a Bridewell bred?
Nothing is sinfully begot but he:
Can base-born Bastards lawful Sovereigns be?

Crowne.

25.

Wishes for Obscurity.

How miserable a thing is a Great Man!—
Take noisy vexing Greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, e'er he tasted life, to death he goes;
And himself loses, e'er himself he knows. *Crowne.*

26.

Mind constituted to Goodness.

—— you may do this, or any thing you have a mind to; even in your fantasy there is a secret counsel, seeing that all your actions, nay all your pleasures, are in some exercise of virtue— *H. Killigrew.*

27.

Returned Pilgrim.

To man how sweet is breath! yet sweetest of all
That breath, which from his native air doth fall.
How many weary paces have I measured,
How many known and unknown dangers past,
Since I commenced my tedious pilgrimage,
The last great work of my death-yielding age!
Yet am I blest, that my returning bones
Shall be rak't up in England's peaceful earth.

Anon.

28.

Usury.

Nature in all inferior things hath set
A pitch or term, when they no more shall get
Increase and offspring. Unrepaired houses
Fall to decay; old cattle cease to breed;
And sapless trees deny more fruit or seed:
The earth would heartless and infertile be.
If it should never have a jubilee.
Only the Usurer's Money 'genders still;
The longer, lustier; age this doth not kill.
He lives to see his Money's Money's Money
Even to a hundred generations reach.

Anon.

29.

Love defined by contraries.

Fie, fie, how heavy is light Love in me!—
How slow runs swift Desire!—this leaden air,
This ponderous feather, merry melancholy;
This Passion, which but in passion
Hath not his perfect shape.— *Day.*

30.

Good Faith.

What are we but *our words?* when they are past,
Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.

31.

Weeping for good news

I knew your eye would be first served;
That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.

Rowley

32.

Forsaken Mistress.

I thought the lost perfection of mankind
Was in that man restored; and I have grieved,
Lost Eden too was not revived for him;
And a new Eve, more excellent than the first,
Created for him, that he might have all
The joys he could deserve: and he fool'd me
To think that Eve and Eden was in me:
That he was made for me, and I for him.

Crowne.

33.

Love surviving Hope.

'Tis a vain glory that attends a Lover,
Never to say he quits; and, when Hope dies,
The gallantry of Love still lives, is charm'd
With kindness but in shadow. *Browne.*

34.

Warriors.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

Crowne.

35.

Life.

What is't we live for? tell life's finest tale—
To eat, to drink, to sleep, love, and enjoy.
And then to love no more!
To talk of things we know not, and to know
Nothing but things not worth the talking of.

Sir R. Fane, jun.

36.

Brother, supposed dead, received by a Sister: she shews him a letter, disclosing an unworthy action done by him; at which he standing abashed, she then first congratulates him:

—— now I meet your love. Pardon me, my brother; I was to rejoyce at this your sadness, before I could share with you in another joy.

H. Killigrew.

37.

Person just dead.

'Twas but just now he went away;
I have not yet had time to shed a tear;
And yet the distance does the same appear,
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in eternity.

Sir Robert Howard.

38.

French Character.

The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit;
Kind, but extreme dissemblers: you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At the instant mocking ev'n your very shoe-tyes.

Ford.

39.

Love must die gently.

I hoped, your great experience, and your years,
Would have proved patience rather to your soul,
Than to break off in this untamed passion.
Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
Hath molded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love.
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
Let it die gently; ne'er kill it with a scorn. *Anon.*

40.

Poetic Diction.

—— worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
Every illiberal and affected phrase,
To clothe their matter; and together tye
Matter and form with art and decency.

Chapman.

41.

Author Vanity.

—— the foolish Poet, that still writ
All his most self-loved verse in paper royal,
Or parchment ruled with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings;
Never so blest as when he writ and read
The ape-loved issue of his brain; and never
But joying in himself, admiring ever—

Chapman.

42.

Good wit to be husbanded.

——— as of lions it is said, and eagles,
That when they go, they draw their seres and talons
Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness:
So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ
In noblest knowledge, we should never waste
In vile and vulgar admirations. *Chapman.*

43.

Impossibility of attaining, a bar to desire.

Nothing is more ordinary, than for my Lady to love her Gentleman; or Mistress Anne, her father's man. But if a country clown coming up hither, and seeking for his lawyer in Gray's Inn, should step into the walks, and there should chance to spy some mastership of nature; some famed Beauty, that for a time hath been the name; he would stand amazed, perhaps wish that his Joan were such, but further would not be stirred. Impossibility would

stop more bold desires,
And quench those sparks that else would turn to fires.

Edmund Prestwick.

44.

Theory of men's choice in a Beauty.

1.—She has a most complete and perfect beauty; nor can the greatest critic in this sort find any fault with the least proportion of her face, but yet methought I was no more taken with it, than I should be with some curious well-drawn picture.

2.—That is somewhat strange.

1.—In my mind, not at all; for it is not always that we are governed by what the general fancy of the world calls beauty; for each soul hath some predominant thoughts, which when they light on ought that strikes on them, there is nothing does more inflame. And as in music *that* pleaseth not most, which with the greatest art and skill is composed; but those airs that do resemble and stir up some dormant passion, to which the mind is addicted; so, I believe, never yet was any one much taken with a face, in which he did not espy ought that did rouse and put in motion some affection that hath ruled in his thoughts, besides those features which, only for the sake of common opinion, we are forced to say do please. *E. Prestwick.*

C. L.

GENERAL REMINISCENCES
OF
THREE, THIRD, AND THRICE.

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed—
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine."—*Shakspeare.*

The ordinal, cardinal, or numeral, THREE, possesses stronger power of associating application than any other figure in history, or literature. From the first notice of the

Creation, *Ælohim* is understood to signify the Trinity. When the third day was created, the sun, moon, and stars, were set in the firmament. Christ's resurrection was on the third day, and his crucifixion between two thieves. Noah's sons were Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Job's daughters were Keziah, Jemima, and Kerenhappuck; his comforters were Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. Time is divided into three parts. The ancients rose at the third hour. The Brahmins have their Birmah, Vishnu, and Siva; the Persians their Oromanes, Mithra, and Mithras; the Egyptians their Osiris, Isis, and Orus; the Arabians their Allah, Al Uzza, and Manah; the Phœnicians and Tyrians their Belus, Urania, and Adonis; the Greeks their Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. Aristotle, Plutarch, and Macrobius, wrote on the doctrine of numbers. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, were three Fates. The children that endured the fiery furnace were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Jupiter's thunderbolt had three forks; Neptune's trident, three prongs; Cerberus three heads. The Pythian priestess sat on a tripod.* There were the three Parcæ; the three Furies; three attributes of the sun, Sol, Apollo, and Liber; of the moon, Hecate, Diana, and Luna. David prayed three times a day. The Hindoos make three suppressions of the breath when meditating on the triliteral syllable O'M. The Sabians prayed morning, noon, and night. Three bows of the head, and three prostrations are peculiar to some nations. In England, are king, lords, and commons. The ancients washed their eyes three times; drunk potions out of three cups. The Salians beat the ground three times in their dance. Three times were allowed for execrations, for spitting on the ground and sneezing. Juno Lucina was invoked three times in favour of childbirth. Three steps were allowed to ascend the throne or the altar. Persons dipped thrice into wells for cure. Persons were touched thrice for the king's evil. Three parts of the old world only were known. The three professions are law, divinity, and physic. Three chirps of a cricket is said to be a sign of death. Coleridge makes his mastiff bitch howl three times for his Lady Christabel. The papist crosses himself three times. The raven's croak, or the owl's triad screech, indicates (it is said) ill omens. Three crows in a gutter betoken good to the beholder. The funeral bell is tolled thrice for the death of a man. The third attack of apoplexy is thought fatal. The third finger of the left hand bears the marriage ring. A Latin motto is *tria una in juncta*. The witches in Macbeth ask, "When shall we three meet again?" There are signs of the Three Crowns, Three Pigeons, Three Cups, Three Tuns, Three Brewers, Three Johns, Three Bells, and others, to an infinite degree. In the church service are the clerk, curate, and preacher; three priests serve at the papal shrine. In the courts of justice are the judge, the jury, and the culprit. In physic, the physician's consultation is three. An arbitration is three. A dual public-house sign is, with the gazer added quaintly, "We *three* loggerheads be." The three warnings are celebrated. The Jews boasted of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The United Kingdom is England, (Wales included,) Ireland, and Scotland. Who has not read of Three-fingered Jack? of Octavius, Lepidus, and Anthony? A nest of chests is three. The British toast is echoed by hip! hip! huzzah! Three signals decided the fate of Lucius Junius. In the third year of Cyrus the name of Belteshazzar was revealed to Daniel: his prophecy was, that "three kings should stand up in Persia;" and Daniel mourned three weeks by reason of his vision. The beast that he saw, had three ribs in the mouth of it. The householder went about the third hour, and saw others standing idle in the market-place. Daniel's petition was made three times. In the Revelations, the third part of the creatures which were in the sea and had life, died. Faith, Hope, and Charity, are three virtues. The priests' abodes in Eziekel were three chambers. In the prophecy it says, "A third part of the hair shall be burnt; a third part fall by the sword; a third part scattered by the wind." Demosthenes says, "Three years after, he met with the same fate as Æschines, and was also banished from Athens." History us as an Aristides, a Cimon, and a Ph ites Peter's denial was given by the co ocion. ck crowing thrice. Homer, in his Frogs and Mice, says,

"Three warlike sons adorned my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas! before their father, dead."

Pope Alexander III., 1182, compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse. King Richard III. put an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, 1483. Peter III. was deposed 1762. Virgil, 565, lib. viii.

* A milking-stool has three legs. It is superstitiously left in the field to keep witches from injuring the cattle.

says, Nascenti cui *tres* animas Feronia mater — *ter* letho sternendus erat: and again, *tres* ulnas—*tribus* nodis. Milton's three fierce spirits were Ariel, Arioch, and Ramiel. Lord Nelson's ship, the Victory, attacked the Trinidad.* Fairs are usually chartered for three days. Persons used to walk three times round Horn church. The pawnbroker has three balls. A hearth has a poker, tongs, and shovel.† The sentinel asks—"Who comes there?" thrice, before he dares level his firelock at the intruder. Three candles in a room are said to indicate death in the family. The bashaw wears three tails. The passion flower has three spires.

Thus, it will be readily seen, how intimately the number *three* has been, and is, connected with events and circumstances, hypothetical and absolute. Were the subject worth tracing further, scarcely a poetic or prose writer, but is liberal in the use of this number. Considering, however, that the adductions already given are such as to satisfy the most fastidious disciples of the square root, need I perform a triple evolution in this threefold science of pure and mixed numbers? I conclude by apologising for not having treated the subject like a lexicographer, in technical and alphabetical routine.

J. R. P.

December, 1827.

For the Table Book.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Ελευσονται (γαρ) ημεραι εν αις ουκ αφησουσιν λιθος επι λιθω ος ου καταλυθησεται.

Luc. Ev. c. xxi. v. 6.

1.

Hark! again to the onset—the portals gape wide—
And the warriors stream forth in the rush of their pride,
The cold reckless eye of the Roman glows red,
At the sound of their deathlike and trumpetless tread;
For he knows that the workings of frenzy are there,
The triumph of death and the might of despair.
Hearts—that wild live on but to riot in pain—
Lips—that laugh, as in scorn, at the links of the chain—
And full many a plume shall yon eagle let fall,
Ere she wing her fierce flight o'er the rift of the wall;
Ere she soar on the dark cloud of conquest and rest,
On the rock of that temple, the strength of her hest.

2.

Thy foes are around thee, fair city of peace!—
Thy sons are fast sinking, the wicked increase—
Yet proudly, ev'n now, thy high-place dost thou hold,
Girt round with the pomp of their steel and their gold;
And a pearl of rich price, on thine hill-top art thou,
Meet to jewel the crown of a conqueror's high brow.
Yet deem not thy sons to that haughty array,
Will fling thee unheeded, unbled for away.
Shall the proud heathen tread where thy prophets have trod?
Shall the Flamen exult in the "Holy of God?"
No—the hearts of thy children are one,—to hurl back
The merciless wrath of the Gentiles' attack.
For the home of their fathers towers yet in their eye,
As they lived will *they* live, as they died will *they* die.

3.

But weak is thine armour, and worthless thy might,
A fiercer than man strives against thee in fight,
And in vain shall the chiefs of thy battle withstand
The voice of his thunder, the bolt in his hand;
His wrath knows no refuge, his might knows no bar,
The stout spear he rendeth, and burns the swift car.
Thou shalt crumble to nought in the day of his wrath,
Like the reed trampled down in the whirlwind's wild path.

4.

Weep, daughter of Judah! that tempest hath come,
And it laugheth to scorn the mild vengeance of Rome.
Weep, daughter of Judah! a vengeance so dread
Is bursting e'en now o'er thy desolate head,
That the stern Roman eyes it with doubt and with fear,
O'er the cheek of the conqueror there steals a soft tear
Aye! the heathen for thee feels a pang of regret—
—One blaze—and thy sun shall for ever be set;

5.

One short flickering blaze;—and then passeth away
The glory of years in the work of a day:
The fair crown of Jacob lies trod in the dust,
And shipwreck'd is now the strong hold of his trust;
Tho' the foxes have holes, and the fowls have a nest,
Yet the "seed of the Promised" finds nowhere to rest;
And despised shall he live on, in darkness and night,
Till a Salem more blessed shall gladden his sight;
The courts of whose house, in their measureless girth,
Shall compass the tribes and the thousands of earth;
Where none, save in triumph, their voices shall raise,
And no trump shall peal forth save the trumpet of praise,
In a realm far above, o'er that red eagle's nest,
Where the proud cease from wrong, and the poor are at rest.

B.

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* The *Tres Horas* are explained in the *Every-Day Book*.

† For the use of which threepence, hearth-money, was formerly paid.

APOSTLE SPOONS.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—In Roger North's Life of his brother, Sir Dudley North, (4to. London, 1744,) occurs the following passage, which, in connection with the account you gave your readers (*Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 176,) of "Apostle Spoons," may be acceptable to you.

Mr. North, after some opposition, was elected sheriff of London; and after stating this, his biographer thus proceeds: "When all the forms of this shrieval instalment were over, Mr. North received the honour of knighthood . . . and, as the custom of feasting, lately laid aside, was now resumed, Mr. North took a great hall, that belonged to one of the companies, and kept his entertainments there. He had diverse very considerable presents from friends and relations, besides the compliments of the several companies inviting themselves and wives to dinner, *dropping their guineys, and taking apostles' spoons in the room of them*; which, with what they ate and drank, and such as came in the shape of wives, (for they often gratified a shefriend or relation with that preferment,) carried away, made but an indifferent bargain. The Middle Templars, (because of his relation to the lord chief justice North, who was of that Society,) came with a compliment, and a purse of one hundred guineys, and were entertained. The mirth and rejoicing that was in the city, as well at these feasts as at private entertainments, is scarce to be expressed."

In perusing this quaintly written volume, there occur two or three passages, which deserve to be ranked as aphorisms. For your own reading I here add them:—

"Better a loss at sea than a bad debt on land. The former has no worse consequence than itself; but the other draws loss of time and pains, which might be employed to more profit."

"Whoever serves a community, and does not secure his reward, will meet with quarrels instead of thanks, for all the good he may have done it."

Sir Dudley was wont to remark, "*Lay nothing to heart which you cannot help.*" A most useful principle of life.

I am, &c.

Whitehaven, J. G.
Sept. 12, 1827.

PATIENT COURTSHIP.

For the Table Book.

I knew a man that went courting his sweetheart the distance of three miles every evening for fourteen years, besides dodging her home after church, Sunday afternoons; making above 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door-porch; but for the remaining period, he ventured (what a liberty after a septennial attachment!) to hang his hat on a pin in the passage and sit in the kitchen settle. The wedding—a consummation devoutly to be wished—was solemnized when Robert and Hannah were in their "sear and yellow leaf." They had no family "to cry their fading charms into the grave." Though their courtship had been long, cool, and deliberate, they were not the happiest couple in the village; to that union of temper, which is so essential in wedded life, they were strangers.

*, *, P.

OLD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

"In their death they were not divided."
2 *Samuel* i. 23.

To the Editor

Sir,—The following memorial I copied from a tablet, on the right hand side of the clergyman's desk, in the beautiful little church at Hornsey. The scarceness of similar inscriptions make this valuable.

S. T. L.

"Erected *to the memory* of Mary Parsons, the diligent, faithful, and affectionate servant, in a family during a period of 57 years. She died on the 22d day of November, 1806, aged 85.

"Also *to the memory* of Elizabeth Decker, the friend and companion of the above; who, after an exemplary service of 47 years in the same family, died on the 2d of February, 1809, aged 75.

"Their remains, *by their mutual request*, were interred in the same grave."

Discoveries

OF THE

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

No. XXXVI.

Merely a cursory mention of all the important discoveries in geometry, mathematics, and philosophy, for which we are indebted to the ancients, would form a large book; yet a few of these particulars will be adverted to by way of concluding the series of articles under the present title.

Ancient Philosophers.

Thales was the first we know of who predicted eclipses. He pointed out the advantages that must arise from a due observation of the little bear or polar star; and taught that the earth was round, and the ecliptic in an oblique position.

Pytheas also, by accurate observations at Marseilles, more than 300 years before Christ, determined the obliquity of the ecliptic, by means of the solstitial shadow of the sun upon a dial. He found the height of the gnomon was to the length of the shadow as 600 to 213 ½; whence he concluded, that the obliquity of the ecliptic was 23° 49′. When Gassendi was at Marseilles with the celebrated Peiresc, he reiterated the experiment, and found it very just.

Thales went to the Egyptians to be instructed in geometry, and himself instructed them in that science. He showed them how to measure the pyramids by the length of their shades, and to determine the measure of inaccessible heights and distances, by the proportion of the sides of a triangle. He demonstrated the various properties of the circle; he discovered, respecting the isosceles triangle, that the angles at its base were equal; and he was the first who found, that in right lines cutting one another, the opposite angles are equal.

Anaximander, the successor of Thales, was the inventor of the armillary sphere, and of sun-horologes, or dials; he was likewise the first who drew a geographical map.

Pythagoras was the first who gave sure and fundamental precepts in music. Struck by the difference of sounds which issued from the hammers of a forge, but came into unison at the fourth, and fifth, and eighth percussions, he conjectured that this must proceed from the difference of weight in the hammers; he weighed them, and found he had conjectured right. Upon this he wound up some musical strings, in number equal to the hammers, and of a length proportioned to their weight; and found, that at the same intervals, they corresponded with the hammers in sound. Upon this principle he devised the monochord; an instrument of one string, capable of determining the various relations of sound. He also made many fine discoveries in geometry.

Plato by his studies in mathematics was enabled to devise the analytic method, or that geometric analysis, which enables us to find the truth we are in quest of, out of the proposition itself which we want to resolve. He it was who at length solved the famous problem, respecting the duplication of the cube. To him also is ascribed the solution of the problem concerning the trisection of an angle; and the discovery of conic sections.

Hipparchus discovered the elements of plane and spherical trigonometry.

Diophantes, who lived 360 years before Jesus Christ, was the inventor of algebra. It was from this science that the ancients drew those long and difficult demonstrations which we meet with in their works. They are presumed to have aimed at concealing a method which furnished them with so many beautiful and difficult demonstrations; and to have preferred the proving of their propositions by reasonings *ad absurdum*, rather than hazard the disclosure of the means by which they arrived more directly at the result of what they demonstrated. We meet with strong traces of algebra in the 13th book of Euclid. From the time of Diophantes, algebra made but small progress, till that of Vietus, who restored and perfected it, and was the first who marked the known quantities by the letters of the alphabet. Descartes afterwards applied it to geometry.

Aristarchus was the first who suggested a method of measuring the distance of the sun from the earth, by means of the halt section of the moon's disk, or that phasis of it wherein it appears to us when it is in its quadratures.

Hipparchus was the first who calculated tables of the motion of the sun and moon, and composed a catalogue of the fixed stars. He was also the first who, from the observation of eclipses, determined the longitude of places upon earth: but his highest honour is, that he laid the first foundations for the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes.

Archimedes discovered the square of the parabola, the properties of spiral lines, the proportion of the sphere to the cylinder, and the true principles of statics and hydrostatics. His sagacity is evident from the means he adopted to discover the quantity of silver that was mixed along with the gold, in the crown of king Hieron. He reasoned upon the principle, that all bodies immerged in water lose just so much of their weight, as a quantity of water equal to them in bulk weighs. Hence he drew this consequence, that gold being more compact must lose less of its weight, and silver more; and that a mingled mass of both, must lose in proportion to the quantities mingled. Weighing therefore the crown in water and in air, and two masses, the one of gold, the other of silver, equal in weight to the crown; he thence determined what each lost of their weight, and so solved the problem. He likewise invented a *perpetual screw*, valuable on account of its being capable to overcome any resistance; and the *screw* that still goes by his own name, used in the elevating of water. He alone defended the city of Syracuse, by opposing to the efforts of the Romans the resources of his genius. By means of machines, of his own construction, he rendered Syracuse inaccessible. Sometimes he hurled upon the land forces stones of such enormous size, as crushed whole phalanxes of them at once. When they retired from the walls, he overwhelmed them with arrows innumerable, and beams of a prodigious weight, discharged from catapults and balistæ. If their vessels approached the fort, he seized them by the prows with grapples of iron, which he let down upon them from the wall, and rearing them up in the air, to the great astonishment of every body, shook them with such violence, as either to break them in pieces, or sink them to the bottom. When they kept at a distance from the haven, he focalized fire from heaven, and wrapped them in sudden and inevitable conflagration. He once said to king Hieron, "Give me but a place to stand upon, and I will move the earth." The king was amazed by the declaration, and Archimedes gave him a specimen of his power by launching singly by himself a ship of a prodigious size. He built for the king an immense galley, of twenty banks of oars, containing spacious apartments, gardens, walks, ponds, and every convenience required by regal dignity. He constructed a sphere, representing, the motions of the stars, which Cicero esteemed one of the inventions which did the highest honour to human genius. He perfected the manner of augmenting the mechanic powers, by the multiplication of wheels and pullies; and carried mechanics so far, that his works surpass imagination.

Mechanics.

The immense machines, of astonishing force, which the ancients adapted to the purposes of war, prove their amazing proficiency in mechanics. It is difficult to conceive how they reared their bulky moving towers: some of them were a hundred and fifty-two feet in height, and sixty in compass, ascending by many stories, having at bottom a battering ram, of strength sufficient to beat down walls; in the middle, a drawbridge, to be let down upon the wall of the city attacked, afforded easy passage into the town for the assailants; and at top a body of men, placed above the besieged, harassed them without risk to themselves. An engineer at Alexandria, defending that city against the army of Julius Cæsar, by means of wheels, pumps, and other machinery, drew from the sea prodigious quantities of water, and discharged it upon the adverse army to their extreme discomfiture.

The mechanical enterprise and skill of the ancients are evidenced by their vast pyramids existing in Egypt, and the magnificent ruins of the cities of Palmyra and Balbec. Italy is filled with monuments of the greatness of ancient Rome.

Ancient Cities.

The finest cities of Europe convey no idea of the grandeur of ancient Babylon, which being fifteen leagues in circumference, was encompassed with walls two hundred feet in height, and fifty in breadth, whose sides were adorned with gardens of a prodigious extent, which arose in terraces one above another, to the very summit of the walls. For the watering of these gardens there were machines, which raised the water of the Euphrates to the highest of the terraces. The tower of Belus, arising out of the middle of the temple, was of so vast a height, that some authors have not ventured to assign its altitude; others put it at a thousand paces.

Ecbatane, the capital of Media, was eight leagues in circumference, and surrounded with seven walls in form of an amphitheatre, the battlements of which were of various colours, white, black, scarlet, blue, and orange; all of them covered with silver or with gold.

Persepolis was a city, which all historians speak of as one of the most ancient and noble of Asia. There remain the ruins of one of its palaces, which measured six hundred paces in front, and still displays relics of its former grandeur.

The Lake Mœris and the Pyramids.

The lake Mœris was a hundred and fifty leagues in circuit, and entirely the work of one Egyptian king, who caused that immense compass of ground to be hollowed, to receive the waters of the Nile, when it overflowed its usual level, and to serve as a reservoir for watering Egypt by means of canals, when the river was not of sufficient height to overflow and fertilize the country. From the midst of this lake arose two pyramids, of six hundred feet in height.

The other pyramids of Egypt, in bulk and solidity so far surpass whatever we know of edifices, that we should be ready to doubt their having existed, did they not still subsist. One of the sides of the base of the highest pyramid measures six hundred and sixty feet. The free-stones which compose it are each of them thirty feet long. The moderns are at a loss to imagine by what means such huge and heavy masses were raised to a height of above four hundred feet.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

This was another marvellous production of the ancients. Its fingers were as large as statues; few were able with outstretched arms to encompass the thumb. Ships passed between its legs.

Stupendous Statues.

Semiramis caused the mountain Bagistan, between Babylon and Media, to be cut out into a statue of herself, which was seventeen stadia high, that is, above half a French league; and around it were a hundred other statues, of proportionable size, though less large.

It was proposed to Alexander the Great, to make a statue of him out of mount Athos, which would have been a hundred and fifty miles in circumference, and ten miles in height. The design was to make him hold in his left hand a city, large enough to contain ten thousand inhabitants; and in the other an urn, out of which should flow a river into the sea.

Bridges—Glazed Windows.

In the structures of the ancients, the hardness of their cement equals that of marble itself. The firmness of their highways has never been equalled. Some were paved with large blocks of black marble. Their bridges, some of which still remain, are indubitable monuments of the greatness of their conceptions. The Roman bridge at Gard, near Nismes, is one of them. It serves at once as a bridge and an aqueduct, goes across the river Gardon, and connects two mountains, between which it is enclosed. It comprehends three stories; the third is the aqueduct, which conveys the waters of the Eure into a great reservoir, to supply the amphitheatre and city of Nismes. Trajan's bridge over the Danube had twenty piers of free-stone, some of which are still standing, a hundred and fifty feet high, sixty in circumference, and distant one from another a hundred and seventy.

Among the ornaments and conveniences of ancient buildings was glass. They decorated their rooms with glasses, as mirrors. They also glazed their windows, so as to enjoy the benefit of light, without being injured by the air. This they did very early; but before they discovered that manner of applying glass, the rich made use of transparent stones in their windows, such as agate, alabaster, phengites, talc, &c.

Curious Mechanism.

The works of the ancients in miniature were excellent. Archytas, who was contemporary with Plato, constructed a wooden pigeon, which imitated the flight and motions of a living one. Cicero saw the whole of Homer's Iliad written in so fine a character that it could be contained in a nutshell.* Myrmecides, a Milesian, made an ivory chariot, so small and so delicately framed, that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it; and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions. Callicrates, a Lacedemonian, formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, so extremely small, that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished. One of these artists wrote a distich in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Microscopes, &c.

Whether, in such undertakings as our best artists cannot accomplish without the assistance of microscopes, the ancients were so aided, is doubtful, but it is certain that they had several ways of helping and strengthening the sight, and of magnifying

* In the *Every-Day Book* there is an account of the means by which this performance can be effected.

small objects. Jamblichus says of Pythagoras, that he applied himself to find out instruments as efficacious to aid the hearing, as a ruler, or a square, or even optic glasses, διόπτρα, were to the sight. Plutarch speaks of mathematical instruments which Archimedes made use of, to manifest to the eye the largeness of the sun; which may be meant of telescopes. Aulus Gellius having spoken of mirrors that multiplied objects, makes mention of those which inverted them; and these of course must be concave or convex glasses. Pliny says that in his time artificers made use of emeralds to assist their sight, in works that required a nice eye; and to prevent us from thinking that it was on account of its green colour only that they had recourse to it, he adds, that they were made concave the better to collect the visual rays; and that Nero used them in viewing the combats of the gladiators.

Sculpture.

Admirable monuments remain to us of the perfection to which the ancients carried the arts of sculpture and design. The Niobé and the Laocoon, the Venus de Medicis, the Hercules stifling Antæus, that other Hercules who rests upon his club, the dying gladiator, and that other in the vineyard of Borghese, the Apollo Belvedere, the maimed Hercules, and the Equerry in the action of breaking a horse on mount Quirinal, loudly proclaim the superiority of the ancients in those arts. These excellences are to be observed upon their medals, their engraved precious stones, and their *cameos*.

Painting.

Of ancient painting the reliques are so few and so much injured by time, that to form a proper judgment of it, is at first difficult Yet if due attention be paid to pictures discovered at Rome, and latterly in the ruins of Herculaneum, the applause which the painters of antiquity received from their contemporaries may seem to have been merited. Among the ancient paintings in fresco, still at Rome, are a reclining Venus at full length, in the palace of Barbarini; the Aldovrandine nuptials; a Coriolanus, in one of the cells of Titus's baths; and seven other pieces, in the gallery of the college of St. Ignatius; taken out of a vault at the foot of mount Palatine; among which are a satyr drinking out of a horn, and a landscape with figures, both of the utmost beauty. There are also a sacrificial piece, consisting of three figures, in the Albani collection; and an Œdipus, and a sphynx, in the villa Altieri; which all formerly belonged to the tomb of Ovid. From these specimens an advantageous judgment may be formed of the ability of the masters who executed them. Others, discovered at Herculaneum, disclose a happiness of design and boldness of expression, that could only have been achieved by accomplished artists. Theseus vanquishing the minotaur, the birth of Telephus, Chiron and Achilles, and Pan and Olympe, have innumerable excellencies. There were found also, among the ruins of that city, four capital pictures, wherein beauty of design seems to vie with the most skilful management of the pencil. They appear of an earlier date than those spoken of, which belong to the first century; a period when painting, as Pliny informs us, was in its decline.

Mosaic.

Of this work, which the Romans made use of in paving their apartments, a beautiful specimen, described by Pliny, was found in the ruins of Adrian's villa at Tivoli. It represents a basin of water, with four pigeons around its brim; one of them is drinking, and in that attitude its shadow appears in the water. Pliny says, that on the same pavement the breaking up of an entertainment was so naturally represented, that you would have thought you really saw the scattered fragments of the feast.

Music.

The ancients have the whole merit of having laid down the first exact principles of music; and the writings of the Pythagoreans, of Aristoxenes, Euclid, Aristides, Nichomachus, Plutarch, and many others, even such of them as still remain, contain in them every known theory of the science. They, as well as we, had the art of noting their tunes, which they performed by means of letters either contracted, or reversed, placed upon a line parallel to the words, and serving for the direction, the one of the voice, the other of the instrument. The scale itself, of which Guy Aretin is the supposed inventor, is no other than the ancient one of the Greeks a little enlarged, and what Guy may have taken from a Greek manuscript, written above eight hundred years ago, which Kircher says he saw at Messina in the library of the Jesuists, wherein he found the hymns noted ust as

in the manner of Aretin. The ancient lyre was certainly a very harmonious instrument, and was so constructed, and so full of variety in Plato's time, that he regarded it as dangerous, and too apt to relax the mind. In Anacreon's time, it had already obtained forty strings. Ptolemy and Porphyry describe instruments resembling the lute and theorb, having a handle with keys belonging to it, and the strings extended from the handle over a concave body of wood. There is to be seen at Rome an ancient statue of Orpheus, with a musical bow in his right hand, and a kind of violin in his left. In the commentaries of Philostrates by Vigenere, is a medal of Nero with a violin upon it. The flute was carried to so high a degree of perfection by the ancients, that there were various kinds of them, and so different in sound, as to be wonderfully adapted to express all manner of subjects.

Tertullian mentions an organ invented by Archimedes. "Behold," says Tertullian, "that astonishing and admirable hydraulic organ of Archimedes, composed of such a number of pieces, consisting each of so many different parts, connected together by such a quantity of joints, and containing such a variety of pipes for the imitation of voices, conveyed in such a multitude of sounds, modulated into such a diversity of tones, breathed from so immense a combination of flutes; and yet all taken together, constitute but one single instrument."

That the ancients knew and practised harmony is evident from Plato, Macrobius, and other early writers. Aristotle, speaking of the revolutions of the several planets, as perfectly harmonizing with one another, they being all of them conducted by the same principle, draws a comparison from music to illustrate his sentiments. "Just as in a chorus," says he, "of men and women, where all the variety of voices, through all the different tones, from the bass to the higher notes, being under the guidance and direction of a musician, perfectly correspond with one another, and form a full harmony." Aurelius Cassiodorus defines symphony to be "the art of so adjusting the base to the higher notes, and them to it, through all the voices and instruments, whether they be wind or stringed instruments, that thence an agreeable harmony may result." Horace speaks expressly of the bass and higher tones, and the harmony resulting from their concurrence. It is true, however, that the ancients did not much use harmony in concert. One fine voice alone, accompanied with one instrument, regulated entirely by it, pleased them better than mere music without voices, and made a more lively impression on their feeling minds; and this is what even we ourselves every day experience.

The effects ascribed to the music of the ancients are surprising. Plutarch reports of Antigenidas, that by playing on the flute, he so roused the spirit of Alexander, that he started from the table, and flew to his arms. Timotheus when touching his lyre so inflamed him with rage, that drawing his sabre he suddenly slew one of his guests; which Timotheus no sooner perceived, than altering the air from the Phrygian to a softer measure, he calmed his passions, and infused into him the tenderest feelings of grief and compunction for what he had done. Jamblichus relates like extraordinary effects of the lyres of Pythagoras and Empedocles. Plutarch informs us of a sedition quelled at Lacedemon by the lyre of Terpander; and Boetius tells of rioters having been dispersed by the musician Damon.

The delicacy of the ancient airs much surpassed ours; and it is in this respect, principally, that we may be said to have lost their music. Of their three kinds of music, the diatonic, chromatic, and the enharmonic, there exists now only the first, which teaches the dividing the notes into semi-notes: whereas the chromatic divided each note into three, and the enharmonic into four parts. The difficulty there was to find voices and hands proper to execute the chromatic kind, brought it first into neglect, and then into oblivion, and for the same reason the enharmonic, which was still more difficult, has not come down to us. All which now remains of the ancient music, is that which knows of no other refinement than the demi-note, instead of those finer kinds, which carried on the division of a note into threes and fours. The variety of manner in which the ancient music was performed, placed it in a rank of dignity superior to ours. Our modes are but of two kinds, the flat and sharp; whereas the ancients modified theirs into five, the principal of which were the Ionic, the Lydian, the Phrygian, the Doric, and the Æolic; each adapted to express and excite different passions: and by that means, especially, to produce such effects as have been just noticed, and which are incontestable from the authentic manner in which they have been recorded.

NOTE.—Here, if it were not necessary to close this series of papers, they would be extended somewhat further for the purpose of relating the long-reaching views of the ancients on other topics; but nothing can conveniently be added save a passage from the author whose volume has supplied the preceding materials. "Having received from our ancestors the product of all their meditations and researches, we ought daily to add what we can to it, and by that means contribute all in our power to the increase and perfection of knowledge."

Seneca, speaking eighteen centuries ago, of "the inventions of the wise," claims them as an inheritance.—"To me," he says, "they have been transmitted; for me they have been found out. But let us in this case act like good managers, let us improve what we have received; and convey this heritage to our descendants in better condition than it came to us. Much remains for us to do, much will remain for those who come after us. A thousand years hence, there will still be occasion, and still opportunity to add something to the common stock. But had even every thing been found out by the ancients, there would still this remain to be done anew—to put their inventions into use, and make their knowledge ours."

MANNERS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

To the Editor.

SIR,—If the following extracts should suit the *Table Book*, they are at your service.

Morley, November, 1827. J. S.

1637. The bishop of Chester, writing to the archbishop of York, touching the entertainment given by the Chester men to Mr. Prynne, when on his road to Caernarvon castle, has occasion to mention the reception given to Prynne by the wife of Thomas Aldersey, the alderman, relates, "That, on her examination, she swears, that Peter and Robert Ince brought Prynne home to her house, where she was sitting with other gossips, and neither expected nor invited Prynne; neither did *she send for a drop* of wine for him, or bestowed any other gift upon him, but the offer of a taste of a *pint of wine, which she and her gossips were then a drinking.*"

New Discovery of the Prelate's Tyranny, p. 224.

1637. There came in my tyme to the college, Oxford, one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece; *he was the first I ever saw drink coffee*, which custom came not into England till *thirty years after*.

1640. Found my father at Bathe extraordinary weake; I returned home with him in *his litter*.

1652. Having been robbed by two cutthroats near Bromley, I rode on to London, and got 500 tickets printed.

The robber refusing to plead, was *pressed to death*.

1654. May. *Spring Garden* till now had been the usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season. I now observed how the *women began to paint themselves*, formerly a most ignominious thing, and only used by prostitutes.

Evelyn.

1660. Jan. 16. I staid up till the *bellman* came by with his bell just under my window, and cried "Past one of the clock, and a cold frosty window morning."

When friends parted, they said, "*God be with you.*"

My dining-room was finished with green serge *hanging* and gilt leather.

Jan. 2. I had been early this morning to Whitehall, at the Jewel office, to choose a piece of gilt plate for my lord, in return of his offering to the king, (which it seems is usual at this time of year, and an earl gives 20 pieces in gold in a purse to the king,) I choose a gilt tankard, weighing 31 ounces and a half, and he is allowed 30 ounces, so I paid 12*s.* for the ounce and half over what he is to have: *but strange it was for me to see what a company of* SMALL FEES I was called upon by a *great many to pay there, which I perceive is the* manner that *courtiers do get their estates.*

September. I did send for a cup of *tea* (a China drink,) of which I had never drank before.

November. To sir W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of *servants married* to-day; and so there was a great number of merchants and others of good quality, on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, when dinner was done, we did; and I gave 10*s.* and no more, though most of them did give more, and did believe that I did also.

1661. Feb. Sir W. Batten sent my wife half a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her *valentine*

May. We went to Mrs. Browne's, where sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers. And there before and after the *christening* we were with the woman above in her chamber. I did give the midwife 10*s.* and the nurse 5*s.* and the maid 2*s.* But forasmuch I expected to give the name to the child but did not, I forbore then to give my plate, which I had in my pocket, namely, six spoons and a porringer of silver.

July. A messenger brought me word that my uncle was dead. I rode over and found my uncle's corps in a coffin, standing upon joynt-stools *in the chimney* in the hall, but it began to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and *watched by my aunt.* In the morning my father and I read the *will; after that* done we went about getting things, as ribands and gloves, ready for the burial, which in the afternoon was done; we served the people with wine and other things.

November. To church, and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church musique, and exclaiming *against men's wearing their hats on in church.*

Civet cats, parrots, and apes, sent as *presents to ladies;* and gentlemen lighted home by *link-boys.* *Pepys.*

The faire and famous comedian, Roxalana, was taken to be the earle of Oxford's *misse,* as at this time they began to call lewd women.

Dined at Chaffinch's *house warming.* *Evelyn.*

1663. October. *To Guildhall;* we went up and down to see the tables. By and by the lord mayor came into the hall *to dinner,* with the other great lords, bishops, &c. I set near Creed. We had plenty of good wine, but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins, or knives, nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthern pitchers and wooden dishes.

1664. Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head, by *flinging off my hat at dinner.*

To my lord chancellor's (sir Orlando Bridgman, lord keeper,) in the garden, where we conversed above an hour, walking up and down, and *he would have me walk with my hat on.*

1665. At this time I have two tierces of *claret,* two quarter casks of *canary,* and a smaller vessel of *sack;* a vessel of *tent,* another of *Maluga,* and another of *white wine,* all in my own cellar.

1666. February. This morning came up to my wife's bedside little Will Mercer to be her *valentine;* and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself very prettily. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.* I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me. But here I do first observe the fashion of *drawing of mottos,* as well as names: my wife's motto was "Most courteous, most fair;" mine I have forgot. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was *no musique in the morning to call up our new married people, which was very mean methinks.*

1667. June. Find my wife making *tea,* a drink which her potticary tells her is good for her cold and defluxions.

A flaggon of *ale and apples* drunk out of a wood cup as a *Christmas draught.*

1669. May. My wife got up by 4 o'c. to go to gather *May Dew,* which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with. *Pepys.*

1671. To lord Arlington's, where we found *M'lle Querouaille;* it was universally reported, that the fair lady was bedded one of these nights to the king, who was often here; and the *stocking flung* after the manner of a married bride; however, 'twas with confidence believed she was first made a *misse,* as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity at this time.

1683. I went with others into the *duchess of Portsmouth's* dressing-roome within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his majesty and gallants standing about her.

1685. January 25, Sunday. Dr. Dove preached before the king. I saw this evening such a scene of *profuse gaming,* and the king in the midst of his three concubines, as I had never seen before, luxurious dallying and prophaneness.

February 6. *The king died.* I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'nnight I was witnesse of. The king sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleavland, and Mazarine, &c. and a French boy singing love songs; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them. *Evelyn.*

The Cottage wherein Robert Bloomfield was born,

AT HONINGTON, IN SUFFOLK.

Accompanying the portrait and papers of George Bloomfield, copied and referred to in the preceding sheet of the *Table Book*, was a drawing, taken in October last, of Robert Bloomfield's birth-place. An engraving of it is here presented, in order to introduce the following memorandum drawn up by George Bloomfield, and now lying before me in his hand-writing, *viz.*

"The Poetical Freehold.

"*February* 4, 1822, was sold at Honington Fox, the old cottage, the natal place of Robert Bloomfield, the *Farmer's Boy*.

"My father, a lively little man, precisely five feet high, was a tailor, constantly employed in *snapping the cat*, that is, he worked for the farmers at their own houses, at a shilling per day and his board. He was a gay knight of the thimble, and as he wore a fashionable coat with a very narrow back, the villagers called him George Narrowback. My mother they called Mrs. Prim. She was a spruce, neat body, and was the village school-dame. Her father found the money, and my father bought the cottage in the year 1754. He died in the year 1766, and, like many other landed men, died intestate. My mother married again. When I came of age she showed me the title-deeds, told me I was heir-at-law, and hoped she should finish her days there. I promised her she should; but time rolled, and at length my wife, after two years of affliction with the dropsy, died, and left me with five infant children, head and ears in debt. To secure the cottage to my mother, I persuaded my brother Robert to buy the title, and give all my brothers and sisters their shares and me mine, and this money paid my debts. The *Farmer's Boy* was now the proprietor; but it was a poor freehold, for he did all the repairs, and my mother paid no rent. After my mother's death, Isaac lived in it upon the same terms,—too poor to pay rent or be turned out. Isaac died, and left nine children. Bob kept the widow in the place, did all the repairs, and she, also, paid nothing. At length the bankruptcies and delays of the London booksellers forced Bob to *sell!*——

"—— The late noble duke of Grafton gave my mother a gravestone This is all

that remains to mark the village as the birth-place of *Giles*, and all that now remains in it belonging to the Bloomfields."

G. B.

With a sentence or two, by way of continuation to the appeal already made in behalf of George Bloomfield, it was purposed to conclude the present article; but just as the sheet was ready for the press a packet of his manuscript papers arrived, and extracts from these will exemplify his character and his necessities. The following address to one of his old friends is a fair specimen of his talent for versifying:—

To Mr. Thomas Wisset, of Sapiston, Psalm Singer, Parish Clerk, and Sexton, &c. &c.

Respectfully I would impart,
In language most befitting,
The sorrows of an aching heart,
With care and trouble smitten.

I've lost the best of wives, d'ye see,
That e'er to man was given;
Alas! she was too good for me,
So she's remov'd to heaven.

But while her happiness I trace,
Fell poverty pursuing,
Unless another takes her place,
'Twill be my utter ruin.

My children's clothes to rags are worn,
Nor have we wit to mend 'em;
Their tatters flying all forlorn—
Kind Providence, defend 'em.

Dear Tom, thou art St. Andrew's clerk,
And glad I am to know it;
Thou art a witty rhyming spark,
The merry village poet.

Make some fond woman to me fly,
No matter what her form be;
If she has lost a leg or eye,
She still with love may charm me.

If she loves *work*, Oh! what delight,
What joy it will afford her,
To darn our clothes from morn to night,
And keep us all in order.

Would some kind dame but hear my plaint,
And would thou to me give her,
St. Andrew!—he shall be my saint,
And thou his clerk for ever.

Dear Tom, may all thy joys increase,
And to thee be it given,
When singing here on earth ha[illegible] cease,
To pitch the key in Heaven.

George Bloomfield.

Nov. 3, 1803.

Prefixed to some MS. verses, written by George Bloomfield in 1808, is the subjoined account of the occasion that awakened his muse.

"The April Fool.

"When on the wrong side of fifty I married a second time! My best friends declared it was madness to risk a second family, &c. &c. We married 7th of February, 1807. Early in 1808 it was discovered I should have an increase, and Charles Blomfield, Esq. asked me when it would happen. I answered, in *April*. 'Sure,' says he, 'it won't happen on the *First!*'—I felt the force of the remark—the probability of my being an *April Fool*—and wrote the following lines, and sent them to Mr. B., from whom I received a note enclosing another, value one pound. The note said, 'My daughters are foolish enough to be pleased with your *April Fool*, and I am so pleased to see them pleased, I send the enclosed, &c.'"

Trifles like these are only of importance as traits of the individual. The next is abstracted from a letter to an overseer, with whom George Bloomfield necessarily corresponded, as may be surmised from the contents.

To Mr. Hayward, *Thetford.*

Bury St. Edmund's, Nov. 23, 1819.

Sir,—When a perfect stranger to you, you treated me with great condescension and kindness, I therefore enclose some lines I wrote and addressed to the guardians of the poor in this town. They have assessed all such persons as are not *legally* settled here to the poor and church rates, and they have assessed me full double what I ought to pay. What renders it more distressing, our magistrates say that by the local act they are restrained from interfering, otherwise I should have been exempt, on account of my age and poverty. So I sent my rhymes, and Mr. Gall, one of the guardians, sent for me, and gave me a piece of beef, &c. I had sold the only coat I had that was worth a shilling, and was prepared to pay the first seven shillings and sixpence, but the guardians seem to think, (as I do,) that I can never go on paying—they are confident the gentlemen of St. Peter's parish will pay it for me—bade me wait a fortnight, &c. The pressure of the times is so great that the poor blame the rich, and the rich blame the poor.

——There is a figure in use called the *hyperbole*; thus we sometimes say of an old man, "he is one foot in the grave, and

t'other out." I might say I am one foot in Thetford workhouse, and t'other out.—The scripture tells me, that the providence of God rules over all and in all places, consequently to me a workhouse is, *on my own account*, no such very dreadful thing; but I have two little girls whom I dread to imprison there. I trust in Providence, and nope both rich and poor will see better days.

Your humble servant,
GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.

Among George Bloomfield's papers is the following kind letter to him, from his brother Robert. The feeble, tremulous handwriting of the original corroborates its expressions of illness, and is a sad memorial of the shattered health of the author of the *Farmer's Boy*, three years before his death.

"*Shefford*, July 18, 1820.

"Dear brother George,

"No quarrel exists—be at ease. I have this morning seen your excellent letters to your son, and your poem on the Thetford Waters, and am with my son and daughter delighted to find that your spark seems to brighten as you advance in years. You think that I have been weak enough to be offended—there has been no such thing! I have been extremely unwell, and am still a poor creature, but I now *force* myself to write these few words to thank you for the pleasure you have just given me.

"My son, or my daughter, shall write for me soon.

"Yours unalterably,
'Brother, and Brother Bard,
"ROB. BLOOMFIELD."

It may be remembered that *Giles*, the "Farmer's Boy," was Robert Bloomfield himself, and that his master, the "Farmer," was Mr. W. Austin of Sapiston. In reference to his home at the farm Robert wrote, of himself,

"the ploughman smiles,
And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish *Giles*,
Who sits joint-tenant of the corner stool,
The converse sharing, though in Duty's school."
Farmer's Boy.

The son of the benevolent protector of Robert in his childhood sunk under misfortune, and George records the fact by the following lines, written in 1820:—

THE UNFORTUNATE FARMER.

When *Giles* attuned his song in rural strains,
He sang of Sap'ston's groves, her meads, and plains;
Described the various seasons as they roll'd,
Of homely joys and peace domestic told.
The Farmer there, alas! no more bears rule,
And no "joint-tenants" sit in "Duty's school:'
No happy labourers now with humble fare
His fire-side comforts and instruction share.
No longer master he of those sweet fields,
No more for him the year its bounty yields,
Nor his the hope to see his children round
With decent competence and comfort crown'd.
These scenes and hopes from him for ever flown,
In indigent old age he lives to mourn.

George Bloomfield subjoins, in explanation, on these lines, "My reading in the Bury paper of the 6th of Dec. 1820, an advertisement of an assignment for the benefit of creditors of the effects of Mr. Willian Austin, gave rise to the above. Mr. A. was the young master of Giles, when Giles was the *Farmer's Boy;* and the admirers of rural poetry, as well in the new as the old world, have been made acquainted with the Austin family by means of the poem of that name. Mr. A. held the farm near thirty years, and

'twas the same that his grandfather till'd.

He has *ten* children, some of them very young. He has been by some accused of imprudence: but the heavy poor-rates, (he paid 36*l.* last year,) the weight of a numerous family, and the depreciation of the price of produce, were the principal causes of his fall. He has been a most indulgent father, a kind master, and a good neighbour."

Twenty years after writing the lines to the "Psalm-singer, Parish Clerk, and Sexton" of Sapiston, George again berhymed him. Preceding the effusion, is the following

MEMORANDUM.

"My old friend Wisset has now entered his eighty-third year, and is blind, and therefore cannot write; but he sent his kind regards to me by a young man, and bade him repeat four lines to me. The young man forgot the lines, but he said they were about *old age* and *cold winter*. I sent him the following:—

DEAR OLD BROTHER BARD,

Now clothed with snow is hill and dale,
And all the streams with ice are bound!
How chilling is the wintry gale!
How bleak and drear the scene around!

Yet midst the gloom bright gleams appear,
Our drooping spirits to sustain,
Hope kindly whispers in the ear
Sweet Spring will soon return again.

'Tis thus, old friend, with you and me
Life's Spring and Summer both are flown,
The marks of wintry age we see,
Our locks to frosty white are grown.

O let us then our voices raise,
For favours past due homage bring;
Thus spend the winter of our days,
Till God proclaims a glorious Spring.

GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.
January 23, 1823.

The MSS. from whence the present selections have been hastily made, were accompanied by a letter from George Bloomfield, written nearly a month ago. They were delayed by the person who transmitted the parcel till the opportunity of noticing them in this work had almost passed. All that could be done in an hour or two is before the reader; and no more has been aimed at than what appears requisite to awaken sympathy and crave assistance towards an aged and indigent brother of the author of the *Farmer's Boy*. George's present feelings will be better represented by his own letter than by extracting from it.

2, *High Baxter Street, Bury St Edmond's, Dec. 5th*, 1827.

To MR. HONE,

Sir,—A gentleman desires me to write to you, as editor of the *Table Book*, it being his wish that a view which he sent of the little cottage at Honington should appear in that very curious work. The birth-place of Robert Bloomfield I think may excite the interest of some of your readers; but, sir, if they find out that you correspond with a superannuated *cold water poet*, your work will smell of poverty.

Lord Byron took pains to flog two of my brothers, as poachers on the preserves of the qualified proprietors of literature. It is hought, if he had not been wroth with the Edinburgh Reviewers, these poor poachers might have escaped; they, like me, had neither birth nor education to entitle them to a qualification.

If, sir, you ever saw an old wall blown down, or, as we have it here in the country, if the wall "*fall of its own accord*," you may have observed that the first thing the workmen do, is to pick out the whole bricks into one heap, the bats into another, and the rubbish into a third. Thus, sir, if in what falls from me to you, you can find any whole bricks, or even bats, that may be placed in your work, pick them out; but I much fear all will be but rubbish unfit for your purpose.

So much has been said, in the books published by my brothers, of "the little tailor's four little sons," who once resided in the old cottage, that I cannot add much that is new, and perhaps the little I have to relate will be uninteresting. But I think the great and truly good man, the late duke of Grafton, ought to have been more particularly mentioned. Surely, after near thirty years, the good sense and benevolence of that real *noble*man may be mentioned. When in my boyhood, he held the highest office in the state that a subject can fill, and like all that attain such pre-eminence, had his enemies; yet the more Junius and others railed at him, the more I revered him. He was our "Lord of the Manor," and as I knew well his private character, I had no doubt but he was "all of a piece." I have on foot joined the fox-chase, and followed the duke many an hour, and witnessed his endearing condescension to all who could run and shout. When Robert became known as the *Farmer's Boy*, the duke earnestly cautioned him on no account to change his habits of *living*, but at the same time encouraged him in his habits of *reading*, and kindly gave him a gratuity of a shilling a day, to enable him to employ more time in reading than heretofore. This gratuity was always paid while the duke lived, and was continued by the present duke till Robert's death.

Could poor Robert have kept his children in their old habits of *living*, he might have preserved some of the profits arising from his works, but he loved his children too tenderly to be a niggard; and, besides, he received his profits at a time when bread was six or seven shillings per stone: no wonder that with a sickly family to support, he was embarrassed.

The duke likewise strongly advised him not to write *too much*, but keep the ground he had gained, &c. As hereditary sealer of the writs in the Court of King's Bench, the duke gave Robert the situation of under sealer, but his health grew so bad he was obliged to give it up; he held it several months, however, and doubtless many a poor fellow went to coop under Robert's seal. It was peculiarly unfortunate he could not keep his place, for I think Mr. Allen, the master-sealer, did not live above two years, and it is more than probable the duke would have made Robert master-sealer, and then he would have had sufficient income. The duke's condescension and kindness to my mother was very great, he learned her real character, and called on

her at her own cottage, and freely talked of gone-by times, (her father was an old tenant to the duke.) He delicately left a half guinea at Mr. Roper's, a gentleman farmer, to be given to her after his departure, and when he heard of her death he ordered a handsome gravestone to be placed over her, at his expense, and requested the Rev. Mr. Fellowes to write an inscription. It is thus engraven :—

BENEATH THIS STONE
Are deposited the mortal remains of
ELIZABETH GLOVER, who died Dec. 27th, 1803.

Her maiden name was MANBY, and she was twice married. By her first husband, who lies buried near this spot, she was mother of six children; the youngest of whom was ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the pastoral Poet. In her household affairs she was a pattern of cleanliness, industry, and good management. By her kind, her meek, her inoffensive behaviour, she had conciliated the sincere good will of all her neighbours and acquaintance; nor amid the busy cares of time was she ever forgetful of Eternity. But her religion was no hypocritical service, no vain form of words; it consisted in loving God and keeping his commandments, as they have been made known to us by JESUS CHRIST.

Reader, go thou and do likewise.

If ever I was proud of any thing it was of my mother, nor do I think, strong as is the praise in the above, it is overdone. For solid strength of intellect she surpassed all her sons, and had more real practical virtues than all of them put together. Kind Providence spared her to bless me till I was far on the wrong side of fifty.

I must say a word or two on her sons, because Capel Loftt, Esq., in his preface to my brother Nat's poems, has said *too much* about them, *viz.* "Beyond question, the brothers of this family are all *extraordinary* men." Now, sir, as I am the oldest of these brothers, I will tell first of myself. I wrote a little poem, when near seventy, on the "Thetford Spa;" but dreading those snarling curs, the *critics*, forebore to affix my name to it. Mr. Smith, of Cambridge, printed it gratuitously; but as soon as it was discovered I was the author, my acquaintance styled me the *cold water poet*. I think my title will do very well. Brother Nathaniel wrote some poems; unluckily they were printed and published here at Bury, and the pack of critics hunted down the book. Nat has had thirteen children, and most of them are living, and so is he. Brother Isaac was a machinist. John Boys, Esq. gave him in all twenty pounds, but he died a young man, and left his self-working pumps unfinished. Eight of his children are living.

The old cottage sold to Robert had been in the family near fourscore years. It proved a hard bargain to Robert; my mother and Isaac occupied the cottage, and could not pay rent; and after the death of my mother, poor Robert was in distress and sold it:—the lawyers would not settle the business, and Robert died broken-hearted, and never received sixpence!

The lawyers constantly endeavour to make work for the trade. I believe it to be true, as some say, that we are now as much *law*-ridden as we were *priest*-ridden some ages ago. I like Charlotte Smith's definition of the Law Trade. Orlando, in the "Old Manor House," says to Carr, the lawyer, "I am afraid you are all rogues together;" Carr replies, "More or less, my good friend;—some have more sense than others, and some a little more conscience—but for the rest, I am afraid we are all of us a little too much *professional* rogues: though some of us, as individuals, would not starve the orphan, or break the heart of the widow, yet, in our vocation, we give all remorse of that sort to the winds." My last account from Robert's family says, the lawyers have not yet *settled* the poor old cottage!

Nat and I only survive of the little tailor's "extraordinary" children — quite past our labour, and destitute of many comforts we used to enjoy in youth. We have but one step farther to fall, (i. e.) into the workhouse! Yet in the nature of things it cannot be long ere death will close the scene. We have had our day, and night must come. I hope we shall welcome it as heartily as Sancho in Don Quixote did sleep, "Blessed be he who first invented sleep, it covers a man all over like a cloak"

I shall indeed be agreeably disappointed if any one should bestow any thing upon Nat, or

Sir, your humble obedient servant,
GEO. BLOOMFIELD.

George Bloomfield is in his seventy-third year, and surely this fact, with the contents of the preceding columns, will be sufficient to excite commiseration in feeling and liberal minds. Mr. Faux, a respectable resident at Thetford, in Norfolk, is represented to me as being his friend. George Bloomfield's own address at Bury St. Edmund's is prefixed to his letter above. Either to Mr. Faux for him, or to himself direct, the remittance of a little money immediately would be highly serviceable. Something, however, beyond that

is clearly requisite, and his statement of his brother Nathaniel's equal necessities should be considered at the same time. There are names dignified by rank and talents in the list of individuals who admire the works of Robert Bloomfield, and should this sheet fall into their hands it is natural to presume that some of them may seek out and assist his surviving brothers in sorrowing old age. This, however, may not happen, and is not therefore to be relied upon.

The case of the family of the Bloomfields, altogether, is distressing. As this is a season for present-making and social-meeting, I venture to suggest that no gift can be better bestowed than on those who are in the utmost need; nor will the pleasures of a convivial party be lessened, if, while "the glasses sparkle on the board," a subscription be volunteered towards keeping the last two brothers of Robert Bloomfield from the workhouse during their few remaining years of life. I have done my best to make their distress publicly known, and it remains with individuals to do their best to relieve it. Anything left at Messrs. Hunt and Clarke's, 4, York-street, Covent Garden, shall be appropriated as the donors may direct. A *meeting*, and a few active individuals, would effect much.

1*st January*, 1828. *

Travellers

EAST AND WEST.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I send you a short and plain demonstration, that by travelling eastward or westward round the globe at a given rate, (if it were practicable to do so,) a man might experience a greater or lesser number of days and nights, than if he were to remain still in the same spot. This, I may venture to say, is a fact that very few people are aware of, and few would believe, until it were proved.

As "this goodly frame, the earth," turns round upon its own axis once in twenty four hours, and as the circumference of the globe is divided into 360 degrees, consequently every part of the globe's surface must travel round its axis at the rate of fifteen degrees in one hour; or, which is the same thing, one degree in four minutes. Having premised this, we will suppose that a man sets off at seven o'clock in the morning, just as the sun rises above the horizon, and travels westward in the sun's ecliptic one degree before it sets, he will have light four minutes longer than if he were to remain at the place from whence he set out; and his day, instead of being twelve hours long, (dividing the twenty-four hours into twelve day and twelve night,) and closing at seven o'clock, will be twelve hours and four minutes, and close at four minutes past seven. He continues to travel in the same direction, and with the same velocity, during the night, (for he must never rest,) and that also will be four minutes longer than it would have been had he remained at the place where the sun set till it again rose; because, as he is travelling after the sun when it goes down, and from it as the morning approaches, of course it will be longer in overtaking him: he will be then two degrees from the starting place or goal, which you please, for we intend to send him completely round the world, and the sun will not rise the second morning till eight minutes past seven. His travel continues at the same rate, and he again has the sun four minutes longer, which does not set on the second day till twelve minutes past seven: this closes the third day. The next morning the sun rises not till sixteen minutes past seven; then he has travelled four degrees, and his day and night have each been four minutes longer than if he had been stationary. Now we will suppose another man to have gone from the same place at the same moment, (*viz.* seven o'clock,) taking the opposite direction. He travels east to meet the sun, and at the same rate of travel as our westward bound wight. The sun will go down upon him four minutes *sooner* than if he had remained at the place from which he started, and eight minutes sooner than upon the other man: his day will close at fifty-six minutes past six. He goes on from the sun as it sinks, and towards it as it rises, and he will have light four minutes earlier than if he had stopped when the sun went down till it again rose, eight minutes sooner than he would have seen it at the starting post, and sixteen minutes sooner than the opposite traveller; this is at the end of the second day. He travels on; light again deserts him four minutes earlier, *viz.* at forty-eight minutes past six at the end of three degrees, and the second morning the sun will rise at forty-four minutes past six, sixteen minutes earlier than at the place he started from, and thirty-two minutes earlier than with the other man, with whom on the same morning it does not rise till sixteen minutes past seven. It is plain therefore, that while the

western traveller has only seen two nights and two days, the eastern has enjoyed the same number of each, and more than half an hour of another day; and it is equally plain that if they continue to travel round the globe at the same rate of motion, the eastern traveller will have more days and nights than the western; those of the former being proportionably shorter than those of the latter. The following shows the commencement and length of each day to both travellers:—

	Western Traveller's 1st day begins at 7 o'clock, morning.	Eastern Traveller's 1st day begins at 7 o'clock, morning.
2	8 minutes past 7.	52 minutes past 6.
3	16 — 7.	44 — 6.
4	24 — 7.	36 — 6.
5	32 — 7.	28 — 6.
6	40 — 7.	20 — 6.
7	48 — 7.	12 — 6.
8	57 — 7.	4 — 6.
9	4 — 8.	56 — 5.
10	12 — 8.	48 — 5.
11	20 — 8.	40 — 5.
12	28 — 8.	32 — 5.
13	36 — 8.	24 — 5.
14	44 — 8.	16 — 5.
15	52 — 8.	8 — 5.
16	— 9. 30 degrees.	— 5.
17	8 — 9.	52 — 4.
18	16 — 9.	44 — 4.
19	24 — 9.	36 — 4.
20	32 — 9.	28 — 4.
21	40 — 9.	20 — 4.
22	48 — 9.	12 — 4.
23	56 — 9.	4 — 4.
24	4 — 10.	56 — 3.
25	12 — 10.	48 — 3.
26	20 — 10.	40 — 3.
27	28 — 10.	32 — 3.
28	36 — 10.	24 — 3.
29	44 — 10.	16 — 3.
30	52 — 10.	8 — 3.
31	— 11. 60 degrees.	— 3.

At the end of this degree, the sixtieth, the sun rises upon the eastern traveller at three in the morning, he having had thirty days and thirty nights. At the same degree it does not rise upon the western traveller till eleven in the morning, he having had the same number of days and nights. When, therefore, the morning of his thirty-first day is just breaking, the eastern traveller has had the sun eight hours. They have both then had an equal number of days and nights complete, but the eastern will have had eight hours of another day more than the western. Let us try it a little further. The

	Western Traveller's 32nd day will break at 8 min. past 11, morn.	Eastern Traveller's 32nd day will break at 52 min. past 2, morn.
33	16 — 11.	44 — 2.
34	24 — 11.	36 — 2.
35	32 — 11.	28 — 2.
36	40 — 11.	20 — 2.
37	48 — 11.	12 — 2.
38	56 — 11.	4 — 2.
39	4 — 12.	56 — 1.
40	12 — 12.	48 — 1.
41	20 — 12.	40 — 1.
42	28 — 12.	32 — 1.
43	36 — 12.	24 — 1.
44	44 — 12.	16 — 1.
45	52 — 12.	8 — 1.
46	— 1 at noon, 90 degrees.	46 — — 1.

There appears to be two hours' difference every fifteenth day.

Western Traveller's		Eastern Traveller's
61st day will break at 3, P. M.		61st day will break at 11 at night.
76	5	76 9.
91	7.	7.

The men would now be together at the other side of the globe, and would see the sun rise at the same moment, but he who had travelled eastward would have seen a day and a night more than the other.

Western Traveller's		Eastern Traveller's
106th day will break at 9 at night.		106th day will break at 5, P. M.
121	11.	121 3.
136	1, morning.	136 1, noon.
151	3.	151 11, A. M.
166	5.	166 9.
181	7. 360 degrees.	181 7.

They will now be at the spot where they started from, the western traveller having seen two days and two nights less than the eastern.*

N. G. S.

Old Customs.

For the Table Book.

HAGMENA.

The hagmena is an old custom observed in Yorkshire on new year's eve. The keeper of the pinfold goes round the town, attended by a rabble at his heels, and knocking at certain doors, sings a barbarous song, according to the manner "of old king Henry's days;" and at the end of every verse they shout "Hagman Heigh."

When wood was chiefly used by our forefathers as fuel, this was the most proper season for the hagman, or wood-cutter, to remind his customers of his services, and solicit alms from them. The word "hag" is still used among us for a wood, and the "hagman" may be a compound name from his employment. Some give it a more sacred interpretation, as derived from the Greek ἁγια μήνη, the "holy month," when the festivals of the church for our Saviour's birth were celebrated. Formerly on the last day of December, the monks and friars used to make a plentiful harvest by begging from door to door, and reciting a kind of carol, at the end of every stave of which they introduced the words "agia mene," alluding to the birth of Christ. A very different interpretation has, however, been given to it by one John Dixon, a Scotch presbyterian parson, when holding forth against this custom, in one of his sermons at Kelso—"Sirs, do you know what hagman signifies?—It is the devil to be in the house: that is the meaning of its Hebrew original." It is most probably a corruption of some Saxon words, which length of time has rendered obsolete.

* In this way, by hurrying the Jews round the globe at a given rate, their Sabbath might be made to fall upon the same day as the Christians'.

Old St. Luke's Day.

On this day a fair is held in York for all sorts of small wares, though it is commonly called "*Dish Fair*," from the quantity of wooden dishes, ladles, &c. brought to it. There was an old custom at this fair, of bearing a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs, carried by four sturdy labourers, and each labourer supported by another. This, without doubt, was a ridicule on the meanness of the wares brought to this fair, small benefit accruing to the labourers at it. It is held by charter, granted 25th Jan., 17th Hen. VII.

St. Luke's day is also known in York by the name of "*Whip-Dog Day*," from a strange custom that schoolboys use there, of whipping all the dogs that are seen in the streets on that day. Whence this uncommon persecution took its rise is uncertain The tradition of its origin seems very probable; that, in times of popery, a priest, celebrating mass at this festival in some church in York, unfortunately dropped the pix after consecration, which was forthwith snatched up suddenly and swallowed by a dog that laid under the altar. The profanation of this high mystery occasioned the death of the dog; the persecution, so begun, has since continued to this day, though now greatly abridged by the interference of some of the minor members of the honourable corporation, against the whole species in that city.

D. A. M.

CHAPMAN'S "ALL FOOLS."

For the Table Book.

In Chapman's "All Fools," 1605, (as quoted, by Charles Lamb, in *Table Book*, vol. i. 192,) is the following passage, under the title of "Love's Panegyric."—

——— "'tis nature's second Sun,
Causing a spring of Virtues where he shines;
And as without the Sun, the world's Great Eye,
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to man; so without Love
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried;
For Love *informs* them as the Sun doth colours," &c.

Chapman might be acquainted with Italian poets, but at all events the coincidence between the above and the following canzon, by Andrew Navagero, is remarkable. Navagero was the friend of Boscan, the Spanish poet: they became acquainted at Grenada, while Navagero was there ambassador from Venice. Boscan died before 1544; and, as he himself confesses, he learnt the sonnet and other Italian forms of poetry from Navagero.

Love the Mind's Sun.

Sweet ladies, to whose lovely faces
Nature gives charms, indeed,
If those ye would exceed
And are desirous, too, of inward graces;

Ye first must ope your hearts' enclosure,
And give Love entrance there,
Or ye must all despair
Of what ye wish, and bear it with composure.

For as the night than day is duller,
And what is hid by night
Glitters with morning light
In all the rich variety of colour;

So they, whose dark insensate bosoms
Love lights not, ne'er can know
The virtues thence that grow,
Wanting his beams to open virtue's blossoms.

Our version is made from the original in Dolce's Collection of *Rime Diverse*, i. 98. It ought to be mentioned, that Boscan's admission of his obligations to Navagero is to be found in the Introduction to the second book of his works.

December, 1827. J. P. C.

NORWICH MOCK ELECTIONS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—At Costessy, a small village, three miles on the west side of Norwich, there is an annual mock guild on Whit Tuesday. It takes its name from the annual mayor's feast at Norwich, being called the *City Guild*. The corporation at Costessy is composed of the poor inhabitants under the patronage of the marquis of Stafford, who has a beautiful seat in this village. On this day a mock mayor is annually elected; he has a proper and appropriate costume, and is attended by a sword-bearer, with a sword of state of wood painted and gilt, two mace-bearers with gilt maces, with a long array of officers, down to the snap-dragon of Norwich, of which they have a passable imitation. Their first procession is to the hall, where they are recognised by the noble family who generally support the expenses of the day, and the mock mayor and corporation are liberally regaled from the strong-beer cellar. They then march, preceded by a band of music, to the steward's house, where the mock solemnities take place, and speeches are made, which, if not remarkable for their eloquence, afford great delight by their absurd attempts at being thought so. The new mayor being invested with the insignia of his office, a bright brass jack-chain about his neck, the procession is again renewed to a large barn at some distance, where the place being decorated with boughs, flowers, and other rural devices, a substantial dinner of roast-beef, plum-pudding, and other good things, with plenty of that strong liquor called at Norwich nogg—the word I have been told is a provincial contraction for "knock me down."

The village is usually thronged with company from Norwich, and all the rural festivities attendant on country feasts take place. The noble family before mentioned promote the hilarity by their presence and munificence. The elder members of the body corporate continue at the festal board, in imitation of their prototypes in larger corporations, to a late hour; and some of them have been noticed for doing as much credit to the good cheer provided on the occasion, as any alderman at a turtle feast. There is no record of the origin of this institution, as none of the members of the corporation have the gift of reading or writing, but there are traces of it beyond the memory of any person now living, and it has been observed to have increased in splendour of late years.

The fishermen's guild at Norwich has for some years been kept on the real guild-day. The procession consists of a great number, all fishermen or fishmongers, two of whom are very remarkable. The first

is the mayor: the last I saw was a well-looking young man, with his face painted and his hair powdered, profusely adorned with a brass chain, a fishing-rod in his hand, and a very large gold-laced hat; he was supported on the shoulders of several of his brethren in a fishing-boat, in which he stood up and delivered his speech to the surrounding multitude, in a manner that did not disgrace him. The other personage was the king of the ocean. What their conceptions of Neptune were, it is as difficult to conceive as his appearance might be to describe. He was represented by a tall man, habited in a seaman-like manner, his outward robe composed of fishing-nets, a long flowing beard ill accorded with a full-dress court wig, which had formerly been the property of some eminent barrister, but had now changed its element, and from dealing out law on the land, its mystic powers were transferred to the water. In his right hand he carried his trident, the spears of which were formed of three pickled herrings. His Tritons sounded his praise on all kinds of discordant wind instruments, and Æolus blew startling blasts on a cracked French horn. The olfactory nerves of the auditors who were hardy enough to come in close contact with the procession, were assailed by "a very ancient and fish-like smell." The merriment was rude and very hearty.

P. B.

Old London Customs.

For the Table Book.

Paul's Walkers—Hired Witnesses.

In the reigns of James I. and Charles I. a singular custom prevailed of the idle and dissolute part of the community assembling in the naves or other unemployed parts of large churches. The nave of St. Paul's cathedral bore the name of Paul's Walk; and so little was the sanctity of the place regarded, that if the description by an old author* is not exaggerated, the Royal Exchange at four o'clock does not present a greater scene of confusion. I carry the comparison no farther; the characters assembled in the church appear to have been very different to those composing the respectable assembly alluded to. The author referred to thus describes the place: "The noyse in it is like that of bees. It is the generall mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends popery first coyn'd and stampt in the church. All inventions are empty'd here and not a few pockets." "The visitants are all men without exceptions; but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights, and captaines out of service; men of long rapiers and breeches."

From the following passage in Hudibras* I should judge that the circular church in the Temple was the resort of characters of an equally bad description:

> "Retain all sorts of witnesses,
> That ply i' th' Temples, under trees,
> Or walk the *round*, with knights o' th' posts,
> About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
> Or wait for customers between
> The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn."

The cross-legged knights, it is almost needless to add, are the effigies of the mailed warriors, which still remain in fine preservation. The "pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn," I apprehend, refer to the crypt, or open vault, beneath Inigo Jones's chapel in Lincoln's Inn, originally designed for an ambulatory.† It is singular to reflect on the entire change in the public manners within two centuries. If coeval authorities did not exist to prove the fact, who would believe in these days, that, in a civilized country, men were to be found within the very seats of law ready to perjure themselves for hire? or that juries and judges did not treat the practice and the encouraging of it with a prompt and just severity?

St. Thomas's Day Elections.

Previous to a court of common council, the members were formerly in the habit of assembling in the great hall of the Guildhall. When the hour of business arrived, one of the officers of the lord mayor's household summoned them to their own chamber by the noise produced by moving an iron ring swiftly up and down a twisted or crankled bar of the same metal, which was affixed behind the door of the principal entrance to the passage leading to that part of the Guildhall styled, in civic language, the inner chambers. The custom was disused about forty years ago. The iron, I understand, remained until the demolition of the old doorway in the last general repair of the hall, when the giants descended from their stations without hear-

* Microcosmographie 1628, cited in Pennant's London 5th ed. 8vo. 528.

* Part III., Canto III., p. 213. ed. 1684.

† Vide a paper by E. J. C. in Gent.'s Mag. vol. xc p. 1, 589.

ing the clock strike, and the new doorway was formed in a more convenient place. With the old-fashioned gallery, the invariable appendage to an ancient hall, which, until that period, occupied its proper place over the entrance, was destroyed that terror of idle apprentices, the prison of *Little Ease*. This gallery must be still remembered, as well as its shrill clock in a curious carved case. Its absence is not compensated by the perilous-looking balcony substituted for it on the opposite side, an object too trifling and frivolous for so fine a room as the civic common hall.

E. I. C.

A DEFENCE OF SLANG.

For the Table Book.

"To think like wise men, and to talk like common people," is a maxim that has long stood its ground. What is the language of "common people?" *slang—ergo*, every body ought to talk it. What is *slang?* Many will answer that it consists of words used only by the lowest and most ignorant classes of society, and that to employ them would be most ungenteel. First, then, we must inquire a little what it is to be *genteel*, and this involves the question, what is a *gentleman?* Etymologically, every body knows what is the meaning of the term; and Dekker, the old English play-poet, uses it in this sense, when in one of his best dramas he justly calls our Saviour

"The first *true gentleman* that ever breathed."

Dekker's greatest contemporary, in reference to certain qualities he attributes to "man's deadliest enemy," tells us, though we are not bound to take his word for it, unless we like it,

"The Prince of Darkness is a *gentleman*;"

in which he follows the opinion long before expressed by the Italian poet Pulci, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, (canto xxv. st. 161.)

Che gentilezza è bene anche in inferno.

Pulci seems so pleased with this discovery, (if it be one,) that he repeats it in nearly the same words (in the following canto, st. 83.)

Non creder ne lo inferno anche fra noi
Gentilezza non sia.

The old bone-shoveller in *Hamlet* maintains that your only real and thorough gentlemen are your "gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers;" so that, after all, the authorities on this point are various and contradictory. If it be objected that *slang* (otherwise sometimes called *flash*) is employed very much by boxers and prize-fighters, teachers and practisers of "the noble science of self-defence," one answer may be supplied by a quotation from Aristotle, which shows that he himself was well skilled in the art, and he gives instructions how important it is to hit straight instead of round, following up the blow by the weight of the body. His words upon this subject are quoted (with a very different purpose certainly) in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, (p. 279.) So that we need only refer to them. Another "old Grecian" might be instanced in favour of the use of *slang*, and even of incorrect grammar; for every scholar knows (and we know it who are no scholars) that Aristophanes in the first scene of his comedy, named in English *The Clouds*, makes his hero talk bad Greek, and employ language peculiar to the stable: the scholiasts assert that Phidippides ought to have said, even in his sleep, ὦ Φιλε ἀδικεις instead of Φιλων ἀδικεις, which he uses. However, we are perhaps growing too learned, although it will be found in the end, (if not already in the beginning,) that this is a learned article, and ought perhaps to have been sent for publication in the *Classical Journal*.

What we seek to establish is this:—*that the language of the ignorant is the language of the learned;* or in less apparently paradoxical terms, that what is considered *slang* and unfit for "ears polite," is in fact a language derived from the purest and most recondite sources. What is the chief recommendation of lady Morgan's new novel?—for what do ladies of fashion and education chiefly admire it? Because the authoress takes such pains to show that she is acquainted with French, Italian, and even Latin, and introduces so many apt and inapt quotations. What is the principal advantage of modern conversation? That our "home-keeping youths" have no longer "homely wits," and that they interlard their talk with scraps and words from continental tongues. Now if we can show that *slang* is compounded, in a great degree, of words derived from German, French, Italian, and Latin, shall we not establish that what is at present the language of the ignorant is in fact the language of the learned, and ought to be the language employed by all gentlemen pretending to education, and of all ladies pretending to

blue-stocking attainments? We proceed to do so by a selection of a few of the principal words which are considered *slang* or *flash*, of which we shall show the etymology.

Blowin—"an unfortunate girl," in the language of the police-offices. This is a very old word in English, and it is derived from *blühen*, German, to bloom or blossom. Some may think that it comes from the German adjective *blau*. The Germans speak of a *blue-eye*, as we talk of a *black-eye*, and every body is aware that *blowins* are frequently thus ornamented.

To fib—a term in boxing. It means, to clasp an antagonist round the neck with one arm, and to punish him with the other hand. It is from the Italian *fibbia*, a *clasp* or buckle. The Italian verb *affibiare* is used by Casti precisely in this sense:—*Gli affibia un gran ceffon.* (Nov. xliii. st. 65.)

Fogle—a handkerchief—properly and strictly a handkerchief with a bird's eye pattern upon it. From the German *vogel*, a bird.

Gam—the leg. Liston has introduced this word upon the stage, when in Lubin Log he tells old Brown that he is "stiffish about the *gams*." We have it either from the French *jambe*, or the Italian *gamba*.

Leary—cunning or wary. Correctly it ought to be written *lehry*. The derivation of it is the German *lehre*, learning or warning. The authorities for this word are not older than the time of James I.

Max—gin. Evidently from the Latin *maximus*, in reference to the strength and goodness of the liquor.

To nim—to take, snatch, or seize. It is used by Chaucer—"well of English undefiled." It is derived from the Saxon *niman*, whence also the German *nehmen*, to take. We have it in the every-day adjective, *nimble*. The name of the corporal in Shakspeare's *Henry V.* ought to be spelled *Nim*, and not *Nym*, (as the commentators ignorantly give it,) from his furtive propensity.

Pal—a companion. It is perhaps going too far to fetch this word from the Persian *palaker*, a comrade. It rather originates in the famous story told by Boccacio, Chaucer, Dryden, &c. &c. of the friendship of Palamon and Arcyte; *pal* being only a familiar abbreviation of Palamon, to denote an intimate friend.

To prig—to rob or steal. It is doubtful whether this word be originally Spanish or Italian. *Preguntar* in Spanish is to *demand*, and robbing on the highway is demanding money or life. *Priega* in Italian is a petition—a mode of committing theft without personal violence. In English the word *to prig* is now applied chiefly to picking pockets, owing to the degeneracy of modern rogues: a *prig* is a pick-pocket.

Sappy—foolish, weak. Clearly from the Latin *sapio—lucus à non lucendo.*

Seedy—shabby—worn out: a term used to indicate the decayed condition of one who has seen better days: it refers principally to the state of his apparel: thus a coat which has once been handsome, when it is old is called *seedy*, and the wearer is said to look *seedy*. It is only a corruption of the French *ci-devant*—formerly; with an ellipsis of the last syllable. It has no reference to running to *seed*, as is commonly supposed.

Spoony—silly or stupid—is used both as a substantive and as an adjective. Some have conjectured that it owes its origin to the *wooden spoon* at Cambridge, the lowest honour conferred by that university, the individual gaining it being entitled to no other, rather from his dulness than his ignorance. Its etymology is in fact to be found in the Italian word *saponé*, soap; and it is a well-known phrase that "a stupid fellow wants his brains washing with *soap*-suds."

Spree—fun, joke—is from the French *esprit*, as every body must be aware in an instant.

Togs—dress—from the Latin *toga*, the robe worn by Roman citizens. *Toggery* means properly a great coat, but it is also used generally for the apparel.

We might go through the whole vocabulary in the same way, and prove that some terms are even derived from the Hebrew, through the medium of the Jews; but the preceding "elegant extracts" will be sufficient. It is to be regretted that the Rev. J. H. Todd has been so hasty in publishing his second edition of *Johnson's Dictionary*, or he might, and no doubt would, after what we have said, include many words not now to be found there, and which we contend are the chief ornaments of our vernacular. Perhaps it would be worth his while to add a supplement, and we shall be happy to render him any assistance.

December, 1827. PHILOLOGUS.

DIVINATION BY FLOWERS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—There is a love custom still observed in the village of Sutton Bangor, Wilts.—

Two flowers that have not blossomed are paired, and put by themselves—as many pairs as there are sweethearts in the neighbourhood, and tall and short as the respective sweethearts are. The initials of their names are attached to the stamens, and they are ranged in order in a hayloft or stable, in perfect secrecy, except to those who manage and watch their ominous growth. If, after ten days, any flower twines the other, it is settled as a match; if any flower turns a contrary way, it indicates a want of affection; if any flower blossoms, it denotes early offspring; if any flower dies suddenly, it is a token of the party's death; if any flower wears a downcast appearance, sickness is indicated. True it is that flowers, from their very nature, assume all these positions; and in the situation described, their influence upon villagers is considerable. I was once a party interested, now

I am

A Flowerbud.

WALTHAM, ESSEX.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The following epitaph is upon a plain gravestone in the church-yard of Waltham Abbey. Having some point, it may perhaps be acceptable for the *Table Book*. I was told that the memory of the worthy curate is still held in great esteem by the inhabitants of that place.

Rev. Isaac Colnett,
Fifteen years curate of this Parish,
Died March 1, 1801—Aged 43 years.

Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd, titled fool to praise,
And shall we not by one poor gravestone show
Where pious, worthy Colnett sleeps below?

Surely common decency, if they are deficient in antiquarian feeling, should induce the inhabitants of Waltham Cross to take some measures, if not to restore, at least to preserve from further decay and dilapidation the remains of that beautiful monument of conjugal affection, the cross erected by Edward I. It is now in a sad disgraceful state.

I am, &c.

Z.

FULBOURN, CAMBRIDGE.

All Saints' and St. Vigor's Bells

To the Editor.

On a visit to a friend at Fulbourn we strolled to the site whereon All Saints' church formerly stood, and his portfolio furnished me with the subjoined memoranda, which by your fostering care may be preserved.

I am, sir, &c.

Cambridge, May, 1826. T. N.

Trinity Sunday, 1766.

This morning at five o'clock the steeple of All Saints' church fell down. An act of parliament passed the 22d May, 1775, to unite the service in St. Vigor's church, and to enable the vicar and churchwardens to sell the materials and the bells, towards repairing the church of St. Vigor's — the amount was 150*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* The two broken bells were sold towards the expenses; the other three, with the two of St. Vigor's, and the saints' bell, were new cast by E. Arnold at St. Neot's Hunt's, and six new bells were put up on the 9th of May, 1776. The subscription amounted to 141*l.*; the bells cost 262*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*; the frames 45*l.*, the six new ropes 1*l.* 15*s.*; making together the sum of 308*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*

The poor inhabitants were so attached to the old bells, that they frequently watched them in the evening, lest they should be carried away and sold; for the broken bells lay among the ruins of All Saints' church. At last their fears subsiding, they neglected their watching, and the churchwardens set a waggon in Monk's barn, (hard by,) and carried away two of them in the night, delivering them to the Cambridge waggon for St. Neot's, and returning before morning, which occasioned the following

Ballad.

There are some farmers in Fulbourn town,
They have lately sold what was not their own;
They have sold the bells, likewise the church,
And cheat the poor of twice as much.
And O! you Fulbourn farmers O!

Some estate there was left, all for the poor,
They have robb'd them of half, and something more,
Such dirty tricks will go hard on their sides,
For the d—l will have them, and singe their hides.
And O! you Fulbourn farmers O!

Before the bells they could be sold,
They were forc'd to swear, as we've been told,
They forswore themselves—then they cried,
For this, my boys, we shall be tried.
And O! you Fulbourn farmers O!

There is old Twig, and young Twig—the whining dissenter,
Says one to the other, this night we will venture;
And says little Gibble-Gabble, I long for to go,
But first I will call my neighbour Swing-toe:
And O! you Fulbourn farmers O!

In the dead of the night this thievish crew
Broke into the church, as other thieves do,
For to steal the bells and sell them all,
May the d—l take such churchwardens all;
And O! you Fulbourn farmers O!

This ballad is said to have been the production of one William Rolfe, a labourer. It was probably written soon after the act passed. The new peal was brought home on the 9th of May, 1776, so that it was not a year from the passing of the act to the casting of the bells.

After the bill had been perused by counsel, Mr. Edward Hancock, the rector's churchwarden, conducted it through both houses of parliament without the expense of a solicitor; sir John Cotton, one of the members for the county, forwarding it in the different stages through the House of Commons. So earnest were the populace about the bells, (when they were satisfied they were to have a new peal of six,) that after they were loaded they drew them a furlong or more before the horses were put to the waggon. The tenor was cast in *G* sharp, or old *A*. Mr. Edmund Andrews Salisbury rode on the great bell, when it was drawn up within the steeple, and his was the first death this bell was rung for; he was buried 8th July, 1776. The motto on this bell is—

"I to the church the living call—
And to the grave I summon all."

Mr. Charles Dawson was the author of the complete peal of *Plain Bob*, called "*The Fulbourn Surprise*," with 154 bobs, and two singles, and 720 changes. The peal was opened December 7, 1789.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

Mr. Day's Short Day.

Mr. Thomas Day, of D——t, Wilts, used, when living, to give his workmen on St. Thomas's Day a holiday, a short pint of his ale, an ounce of short-cut tobacco, and a short pipe, in remembrance of his name. "For," said he,—in a couplet decidedly his own,—

"Look round the village where ye may;
'Day is the shortest day, to-day."

PUCERON.

A PAGE FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

For the Table Book.

Election Bribery.

The first instance that occurs of this practice was so early as 13 Eliz., when one Thomas Longe (being a simple man of small capacity to serve in parliament) acknowledged that he had given the returning officer and others of the borough for which he was chosen FOUR POUNDS, to be returned member, and was for that premium elected. But for this offence the borough was amerced, the member was removed, and the officer was fined and imprisoned.—4 *Inst.* 23. *Hale of Parl.* 112. *Com. Journ.* 10 and 11 May, 1571.

Wonder-working Precedents.

"Unless," said vice chancellor Leach, (11th March, 1826, in Mendizabal *v.* Machado,) "*Unless I am bound hand and foot* by precedents, *I will not follow* such a practice."

Mem.

Blackstone, speaking of apprenticeships, says, "They are useful to the commonwealth, by employing *of* youth, and *learning* them to be *early* industrious."

The same author says, "These payments (alluding to first fruits) were only due if the heir was of full age, but if *he* was under the age of twenty-one *being a male*, or fourteen being a *female*, the lord was entitled to the wardship of the heir, and was called the guardian in chivalry."—*Comm.* book ii. c. 5. p. 67.

Dower.

The seisin of the husband, for a *transitory instant only*, when the same act which gives him the estate conveys it also out of him again, (as where, by a fine, land is granted to a man, and he immediately renders it back by the same fine,) such a seisin will not entitle the wife to dower: for the land was merely *in transitu*, and never rested in the husband, the grant and render being one continued act. But if the land abides in him for the interval of but a *single moment*, it seems that the wife shall be endowed thereof.—*Black. Comm.* book ii. c. 8. p. 132.

The author adds in a note: "This doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both

nanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father, *by appearing to struggle longest;* whereby he became seised of an estate in fee by survivorship, in consequence of which seisin his widow had a verdict for her dower."—*Cro. Eliz.* 503.*

AN UNINTENTIONAL IMITATION EXTEMPORE *of the 196th and 7th stanzas of the 2d canto of Don Juan.*

A mother bending o'er her child in prayer,
An arm outstretch'd to save a conquer'd foe,
The daughter's bosom to the father's lips laid bare,
The Horatii when they woo'd the blow
That sav'd a nation's blood, a young girl fair
Tending a dying husband's bed of woe,
Are beautiful; but, oh, nor dead nor living,
Is aught so beautiful as woman wrong'd forgiving.

For there she is, the being who hath leant
In lone confiding love and weakness all
On us—whose unreproaching heart is rent
By our deed; yet on our cheek but fall
A tear, or be a sigh but spent,
She sinks upon the breast whence sprang the gall
That bitter'd her heart's blood, and there caressing,
For pain and misery accords a blessing.——

Note for the Editor.—"An unintentional imitation" may sound something like a solecism, although a very little reflection will prove it to be far otherwise. I had been reading Don Juan till I had it by heart, and nightly spouted to the moon Julia's letter and the invocation to the isles of Greece. I had a love fracas; a reconciliation, as one of the two alternative natural consequences, took place, and the foregoing were part of some propitiatory measures that effected it. At the time of writing them I had no more idea of imitating Byron, than has my Lord Chief Justice Best, in his charge to the jury in a newspaper cause, or crim. con. I wrote them rapidly, scarcely lifting my pen till they were finished, and certainly without bestowing a word or thought on any thing, except the image I pursued; but my mind had received a deep impression from my late reading, and my thoughts assumed the form they did from it, unknown to me. Some months afterwards, I was reciting the passage from Byron alluded to; I had heard something like it; I repeated it; I was more struck; I rack'd my brain and my lady's letter-box, and made this discovery.

J. J. K.

* On a similar taking by the contingency of drowning, Fearne, the elegant writer on "Contingent Remainders," has an admirable argument—a masterpiece of eloquent reasoning.—EDIT.

Original Poetry.

For the Table Book.

CHRISTMAS.

Old Christmas comes again, and with him brings,
Although his visits are in times austere,
Not only recollections of good things,
But beareth in his hands substantial cheer:
Though short and dark the day, and long the night,
His joyous coming makes all faces bright.

And when you make your doors and windows fast,
And to your happy cheerful hearth retire,
A paradise is yours, safe from the blast,
In the fair circle gathering round the fire;
Whilst these, with social converse, books, and wine,
Make Winter's rugged front almost divine!

W. M. W.

SONNET.

AN AUTUMNAL MIDNIGHT.

I walk in silence and the starry night;
And travellers with me are leaves alone,
Still onward fluttering, by light breezes blown.
The moon is yet in heaven, but soon her light,
Shed through the silvery clouds and on the dark
Must disappear. No sound I hear save trees
Swayed darkly, like the rush of far-off seas
That climb with murmurs loud the rocky steep.
There wakes no crowing cock, nor watch-dog's bark.
I look around, as in a placid dream
Existing amidst beauty, and I seem
Relieved from human weakness, and from sleep,
A happy spirit 'neath the boundless heaven,
To whom not Day alone but Night is given!

W. M. W.

SEASONABLE STANZAS.

Winter, with hoary locks and frozen face,
Hath thrown his naked sceptre from his hand;
And he hath mended now his sluggish pace,
Beside the blazing yule-block fire to stand.
His ice-bound visage 'ginneth to expand;
And, for the naked pine-branch which he swayed,
He, smiling, hath a leaf-green sceptre planned;
The ivy and the holly he doth braid,
Beneath whose berries red is many a frolick played.

Now not in vain hath been the blooming spring,
The fruitful summer and the autumn sere;
For jolly Christmas to his board doth bring
The happy fulness of the passed year;
Man's creeping blood and moody looks to cheer.
With mirthful revel rings each happy dome;
Unfelt within the snows and winds severe;
The tables groan with beef, the tankards foam,
And Winter blandly smiles to cheer the British home.

W. M. W.

Original Poetry.

For the Table Book.

The accompanying lines were written in allusion to that beautiful *Gem of Dagley's* which *Mr. Croly* (page 21 of the vol.) supposes a Diana, and which Tassie's Catalogue describes as such. I have, however, made bold to address her in her no less popular character of

EURYDICE.

" Illa quidem dum te fugeret per flumina præceps
Immanem ante pedes hydrum moritura puella
Servantem ripas altâ non vidit in herbâ."
Virg. Georg. IV.

Art can ne'er thine anguish lull,
Maiden passing beautiful!
Strive thou may'st,—'tis all in vain;
Art shall never heal thy pain:
Never may that serpent-sting
Cease thy snow-white foot to wring.
Mourner thou art doom'd to be
Unto all eternity.

Joy shall never soothe thy grief;
Thou must fall as doth the leaf
In thine own deep forest-bower,
Where thy lover, hour by hour,
Hath, with songs of woodland glee,
Like the never-wearied bee,
Fed him on the fond caress
Of thy youth's fresh loveliness.

Youth!—'tis but a shadow now;—
Never more, lost maid, must thou
Trip it with coy foot across
Leafy brooks and beds of moss;
Never more, with stealthy tread,
Track the wild deer to his bed,
Stealing soft and silently,
Like the lone moon o'er the sea.

Vain thy lover's whisper'd charm;
Love can never death disarm;
Hush'd the song he oft hath sung,—
Weak his voice, his lyre unstrung.
Think, then, if so hard to heal
Is the anguish thou dost feel,
Think—how bitter is the smart
When that wound is in the heart!

'C . . .

Hampstead.

Notice.

The Index, &c. *to the present volume of the* Table Book will *conclude the work.* I respectfully bid my readers Farewell!

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

OF

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

Perhaps I may be excused for noticing the forthcoming octavo edition of "The Sports and Pastimes of England,"—a work of very curious research and remarkable information, written and published in quarto by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt.

The Octavo Edition will be printed in a superior manner, on fine paper, with at least 140 Engravings. It will be published in Monthly Parts, price One Shilling each, and each part, on an average, will contain fourteen engravings. Above half of the drawings and engravings are already executed, and other means are taken to secure the punctual appearance of the work. The printer is already engaged on it, and the first part will certainly appear before the first of February.

A copious Index will be prepared, and the work be edited by

January 1, 1828. W. Hone.

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